Movieland

FEBRUARY
15 CENTS

BETTE DAVIS
BY TOM KELLEY

THE QUIET LIFE WITH (BOB) HOPE—By Jerry Colonna

Exclusive Stories: Bette Davis, James Craig, Claudette Colbert and Jeanne Crain

BUY YOUR 6TH WAR LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOTION PICTURE THEATRE
No other charm can quite compare

With the allure of lustrous hair!

No other Shampoo
leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene
with Hair Conditioner reveals
up to 33% more lustre than soap
... yet leaves hair so easy to
arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull,
slightly mousey?

No wonder—if you’re washing it with cake
soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap
of any sort leaves a soap film which dulls
lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change
to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!
Drene never leaves any dulling film. That’s
why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require
constant fiddling?

Men don’t like this business of running
a comb through your hair in public! Fix
your hair so it stays put! And remember
Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair
wonderfully easy to manage, right after
shampooing! No other shampoo leaves
hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Sssssshhhhh!
But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity.
For unsightly dandruff can be easily con-
trolled if you shampoo regularly with Dreene.
Drene with Hair Conditioner removes
every trace of embarrassing dandruff the
very first time you use it!

Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

MAKE A DATE WITH
Glamour

Tonight... don’t put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour
way! Use Dreene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combi-
nation of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo
can give! Extra lustre... up to 33% more than with soap or
soap shampoo! Manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth
shining neatness! Complete removal of dandruff! Insist on Dreene
Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.
Give Yourself A
Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE at Home!
Simple As Putting Your Hair Up In Curlers, COOL, Comfortable . . . Lovely, Long-Lasting Results.

Imagine being able to give yourself a permanent wave right in your own home . . . and have the waves come out soft and natural-looking. Save time and money with Charm-Kurl. You need no previous hair waving experience . . . yet you can give your hair all of the glamorous appeal of shimmering waves and soft curls that only a professional stylist could create! This wonderful home permanent wave is successful on all types of hair—even if bleached, dyed or gray! Wonderful, too, for children's soft fine hair.

DO IT YOURSELF with Charm-Kurl COMPLETE HOME KIT Only 59¢
SAFE . . . COOL . . . EASY
Each Kit contains an ample supply of curlers, Permanent Wave Solution, Shampoo, Wave Set and Complete Instructions.

There is nothing else to buy. This amazing Kit comes to you complete in every detail. Get one today and see how truly delightful this remarkable buy is. You'll find instructions that are so simple a child can follow them. Know the joy of having really lovely hair that is soft, glistening and full of life. Buy your Charm-Kurl Kit right now.

8 Reasons Why You Should Buy Charm-Kurl
1. Easy to Use—it's Fun.
2. SAFE—for every type of hair.
3. No experience necessary.
4. COOL—no heat or electricity.
5. No ammonia or harmful chemicals.
6. Convenient—no machines.
7. Everything needed is in the Kit.
8. For Dyed, Gray or Natural Hair.

FOR SALE at Your Dealer

In 3 Quick Steps
You Have a PERMANENT WAVE!
1. Shampoo. Simply wash your hair as you always do, using the shampoo provided. See that your hair is free from dirt, rinse the soap out carefully and then . . .
2. Put Up. Use the paper folds, permanent wave solution and curlers as you are instructed in the directions. There are no harmful chemicals . . . the process is cool, comfortable, machineless.
3. Set. And now you are ready to set your hair in the fashionable style you like with the wave set that is included. When you comb out your hair, you'll be amazed at its soft loveliness . . . dazzling highlights . . . naturalness.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE
Special
Each Charm-Kurl Kit contains 4 new hair-dos. They're easy to do when you follow the complete illustrated instructions. This is an exclusive feature with Charm-Kurl.

Charm-Kurl is America's Largest Selling Home Wave Kit.
Studios

This is our 72nd column! Our 40 million readers now know that we never rave without reason.

And, brethren and sistren, we’re raving about two new films coming around the mountain of the New Year.

First, there is “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo”, the deeply moving dramatization of Captain Ted Lawson’s true account of the surprise thrill of the war—the first bombing of Tokyo by those gallant men who took off from Shangri-La!

Spencer Tracy turns in his most commanding performance as Lieutenant Colonel “Jimmy” Doolittle; handsome Van Johnson (did you read Life?) adds to his laurels as Lawson; and Robert (“Hargrove”) Walker is the dead-eye gunner of their B-25 bomber, “The Ruptured Duck.”

Lovely Phyllis Thaxter (a new dream) plays Ellen, Lawson’s bride, warming the picture with a tender romantic note that makes “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo” a truly magnificent story of deep-abiding love and inspiring courage.

Then, M-G-M has forthcoming a gay, gorgeous, grand and Techniglorious film delight, “Meet Me In St. Louis.” It takes you back to the St. Louis Fair as a guest of the Smiths, a family that you might be your own—if you have one.

Judy Garland is the star—young, vivacious, golden-voiced Judy—as the girl just awakening to love for the boy next door. And with her, as an impish, devilish, utterly lovable kid sister, is that great artist, little Margaret O’Brien. Happy-hearted, brimming with music and the joy of living, “Meet Me In St. Louis” includes seven smash songs, among them that bell-ringing success, “Clang, Clang, Clang, Went the Trolley” that you’re hearing on the hit parade.

When you “Meet Me In St. Louis” and spend “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo”, you’ll get a good idea of the great entertainment to expect from M-G-M all through this Happy New Year.

Which, by the way, we’ve wished you.

—Leo
Captain Ted W. Lawson, author of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", was pilot of "The Ruptured Duck", one of the bombers that took off from the "Hornet" at Shangri-La and blasted Tokyo!

"How come you're so cute?"

"I had to be—to get such a good-looking fellow!"

The love story behind the greatest story of our time! M-G-M has brought Captain Ted Lawson's book to the screen! True, thrilling, tremendous!

A MERVYN LeROY PRODUCTION

VAN JOHNSON - WALKER ROBERT JOHNSON - TIM MURDOCK - SCOTT MCKAY GORDON MCDONALD - DON DeFORE - ROBERT MITCHUM JOHN R. REILLY - HORACE McNALLY and SPENCER TRACY as LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES H. DOOLITTLE

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Based on the Book and Collier's Story by Captain Ted W. Lawson and Robert Considine • Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SAM ZIMBALIST • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
But the highlights, the precious flashes of quaint experience not again to be recaptured in a lifetime, were these: While he was in Glasgow, he was recognized by a group of children and adults on the street. One little man stopped Bing, and circled him like a terrier circling a porcupine. At last he spoke in a rich, Scottish burr: "Dinna tell me, noo, that th' sweet singer is a wee, fat man!"

In England, Bing was impressed with the valiant, quite daily fortitude of the British. He had some experience with robot bombs, too. "One," he said, "would flatten this entire NBC building, leaving nothing but rubble and breaking every window, and flattening many other buildings for blocks around." The sound, said Bing of an approaching robot, was like the sound of a small plane; then the motor cut out with a glub-glub-glub sound, then complete silence ensued, and after that — whomzowie! "And I rolled under the Ostermore," said Bing, who had been cautioned to get as far as possible from shattering glass.

He was in a restaurant in Soho one night when a crowd, learning that he was dining in a second-floor restaurant, gathered in the street below. The famous London bobbies approached Bing and asked him if he would step to the balcony and say something to disperse the crowd, which was endangering lives as the street was narrow and the danger from bombing, great. Bing went to the balcony and a Cockney called up, "And would you be singing us the Ave Maria from the picture?"

"I'd have to have a spot of background music for that," Bing explained. "Would another song do?" They said it would—"Pennies From Heaven."

Our G.I.'s asked Bing to sing, first of all in every program, "White Christmas." Next to that they liked "San Fernando Valley." And when they had a chance to talk to The Groaner, they wanted to know: Did the folks back home really think the war was nearly won? Didn't they realize that the hardest, bloodiest, and most bitter battles were still to be fought? Bing reassured them, but you might write to your own G.I. and tell him that we are under no false impression, that we are backing him to the limit with work and prayer.

After each of Bing's performances, the men whom he had entertained would cluster around the truck or platform on which he had appeared and offer him souvenirs. He accepted a few and brought them home to his four boys. For Dixie he brought some perfume from Paris, and he tried to pick up a pretty from Cartier, but he was told that the price would be absurdly high and the merchandise inferior. "Come back later," the celebrated jeweler advised, "and I will have things. I would rather keep your friendship than sell you what I have to offer at present."

When Bing was asked what he had brought home, but still with the boys overseas on "Command Performance."
A love story that will warm every lonely heart in the land... and thrill every happy one!

A lonely soldier... a heart-hungry girl... It's all about love... and just about perfect!

ANNE BAXTER • JOHN HODIAK
Sunday Dinner for a Soldier

CHARLES WINNINGER

ANNE REVERE • CONNIE MARSHALL • CHILL WILLS
ROBERT BAILEY • BOBBY DRISCOLL • JANE DARWELL

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Produced by WALTER MOROSCO
Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock and Melvin Levy
Yes, it is indeed a nuisance to be bothered several days each month with pins, belts and external pads...Especially when you can join the millions of women who use Tampax for sanitary protection. This Tampax is worn internally and it absorbs internally, so it can cause no odor, no chafing and no wrinkles or ridges in the clothing.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure, long-fiber surgical cotton, compressed into dainty throw-away applicators. Insertion is quick and easy; the hands need not even touch the Tampax...And when in place the user is actually unaware of its presence!

Tampax is sold in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior), providing a choice for early days and waning days, as well as for varying individual needs. Ask at drug stores, notion counters. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' average supply...Buy Tampax today—quick to change, easy disposal. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

BAIT:
A friend of the Zachary Scotts telephoned frantically: "May I borrow Waverly for an hour?" the friend wanted to know. Waverly is the Scotts' small daughter.

The friend continued breathlessly, "I know of a market that has just received a shipment of bananas, but the owner won't sell the fruit to anyone except a mother having a small child. I'm desperate for bananas, so I want to borrow Waverly."

These are the conditions that prevail.

GOOD FORM:
When Betty Grable was touring with her husband, Harry James, on his one-night-stand circuit, she was criticized by an editorial writer whose column was published in a small eastern city. It seems that the clerk in the hotel in which Betty and Harry stayed was questioned in regard to Miss Grable's graciousness and charm.

The clerk was quoted by the reporter as saying, "She's snooty. Of course, you couldn't expect Betty Grable to walk up and register like common people. She let Harry James do it."

Just to keep Emily Post from bursting into righteous flame, may we mention a small point of etiquette? Betty Grable would have been showing very bad form (a departure for her) if she had registered. Although small town hotel clerks may not know it, the proper procedure demands that a husband register: Mr. and Mrs. Harry James, Los Angeles, California.

When a pleasant and friendly girl is branded "snooty" because her manners happen to be perfect, it is high time that someone began to distribute books of etiquette with each theatre ticket purchased.

KHAKI WACKY:
While she was working in "Women's Army" at Metro, Susan Peters staggered home one evening, half a pace behind General Exhaustion. She had been rehearsing close order drill all day in WAC gruesome twosomes, and she had twin blisters on her heels large enough to house a turret gunner. Her back ached, her head ached, her legs ached.

Collapsing on the lounge, she slept for thirty minutes, then awakened with barely enough strength and curiosity to reach to the nearby coffee table for the day's mail. The first envelope contained a brisk recruiting folder: "Join the WAC!" it enjoined.

Miss Peters turned over and went back to sleep.

REFORMED HEELS:
On the set for "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," Mr. E. G. Robinson, late of the Homicidal Set but now operating as a fine-souled Swedish farmer, was expressing his happiness over his current role opposite Margaret O'Brien.

"It's practically the first time in my career..."
IT'S A MUSICAL HONEY!

BING CROSBY

TWO

BETTY

TUFTS

HUTTONS

SONNY

SONGS
by JOHNNY MERCER and HAROLD ARLEN
"Accentuate the Positive"
"Let's Take The Long Way Home"
"I Promise You"
"There's A Fellow Waiting In Vancouver"

In Paramount's
HERE COME THE WAVES

with Ann Doran • Gwen Crawford • Noel Neill
Catherine Craig • Marjorie Henshaw

A MARK SANDRICH PRODUCTION
Directed by MARK SANDRICH
he grinned, "that my leading lady's height has presented no problems. I can't tell you how nice it is to play a scene with Margaret wearing her shoes; most of my feminine partners have faced me stockinged-footed."

It isn't that Mr. Robinson is so short, but merely that he has—because of his virile roles—usually been cast opposite statuesque female players.

**THIS IS THE ARMY:**

Ann Sothern (who will be a mother by the time you read this) had been making birthday plans for weeks for her husband, Bob Sterling. She bought gifts and wrapped them. She collected red points so that his favorite steaks would be available. She invited a few friends in for a quiet celebration. She hoped and planned and jubilated. And then she received a wire from Bob saying that his leave had been cancelled.

So Ann had the party anyway. Everyone present wrote him a note, the gist of which was, "The Stork cancels no flights. Better get here the next time."

**NEIGHBORS:**

The Dennis Morgan family, with their three children, have moved to La Canada, an airy suburb near Pasadena. Their next-door neighbors are the Bob Aldas and their two children, but it is doubtful that there will be much inter-visiting. Although Bob and Dennis can talk across to one another from back yard to back yard, their properties are separated by a canyon about 500 feet deep. "Never mind," Dennis told Bob. "Those kids of ours will have some sort of a tunnel or suspension bridge built in no time. Especially if they let Kristin do the planning."

Kristin, now ten, should be an honorary member of the Cub Scouts. She has not heard, for fear it would infuriate her, the first comment Mrs. Morgan made when she walked in the living room of her new home and sighed with delight over the handsome, curving stairway.

"How lovely it will be for Kristin to descend as a bride," she said.

**SHIFTING:**

James M. Crain's incisive novel "Mildred Pierce" will be filmed as "House Upon The Sand." The change of title is not the only shifting to be done. When Joan Crawford was being tested for her Mildred Pierce role, the director said tentatively, "I think we could remove the shoulder pads in that dress."

There was a moment's breathless silence on the set. Miss Crawford's wide shoulders, together with her generous mouth, have long been glamour trademarks of this particular star. Yet, such is her determination to develop a new personality, that the huge pads were discarded.

And the next day the director said, "Let's make some alterations in your make-up. A natural mouth, please."

**RAIN BEAU**

Ida Lupino started out in a soaking, driving, crashing California rain with the intention of visiting a friend in a Los Angeles hospital. Her car slipped along cautiously until she drove through a puddle just a little too fast and flooded its ambition depth. "Never mind," Dennis told Bob. "Those kids of ours will have some sort of a tunnel or suspension bridge built in no time. Especially if they let Kristin do the planning."

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Ida Lupino started out in a soaking, driving, crashing California rain with the intention of visiting a friend in a Los Angeles hospital. Her car slipped along cautiously until she drove through a puddle just a little too fast and flooded its ambition department. That ended her motoring.

But with Miss Lupino, a promise is a promise. She had said she would visit the hospital that day. She intended to do so. Lifting a drenched thumb, she stepped to

(Continued from page 54)
All of Hollywood's heart is in it—and 62 of Hollywood's Stars!!

ANDREWS SISTERS
JACK BENNY
JOE E. BROWN
EDDIE CANTOR
KATY CARLISLE
JACK CARSON
DANE CLARK
JOAN CRAWFORD
HELMUT Dantine
BETTE DAVIS
FAYE EMERSON
VICTOR FRANCAE
JOHN GARFIELD
SYDNEY GREENSTREET
ALAN HALE
PAUL HENREID
ROBERT HUTON
JOAN LESLIE
PETER LORRE
IDA LUPINO
IRENE MANNING
JOAN McCracken
DOLORES MORAN
DENIS MORGAN
ELEANOR PARKER
JOYCE REYNOLDS
ROY ROGERS & TRIGGER
S.Z. (CooLee) SAKALL
ZACHARY SCOTT
ALEXIS SMITH
BARBARA STANNICK
JOSEPH SZIGETI
DONALD WOODS
JANE WYMAN

SONGS!
"DON'T FENCE ME IN"
"HOLLYWOOD CANTER"
"SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART"
"GETTIN' COMES FOR MY COUNTRY"
"WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THE REST OF YOUR LIFE"
"YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A YANK"
and many more!

Also
JIMMY DORSEY & HIS BAND
CARMEN CAVALLARO & ORCHESTRA
GOLDEN GATE QUARTET & ROSARIO & ANTONIO & SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Original Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Musical Numbers Created & Directed by LEROY PRINZ • Directed by DELMER DAVES
JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer
Produced by ALEX GOTTlieB
Permanently Wise

It’s a smart gal who insists on the best in a permanent — because she has to live with it a long time.

The same applies to the Bob Pins that keep it in line.

DeLong Bob Pins are the permanent answer. They have a Stronger Grip and an indestructible way about them, holding your hair-do firmly when your permanent is only a beautiful memory...

Stronger Grip
Won’t Slip Out

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS • HAIR PINS • SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS • STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES • HOOK & EYE TAPE
SANITARY BELTS

GUEST IN THE HOUSE (United Artists), Hunt Stromberg's version of the stage play by Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson, with Anne Baxter in a role unlike anything she’s had before. As Evelyn Heath, the invalid girl who connives to bring evil and unhappiness into an otherwise normal family household, she displays great talent for the dramatic, as well as sweet-young romance — and shifts from one portrayal to the other faster than you can say Ralph Bellamy is a swell actor, which in this case he very definitely is. Honors to Ruth Warrick, too, and to Marie McDonald, Aline MacMahon, Scott McKay and Jerome Cowan — whose fine individual performances each rate special mention in giving “praise due” to this story with a gripping psychological climax.

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN (Warner Bros.), being just what the title promises, classifies as a grand scale review featuring some forty outstanding movie names. Bette Davis, Joe E. Brown, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, John Garfield, Paul Henreid, Jack Carson and Ida Lupino number among the long-list-of-many stars appearing briefly as themselves, with Robert Hutton and Joan Leslie carrying the thread of a romance story which wanders through incidentally, like most musical comedy books. Music ranges from songs by the Andrews Sisters and Roy Rogers through numbers by Jimmy Dorsey’s and Carmen Cavallaro’s bands, to longhair stuff by violinist Josef Szigetti.

SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER (20th Century-Fox) is all one family can contribute to the war effort. But to John Hodiak, the invited soldier, it means a lot. It may be that Anne Baxter has something to do with this.

THE WAY AHEAD (Released through 20th Century-Fox) was made in England, and stars an old Hollywood favorite, David Niven, with an all-British cast.

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS (RKO-Radio), based on the best-seller by Margaret Carpenter, is a psychological mystery pushed back into the 1890’s, with an accent on beautiful period costumes for Hedy Lamarr. Paul Lucas is the psychopathic husband in the case, with George Brent (in the role of a New York doctor) to the rescue — and to love, with the other man’s wife.

ROUGHLY SPEAKING (Warner Bros.), screen version of the Louise R. Pierson autobiography, with Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson, Donald Woods, Alan Hale, and Craig Stevens. It’s the amusing, daring story of an independent, determined girl born considerably before her time, when college educations and jobs for women — what never? Well, hardly ever! The time, from 1902 to the present.

TOMORROW, THE WORLD (United Artists), with Frederic March, Betty Field, Agnes Moorhead and Joan Carroll, is a drama of vital interest to Americans today, for it is more than just a story of one little Nazified 12-year-old named Emil (Continued on page 62)
Her Beauty WEARS A MASK OF TERROR!

Desired by all men, envied by all women. What is the spell that hangs over this beautiful woman, making her a terrified slave . . . fearful, even, of the man who so desperately fights to free her?

HEDY LAMARR
GEORGE BRENT • PAUL LUKAS
in
"Experiment Perilous"

with
ALBERT DEKKER • CARL ESMOND • OLIVE BLAKENEY
GEORGE N. NEISE • MARGARET WYCHERLY

Produced by Robert Fellows. Directed by Jacques Tourneur
Screen play by Warren Duff

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.
It's all so Easy! Free Catalog tells how material is picked up at your door by Freight or Express at our expense—how we shred, merge, and reclaim valuable materials, picker, bleach, card, spin, redye and weave into lovely, deep-textured Broadloom Rugs woven reversible for double wear and luxury. Sizes to fit all rooms.

CHOICE: of popular solid colors, rich tweed blends, 18th Century floral and leaf designs, Early American, Oriental patterns, ovals.

FACTORY-to-You! You risk nothing by a trial. Over two million customers. We have no agents. Do as thousands of beauty-loving housewives have done—Write for Free Catalog.

Our 71st Year!

FREE Rug Book, Decorating Guide In Full Color
Mail Coupon or 1c Postcard

OLSON RUG CO. Dept E-41, CHICAGO 41, ILL.

(For Solution See Page 81)
When Louis B. Mayer was a very small boy, chicken broth was, to him, a rare delicacy. He vowed then that when he grew up, he'd have it every day. His broth is a Hollywood legend now.

Frances Gifford likes it so well that she wheedled the formula from Chef Felix to pass on to you.

It's very simple. Just collect these ingredients from your favorite market:

1. 6 to 8 lb. hen
2. 2 tsp. of salt
3. 2 medium sized onions
4. 1 large tomato
5. Rice or noodles and parsley

Place the chicken in an 8-quart kettle, add 2 1/2 quarts of cold water, and bring to a quick boil, skimming off any foam on surface. Turn flame down to simmer and add salt. Now follow the pictures.

Frances adds onions and tomatoes, then lets simmer for three hours.

Chicken is removed and broth is strained. Add salt if necessary.

White meat is placed on wooden chopping board, cut into cubes.

She adds cubes and equal part of cooked rice or noodles to liquid.

A couple of pinches of finely chopped parsley, reheat, and the golden broth is ready to serve.

An M-G-M feature released every day. Producer, Chef Felix; setting, the studio commissary.
There are any number of ways to define beauty. Marilyn Maxwell, now playing in M-G-M’s Between Two Worlds, is one of them! According to the lady herself, though, loveliness is not enough. It’s the personality behind it that puts the plus in its proper place.

As Marilyn points out, you choose your make-up to suit costume and coloring. But your complimentary aromatic aura is something else. Fragrance must match your mood. Better still, several fragrances might reflect many of them.

However, to make the most “scents,” you should clearly understand all sides of the perfumed picture. Follow Miss Maxwell’s personal program—and you will.

Wherever Marilyn goes, a faint but pervasive sweetness is sure to follow. For such all-over, all-day freshness, she finishes her bath with a cologne or toilet water rubdown. Either one (and they’re very similar) has a refreshing way of leaving skin tingling and smooth to the touch.

Then, perfume, the precious and persuasive keynote of her fragrance family. To get the most pleasure from her perfume, Marilyn chooses it with care. Sometimes a brilliant Hollywood opening is in the offing and then she wants a scent that will express sparkle and formality. Or she may be planning a personal appearance, one that calls for drama and excitement. For this, she will want a rich and smoldering aroma. Brief vacations and the great outdoors call for something light and floral; and the romantic side of life responds to a subtle, dreamy bouquet.

Making sure that the perfume she is choosing will truly express her mood and herself, Marilyn tries it right on her skin. That’s because, sniffed in the bottle, the true scent is confused by the alcohol content. And because perfume changes with and blends with individual skin chemistry to take on the “flavor” and character of the wearer.

When, at last, she has found the very essence of glamour and allure, she guards it wisely and well. The perfume, as she applies it, is touched lightly back of the ears, at the hairline and neckline. Here, in these places, the normal action of her skin helps to keep the scent warmly alive, intimately provocative.

The what, where, when and why of perfume pageantry, rightly revealed in this "scentsational" story. Hark to Marilyn, the lark, and get the lowdown on lure...
PICTURES IN PRODUCTION

AT PARAMOUNT:

DUFFY'S TAVERN, with everyone on the Paramount lot excepting Bob Hope, who has suspended Paramount. When he was called for this picture, he realized that the shooting schedule would interfere with certain bond and hospital tours that he wanted to make, so he chose Uncle Sam in preference to a weekly pay check. No wonder everyone in Hollywood is claiming him with the proud exclamation, "That's my boy, Bob!"

THE LOST WEEKEND is still in production. When Ray Milland reached home after a rugged day's shooting, his wife said solicitously, "Wouldn't you like a cup of hot tea?" Ray executed a whirling dervish arabesque. He had been drinking tea on the set all day—it's the cinema substitute for alcohol. Ray has worried a good deal about his part—of only one thing is he sure: Jane Wyman is doing the most brilliant acting job of her career.

THE LOVE LETTERS, with Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Cecil Kellaway, Ann Richards and Byron Barr is still shooting. Incidentally, Gig Young's real name is Byron Barr. Warner's had him change it because they felt that "Barr" was a Lost Weekend of a name. Paramount allowed the other Byron Barr to keep his legal tag.

THE AFFAIRS OF SUSAN, with Joan Fontaine, Walter Abel, Dennis O'Keefe and George Brent should be a tasty tidbit. It tells the story of an actress who is about to be married to a man (Abel) who learns that there have been 3 other men in her life. To avoid making the same mistakes with her that cost these 3 men her love, Abel invites the 3 to a bachelor dinner to find out all he can about Joan. At the end of the dinner party, all four men have decided that they are in love with Joan, so rush to her apartment to win her back again. Take it from there, Jackson.

THE VIRGINIAN is a remake of the old classic with able Joel McCrea in the title role, opposed by Brian Donlevy as the infamous Trampas. Sonny Tufts is Steve, The Virginian's best but weak, friend whom The Virginian sentences to hanging. Barbara Britton is the girl. It is hoped that this will prove to be a better vehicle for her than "Till We Meet Again" was.

SCARED STIFF, with Jack Haley, Ann Savage, Roger Pryor and Barton MacLane, is a who-done-it of rare merit because the script was written by that master of detective fiction, Geoffrey Homes. Geoffrey Homes is the penname of Dan Mainwaring (pronounced Manning), who is one of the wittiest and best liked writers in the film industry.

AT COLUMBIA:

COUNTERATTACK with Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman, and Adeline DeWalt Reynolds is still in production. (Continued on page 56)

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps

STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ a jar
(Also in 59¢ jars)
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

ARRID
THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT
NOW... this softer, safer sanitary napkin in two forms

1. MODESS WITH DEODORANT

2. STANDARD MODESS

Here's MODESS with TWO wonderful kinds of sanitary protection. Now you can take your choice.

1. Softer, safer MODESS with a fine deodorant powder sealed in—for those who want daintiness protection right inside a napkin. Tried out for a year by thousands of women; tested by a famous impartial laboratory and proved to be most effective.*

2. Softer, safer MODESS—without deodorant—if you'd rather have it that way.

And, either way, you're bound to get greater safety, greater softness, because:

- 209 nurses, in hospital tests, found MODESS gives far more protection than nationally known layer-type napkins.
- 49,701 women stated that they switched to MODESS because it's "So soft"... "So safe"... or "So comfortable."

Both kinds of MODESS cost the same. But—to get softer, safer sanitary protection—be sure to ask for MODESS!

GOOD! I CAN KEEP RIGHT ON GETTING MY "STANDARD" SOFTER, SAFER MODESS!

I'M DELIGHTED I CAN GET MY MODESS WITH A DEODORANT SEALED RIGHT IN IT!

*LOOK! Facts about MODESS containing a DEODORANT

1. The sanitary napkin with fine deodorant powder sealed right in.
2. Only sanitary napkin with deodorant tested for the past year. Fastidious Southern women who tried it are overwhelmingly enthusiastic—prefer it to any other napkin they've ever used.
3. MODESS has been proved by U.S. Testing Co., Inc., to guard daintiness more effectively than any other napkin containing a deodorant.
4. Only MODESS gives you such proof of its effectiveness. So if you prefer a napkin with a deodorant right in it, MODESS is the only napkin for you.

TODAY... Ask for MODESS

STANDARD OR WITH DEODORANT
more beautiful than ever, at last realizes her long-coveted dream to play in a costume piece. In RKO's "Experiment Perilous," with George Brent, the lamarrvelous lure is enhanced by the garb of the 'nineties. Another of her favorite dreams will be realized when she and Husband John Loder become parents some time in the spring.

**Hedy Lamarr,**
It was three years ago, and Judy Garland was lunching with Alfred Lunt at “21” in New York. She had just met him for the first time, and besides he was one of her favorite actors—two circumstances which made her very anxious to make a good impression. She wasn’t doing too badly at it either, even though the topic of conversation was Europe—a place which Mr. Lunt knew like a book, and which Judy knew only from a book—when there was an interruption. When they finally resumed their conversation, Judy had forgotten what they were talking about. She assumed they were starting afresh.

“You’d love Venice,” said Lunt, enthusiastically.

Judy

LAUGHS IT OFF

Embarrassing moments turned into amusing fun-for-alls; it takes a sense of humor, but Judy has what it takes

By Marion Cooper
“Oh, but I do,” said Judy, beaming, “especially the roller coasters they have there.”

There was dead silence while Mr. Lunt visibly racked his brain, trying to remember what part of Venice he had overlooked. Suddenly the horrible realization dawned on our heroine: he was still talking about Europe, and not the amusement pier near Hollywood. There was an embarrassed moment, until Judy’s sense of humor got the upper hand, and she started laughing. “I’m sorry,” she said. “You’re in Italy, and I’m in California.”

“By that time we were both laughing,” Judy said, “and what could have been a very awkward moment was very amusing, instead. I’ve learned to laugh it off, no matter what happens. In self-defense, I had to. No one gets into more spots than I do. If I took myself seriously, as I once did, I’d be constantly embarrassed. But I honestly believe that if you can laugh at yourself, most of the rough spots in your life will be automatically smoothed.

“For instance, I used to suffer with self-consciousness when I walked in on a party, and found the room filled with important people I’d never met, or knew only slightly. Now I usually break the ice by telling about my latest faux pas. And believe me, I’m never at a loss to think of one. (Continued on page 80)
G. I. JOE IN HOLLYWOOD

By KAY PROCTOR

“HOLLYWOOD is wonderful.” “Hollywood stinks.” “Hollywood is a dream come true.” “Hollywood is an overgrown jerk town.”

These are some of the contradictory statements made by the G.I. Joes who came to Hollywood to make “Winged Victory”—the picture version of the Army Air Forces Broadway success.

It was Old Home Week for a few of the 300 soldiers in the unit, and they reveled in it. Lon McCallister, George Reeves, Edmond O’Brien, Barry Nelson, and Richard Travis were all well on the way to screen stardom before donning khaki; Lane “Shotgun” Britton was one of 20th Century-Fox’s ace make-up men; Howard Shoup was a top designer at MGM; and Ben Maddox used to write magazine stories about Hollywood.

As against this handful of men, however, there were scores of other young Americans, average fellows from average American cities and towns, who suddenly woke up one day to find the impossible had happened. They were “movie stars” themselves—for a few weeks anyway—privileged to walk unchallenged through studio gates, meet and talk with the great and near-great of the town, and otherwise taste first-hand of the fabled glamour of Hollywood. (Subject, of course, to the very strict military regulations.)

(Continued on page 82)

What would you think of Hollywood, were you suddenly to become a movie actor? That’s what we asked these G. I.’s, and these are their candid comments
What about Williams?

She's all wet! But on her it looks good. Esther of the chic chassis has been high diving to success ever since her first belly-flop at the age of eight.
Esther Williams suddenly walked into the Brown Derby sporting a mermaid’s tail, no one would be at all surprised. And it couldn’t happen to a nicer girl.

Esther enjoys the distinction of being the only kid in Hollywood about whom you can say “she isn’t dry behind the ears,” and mean it.

It has been variously said by the local wits: (a) that Esther completely justifies the guy who first invented swimming, (b) that her form divine is reason enough for the swim suit people to stay in business, and (c) that if more gals looked like her, every man in the country would toss his dark glasses into the drink.

From broad swimmers’ shoulders the Williams torso is whittled down to a hand-span waist, lean hips, and long, lovely legs that boost her height to a graceful five-foot-seven. It’s topped off by a pixie-pretty face and a mop of brownette hair.

At M-G-M she has managed (Continued on page 77)
Everything happens to Paige! His hard road to success led through a bakery, a store window, over bottles of foot balm.

**CAN'T HELP CLOWNING**

He did cat meows, groans and yelps over the radio; he was thrown out of any number of casting offices in Hollywood, more than once. But for all that—yes, despite or because of his slightly wacko sense of humor, and his gift of gab, and his unfailing habit of getting into scrapes and having things happen to him—Bob Paige is Deanna Durbin's leading man in "Can't Help Singing." He's a star.

Bob does everything in a manner all his own. He doesn't even study a film role the way other actors do. Out in the Valley, his neighbors were more than a little fascinated when they saw him walk daily around his swimming pool, for weeks and weeks, with a lady in his arms. The lady borne was Betty, his wife—but it was an unusual avocation, all the same, and (Continued on page 64)
Robert Paige, with sideburns and—Deanna Durbin, in costume as his leading lady. Their picture's a glorified Western, in color. The time, the 1840's; the music, all new Jerome Kern specials.
Dreaming? Could those dreams be about the Corporal Louis Riley she's rumored engaged or married to? Could they now, Miss Davis?
ENJOY—
Not going to beauty parlors; a well run house (pre-war); doing exactly as I please; sailing; 
my profession; fog and rain; hot dogs; pine 
woods; arguments; camping.

I'M GUILTY OF—
Chain-smoking; going off and leaving such things as keys, glasses, compacts, even my scotty, Tibby; 
being too prompt; discarding soap long before it becomes a sliver (reforming since Pearl Harbor); 
finding myself three blocks ahead of the person I'm walking with (very annoying to escorts); anticipat-
ing people's thoughts—and giving the answer to what I thought was going to be said—often right—
often wrong; liking to eat onions; not acting like an actress in my private life; enjoying reading more than the company of most people.

I HAVE TO FORCE MYSELF TO—
Get up at dawn to go to work; take time to eat if I'm nervous about my work; be patient with people 
who are of slower temperament than I; refrain from suggesting re-arrangement of furniture when visiting; take time from other things to ride my horse, Laddie; shop for clothes; (Continued on page 66)
1. At the "Winged Victory" opening in Hollywood—John Payne, brand new Army vet (with honorable discharge) and Gloria de Haven.

2. Also present (some night, some occasion) were the Gregory Pecks; and sitting at Greg's left, Otto Kruger, Publicist Helen Ferguson.

3. "Is you is or is you ain't my baby?" The newlywed Jess Borkers, on their reconciliation night date at Ciro's, when the answer was "yes."

4. Cobina Wright, Sr., gave a turn-about's fair-play party for stars who've been overseas. Fred de Cordova lights up for Louise Allbritton.
5. They've a lot in common, these two—both are at Warner Bros. Dane Clark and Lauren (Bogie's leading lady in "The Big Sleep") Bacall.


7. The Danny Kayes (at the Ice Follies) with the Paul Henreids, and in the row behind: the Keenan Wynns, Deanna Durbin, John Garfield.

8. Dorothy Lamour detoured "On the Road to Utopia" to give out with a spot of fancy warbling for the G. I.'s on "Command Performance".
FEBRUARY 20, 1944

WELL, Miss Donlevy, I have just finished helping your mom put you to bed on the night of your first birthday. As you perfectly well know, because you respond to a request for same, a "big love" is a Donlevy family term for a kiss, and I would like to draw your attention to the fact that it was very tough for me to get a "big love" from you tonight. You were too interested in that lamb.

Yes, ma’am, I know I gave it to you. But what’s the big idea of devoting yourself to it in preference to your dear old dad? It only plays, upon being wound up, "Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?" Your dad, with only a little swizzling, will sing "Mademoiselle From Armentiers." (Cont’d on page 85)
Daddy Donlevy opens his diary for the third time to give us a peek at the daily goings-on of his darlin' dotter, Judy Ann

1. Judy Ann, you were a year younger here than you are now (see photo extreme left), and I was trying to convince you that I'm not nearly so tough as the movie roles I play. . . . 2. I guess by now you're convinced. You seem to enjoy being with me almost as much as I do having you around. And don't think I'm not flattered by that . . .

3. I never dreamed you'd be this much fun. In fact, before you were born, I was plenty worried. I didn't see how a little kid could possibly be anything but a lot of fuss and trouble . . . 4. Boy, how wrong I was! There's more fun to you per square inch than anyone could possibly dream . . .

5. And you've done what babies always do for parents. Marjorie and I are even closer to each other now than ever. . . . 6. Honey, I wish I could be flying a plane in this war as I was for the last. But they've got me grounded. So I'm doing what little I can, playing service camps and giving bond shows . . .
YOUR PROBLEM
AND MINE

By Jane Wyman

Let Jane Wyman help solve that problem for you. Write her at Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California.

Dear Miss Wyman:
I would like very much for you to help me with my problem.

Here it is: Although I am only fifteen, I know very definitely that I want to be a singer for a career. My voice is good, and everyone encourages me to take it seriously, and sing in public.

However, I am a cripple, and extremely conscious of the fact, and this is always holding me back. I do not feel self-pity, but I just feel that everyone is noticing my handicap rather than my singing.

If I continue to sing, how do you suggest that I go about it?

Yours sincerely,
Mary Louise

Dear Mary Louise:
Certainly if your voice is promising, and you love singing, I feel you should continue with this work. Your attitude is fine, and you must overcome this self-consciousness about yourself. Remember Connie Boswell is one of our finest vocalists, and is similarly handicapped, but not the least bit self-conscious about the fact. Her personality and her voice overcome this obstacle a long time ago, if it ever did exist.

Although you do not say so in your letter, you are undoubtedly in school. Hence, I would suggest that you get the most out of your schooling by taking all the singing and dramatics that your school affords, and learn the fundamentals of music.

Good luck, and best wishes to you.
Sincerely,
JANE WYMAN

Dear Miss Wyman:
Don't you think this is unfair of my folks, especially when all the other girls at school my age go out with boys? Don't you think my parents old fashioned?

Worriedly,
Anne K.

Dear Anne:
I can see your point of view on this dating situation, especially when you recall that your sister was going out with boys when she was your age.

But remember one important point: there wasn't a war on when she was young and given the privilege of going with boys. Today, with the whole country in an abnormal state and all of our lives upset, it is a wise mother who understands that her mother is only trying to protect her in following this procedure.

In normal times, perhaps you would be considered old enough to go out with boys of your own age group, but you should respect your mother's desire to help you in this matter during wartime. Why not give her a chance?

Sincerely yours,
JANE WYMAN

Dear Helen:
Yes, I certainly agree with you that your mail is your own personal property, and especially letters from your husband. It is really inexcusable to open another person's mail, but you must make allowances in this case.

Perhaps, your mother-in-law is simply over-anxious about her son, and I feel sure she does not realize what she is doing, as a result.

Why don't you sit down with her and explain the situation to her the way you did in your letter? I am certain she will understand, especially if you are careful of her feelings.

Otherwise, there is no alternative for you but to rent a box in your local post office, or have your mail addressed to your place of business.

Sincerely,
JANE WYMAN

Dear Jane:
I am a freshman in college, and I am in love with a boy who is in the Navy in the South Pacific. We have known each other a long time, and have planned our future together, although we won't marry until we both get a chance to finish college.

Here is our problem: We are of different religions, and both his family and mine are against our marriage. They think this difference will never let our marriage work out, but we think we are intelligent people and that certainly we can solve this problem in the next two years.

Do you think we are right?

Bonnie P.

Dear Bonnie:
Yes, Bonnie, I do think you are right in your attitude. You are both evidently looking at this problem in an intelligent fashion, and certainly seem willing to make any personal sacrifices that may be involved.

Where religion is concerned, the very war we are fighting today is reason enough for us all to know that tolerance and narrow-mindedness are a thing of the past, and common understanding and tolerance have taken their place.

Good luck to both of you.
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Do you think we are right?

Bonnie P.
A World of Happiness Ahead... in the shining promise of dreams-come-true... through the years this moment lives forever, reflected again and again in each flashing facet of your beautiful Cardinal Bonded Diamond.
Just ask the gal who is one! We asked
Clausette Colbert. A star for ten years, she
should be an authority on the subject

Ten years ago, Claudette Colbert and a comparatively unknown
Clark Gable made a picture called "It Happened One Night."
It won the lady an Academy Award and shoved Mr. G. precip¬
itously into prominence.
Claudette was a star then. She has been ever since, despite the
show business axiom that it is harder to remain on top than it is to
get there in the first place.
Staying in the spotlight is a tough racket of wheels within wheels,
and not merely a process of keeping your face clean and smiling
sweetly at the customers.
Without taking her own personality and attractiveness into con¬
sideration (I'll get to that later), Claudette divides the "how" for
staying in the upper brackets into two main categories: What you
do on the screen and what you do off. Let's take the latter first.
Time was when closets of clothes, a car as long as a B-29 and a
house suitable for the Republican convention were de rigeur for stellar
personalities. Baby lions, herds of trained (Continued on page 51)
Barney Dean, Hope, Patty Thomas, Tony Romano, Fran Langford, Colonna honor Tarawa's fallen heroes.

By JERRY COLONNA
as told to Kate Holliday

They're both eager to get overseas again.

He's playing service camps in this country now.
EVEN years ago, I signed my first contract to go on the air with Bob Hope. I didn't know what I was getting into.

I thought it was merely a job, a way of eating regularly three times a day. That just shows you how innocent I was.

Since then, I have been unceremoniously dunked in the Pacific, have frozen in the Aleutians, steamed quietly in the tropics, made the personal acquaintance of every railroad car in this country and most of the planes, played shows for ten guys or ten thousand and forgotten completely what sleep was. And I've never had so much fun in my life.

I've wondered many times why Bob didn't have a nervous breakdown about once every six months. And, after seven years, I (Continued on page 74)
JEANNIE

with the
Light Brown Hair

She loves to dabble in things that are creative!
GOOD many years ago a slim individual of seven fixed, with an historical eye, her five-and-a-half-year-old sister, Rita, and announced with befitting solemnity, “Rita, this day will never come again. I want to remember it forever. I want to remember how you are, and the way I am right now, all the rest of our lives. Will you make me a drawing for my keep-sake box?”

Which explains why Jeannie Crain now owns a small pencil drawing that was created during Miss Rita’s pre-kindergarten period.

This little ceremony also explains another important facet of the Crain personality: there is an eagerness about her, an avidness, an absorbed-in-the-instant air that arrests the interest of the casual observer more effectively than any jive routine recently patented could possibly do. This is proved by the remark of the redoubtable Mr. Flynn, the first time he caught sight of Jeanne. She was seated in the corner of a huge lounge, watching a mad party swirl around her, not participating physically, but missing nothing. “Come over here,” ordered Mr. Flynn, plucking a fellow guest by the sleeve, “I want you to tell me who this girl is. She isn’t doing anything, but she’s so alive that, without moving, she seems kind of like a pillar of light.”

A statement like that from Mr. Flynn—who has seen everything—is nice going in anyone’s league. The most astonishing thing about it is that the description is exact, and that it explains, in a measure, her entrance into pictures.

To go back to the very origin of this shaft of light, she started as a mere glimmer in a little desert town named Barstow, Calif. Her stay on the desert was brief, however, as her parents moved to Los Angeles when Jeanne was only a few months old. She was a world veteran of nineteen months when her younger sister was born, and she was a citizen of about five when she began to notice the fact that has become the Rosetta Stone of her existence: time passes too fast. She always awakened early in the morning, but she had barely started on all the fascinating things that make up the occupations of a thriving junior before she had to go to bed at night. She had scarcely begun to enjoy the long days of summer with trips to the beach, before (Continued on page 69)

Only 19, but Jean Crain complains
that time moves too fast. She wants to hold
on to every beautiful moment of her life
... to make it live forever in her memory!

It may well be Lon McCallister on the wire!

She’s now working in “Bon Voyage” for 20th.
Father and son, Senior and Junior; a parent who's really a pal. You can tell that, just from seeing them together—which is a lot of the time.

WHEN Jimmie Craig, Jr. (more commonly known as The Bub) was born, Jimmie, Sr. celebrated the occasion by driving from the hospital directly to a sports equipment store and buying the best 12-gauge shotgun available. He officially launched it two weeks later when he went dove hunting. That shotgun is one of Jim's most prized trusts: he never refers to it by any title but "The Bub's gun." When Jim cleans and oils it nowadays, The Bub stands by, watching, and knowing that the shooting iron is his, but that Dad is keeping it in use and in good condition until...
A youth spent in Texas made Jim a pushover for the out-of-doors.

Proof that happy marriages can happen in Hollywood! Three in the family; another on the way.

Hey! Watch the purr! Or isn't that rationed meat he's after?

Flat on his back? What's wrong with that? The Bub's got things in hand.

THE CRAIG BOYS
he is old enough to master it, and to use it safely.  
This small, eloquent incident tells as much as one needs to know about big Jim Craig. It indicates his imagination, his sentimentality (which is not mawkish, but aggressively masculine), and his pattern of living both as a person and as a parent.  
Jim, while being gifted with ample acting ability, restricts his accomplishment rigorously to professional moments; out of camera range he is probably the least actorish man in Hollywood. He could return to his native Tennessee and talk with old friends with the result that they would thereafter refer to him as Craig, the farmer, not as That Movie Star.  
The paramount experience from his own boyhood that Jim would wish to have incorporated in The Bub's childhood is the companionship Jim had with his grandfather—an impossible wish, because that proud, individualistic gentleman of the Old South is no longer living.  
But if, as suggested in Maeterlinck's "The Bluebird," one lives by being remembered, Jim's grandfather is immortal. He taught Jim one of the lessons that Jim wants to pass on to his son, intact.  
The elder Craig owned a saddle mare that he prized highly for fox hunting; repeatedly Jimmie had begged for the privilege of riding her when his grandfather was not to be a party to the hunt, but was always refused until Jim was old enough, presumably, to be reliable. His grandfather explained to Jim what he must do: when the dogs had treed or encircled the fox and the hunt dismounted, Jim was to tether the mare; under no circumstance was he merely to drop the reins over her head and trust her to stand by. She was hot-blooded and high-strung, and there was a chance that—in a headlong dash for the stable—she might step into a gopher hole and break a leg.  
Jim took in the advice with solemnly nodded head. But in the excitement of the hunt (Continued on page 59)
MAN-HUNTING

By KOLMA FLAKE
DESIGNER YVONNE WOOD has no illusions about the importance of clothes. “All a pin-up girl needs,” she says flatly, “is a good bathing suit and a sweater to make a hit with men. But not many of us can make a home-run on our curves; hence we designers can make a living.”

The newest success story in Hollywood’s designing circles, this girl (still in her 20’s) is as American as chewing gum. She was born in Long Beach, Calif., that city of promise to middle-westerners, of parents who were middle-westerners—Kansans in fact.

Since her father is a civil engineer, Yvonne grew up in construction camps, desert towns, and even Nevada ghost towns. Her life settled down to what is usually termed normalcy, however, (Continued on page 67)
Hi ho Louis Prima (and his vocalist, Lily Ann Carol): Louis has a new band, is riding the comeback trail.

Putting up with a make-up. It's Tony Pastor, getting ready for his show at the N. Y. Paramount.
Greetings, lads and lassies. I hope you all had a solid Christmas and here's wishing you a Happy 1945.

We've been busy tabulating the votes for our musical popularity poll and we'll announce the results next month. Movieland decided that the winners should receive something extra-special, so instead of inscribing the usual plaque or typing up a tired scroll, we buzzed over to Cartier's, New York's famous jewelers, and had a chat-with their designers. The boys really outdid themselves and came forth with something we think is super. They dreamed up some killer gold discs which look like miniature records, with a special little gadget for engraving purposes. We're very happy with them and we think the winners will be too.

Crooner success stories all seem to have their start in New York. The careers of Frank Sinatra, Dick Haymes and Perry Como zoomed after the big town gave its nod of approval. And it's the same with Johnnie Johnston. After appearing at the Copacabana and on the Basin Street radio show, he landed the Chesterfield program over C.B.S. and was signed for the Capitol Theater. But here's the switch. Paramount, who dropped Johnnie from its contract list last year, tried to re-sign him—at twice his former salary. That's Hollywood for you. They'll do it every time.

Andy Russell, another singing lad who had been doing all right for himself, will trek to Movietown sometime in January, to tie up with a studio. Though he has had several offers, I bet he signs with Buddy De Sylva.

Artie Shaw contracted Roy Eldridge, the Negro trumpet star, for his new band. Eldridge is supposedly receiving between $500 and $750 a week, which is just about top dough for a sideman. Roy, who was with the old Gene Krupa band, had been playing with his own small combination in one of the Fifty-Second street spots. Though Artie originally planned a string section, when the band made its debut, the violins were missing. I haven't heard the outfit yet, but the musician scuttlebut says it's but good. The Strand Theatre in New York must think so, because they offered Shaw a February date at $12,500 a week.

What's brisk on the disc:
The disc news is really brisk this month, because finally, and I do mean finally, Victor and Columbia settled their big fight with the Musicians' Union, and signed a contract so (Continued on page 88)
He was the child Nazi in the stage version of "Tomorrow, the World"; has the same role in the Lester Cowan movie of the same name.

Sub-Sixteen

Skippy Homeier, candidate for Hollywood's most hated brat award—because he acts the part, and he's a fine actor.

WRITING a story about Skippy Homeier makes you feel as though you were Attorney for the Defense. After Skippy's portrayal of Emil Bruckner in "Tomorrow, the World!" the composite movie-goer is firmly convinced that Master Homeier is a sadistic, diabolical little creature with a "master race" complex. "Gosh, I'm just an American kid," says Skip, "but people won't believe it."

So we set out (Continued on page 73)
sheep, and bowls of incense were also good. Them days, I am happy to say, are now past.

"Being a star is actually paying a debt," Claudette tells us, "and one should never forget it. The debt is, of course, to the public. And the public has certain demands on you which you must not ignore.

"The first and most important is that you always preserve in real life the illusion people have about you on the screen."

Claudette believes that being well-groomed at all times is vital. Gloves, bags, shoes, all must be exactly right. As to clothes, she claims that you need not go to the extreme of buying out entire shops, but that what you put on must be good to begin with. She herself gets four or five outfits a year of various sorts, changes them with accessories, and wears them until she can wear them no longer. When I was talking to her, for instance, she had on a grey suit with a matching fur-trimmed coat which I said was magnificent. She told me she'd bought it in 1939!

Her own creed—both in clothes and in the other departments of her personal life—is that dignity will serve you best, in the long run. For her, dignity is not difficult. She is not the sort to engage in stunts just to keep her name before the public. The nearest thing to a stunt she does, in fact, is to go skiing—which she does merely because she loves the sport and is good at it.

This dignity is one of her most endearing qualities. The public thinks of her as someone they would like to know, a circumstance which is both a tribute to Claudette and a business asset. And for this reason, though she appreciates publicity, she will not allow anything sensational to be written about her, just for the purpose of getting space.

Her publicity must be true. That is her personal law. The press is allowed to say that she is happily married, that her husband is a professional man, the ethics of whose work prevent him from being interviewed, and that is all. She will cooperate on stories—as she did on this one—if she thinks they have any value, but the fact that she has a pair of the best legs in town will not cause her to pose in a bathing suit just to get her picture in the paper. She lives simply, if luxuriously, and she does not believe in lying around on tiger skins just for an item on the front page. All of this builds up a normality which is one of the reasons which Claudette is a star after ten or more years. The fact that she herself is normal, and that her attitude on these things is actually an honest one, creates a sincerity which, conscious or not, pays off.

But there are other things to staying on top. There is the actual business side of it—can't ignore that! In the first place, Claudette knows how to act, and she is lovely. Let's take those two elements for granted. And a third element which is vastly important is that she has a business head of no mean proportions. She works as well behind the scenes as she does in front of a camera.

"When you have reached the point where they put your name in lights," Claudette told me, "you have something to say about the vehicles in which you play. Therefore, it is more or less up to you whether or not you remain a 'name'. Your judgment and the judgment of those who advise you must be good, or you find yourself playing bits again."

Claudette has long been in the position where her contract allowed her to pick not only her stories but her writers and directors, as well. That sounds like an actress' Utopia. To a certain extent, it is. But at the same time, it has often been necessary for her to compromise in order to do a part she wants to play.

There was the time, for instance, when she had the two-picture-a-year deal with Paramount. The studio knew the value of her name, naturally—knew that any film she was in would gain in box-office value, whether it was intrinsically good or not. Claudette knew that, too, and she realized that, if she wanted to do one show which would be sensational in every respect, she would probably have to take as the first of her two productions one which was not so sensational.

It happened just that way. The studio offered her the lead in "The

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Phantom President," starring George M. Cohan. The part, compared to Mr. Cohan's, was small and insignificant. It would not be good for her. Yet Paramount also said that, if she did this picture, she could do the role of Poppaea in "The Sign of the Cross," a role which would wow the fans.

The result was that you saw her in the Cohan opus. And then you saw her, scantily garbed, surrounded by luxury, playing one of the famous characters of history in all her glory. The compromise paid off, with dividends.

"Sign of the Cross" demonstrated, too, another role which Claudette feels is important in remaining a star. "I believe that actresses should change the types of their pictures as much as possible," she told me, seriously. "Up to the time I did Poppaea, for instance, I had done straight leads and I realized it was like nothing I had ever seen before. And she kept the public interested, wondering what else I could or would do.

"Since then, I have been careful to switch from drama to comedy to anything else that came along. I have had people tell me, at times, that I was silly to take certain roles—that they would endanger my standing with the fans. The part of the mother in 'Since You Went Away,' which I did recently for Selznick, is a case in point. In that film I have two young daughters. That fact alone was supposed to be box-office death, as far as I was concerned. But, I followed that film with a mad comedy part in 'Practically Yours,' which took the curse off my being a mother—if there was any in the first place! And now I'm to do 'Tomorrow Is Forever' (Gwen Birstow's novel), for International.

"Since You Went Away" leads us to another item. To Claudette, as perhaps to no other big-name actress, the picture as a whole is more important than what she does in it. She wants a good role, yes—but she also wants to have her name associated with a production which is excellent. For that reason, too, she did the Selznick picture—which also includes Joe Cotten, Shirley Temple, Jennifer Jones, Robert Walker and Monty Woolley, all names. For that reason, too, she did "So Proudly We Hail" because of this, she insisted that the names of Veronica Lake and Paulette Goddard be given equal billing with hers. This, of course, paid dividends at the box-office. And, too, when she cannot get a co-star whose prominence matches her own, she will take an unknown for the leading man.

Otto Kruger has a trunk full of trophies and memories. Among his souvenirs is a pair of coppered baby shoes (his own), given to him by his mother. Interesting also is a pair of rusted pole-climbers that Mr. Kruger used in 1905 when he was a telephone lineman.
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3 ILLS AND A WEEP:

The director was preparing to shoot the final scene for "Women's Army" at Metro. It called for a company of WACS to disembark from a transport, presumably to assume duties on a foreign shore. They were to be greeted by a mob of astounded but overjoyed GI's. A military band was to strike up a stirring tune.

Lana Turner, Laraine Day and Susan Peters were the principals in the scene, and for a finale they were to march down the plank, swing around, and march directly into the lens for a fadeout, heads up, faces illuminated with pride.

Everything went along fine until the three girls swung around, soldiers cheering, flags waving, and band playing. All three pseudo-Wacs were weeping. Too much drama for the sensitive trio.

IN THE INTEREST OF JUSTICE:

When sensational charges were preferred against Jackie Cooper, the daily papers repeated the alleged cause in detail. When Mr. Cooper was acquitted, this fact was meagerly noted. In all fairness, the full story of Jackie's exoneration should be given wide publicity. A transcript of the judge's written decision has come to the columnist's attention, and we'd like to quote some of the more pertinent statements here. Please read them carefully so that, when the war is over and Jackie comes back to Hollywood to resume his career, you will know that he has every right to your support and friendship. The judge said:

"There are two types of girls in this world—those who cannot be picked up by strangers, and those who can. If all girls were of the former variety, cases such as this would never occur. But, unfortunately, either some parents fail or refuse to teach their daughters the sanctity of minds and persons, or those daughters fail or refuse to heed the teachings. In this instance, two young girls, under the ages of eighteen years, were picked up on a public street, which fact culminated in the circumstances now under consideration. We have heard evidence for two days on an alleged drinking and immoral party at a local hotel. Now it is our solemn responsibility to sift that evidence and determine wherein lies the guilt.

"The defense protests that two sailor friends of Cooper, in company with Miss Fredericks, met the girls ... they stopped and talked. The undisputed fact, however, is that both the minor girls were told they could leave the party at any time they desired."

"It is generally agreed by all of the witnesses that this was not a drinking party or an orgy of immorality in the accepted interpretation. There is no evidence of any conduct or conversation of a lewd, licentious, vicious, indecent or immoral character. On
the contrary, all the witnesses agreed that it was otherwise... the 15-year-old girl admits, and it is supported by all of the other testimonies, that she did most of her drinking in the Brandywine Room before the arrival of the defendants, Bender and Cooper...

"The most serious of all the charges contained in the various affidavits filed herein is that the defendant, George Bender, took the 15-year-old girl into the adjoining room where he had immoral relations with her. To this charge the defendant, Bender, maintains a consistent denial, stating that—at her request—he took her for a walk in the hallway because she 'felt dizzy'; that they were gone not more than five or ten minutes. All agree that when she returned to the party she was not depressed or moody, and that she said nothing to anyone regarding this allegation of immorality. Even then she did not want to go home.

"...And here we come to a most important matter in our consideration of the circumstances. A 15- and a 16-year-old girl attend the same party, at the same time and in each other's company. One, the 15-year-old girl, according to the language of the law, becomes delinquent... On the other hand the 16-year-old girl, who was subjected to the company of the same individuals, the identical personalities and the same force of circumstances, did not become a delinquent child. Therefore, this hotel party, outside of perhaps the one-and-a-fraction drinks which she consumed, to the 16-year-old girl was a perfectly innocent affair... What was in the makeup and the moral fibre of these two girl companions which caused the 15-year-old girl to do the things she claims she did, and, against which, the 16-year-old girl was protected by her own teachings and training and innate characteristics?

"The court cannot ignore the fact that the 15-year-old girl, who, some months ago, had lodged these charges against these defendants resulting in widespread publicity, upon the day of trial, failed and refused to appear in court... The Juvenile Court law is designed to aid those who are injured and who desire the protection of the law. That protection, apparently, certain members of the girl's family did not feel she required, otherwise she would have made a willing witness. It is her word against that of the defendant, George Bender... The court, therefore, finds the defendants, George Bender, Pauline Fredericks and Jack Cooper, separately and severally, NOT GUILTY.

This is the considered judgment of a just and thoughtful man, Mr. Albert Doyle of South Bend, Indiana.
LEAVE IT TO BLONDE, with Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, Larry Simms (growing up rapidly) and the ubiquitous Daisy, carries on the popular series. Those who have seen "Is A Family," the recent Sol Lesser release through United Artists, in which Mr. Lake had a part, are convinced that Dagwood needs to reduce if he is to continue to be convincing as a juvenile.

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS is an Arabian nights technicolor fantasy with Cornel Wilde, Evelyn Keyes, and Nestor Paiva (the long-time villain from Los Angeles' perennial show "The Drunkard," who works in pictures by day and sneers behind a cape at night). Keep your eye on Cornel Wilde—he's going to be one of the town's greatest raves.

A GUY, A GAL, AND A PAL stars Lynn Merrick, Ross Hunter, and Ted Donaldson (who used to own Curly, the dancing caterpillar—remember?).

MEN OF THE DEEP is keeping Chester Morris, Victor McLaglen, Jean Rogers, and John Tyrrell in water—not necessarily deep.

AT INTERNATIONAL:

ALONG CAME JONES is a cowboy picture with that most beloved of all range riders, Gary Cooper. Logretta Young (who received plaudits at the preview of "And Now Tomorrow" along with Alan Ladd) is the romantic interest in this one, and laughs are guaranteed by the presence of Bill Demarest, the man who was forced to grow a stubble beard for the picture despite his just protest that cowhands either wear full beards or are clean-shaven.

AT REPUBLIC:

EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES stars Dennis O'Keefe, Constance Moore, Eve Arden (did you see her play the Russian sniper in 'Doughgirls'?), and Otto Kruger. Woody Herman is going to sax and a yellow almost full blown. Bewitching by day, glowing softly at night with strange new allure. Examine on approval it makes folks exclaim in admiration as it glows in the dark. At night it makes heads turn your way. At day it makes people say "ah, a rose, a pink and a yellow almost full blown. Bewitching by day, glowing softly at night..." and if not utterly delighted, pay nothing. Check Tea Roses on coupon and mail order today.

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A BELL FOR ADANO is ringing for Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, Bill Bendix, Harold Conklin, and Allyn Joslyn. Whenever he has a few moments free time from his role, John rushes out in search of a 2-acre farm that he wants to buy for his parents.

MOLLY, BLESS HER is being made by Monty Woolley, Gracie Fields, Roddy McDowall (who is becoming a handsome juvenile), and Reginald Gardner.

AT UNITED ARTISTS:

BLOOD ON THE SUN is the vehicle of James Cagney, Sylvia Sydney, Wallace Ford, Robert Armstrong, and Rosemary De Camp.

A WALK IN THE SUN shows just what the weather is getting in Hollywood when two SUN pictures are being shot on the same lot. Superb Dana Andrews is taking this walk, along with Richard Conte, Sterling Holloway (recently given a medical discharge from the army), and Barton Hepburn.

BEDSIDE MANNER is keeping Ruth Hussey busy, also John Carroll (back in civvies), Ann Rutherford, and Charles Ruggles.

AT UNIVERSAL:

SALOME—WHERE SHE DANCED, with David Bruce, Rod Cameron, new star Yvonne de Carlo, and Walter Slezak.

HERE COME THE CO-EDS is current Abbott and Costello madness, aided by cute Peggy Ryan, Martha O'Driscoll, and June Vincent.

SONG OF THE SARONG—wait until Paramount hears about this—has William Gargan, Nancy Kelly, Eddie Quillan and Fuzzy, Knight in the frames.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE stars Bonita Granville, Noah Beery, and Irene Ryan.

ROMANCE, INC. is the first picture Allan Jones has made since his year in New York, it will be a pleasure to hear him sing again. Remember his rendition of "The Donkey Serenade"? Appearing with him are Grace McDonald, Vivian Austin, and Raymond Walburn. Should be good.

AT WARNER BROTHERS:

SAN ANTONIO is still in production. Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith, S. Z. Sakall, and Robert Barrat should keep the bang-bang interesting.

THE BIG SLEEP combines those brilliant sweethearts of "To Have And Have Not," Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart. Incidentally, Miss Bacall has endeared herself to every one on the Warner lot by her simplicity and genuineness. There's a real girl.
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HOTEL BERLIN is the picture in which Helmut Dantine is not a Nazi. His astonished fellow players are Andrea King, Raymond Massey, Faye Emerson, Peter Lorre, and Alan Hale.

THIS LOVE OF Ours is being polished off by John Garfield, Eleanor Parker, Dane Clark, and John Ridgely. Miss Parker took time off to file suit for divorce from her husband, Captain Fred Losee of the Navy, who is attached to a marine dental unit in San Diego. They had been married in Tia Juana on April 17, 1943. That done, Miss Parker was hurried off to the hospital where her appendix was removed. THIS LOVE OF OURS goes on and on.

AT MGM:

HOLD HIGH THE TORCH, with Elizabeth Taylor, Lassie, Frank Morgan, Selena Royle, and David Holt. Selena Royle is a lovely person. She was on Broadway for years, and it is high time that her charm was translated in celluloid.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION is still in production, graced by Greer Garson, Gregory Peck (the Metro secretaries are giving him the Sinatra treatment, much to his amazement), Lionel Barrymore, Donald Crisp, and Marsha Hunt. This will be one of those Must-See Supers.

WITHOUT LOVE is the Katharine Hepburn vehicle that was still packing them in on Broadway when Miss Hepburn decided to close it. Spencer Tracy is her vis-a-vis, and Lucille Ball, Keenan Wynn, and Patricia Morison add to the festivities.

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES with Margaret O'Brien, this department's favorite actress. Jackie Jenkins, Edward G. Robinson, James Craig, and Frances Gifford. One Metro set has been turned into a respectable farm for this one.

ALTER EGO is the picture on which Phyllis Thaxter, Edmund Gwenn and Kathleen Lockhart are working. This title reminds me of one of the best stories told around Hollywood. Some time ago a writer for an ecclesiastical magazine came to Jerry Asher, celebrated Hollywood wit, with a problem. She wanted to write a motion picture column for her periodical, but she was at a loss for a title. This title should reflect the fact that she was writing for a religious publication, but it should also indicate that the subject matter was cinematic, Jerry thought. So did his secretary, Marlan Cooper, who said in a small voice, "Would the title 'Alter Ego' do?" The three puzzlers laughed. "It's good," said Jerry, "but I think I have a shorter—hence a better—one. How about simply calling the column, 'Pew.'"

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF is Room Service with Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn, and Robert Benchley serving the drama and laughs.

AT P.R.C.:

CRIME, INC. is going merrily along with Leo Carrillo, Tom Neal, and songstress Martha Tilton.

AT RKO:

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE is being shot with Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, suave Herbert Marshall, and brilliant Mildred Natwick (who worked in 'Blithe Spirit' in New York) in the top roles.

THE BODY SNATCHER will be found on stage 12. Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi should be scaring each other, aided by Russell Wade and Henry Daniell.

THE INVISIBLE ARMY marches on with John Wayne, Philip Ahn, Anthony Quinn, and all the Chinese and Filipino extras Central Casting could contribute. This is the thrilling and dramatic story of the Filipino Guerrillas who fought on while awaiting liberation by American forces.

THE SPANISH MAIN may not have the freshest script on earth (story of a grand lady and a pirate), but it has Paul Henreid making love to Mau¬reen O'Hara, so who could ask for anything more. It's being shot in Technicolor, and this writer is person¬ally going to steal one of the miniature galleons for use on wet local days.

JOHNNY ANGEL has started to fly by courtesy of George Raft, Signe Has¬so, Claire Trevor (playing another of her brilliant hussy roles) and Virginia Belmont.
Are you in the know?

A WAC officer can wed her One and Only, whether he's a brass hat, a non-com, or plain G.I. Joe. Perhaps you'll be asked to be one of the bridesmaids at a furlough wedding. You can be on the scene—serene—whatever the time of the month. Kotex will keep you confident, because unlike thick, stubby napkins, Kotex has patented flat tapered ends that don't show revealing lines. And you'll find the dependable comfort of Kotex so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch—for Kotex stays soft while wearing!

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- Moist the lips first
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- Repaint a previous job

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highway one day, The Bub noticed a drainage stream coursing beside the road. "Look at the wee-a-wah," he instructed his fatherly:M. "You mean water," said Jim. "Look here, can't you say 'water'?"

The Bub nodded serenely. "Sure I can say water, but I think wee-a-wah sounds more like to pok in the yard well when he came home from the studio, in an effort to tire himself out to the extent that he would sleep regardless of his parents' presence.

Finally came the day when he was to go to the station to meet the returning travelers.

On the way downtown he made half a dozen and promised that he was going to hang on to his self-control. No matter how wonderful Mary and The Bub looked to him, he wasn't going to get damp-eyed. So the train rolled in. Jim had the Pullman car number memorized, but he was still two full car-lengths away when Mary and The Bub spied the head of house of Craig, because of his height exactly visible above the hats of the crowd.

The Bub uttered a shriek that Jim could have heard in Beverly Hills, and leaped through the throng like a squirrel darting through a forest.

"My daddy!" he yelled. "My dirty daddy, daddy daddy . . . ." And a stuffed elephant dangling from one hand, and his father's arms, locked his legs around his father's chest and circled Jim's neck with a pair of frantic arms. Huge, glistening tears plunged down round cheeks and checkerboard cheered and lip sagg'd to release one prolonged, jovial small-boy sob.

Jim had dry eyes—about ten minutes after having pulled himself together.

That word "dirty" used by The Bub to greet his father is part of a family joke. Anything particularly handsome —such as the handmade cowboy boots that Jim bought for his son, or a new suit, or Mary's chic new dress—is instantly labelled "that dirty . . . . etc. by the kidding Craigs. Applied to Jim for Jim is equal to that of The Bub, it is a label of highest merit.

Until his return from this trip, The Bub had been desperately afraid of Jim's motorcycle. He always kept a pair of stripper dice between himself and the throbbing monster, but the next morning after his return when Jim asked his son if he would like to go to the ranch—riding the motorcycle—The Bub assented with alacrity.

One day, one of the trio of sub-servient roosters decided that Buck might be claiming the farm's milking equipment, and pitchforks, but he wasn't much of a local Maginot at that, so took after him, whopping him—but good. Jim stood by and watched the hostility. How often had Jim given a notarized statement to the effect, the laziest dog on earth.

Jim had a sort of reverse-English pet on the farm for a time, too. This character, name of Buck, liked to sneak up behind the unwary and spur the back of his victim's legs, uttering typical roosterish sounds of delight. He was the smallest of four roosters, but hadn't—by some fowl trick—convinced the other three that he was boss. He had intermittent trouble with a carpenter working for Jim. At least once a day the carpenter shielded his hammer at Buck, but Buck always dodged.

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Jim had a sort of reverse-English pet on the farm for a time, too. This character, name of Buck, liked to sneak up behind the unwary and spur the back of his victim's legs, uttering typical roosterish sounds of delight. He was the smallest of four roosters, but hadn't—by some fowl trick—convinced the other three that he was boss. He had intermittent trouble with a carpenter working for Jim. At least once a day the carpenter shielded his hammer at Buck, but Buck always dodged.

Chapter 9

Jim was working in "Gentle Annie", his latest Metro picture, so couldn't reac...
"I was—SELF-CONSCIOUS! Now I'm—SELF-CONFIDENT!"

"I was too shy to ever get ahead," says Mona Desmond, of Santa Monica, Cal. "I was so fat—most of it on my hips."

Mona's "Photo-Revise"! See how it showed Mona which features to play up—which ones to play down.

"It was so easy, such fun!" Mona lost 20 pounds, slimmed her hips, gained self-confidence and a "Powers Girl" figure—won a modeling job in New York.

"I'm afraid I'll wake up and find I'm dreaming," says Mona. "When I started my Powers Home Course I was just an awkward defense worker on the coast. Within a short time I was thrilled to get a modeling job. I hope other girls realize what wonderful things this Powers Course can lead to!"

"Powers Girl" Creator Offers YOU, too, new Charm, Loveliness, A "MODEL" FIGURE!

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Lost 20 lbs.

Hips 3" less
Waist 2½" less
Bust ½" more

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Bruckner (Skippy Homeler, of the original Broadway cast); its a strong plea for intelligent re-education of the 12,000,000 Emil Bruckner's to be dealt with in Germany, after the war. And just as Emil presents a series of serious problems to his relatives in America, who try to use tolerance and kindness in indoctrinating him with the democratic way of life, so will those problems appear—not just individually, but collectively—and with others like him. Their Nazi teachers have done their job well, and we should be warned.

BELOW TWO WOMEN (M-G-M)—“Call for Dr. Red Adams. Report to Dr. Gillespie's office.” Yes, it's Lionel Barrymore calling Van Johnson. Also calling him, but for a different reason, is Marilyn Maxwell.

CAN'T HELP SINGING (Universal) sends Caroline Frost (Deanna Durbin) out across the plains in a covered wagon, has her meet and fall in love with Johnny Lawlor (Robert Paige), with a complicated climax to straighten everything out—and there are any number of odd little details needing explaining, by that time, when the plains parties reach California. Photgraphed in scene-beautiful Technicolor, with music, and with Akim Tamiroff and Leonid Kinsky for the laughs.

EADIE WAS A LADY (Columbia), with Ann Miller in the title role. It all has to do with a Back Bay society girl of Boston who takes it into her pretty little head to lead a busly-busy double life; a college student, that is, who's a burlesque show hit-show, on the side. With William Wright playing opposite, as the enterprising young producer who's very much involved in all this; and on the love side, the two for one that is, who's a burlesque show hit—separately, especially when you mention the AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES and the PROMPT DELIVERY.

TOGETHER AGAIN (Columbia)—The title might apply to Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer, but the story is more laugh-crazy than anything they've ever done before. The zany plot—for who's to call it anything but that, though 'tis delightfully—and to have done with Miss Dunne as a small-town mayors-nobly trying to fill her late husband's office, and meeting a soulful sculptor (Boyer), with complicating, hilarious results. Richard Whorf, who has turned in many a sterling performance as an actor, makes his bow as a director with this “B” picture that deserves to be "A.”

THE THIN MAN GOES HOME (M-G-M) —Myrna Loy returns to the screen after an absence of more than two years, in her familiar role of Nora Charles, wife of the suave detective, Nick Charles (William Powell). Asta is back, too—without which no Thin Man picture would be complete. It's a Nazi plot, set in a hometown where "nothing ever happens," Counting corpses involved, this is a murder mystery on-the-double.
MINISTRY OF FEAR (Paramount)—A maze of overcomplicated intrigue, with Ray Milland departing from his usual comedy characterizations to portray the serious, unhappy Stephen Noakes. Britisher, who finds himself unexpectedly involved with seances, gunplay, spys, etcetera. With Marjorie Reynolds, a lovely little refugee from Austria and Carl Esmond, Hillary Brooks, Percy Waram and Dan Duryea in the supporting cast.

RED RIVER VALLEY (Republic), a re-release of the Gene Autry picture, with Smiley Burnette. Complete with all the exciting excitement the thrills craved by the loyal Autry fans, and four entries on the musical side: "Red River Valley,” “Fetch Me Down My Trusty 45,” “Construction Song,” and “Yodeling Cowboy.”

DESTINY (Universal)—Originally titled “The Fugitive,” referring to Alan Curtis, as Clive the badman with a police record, who innocently implicated in a bank robbery, “Crime doesn’t pay” would seem to be the motive for the plot involving Gloria Jean, sweet little blind girl with faith and good influence. Others in the cast: Frank Craven and Grace McDonald.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET (Paramount) brings your old friend Nils Asther back to the screen as Dr. Julian Karell, scientist and miracle-worker credited with having developed a formula for curing eternal youth. Then Walker is the romantic interest in this plot that’s so frankly fantastic but in the main “good escape.”

ARMY WIVES (Monogram), with Elyse Knox (signed recently by Monogram to a three-year contract) as the debauched Jerry Vane Dyke wife, despite parental objections and a series of further complications, is determined to marry a dashing young corporal named Barney (Rick Vallin). They met at a USO function in Nevada. There’s a gold mine, of course, and a secret silver lode. Mix these ingredients for another thriller in this popular series and should know just what to expect. Setting the story in movietown puts the main “good escape.”

LAKE PLACID SERENADE (Republic) has Vera Hruba Ralston as the figure-skating star imported from pre-war Czechoslovakia for a fabulous ice carnival at Lake Placid. Pretty girls, wonderful music, fine skating, and a “Cinderella” love story for plot purposes, involving Robert Livingstone, Eugene Pallette, Vera Vague, Ruth Terry and Lloyd Corrigan, to mention just some of the several. With McGowan and Mack, Twinkle Watts and the Merry Meisters in the ice specialties department, gliding and cavorting to the rhythms of Ray Noble’s orchestra and Harry Owens’ Royal Hawaiians. Yes, all this and Roy Rogers, too!

THE GIRL RUSH (RKO-Radio) is really a gold rush that leaves Frances Langford, Vera Vague, and the “Frisco Follies” on stage sans audience. Wally Brown and Alan Carney pull a fast deal in a womanless mining town calculated to pay the girls’ fare back to New York. But you’ve heard about the best laid plans of mice and men. P. S. The girls don’t make it.

NEVADA (RKO)—Zane Grey rides again with hero Bob Mitchum, heroine Nancy Gates, villain Craig Reynolds, and his girl friend Anne Jeffreys. There’s a gold mine, of course, and a secret silver lode. Mix them all together, and it comes out Nevada.

THE SUSPECT (Universal)—A conflict before it’s a murder mystery, though there are two corpses accumulating to the contrary. Charles Laughton has your sympathy as Philip Marshall, the gentlemanly manager of a London tobacco shop catering to royalty of the 1902 period. Saddled with a nagging wife (Rosalind Ivan), he turns for love and understanding to pretty Mary Grey (Ella Raines). Dean Harens figures in all this, rather incidentally, as the ill-fated man’s son.

LET’S GO STEADY (Columbia)—For the young-stuff, who like music like Skinnay Ennis and his band, and can be tranquil of another plot about aspiring songwriters (Jackie Moran and Arnold Stang) and a lovely niece (Pat Parrish) who inherits the family music publishing firm. The twist to the tired old formula is that the kids decide to plug their songs, not on Tin Pan Alley, but in Army camps.

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the neighbors did some investigating.

What they discovered was that Bob had to carry Deanna a matter of some two hundred yards in "Can't Help Singing," and he was simply strengthening his carrying muscles against the inevitable retakes of the scene. When he could manage to carry his wife several times around the pool without either growing tired or inadvertently dropping her in, he felt ready to face the cameras—and Deanna.

Far in advance of the picture, too, Bob began to grow debonnaire sideburns and longish hair for his role of gambler. He doesn't know the first rudiments of poker, but a gamaster of the 1840's could no more go without sideburns than a fish without fins. Never mind if Paige couldn't tell a full house from a straight flush; at any rate, he looked the part. Which explains why, one day as he was driving through the studio lot, his sideburns in bloom, his brown hair lifting gently to the breeze, he went past an extra—and the extra whisked!

Paige slammed on the brakes and backed up, blue eyes blazing. "Did you whistle at me?" he demanded. The extra stared at Bob's crimson face, and then at the rest of the six-feet—two of him, and meekly replied, "Why—not." Whereupon Bob muttered a defiant "Oh," and drove on. "It occurred to me," Bob explained later, "that perhaps he didn't whistle. But nothing makes a man as sensitive as going three months without a haircut."

You see, they don't go three months without a haircut in Indianapolis, where, for the record, Bob was born—of a completely normal family; related, indeed, to Admiral Lord Beatty, hero of Jutland in the first World War. Bob's parents moved to Los Angeles later, where their child showed his first aberration by deciding, at his first sniff of Hollywood air, to become an actor.

One of his first assignments was to sing a song in support of a foot liniment. For this he received five dollars a week. (Yes, a week, not a day!) "My voice," Bob surmises, "is a kind of lyric baritone, near as anyone can figure." Whatever the technical classification, it's a voice fine enough to be heard (much later, though) in nineteen musical films in the space of two and a half years. Bob despaired of ever escaping the musicals, till suddenly the studio gave him the romantic lead in "Mister Big," and he popped up as a star in "Fired Wife" and "Her Primitive Man."

Earlier, however, while still doing the radio program, Bob was entranced with speaking the "commercial" for a brassiere account. He went over fine till his fellow artists conceived the idea of walking in front of him as he talked, illustrating what he said with their own inspired pantomime. Inevitably there came an evening when he laughed right out—and it was right out.

Somewhere amid this struggle to become a movie actor, Bob found he had a job in a bakery. Not that he has ever been crazy about cooking, but the job happened along, so he hired himself out to make bread and cake. One day someone dropped a pot of grease on the floor. Paige was balancing a huge pan of dough, at that unfortunate moment—the whole of which flew into the air and enveloped the proprietor, of all people, in a thick, gooey mantle. So... Robert didn't work there any more.

Next, he became a shop window dresser. What a satisfaction to arrange the merchandise artistically, they told him, behind the great glass front. "To please the eye and attract the public."

With a beaming, life-size mannequin clasped to his manly bosom, Bob started toward the windows. Oh yes, and of course—he tripped over the draperies of another mannequin and, the beaming figure still in his embrace, shot through the glass into the midst of the sidewalk crowd which was interestingly looking on. He pleased the eye and attracted the
public, all right! But not as expected.

Along about there, Bob's parents felt they'd had enough. They suggested that he find a career with money attached. So Bob sold securities. Or almost. A motion picture agent happened to be his first prospect. You don't need a blueprint, do you? That's how Bob landed on the screen, plowed his way through a mess of mediocre films, and found one morning that he was a star with a cute white house in the Valley, and with zanies Hugh Herbert and Andy Devine as his next-door neighbors.

Besides a pool, the Paige five-room manse has green blinds and no furniture. Or, Bob explains, practically none. The Paiges haven't been able to agree on exactly what they want (after all, they've been married only four years), and if they did decide, they couldn't get it till after the war.

Take the living room. It has attractive reddish drapes, a beige rug, and one chair.

"But we use the living room only to walk through to reach the den," Bob says cheerily. "We always live in the den. In the house we rented before this, the den was the coziest room we had, when it wasn't raining. But it rained a lot that year, and in our den it rained as hard as outdoors, and longer. We loved it, naturally; reminded us of the Beachcombers. (You know, the cafe where they turn on an artificial rain shower every thirty minutes.)

Between pictures, if Bob isn't playing tennis or boxing at the gym, he's likely to turn up in Bakersfield, before sunrise, with Andy Devine. Andy is training a flock of carrier pigeons for military use, so at four-thirty in the morning Andy and the bird crates start for Bakersfield, fifty miles away. There they release the pigeons, which immediately vanish from sight, whereupon the two men rush home to San Fernando Valley and find the birds, smugly cooing, back in their loft again. More fun! Still, anything to win the war, and this helps.

Hugh Herbert won't rise with the dawn, much less before it. Yet the three—Herbert, Devine, and Paige—are fast friends. Fast on the uptake, that is.

For example, Bob invited Andy and his wife to an evening badminton match. But it rained. The Paiges, deciding that nobody would venture forth on a night not fit for man, beast, or Andy Devine, went to bed. When the doorbell rang in the midst of a crashing downpour, there stood enormous Andy with his wife, each peering from the depths of a fur parka, and each with a badminton racquet over the shoulder. A sight, Bob says, he won't soon forget.

And if by chance life in the Valley begins to pall, there's always Hugh Herbert. Recently Herbert telephoned him, disguising his voice, "in reference to that house lot you purchased last evening." "But I didn't pur—" "Oh, yes, you did, Mr. Paige. It's on our books, and your signature... What? Why, after that big party at the Mocambo, when we all—Oh, no, Mr. Paige, you positively did not stay home the entire evening..." And so on, till Paige realized that it wasn't a maniac realtor, only friend Hugh.

So you see what we mean—everything happens to Paige. Sometimes it's unexpected, inevitably it's laugh-making, usually it's good.

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**Original price for $3.75...I guess that gave me a lot of money.”**

When the time came to make “The Navy” (1931), she was given the role of a woman who becomes involved with a sailor and his friends. The role was a departure from her usual drinking scenes, and the film was critically acclaimed. However, the role was not as well received as expected, and Yvonne was frustrated with the lack of recognition for her work. She decided to leave Hollywood and move to South Pasadena to pursue a more creative path. She studied costume design at the Chouinard Art School and eventually opened her own design studio. She worked on a variety of projects, including designing costumes for the film “The Great Ziegfeld” (1936) and working on the television series “Mystery Sale” (1949-1958).

Yvonne’s success as a costume designer was due in part to her distinctive sense of style. She was known for her bold and creative designs, which often featured unique materials and techniques. She was particularly associated with her use of Japanese fabrics and her ability to create garments that were both fashionable and functional. Her work was highly regarded by her peers and critics alike, and she was widely recognized for her contributions to the world of costume design.

Yvonne died on October 29, 1979, in her home in South Pasadena. Despite her relatively short career in Hollywood, she left a lasting impact on the world of costume design, and her legacy continues to inspire new generations of designers. She will always be remembered as one of the most talented and innovative costume designers of her time.
You can have GLAMOROUS HAIR OVERNIGHT.

FAY McKENZIE young star of Pictures and Radio who last appeared in "The Singing Sheriff!"

Gang's All Here," the Technicolor picture starring Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda and other 20th Century-Fox Studio prides, Carmen persuaded Director Busby Berkeley and Producer William LeBaron to consider Yvonne's designs.

The result was that Yvonne became a full-fledged designer over night, her first picture a studio top-notch special. In the past year she handled "Four Jills In a Jeep" starring Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair; "Tampico," starring Kay Francis and Loretta Long; "Down," with Lynn Barri and Linda Darnell; "Something for the Boys," and "A Bell for Adano."

None of these pictures is notable for the hairdo of its stars, but Yvonne is credited with having brought about the most busness for best-dressed women in the world" class. But Kay Francis and Carole Landis have long been noted for "smart dressing."

Yvonne has still to get a reputation comparable to those of Irene, Adrian or Hattie Carnegie, her fresh approach to clothes bodes well for her future.

Yvonne, thoroughly schooled by Hollywood, is not one of those dyed-in-the-glamar soros on Hollywood's supremacy in the fashion field. She doesn't want to take a color lead in style away from famous designing houses, she avers, "because our creations must fit the action of a picture. However, Hollywood has forced salubrity upon us.

Hair will not take a color lead in style away from famous designing houses," she avers, "because our creations must fit the action of a picture. However, Hollywood has forced salubrity upon us.

"New and radical departures from our present silhouette may make news, particularly after the war," she prophesies, "but I don't foresee them generally because screen stars won't popularize them. The stars have discovered the silhouette which makes women look best. We see the waistline. Even if Yvonne is she isn't above the hips, but the torso is still moulded to keep the curves natural.

And the natural figure is still what men look for, Yvonne continues, "just as they like a hairdress which frames a face softly. Although the screen stars occasionally wear an upswept hairdress or a victory bob, they stay pretty consistently with the long bob."

What pointers besides the silhouette has Yvonne to offer in dressing to please men?

"Whether men like blatant exhibitions or more delicate suggestion," she gets down to specific items, "they don't like the so-called butcher-boy jackets. It hides the figure too much. Nor do they like low necklines which are particularly as enticing as clamping fabric modeled clear to the throat. But of course low necklines are popular and will continue to be.

"Equally as exciting as line to men is—color. I find men like all-white, all-black and what I call 'Easter Egg' colors. Those clear, true shades can flame fuchsia, bright pinks, emerald greens, chartreuse and the like. They don't seem attracted by the grayed tones.

Yvonne herself, as we talked about all this, wore just such colors as she advocates. Her olive green wool skirt was topped with a high-necked light olive-tinged sweater on which was a twisted, many-strand necklace of washed shocking pink beads. With this she wore a vivid shocking pink jacket of soft wool, carefully fitted.

"Yes," she agrees, "I like to put two tones of the same color together with two tones of another. I find it quite effective."

She has no doll-like prettiness about her. Her mother, her face is chiseled with great force and character. She has a certain primitive quality which makes her stand out in a room. Her gray-green eyes and titian-brown hair contribute the rest.

Yvonne is indebted to Rolland Lynch, fiction writer, who is now in the Coast Guard. They have a home in San Fernando Valley, where she indulges in her hobby of interior decoration. Against pale gray and beige backgrounds she features emerald green, shocking pink and chartreuse in her home.

She frankly avoids pale pinks and pale blues, terming them colors for babies and early teen age girls.

She disagrees with those who predict that slacks are on their way out.

She in her candid way says a small woman should follow rigid rules in costume. "Some small women have a big woman's personality," she says. "So she can wear many of the things big women wear.

For the woman who makes her own clothes, Yvonne has some "musts" to present: Study and use professional touches; use a good basic pattern; give special attention to achieving good shoulder and body lines: use interesting fabrics: use buttons, braid and trimmings; be content with nothing less than perfect workmanship.

Yvonne's brilliance extends into costumes for chorus girls. Some of her designs have been turned into selling points for such famous night clubs as New York's Copacabana. Katherine Dunham, noted sepa ballet artist, wore Yvonne's big designs for several weeks to create costumes for the Dunham troupe's show next season.

Summing up her philosophy on man-hunting clothes, Yvonne says, "A woman should remember she isn't out shooting for dead ducks, she's out to lure men to her side. She should be appealing, tempting, prophesying the shape of things to come.

THE END.

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What Happened

WHEN HER HUSBAND JOINED THE NAVY!

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"When you're only 24 and weigh 164, you're pretty unhappy. For a long time I had wanted to do something about it—and had been considering the DuBarry Success Course."

"When my husband left for boot camp training, I had a sudden inspiration. This was my chance! I kept it a secret, even from my friends. But I didn't have to tell them something was happening to me."

"When I had lost 20 pounds, my husband was transferred to a nearby camp and came home on a short leave. The morning I met him at the train was one of the happiest of my life. I was proud of my new figure, my new make-up and the smart new clothes I was able to wear. And the look on his face was my reward! Only a woman could understand the thrill of that moment!"

Today, instead of 164, Mrs. Eddy weighs only 130, just right for her five feet seven and a half inches. Her rich red hair glows with a new lustre. Her skin is radiant. And she has the charm and poise that come with knowing she is a healthy, lovely woman.

"The DuBarry Success Course is a wonderful thing for every woman, overweight or not!" says Mrs. Eddy. "I'm really a different person."

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You follow at home methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Why not use the coupon to find out what it can do for you?

What Happened To Mrs. Eddy

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Above—Mrs. Lial Eddy when her husband joined the Navy.

At right—The charming, glamorous Mrs. Eddy of today, slim, trim, and beautiful.

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deflection. Over the cups, Mrs. Crain explained that Jeanne read everything in sight, so there must be some mistake. "But she can't read," protested the teacher. "At least I can't get her to read in class."

Mrs. Crain sent for Jeanne, indicated the Astronomy and asked her to peel off a few paragraphs, which Jeanne did glibly. "Then why," sighed the teacher, "won't you read our little stories in school?"

"That is baby stuff!" explained the pupil loftily.

In the library there were captions over the different book sections: Architecture, Adventure, Travel—Jeanne recognized the words and their meaning. Diligently she read everything of interest in the Architectural department. Then she moved on to Adventure, meeting up, breathlessly, with Mark Twain. She read "Tom Sawyer" so many times that she lost count; she lived the role of Becky Thatcher. And the most wonderful part of the book was that it was Forever. She could go back in a week or a month or a year, and nothing had changed. She still trembled over the story of Indian Joe, still chuckled to find the boys attending their own funeral.

In the Travel section she met Martin Johnson and accompanied him over Africa. Occasionally she had noticed that odd word Fiction over a vast collection of books, but—because she didn't know the meaning of the word—she took no interest. Yet from time to time, she observed that the brightest jackets were on those shelves, and that from them were borrowed the largest number of books. On the soft soles of inquiring girlhood, she approached the shelves one day and lifted a book from its place. She scanned a few paragraphs in the middle of the book—description of a river and the houses along it; conversation between characters; action, suspense. Lifting her head, she looked across the library to the worn jacket of "Tom Sawyer." "This, she thought with widened eyes, was a grown-up sort of Tom Sawyer. That had been a small door opening into the mystery of the world; this rack of books—this Fiction—was a large door. The idea made her dizzy, so she went home that first day without borrowing anything. Currently, she is adither about Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge" and discusses it with all comers.

It was while Jeanne was working in "Home In Indiana" that she met a very important character in her life, one Lon McCallister, currently a G.I. Joe. He is in Hollywood at present, working by night in the stage show "Winged Victory" and working by day (they're finished now) in the cinematic version of the same play, filmed by 20th Century.

Whenever he can get a week-end pass, Lon and Jeanne get together with Bill Eythe and other members of the gang. These evenings are talky specials. They discuss the value of the planned life, of working toward pure art in painting, music, and acting. They talk politics, too, loudly agreeing with one another unless Anne Baxter is in the group—then they disagree loudly.

"Bill Eythe said to Jeanne one night after a verbal battle, "I can't see how a girl as smart as Anne can be so mixed up about some things."

Said Jeanne with a small grin, "It's odd, but I've noticed that you think Anne is mixed up only when she disagrees loudly.

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to prove it. In the first place, any boy who has toted around the nickname of Skippy most of his life does not bring to mind a nefarious character. Secondly, when Skip was just a little guy, he used to strum dubious tunes on rubber bands to soothe his mother's headaches. (She says it really helped!) Thirdly, when his mother saw him on the screen, she bit her lip in disbelief and said, "That boy is not my son!"

Skip was born in Chicago, and at the age of six moved with his parents to Long Island, New York. Before Hollywood put in a phone call for him, his boyish voice contributed to hundreds of radio programs, from soap operas to the "March of Time." It was while working on this latter program that he learned to speak with a German accent—which is what landed him the role of the Nazi youth in the Broadway production of "Tomorrow, the World!" When the play closed over a year later, Lester Cowan brought him to Hollywood to do the film version.

Skip now has a healthy contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and you'll be seeing him next in "Boys Ranch." He has decided that the movies are for him. "On the stage, you do the same thing over and over, but in the movies—boom! and you're finished."

Skip lives with his mother in a modest hotel, and spends his days with the neighborhood gang, indulging in football on the corner lot. "I couldn't get in with the gang for the longest time," he says. "Then I found the best way to join is to stand on the sidelines with a new football under your arm."

He reads everything "from comic books up," dotting particularly on books about animals. Inky, his cocker spaniel, died in November, and Skip's not sure he wants another dog. "There isn't one who could replace Inky."

The only nasty thing we can cook up about Skippy Homeier is that in pottering with his chemical set recently, he inadvertently manufactured tear gas, and was so delighted with his genius that he is now beating his brains out because he can't remember the ingredients.

If you ask him to reel off some of the gutteral German spatter, his forehead glows pink. He runs his fingers through his yellow hair and protests. "Aw, heck, you don't want to hear it. I just sort of rattle on. You'll hear it in the picture."

Skip fervently hopes his future roles will have nothing to do with Nazism. "Why, already the football gang is eyeing me suspiciously. After all, Ma's people came across the plains in covered wagons, and Dad's so many generations removed from Germany that I can't even remember. Heck, I'm American as a hot dog."

The End

SUB-SIXTEEN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50)

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seen one shot of him that was printed in this country: Hope in the middle of the wasteland of Hollandia—swinging a golf club.

As a matter of record, we went to Guadalcanal, Christmas Island, Tarawa, Bougainville, Makin, Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Hollandia, and Wadke, plus Australia. Those are the places we can talk about at this point. There were some others that we can’t mention yet. We did shows in the middle of the jungle on boxes which were theoretically the stage, on ships, and one on a beachhead fifty yards deep and 150 yards wide with planes strafing in the background.

One of our biggest emotional kicks was at Tarawa, when we went to the movies they were showing that night. The cemetery where our Marines fell, in the exact spot where they fell, was right next to the open-air theatre. And it was there that we saw the uncut version of the Battle of Tarawa, beside the sleeping men who freed the island from the Japanese.

That was a thrilling moment, one of many. And there were others that broke us up completely, hysterically.

We'd done a show in the jungle, for instance, and were walking back through a line of tents in the darkness that the ones they'd assigned to us for the night. As we passed, we heard some of the G. I.'s discussing the show—and Bob.

"That Hope is a pretty old guy," one voice said.

And, just to prove he wasn't, he sat down and gabbed with those kids for four hours. Me? I went to bed!

"Who says he’s an old guy?" he yelled at the G. I.'s.

That’s been said before, I know. But to them, he is Hollywood and Vine, everything they have left behind. And more. For he talks their language. He’s been around G. I.’s for so long now that he knows their gripes, their yearnings, their loves. And when he kids about these things they adore it. They get an expression on their faces that I can’t put into words. But it’s worth all the discomfort and fatigue in the world.

We had a crack-up in a plane, as you know. But, as far as I’ve seen, no one has printed the best part of the story.

We were on our way to Australia from Guadalcanal, and the military had persuaded us to take a PB-Y instead of a faster land plane. It’s a good thing we did, for, when one of the motors burned out, we were able to land on a bay on the Australian coast.

We threw everything possible overboard, of course, before we hit, braced ourselves, came smacking down on the water, bounced, and came down again on a sand-bar. The pilot bellowed for us to scram out of the ship, thinking the exhaust fumes might blow it up. We did, and found ourselves about a hundred yards off-shore, shaking.

It was then that we noticed some native Australians on the beach before us. One of them yelled something to us. No. It wasn’t an inquiry as to whether or not we’d been hurt. The guy wanted some American cigarettes!

They finally got some little boats and took us off the sand-bar. Bob and I, by that time, were wondering how we were going to let the people in Sydney know what had happened to us. There we were in the
middle of the jungle, we told each other. Could we use tom-toms or smoke signals or what to contact civil-ization? And how would we live un-till we were rescued?

Our little Australian pal spoke again.

“Shall we take you to the hotel, sir?” he asked.

“Hotel?” we shouted.

It turned out we’d come down a mile from one of the biggest and most luxurious summer resorts in Australia.

Well, all in all, we did about 150 shows, some for six guys, some for thousands. We started home, so completely fagged that even Hope was admitting it. And we finally got to a place in New Guinea about four, one afternoon gone. We wanted to pick up a plane there the next morning for the last lap across the Pacific.

But, as always, the Special Service officer told us of kids who were waiting to see Bob. They were on an island off-shore, he said, and they’d heard that he would be there to entertain them. Would we do one more show?

Bob put it up to us. And, tired as we were, we knew that we would never forgive ourselves if we didn’t go over to that island. So we climbed into a P.T. boat, headed out to sea as dusk was falling.

We rode for three hours, and began to think that the island was half-way to Hawaii. And, just when we were ready to slug anything who mentioned a show, we saw the place—and the men. They were dressed to the teeth, not in the dungarees we had seen all through the night, but in their navy blues. And they’d built us a real stage lined with coconut fronds. They’d been waiting for us for hours.

As we stepped ashore, it began to rain. Bob was wet, not because of us, since we’d done shows in the rain before, but because of those freshly-preshedged. The guys laughed at him.

“Let it rain!” they hollered.

Well, we gave them a show. We knocked ourselves out. It was one of the best we gave all the time we were gone. So we felt that those kids deserved the tops.

And afterwards they suggested we stay the night on a ship anchored in the bay. It was a swell idea, especially since they would see that we got back to our original base in time to catch the plane the next morning. So we went out to the ship, had one of those fantastic navy dinners, and sat around.

The captain came in after a while.

“We’re showing movies tonight,” he said. “You can go or not—just as you wish.”

That was enough for Hope. He couldn’t miss even a movie. So we all went.

And the picture—believe it or not—was “They Got Me Covered!”

Those boys will never forget that screening, I’m sure. I know I won’t.

For Bob talked back to himself through the entire show, and the dialogue was out of this world.

Needless to add, when it was over we trekked back to the captain’s cabin and swapped yarns until morning. “Why go to bed?” Hope said. “The P-T will be here at three a.m.”

Why, indeed? Why ever go to bed when Hope’s around? You can sleep when you get home to Hollywood.

THE END
to emote in, under, and out of the
water in such pictures as “Bathing
Beauty,” “Ziegfeld Follies,” and
“Thrill of a Romance,” and she hit
an all-time high in her beautiful
effects with her underwater dances in
Technicolor.

Her abilities extend six ways from
the middle, and is wrapped up in
a sheet of impressive and glowing per-
sonality.

With a well-rounded and constant
sense of humor, Esther’s mouth is
curved upwards in perpetuity and
her eyes have a neat trick of disap-
pearing into a welter of crankily
laugh-lines.

Her South-of-the-border gags are
spelled out in a thick Mexican accent.
She reads the comics avidly, and
wouldn’t be caught dead having
missed even one installment of
Gordo, Brenda Starr, Dick Tracy or
Terry poker. But they’re Shakespeare’s sonnets on her bedside
Table. And it’s well-thumbed.

There are very few swimmers, pro-
fessionals or otherwise, who can
emerge from a pool looking like
anything other than a fugitive from
the House of Usher. Not so Esther.
She comes out of the water looking
like a dream boat, with the fish in her
feather in her bathing cap. Despite
this, she scorns caps, and achieves
her svette look by combing vaseline
this, she scorns caps, and achieves
her svette look by combing vaseline

But, to put first things first, let’s
hurl our chapeau into the air and
shriek that Esther was born right
in Los Angeles, Calif. (a fact that in-
stantly qualified her for Hollywood’s
Hall of Fame)—just spittin’ distance
from the studio where she now toils.

Although Esther had never, up un-
til that moment, swung a stroke in her
life, she was scheduled to do so in a
twelve hour swims, a local talent
were informed, “In four years we’ll
be the swim team of the local
generation.”

She stroked through her paces and
Joan was in the water every day.
When she couldn’t afford to pay for
the use of the pool, she counted
towels, and every 100 towels gave
her an hour’s free use of the water. When
she could make the trek to the local
beach, she bucked the breakers for
hours.

Then the local lifeguard took a
shine to her and began teaching her
every sort of swim trick. Brother
David helped, too, and before long
she could come out of the water
because they didn’t keep trying.

The six years that followed this
event almost water-logged our gir.

VapoRub keeps on working for hours to
bring welcome comfort. It invites restful
sleep and often by morning most of the
misery of the cold is gone. Remember . . .
VAPORUB GIVES YOU
this special double action. It’s time-tested, the best-
known home-remedy for relieving miseries of
children’s colds.

WHAT ABOUT WILLIAMS
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

trotted her off to the Venice plunge
and threw her in. Mama wrote her
speech, and Papa Williams just kept
his fingers crossed and hoped it
would rain or something.

As the great day dawned bright
and dry, the entire Inglewood popu-
lation gathered at poolside to pay
homage to the civic effort. Hizzoner
the Mayor introduced Esther be-
tween teeth making like a rivet gun,
Esther spat out her speech, and exe-
cuted a breath-taking (lite alloy)
shriek that Esther was born right
in Los Angeles, Calif. (a fact that in-
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children’s colds.
She was scheduled to prepare for the International Olympic games in Finland, but war broke out between Russia and that country, and the games were cancelled.

To tide herself over those lean months that clutter up every life from time to time, Esther became a model at an exclusive local shop. Sports clothes suited her, and before she knew it she had a large personal following including Lena Turner, who was one of her best customers.

But Esther soon took off again, this time for swimming meets in Florida. While she was in that state, she was invited to participate in the Good Will Swimming Tour that was scheduled to "do" South America. Beauty plus ability made Esther a likely candidate, and she would have loved going, but the invite wire never reached her, and at the conclusion of the Florida meet she returned to her modelling chores.

Somewhere in here she managed to sandwich in six months at Los Angeles City College and another half year at the University of Southern California, though finding the time was a major accomplishment in itself.

Three months after she put on the store's sport clothes for the second time, her star began rising, slowly but surely. Billy Rose (the Aquacade producer) invaded Los Angeles in search of talent for his San Francisco show. Somebody gave him the tip on Esther, and he phoned her at the store, and asked her to meet him at a local pool for a tryout.

Most gals would have dropped everything, including the store's sport clothes, and gone. Such chances don't come every day. But Esther was born under a good sign and harbors an innate business sense and native shrewdness. She announced that she was sorry, that she was working, that she owed her employer a certain loyalty, and that she would meet Rose at 5:30, when the store closed.

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THIRD PRIZE—$25 War Bond
Pvt. George D. Banduh
Hq. 20th Tank Bn. APO 444
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FOURTH PRIZE—$25 War Bond
Mrs. J. W. Sheridan
54 Estella Avenue
Springfield, Ohio

FIFTH PRIZE—$25 War Bond
Lelia Ethel Davis
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Overnight Studio, 55 Pine, Albany, Wis.
Rose announced it was impossible, that his plane took off in an hour. But he waited.

For three hours he directed her spirals across the pool, patiently waiting for her to tire. What he didn't know was that her daily two-mile swims had built up within her a great resistance, and this evoking was merely a warm-up for Esther. At the end of three hours Rose made her an offer, and at the end of another hour they had reached an agreement, and Esther (with the help of a contract attorney, because she was still a minor) signed to become the full-fledged star of the Aquacade.

Yes, just like that!

But fame, and what she laughingly refers to as fortune, didn't bring her much happiness. She lived alone in a San Francisco apartment. She spent most of her time in a wet bathing suit or an equally wet costume. Her costumes had been made for Eleanor Holm, star of the New York show, and so when Esther clabbered up, "I don't like it at all," she wailed in her un-shrewd way, "I want to go home and be a housewife."

The show's p.a. blanched, and someone shoved a mike in front of Esther. "How do you like working in the Aquacade?"

"I don't like it at all," she said. "I've got one ambition: to be a wife and homemaker."

Metro was patient. They said they'd sit it out.

And they did.

Two years later Esther finally did sign with the studio. Then came "Bathing Beauty" and fame. Esther did a whale of a bang-up job in her first picture. But she was growing up. She was no longer the lonesome kid who sat around miserably in a damp suit between shows. She was a success. She had before her a straight, unswerving road to follow. She had broader vision, understanding, and a new outlook. And one day she and Leonard realized that their paths were going off in opposite directions.

There was too much opposition to buck, so they shook hands intelligently and called it a day.

Today Esther has her own home, a small house on the Pacific Palisades overlooking the ocean. Two cocker spaniels and a swimming pool glorify the back yard. The pool's just post-age stamp size and Esther says, "I take three strokes and meet myself coming back. But at least it's wet!"

If home is really where the heart is, then Esther's real home will always be in Inglewood, where her parents still live, and where she always had such fun when she was just a sprout.

Unlike a flock of her cinematic sisters, Esther gives night clubs the go-by in order to cram on thespianic subjects. She bones up daily with Drama Coach Lillian Burns, and proudly admits she's working toward her Academy Award degree.

But, unlike the true scholar, genus greasy grind, Esther doesn't mind kicking up a heel now and then. But she's quick to confess she's a home gal at heart. And that home has room in it for a husband and children, as she'll tell you at the drop of a new chapeau.

"How many kids?" you ask.

Esther gives out with a grin. "Hun-dreds!" she says.

But really, now. How ambitious can a girl get?
They happen much too frequently.

One of the stories Judy could—and probably has—told on herself, concerns the period just after her marriage to Dave Rose. They had just moved into their Bel Air house, and Judy (who practically had to marry before Hollywood would believe she was grown-up) was obsessed with the idea of proving herself a good housekeeper. She invited the Raymond Massseys to dinner one evening.

"I set the table a couple of weeks ahead, Judy said. "I gave myself time to make sure that everything was in order. That's how I was when I was one of the first guests, she invited the Raymond Massseys to dinner one evening.

There was just one trouble. Judy was at work on a picture, and lost track of time. When the day arrived, she had forgotten about it completely. The Massseys were home tired from the studio, and of course, there was no one to help her. They had a very early dinner. Everything was peaceful and happy till about 7:30, there came a ring on the doorbell.

Judy, who gets curious about doorbells and phone calls, couldn't wait for the maid to answer. As usual, she jumped up and opened the door herself. Of course, there were the Massseys, looking very upset.

"I wasn't a very good hostess at that moment," Judy said. "My face dropped, and my expression must have suggested that Frankenstein and his bride had come to call. I thought of some 'outrageous' . . . of pretending I'd been late at the studio and that I was pretending I'd been at the studio that was just dressing for dinner . . . of stalling while the maid prepared another dinner, and then eating again with them . . . and then I remembered that there were only a few lamb chops left in the refrigerator! Finally I confessed what had happened, and told them of all my plans to impress them. I ended with the Massseys, and myself all screaming hilarious, no matter what happens, if you laugh, and people automatically think you're amusing, instead of silly. It's the thing to do is to turn it into a cover-up. Everyone makes faux pas; lucky for me it does work that way, considering some of the boners I've pulled."
Her experience at the Greek Benefit in New York's Radio City a few years ago took quite a lot of laughing out. Judy flew from the Coast to sing at the event. She arrived at midnight, and they told her she'd go on at two. Actually, she went on at four, the last number on the program. She kept begging them to put her on quickly, because she could see the crowd was growing restless, but she had to wait. Finally she was on, singing "God Bless America." By that time the song was halfway through, and all she could say, and they were making their comments good and loud. One of them was, "You're really good in that," admitted Judy modestly, hoping he'd understand expression. He growled, "My lady got into a fist fight."

"I thought it was a holdover from the 'little Judy Garland' days," Judy said, "and they were making their comments good and loud. One of them said, 'Look at the chords stick out on her neck when she sings,' and another said, 'I wonder where she got that dress.'"

"All was confusion, and all I wanted to do was get through the song. I walked around while I sang, and when I reached the pit, suddenly it started to go down. It sank two stories high on the phrase, 'the land I love.' Immediately, I was everyone's attention, for the first time. A crowd gathered around the rail of the pit, staring down at me. I looked up at the faces, and all the kids were shouting 'Look at Judy Garland.' By that time the song was finished, so I stared back up at them, practically hysterical. Came the cue, and they told her she'd go on a holiday. He asked Judy to join his party at dinner. She accepted, and their conversation sparkled. Suddenly he asked, 'Have you had a bath?'

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G.I. JOE IN HOLLYWOOD
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 231

What did they think? Was it “Thumbs up!” or “Thumbs down!”? I talked to a few of the boys—on the set while the picture was shooting, in their temporary camp, where they lived in tents, and in homes where they were guests for a few days. And I got an earful!
Pfc. Bob Blakeman, for example, decided that the Hollywood girls is added up to a nice fat zero! This, according to him, was right; the girls were fat. Another thing, they use too much make-up; it’s no fun to kiss a girl with all that red goo on her mouth, and besides, you get bawled out by your commanding officer when you show up with red stuff all over you. My main complaint, however, is that the girls out here are all too darned careless about their appearance.

A little embarrassed by such a blast, Bob grinned and said, of course, there was a lot to be said for Hollywood too; by and large it was a swell place with swell people, and it was helpful to sleep under two blankets in mid-summer when the rest of the country was sweltering. All the movie stars had proved to be more nicer than he had expected, but still he had not expected, not stick-up or high-hat in the least. One day, for instance, George Raft entertained him in his dressing room on the lot, and on another day Car¬ another day Car¬

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A little embarrassed by such a blast, Bob grinned and said, of course, there was a lot to be said for Hollywood too; by and large it was a swell place with swell people, and it was helpful to sleep under two blankets in mid-summer when the rest of the country was sweltering. All the movie stars had proved to be more nicer than he had expected, but still he had not expected, not stick-up or high-hat in the least. One day, for instance, George Raft entertained him in his dressing room on the lot, and on another day Car¬ another day Car¬

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ego of Hollywood—a “citified nationalism” he called it—definitely irritating, and wished Hollywood was not so cocksure. “It would be pleasurable here if everyone was not quite so money-conscious, and if people would curb the tendency to ‘act’ off-screen.”

Ann Sothern furnished the biggest thrill of John’s brief stay. He met her through a mutual friend, and she entertained at a dinner party in honor of the Andes’ birthday. “Sure I got a big kick out of it,” he admitted. “Who wouldn’t? She’s so cute and wonderful.”

A different kick was the one Sgt. Louis Neistat, 30, of Hartford, Connecticut, got when he bumped into Michael O’Shea on the 20th Century-Fox lot one day. They were idly chatting when a man approached them and in a subservient manner said “Please, Mr. O’Shea, this . . .” and “If you please, Mr. O’Shea, the other.”

Sgt. Neistat looked at Mike and Mike looked at Lou and both suddenly began to laugh like mad. Five years before they had been pals in New York with no one saying “Please” to them, because they were both stone broken.

Lou liked the suburban feeling of the town; the fact that men and women were businesslike in their dealings instead of the wild crackpots they are usually painted to be; and the fact that “so many people with varied degrees of talent can work side by side in the motion picture business and all do so well.”

He was surprised that all the stars didn’t live in one district, and some of them have very modest homes indeed. The newness of everything gave him a feeling of impermanence, as if the whole town were a giant movie set, and he missed the charm of old buildings and quaint little restaurants.

A former bank clerk in Hoboken, New Jersey, Cpl. Russell Drewes, 26, found Hollywood much less sophisticated than he had expected, and people more down-to-earth. He was impressed mostly by magnitude of the picture business and decided the high salaries were well deserved. Disappointed by the night life, particularly the lack of entertainment in floor shows, he was flabbergasted by the “extraordinary hospitality” of people in all walks of life.

“The women? They’re swell!” he said. “Most of them are lovely, healthy, intelligent, fond of sports and wholly natural. If they have one characteristic fault, though—it’s that most of them want to go to ‘name’ places just to be ‘seen’. It’s a little hard on a G.I. pocketbook.”

Even the gas stations looked like something out of “Aladdin and the Forty Thieves” to S/Sgt. Fred Cotton. Fred is 37, and before moving to Boulder, Colorado, used to teach piano in Central City, Nebraska. Other sights which astounded him as much as the unorthodox gas stations included Lupe Velez’s antics at the weekly prize fights, and the number of fine cars still on the road. Most impressive to him was the way people give lifts to servicemen, even as late as 2 a.m.; not once did he fail to get picked up.

Granting them many other charms, Sgt. Jasper Hornyak, 25, a former music student of Cleveland, Ohio, couldn’t get used to the “careless” dress of Hollywood women,
LADIES OR GENTS
This Horseshoe Ring, hand made, hand engraved, is
worn with simulated pearl is a KNOCK-
OUT choice of Ladies or Gents, size 9, 10, 5 and
midriff bra on the street on Sunday. Also
distasteful to him were other
phases of conduct—like brawls in
public places, the constant divorces,
and never being satisfied. The "ordi-
inary" theatres playing pictures he
had seen before were a let-down,
somewho he had thought the theatres
would be done on a grandiose
style, and was not all the new movies
first in Hollywood.

"That stuff is unimportant, how-
and, I'm just carping," he said.
"I guess it's just that there expects
a miracle of perfection in Hollywood.
We forget that the people here are
human beings and not little gods.

"It's silly to talk in generalities
about Hollywood. You haven't seen the
big city. Just because the movies are
all planned, you don't see the
world's greatest actor, or the
greatest actress, or the
greatest
director, or the
best
studiotheatre,
when you're in
Hollywood."

But he was not the only person
who thought that Hollywood was
not so special. Many of the young
actors and actresses who came to
Hollywood hoped to make it big,
but found that it was not easy.
They worked hard, but they were
never sure if they would succeed.

"I guess it's just that there
expects a miracle of perfection in
Hollywood. We forget that the
people here are human beings
and not little gods."
But let's skip that singing lamb for a moment and talk about your birthday. We didn't have a party for you because we thought it would be better to reserve such festivities for a later year when you'd really enjoy it. We did have a cake for you, though, with one significant candle rising in the center. Incidentally, chum, I saw you chewing the lamb's ear this late in the evening, "How about a spot of crêpes suzettes?" So I bought several jars and had them sent with the toys.

Yipe! The whole package, when it arrived on our doorstep, looked as if it had tried to stop a General Sherman tank. Most of the jars of crêpes suzettes were smashed and the top was lathered over the animals. When I saw you chewing the lamb's ear this afternoon, I knew that—in years to come—you were going to be surprised at the things we send you. Now I'm going to resemble maple syrup.

Well, darling, I repeat what I said to you early this morning: Happy Birthday, Daughter, and many happy returns of the day! Your first year has certainly been eventful. I feel a little cheated because I missed your first word—I was away on a Bond Tour—and I missed your first step—again I was away. But in the years 1943, 1944, it was the fate of fathers everywhere to be away from their children when the momentous trifles of ordinary life, the things in that respect I am one with other men. I am luckier than most because I have had the great good fortune of watching your change from an indignant pink bundle of terror, sleeping and yearning for food, into a poised young lady who has a mind of her own.

APRIL 10, 1944
You've had a rugged day, honey, but thank God you're out of pain now, and fast asleep. The doctor left about an hour ago, after we had a long talk down here in the den, and I've been waiting to tell you what I think. I'll tell you, I think you might say that I've learned the second law of parenthood. I think the first law is probably: Love a child with all your heart. And the second surely: Be wise enough to discipline both yourself and your child.

I think I might get E for Excellent in any test of the first law, because I've never made any secret of the fact that you're my heart's core. But I'm going to have to start right now to do the second law to my conduct. You see, the trouble all started because I have difficulty telling you "no."

Your crêpe candy. Usually your mom restricts your sweet rations, but she was away last week, so I had you spend the afternoon helping me lay some brick. I had picked up a box of good candy the day before, so I decided you had earned it. Will you certainly do love sweets, which proves, I guess, that likes attracts. Between laying brick and reinforcing the animals with candy, you and I ate the entire pound.

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the job that had to be done. I didn't think I could stand there and see you suffer.

Well, it's all over now, thank the Lord. Your mother has been wonderful about it. She pooh-poohed my confession that I had caused the trouble, and said forcefully that an insect bite—perhaps caused by an ant or a mosquito—had festered. But with your father alone, he agreed that your recent diet was at fault. So I guess that makes me the heavy, beyond all doubt.

Let's have an understanding between us, dearie. In the future, when I deny you something, will you remember that it just is as tough on me as it is on you? I would love to give you what you want, but I can't.

While you're little, I'll be man enough to hide the candy, both literal and figurative, after you've had a fair share, but when you're older, I'll appreciate it if you'll be man enough to say occasionally, "Let's not do that, Dad," or "Let's not buy that, Dad—it's too rich for our blood."

Thanks, Daughter—you're my girl.

MAY 16, 1944

Say look, Athletic, you're certainly postponing one of my pet parental ambitions. When I first started this day's diary, I corded that I could scarcely wait until you were big enough to be held on my lap so I could tell you stories. You've got to say this for your pop: he's a man who sticks to his notion.

I have tried repeatedly, since you began to wrinkle up your nose at mention of Mickey Mouse, to hold you on my lap and spin yarns. I now give up.

The moment you get installed anywhere, you try to bounce. If you're on the bed, that's fine. Even if you're on one of those modern chairs, you have a rousing time. But when you try to turn your dad's chest into a human spring board, Baby, that's murder.

Guess we'll have to postpone the story sessions until you have emerged from this dancing derriere stage of development.

JUNE 6, 1944

Today, Judi Ann, I'm going to write only a small note. In years to be, you will learn this date in your history class. It will be D-Day, that day on which British, Canadian, and American forces landed on the shores of France, not for purposes of conquest, but for purposes of liberation.

I want you to know how that day was greeted in this part of the world, where you will grow up. Not with hilarity did people leap for joy, as they spoke, their sons and nephews and brothers were dying on the alien sand. Women, singly and in twos, went to church during those desperate hours, doing the one thing they could do: pray.

I hope that, when you are grown, you will work with some organization sworn to preserve peace. As time goes on, women will progress more and more in the business of the world: I should be proud of you if you joined with any group devoted to preserving human life and
SEPTEMBER 10, 1944

I certainly snapped a swell picture of you today, Judy. We were out, picking apples off the trees I imported from Oregon. I even had two carloads of soil shipped in from the trees’ native habitat so that they would flourish, and they really did.

You lifted one of the apples from the ground and came running toward me, holding it up and jabbering triumphantly. That’s the shot I got, and I know it’s going to be a honey.

There are a good many parents who keep a home photographic record of their youngsters, but I didn’t want to do that with you, Judy. It seemed to me that pictures taken six to eight months apart would be too marked a change in you to be interesting. I trust, Miss Donley, that—despite your natural feminine vanity—you will agree with me.

OCTOBER 22, 1944

I know that this is an odd time of year to be writing a few notes about roses, but the truth is that our garden is now filled with them. I’ve made it a habit to pick you a rose, Miss Judith Ann, whenever you and I are working in the yard together. I’ve been careful to pull off all the thorns before handing the flower to you, for you to smell it into a fast decline.

The other day you decided to pick a rose for yourself without any assistance from your pop. You walked briskly into the thicket and reached for a beauty. The thorns on the bush caught your dress and your sweater, and the thorns on the rose-stem pricked your finger. You slapped the bush, then set up an awful yell, so I came running to rescue you.

Well, hon, you philosopher, but one day I’ll be able to point that incident out to you as an object lesson. As long as you stick with Dad, he’ll keep you in life in advance for you, but when you go out adventuring on your own, you’re going to have some disillusioning experiences.

But all that, thank God, is many years away. I know how to start making plans for your second birthday. For one thing, I’m going to buy you a bathing suit, because this next spring and summer you’re going to learn to swim. You and I are going to have a lot of fun together, not only this year, but the next and the next. . . . Y’know, honey, there are many things that can make a man feel rich, but as far as I’m concerned the very first and foremost of the lot is a daughter. A daughter exactly like you.

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that they can once more record with live orchestras. After twenty-seven months of re-issues and vocal back-ground (Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!-rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
Carmen Cavallero and his orchestra have made two of the tunes from the Twentieth Century-Fox picture, "Something For The Boys." The first, "Wouldn't It Be Nice?", is an instrumental featuring the Cavallero piano, and the second, "In The Middle of Nowhere," is lyrized by Charlotte Paige, Carmen's new vocalist.

The Andrews Sisters, with Vic Schoen's orchestra, are "I'm In A Jam" (with Baby) and "Corns For My Country." The latter number is the one the girls do in "Hollywood Canteen.

Fred Waring, his Pennsylvanians and his glee club, are heard on "Sweet and Lovely" and David Rose's "Our Waltz." Ferne, the girl violinist who has been with Fred for about ten years, is featured on the first side.

Eileen Farrell, one of the best sopranos on the air today, gives us "Always In The Dark" as her first release for Decca.

The blended singing of The Merry Macs comes forth on "Ten Days With Baby" and "Thank Dixie For Me.

The Macs have been theatre-touring it again.

Jascha Heifetz, the famous violinist, is another new artist on the Decca label, and his first release is "Christmas Waltz." Victor Herbert's "A La Valse," with Salvador Camarata's orchestra.

Here's another album with this title score from "Blower Girl," the Broadway hit everyone says will out-Oklahoma "Oklahoma." The wonder music is by E. Y. Harburg and Harold Arlen, and the sixteen sides feature Celeste Holm and the cast, and orchestra from the show.


Another Mercer tune, "I Promise You" (how many hits can he write?) is sung by Jo Stafford, backed up by "Let's Take The Long Way Home.

Billy Butterfield, who plays a lot of trumpet, has waxed "There Goes That Song Again!" in Vernon Mont. Billy recently went into the Navy, but before donning a sailor suit he recorded several sides for Capitol, which will be released during the next few months.

JAM NOTES:

Unless Twentieth Century-Fox changes current plans, Betty Grable and June Haver will play the title roles in "The Dolly Sisters." For originally were Alice Faye and Betty for the sisters, then they considered Lee and Lynn Wilde, Metro's blonde twins, and then switched back to Alice and Betty. But when Alice didn't want to do the picture, they gave the nod to June Haver. If Alice doesn't decide to retire from the screen permanently, she may do "State Fair."
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BLACK • BROWN • AUBURN OR BLONDE

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Send one full size TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I'm not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

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□ Black
□ Light Brown
□ Medium Brown
□ Auburn
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TINTZ AS IT WASHES
Her lovely hair shines just like jet, No wonder she’s the brunette threat!

No Other Shampoo

LEAVES YOUR HAIR SO LUSTROUS, YET SO EASY TO MANAGE!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

* Does your hair look dull, slightly mousey?

No wonder—if you’re washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a soap film which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That’s why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

* Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don’t like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh!

* But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!

Smart, new combination... cheeks and stripes worn together! A blouse of crisp rayon over a sweater of soft, warm cotton and wool. Her lovely hair, swept up from her face in an unusual new center-part arrangement, owes its shining smoothness to Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

MAKE A DATE WITH Glamour

Tonight... don’t put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! Extra lustre... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoo! Manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner

Product of Procter & Gamble
IF YOU "HATE EXERCISE" AND "LOVE TO EAT"

Here's a New Lazy-Way to REDUCE
-Quickly and Safely

10-Day Miracle Diet—Los 10 Pounds in 10 Days—and Still Eat 3 Delicious, Satisfying Meals a Day; Not Do a Bit of Extra Exercise!

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Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Milk, Water, Soft Drinks. How beverages affect weight control— with some surprises!

III. YOU CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

How to Help You Get Slim. Reducing without weight reduction saga. The Simple Arithmetic of Reducing. Easy way to set your calorie quota whether you're a housewife, war plant worker, stockbroker, etc.

10-Day Miracle Diet. Eat, easy to lose a pound a day for 10 days. Daily menus. Heartier Diets. 3 daily diets for losing 10 pounds a month. How to substitute other foods you like better. 2 "STAY SLIM" diets. The Fastest Safe Slimming Program. Diet safety.

IV. YOU COUNT YOUR CALORIES


V. EATING FOR "OOMPH"

How to get the most橋ク from your food. Are the ways this book on this page, suggests only a sample table of what you eat to get maximum nutrition.

VI. EATING FOR "COMFORT"


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It costs only a stamp to examine this book FREE. No money need be sent now. "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper) will be sent with the understanding that you may keep it 5 days. If, even in that short time, you are satisfied, return it for full refund. Otherwise, keep it only for $2.00, plus few cents postage.

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WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. R 323, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
This month's column should really be called "The Audiences Roar!"

In the twenty years that this lionine toastmaster has been introducing films, we have yet to experience an audience reaction like that revealed at the previews of "National Velvet".

"National Velvet" is a baby we're proud of—almost proudest of. It is something!

The story is as simple as an alphabet. The suspense mounts like Everest. You'll just love it.

It's the kinship with the characters that makes it. You just want to see "Velvet" win out.

After you've seen it you may stop perfect strangers in the street and say "Have you seen National Velvet?" You may get some dirty looks at first, but after those people have gone to the picture they may come around and thank you.

What is it that makes this picture so great? Surely it's not just a horse race—even though the Grand National steeplechase—done as it's done—is a high spot in all entertainment annals.

No. It's what's behind every action. It's in the playing—in the direction—in the production.

That's why Clarence Brown, the director, has reason to be proud. "National Velvet" is enough to allow anyone to rest on laurels. And that goes for Pandro Berman, the producer.

Mickey Rooney, as the trainer of "Fi", gives an acting performance that outranks everything he has ever done on the screen.

Dear Us! What superlatives! But we can't help it. We'll have to go even further. Elizabeth Taylor's performance means her discovery.

Enid Bagnold's best-selling novel could not have been entrusted to a more excellent supporting cast. Special mention for Donald Crisp, Anne Revere, Angela Lansbury, Jackie Jenkins, Arthur Treacher.

England's "green and pleasant land" is so beautiful in Technicolor. And the screen play by Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch is exceptionally right.

It has greatness—charm—excitement. It has our absolute recommendation—

That's "Velvet"! —Leo
HERE AT M-G-M, WE SINCERELY BELIEVE

“NATIONAL VELVET” IS ONE OF THE FINEST

PICTURES WE HAVE EVER MADE...AND WE’VE

BEEN MAKING THEM FOR TWENTY YEARS.

A CLARENCE BROWN Production
Based on the Novel “National Velvet” by Enid Bagnold
STARRING
MICKEY ROONEY
with
DONALD CRISP • ELIZABETH TAYLOR
ANNE REVERE-ANGELA LANSBURY-JACKIE JENKINS
ARTHUR TREACHER • Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • Screen Play by Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

National Velvet in TECHNICOLOR
THE WINNAHS:
Most coveted press award is the Golden Apple, bestowed each year upon the Most Cooperative Actress and the Most Cooperative Actor by the Hollywood Women's Press Club. Most uncomfortable scowl is also bestowed by this same group of publicists, who point with a long finger at the Least Cooperative Actor and the Least Cooperative Actress.

For 1944, Betty Hutton was given the Golden Apple in the feminine sweepstakes, and Alan Ladd won the gentleman's accolade. At the annual Christmas party given to award the mementos, Betty almost knocked herself out giving forth with song. She sang "The Hard Way"—a honey of a new tune from her latest Paramount picture—"Murder", "My Rocking Horse Ran Away," and a sweetie, "It Had To Be You."

Alan couldn't appear to claim his Golden Apple Script Holder because he was in Denver on a hospital tour, and considered the fulfilling of his tour commitments, quite properly, a duty that must be done in preference to returning to Hollywood to be feted.

Cary Grant again officiated as Santa Claus, not only in his bearded capacity as distributor of the grab bag gifts provided by the news-hens, but also as host of the party which closed with champagne toasts.

Runners-up in the cooperative department this year were Lucille Ball and Maria Montez, among the actresses; Humphrey Bogart and Gregory Peck, among the males.

Scowl getters among the girls were Veronica Lake, and a tie between Lana Turner and Betty Grable. However, all three of these girls had mended their ways notably before the votes were counted, so this mention may be regarded as a remonstrative tap on the wrist—nothing more.

The uncooperative boys were Errol (perpetual candidate) Flynn, who just doesn't care what anyone thinks about him anyway, and Fred MacMurray, who honestly feels that he is of no interest to his public except on the screen. He believes, erroneously, that he is "poor copy"—a mistaken notion.

BUSY BIRD:
The stork is getting around much faster these days than your gossip columnist's typewriter can record, to wit:
Rebecca Welles is now blissfully installed in her bassinet at the home of Rita and Orson Welles. She checked in at 7 pounds by Caesarian section, and her proud father announced that she was the first bit of magic he had ever seen that he really believed. Incidentally, Orson and Rita were gaily dining at La Rue the night before Miss Rebecca checked in.

Stephen Todd Andrews is the newcomer in the Dana Andrews home. His parents had first considered naming him Dana Todd Andrews, but desisted because his initials would have been D.T.

If you saw "Maizie Goes To Reno," you became acquainted with Ann Sothern's Scottie, a quaint character who looked upon the Sterling household as a domain supremely her own. Then came that small pink bundle from the hospital. The bundle had been anticipated in blue blankets because Ann had been positive that her junior was to be a boy—so sure, in fact, that she had the nursery done in blue and ordered all bits of embroidery and ribbon on the infant's layette to be blue. It was agreed between Ann and Bob that Ann was to name the boy, but, if by some chance the newcomer should be a girl, Bob was to name her. So, exercising his right, the delighted dad titled his daughter Patricia Ann. As far as the Scottie is concerned, however, her name is mud. The efforts of the household are currently devoted to assuring the Scottie that she is still a beloved and welcome member of the family, but she just mopes in her basket and howls every time Patty Ann cries.

SING WENT THE STRINGS:
As is entirely proper, Cupid has been even busier than the stork. Wisenheimers around town are saying that if Bette Davis isn't actually married to her Corporal Riley at this time, she soon will be.

Mrs. Carter de Haven announced the engagement of her daughter, Gloria, to Mr. John Payne. By the time you read this they will already be married. A week or so after John was discharged from the army, he was talk-
"It's practically a riot when a hero comes back to the girl he didn't leave behind him!"

A hero who'd put the Japs on the spot finds himself on the spot--like this!

In private--she's his sweetheart--and how the public will love it!

In private--she's his problem even with 'the other fellow' out of the picture!

A fox-hole was never like this--but beds bore him after what he's been through!

When that collapsible boat expands--they almost scuttle the subway and will surely shuffle away the blues!

What a gay 'dog' MacMurray is--and has! No wonder Claudette's worried!

Paramount presents

Claudette Colbert

Fred Mac Murray

in

"Practically Yours"

She's the loveliest mistake a man ever kissed!

He didn't want to love her—but the way she kisses is terrific!

It's a laughing, loving riot that hands a man a sweetheart when he isn't looking.

with GIL LAMB • CECIL KELLAWAY
ROBERT BENCHLEY • JANE FRAZEE • MIKHAIL RASUMNY

A MITCHELL LEISEN Production

Written by Norman Krasna
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
For timekeeping efficiency, accuracy and dependability, there are no better watches than CROTON at any price! See the new CROTONS at your favorite store. Compare them with any other watches for quality and beauty, and their moderate prices will surprise you.

Top. CHESTER—dependable 9-jewel man's watch in yellow, with matching expanding bracelet $24.95

Bottom. SHARON—distinctive 9-jewel ladies' watch in yellow with matching bracelet $24.95

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ing to friends about his future. Someone asked him if he had developed a romance of serious stature while roaming the country in khaki. He said thoughtfully, that he had met some interesting, glamorous, worthwhile girls, but that he had experienced no cardiac combustion. He said it wasn't going to be easy for him to select a second wife. He wanted a girl who loved children, because he had to consider the welfare of his beloved Julie. Then, too, he had an ideal. He wanted his wife to be intelligent, but humorous; glamorous, but sensible; ambitious, but sweet. He said that combination was no easy for the sight of the planet Venus perched on the prow of the new moon. Then, in December, Venus did exactly that, and John had found his girl—one who fits the specifications.

As a frightened old predictor, your columnist will extend her neck to here and say that Anne Baxter and John Hodiak will be married by the time you read this, or shortly thereafter.

One of the handsomest couples in town is the Dick Crane pair. Bride is Kay Morley (Elaine de Vinna), whose career is now being supervised by her husband. Married November 14, they had planned to keep it secret, but Dick was asked to attend a studio party (alone, as it was presumed that he was single, and a single man in Hollywood is more precious than jade nowadays) and he grew lonesome for his bride. After he had made seven trips to the telephone in two hours, someone grew suspicious and demanded an explanation. Dick tossed the secret on the cutting room floor, and began to unreel a description of his Kay that made the Taj Mahal sound like a wood shed.

June Horne decided to give up pictures and return to Great Lakes to make a home for her new husband, Jackie Cooper.

FAMILY MATTER:

Over a year ago Faye Emerson wandered into the Warner Brothers Publicity Department to while away a spare twenty minutes. In one office she found a convivial group discussing the merits of relatives, both pro and with arsenic.

She said wistfully, when there was a bit of idle air available, "I've never had much family—no brothers and sisters. Although I do have a half-sister somewhere in the world." She explained the circumstances of their separation, where she had last seen her sister, and voiced a wish that the sister could be found.

An enterprising publicist, seeing in this nostalgic incident the making of a great story, wrote it up and placed it with a magazine. The magazine was read by Miss Emerson's half-sister, who got in touch with the star. Faye, overjoyed, sent her sister a round-trip ticket to visit Hollywood. It was a great occasion. But the sister didn't like California. Her roots were in the East—as well as the man she loved—so she returned, leaving Miss Emerson as family-less as ever.

However, Miss Emerson had met—at a Beverly Hills party—a man whose family is noted, among other things, for being voluminous. Himself one of five children, his own children plus his nieces and nephews now number sufficient force for a football team with strong reinforcements.

So, when Faye Emerson married Elliott Roosevelt on December 3, 1944, she realized not only the ambition of every girl to take a handsome, charming and highly-placed husband, but a very personal ambition to become a member of a large family.

If you haven't read the details of the ceremony elsewhere, you will be interested...
YOU HAVE A DATE WITH A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE!

THE FIRST GREAT DRAMATIC MUSICAL...

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Rita

HAYWORTH

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT

with JANET BLAIR · LEE BOWMAN

MARC PLATT · LESLIE BROOKS

Screen Play by Lester Samuels and Abram Finkel · Songs by Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn

Produced and Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE
Wmio describe TAMPAX to a friend

AMONG your friends one or two may still have vague ideas or wrong ideas about Tampax. You will be doing them a kindness by explaining the real facts about this internal method of monthly sanitary protection.

BEGIN BY TELLING your friend how Tampax banishes pins, belts and external pads—how odor cannot form and sanitary deodorant is not needed.

ALSO EXPLAIN how Tampax can cause no bulges or ridges under any costume—how it is really invisible in use and can even be worn in a tub or shower.

THEN SHOW HER WHY Tampax brings about all these improvements—its invention by a doctor, its internal absorption principle, its all-cotton construction, its tremendous absorbency, its patented applicator that makes insertion so quick and easy.

SEND HER OUT TO BUY Tampax at a drug store or notion counter, where it is sold in 3 absorbency-sizes—Regular, Super and Junior. A whole month’s supply will slip into her purse, while the Economy Box contains 4 months’ average requirements. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies

Regulal
Super
Junior

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to know that the service was read in the great hall of El Tovar, luxurious Inn on the rim of Grand Canyon. Faye wore a blue doeskin tailored suit, a mink bandeau-hat, carried a mink muff and wore matching brown suede shoes. Her engagement ring was a platinum band set with three diamonds, and her wedding ring matched that of her husband—a plain gold circle. Her corsage was white orchids, and the first person to wish her happiness by long distance telephone was her small son, Billy, the child of Faye’s first husband, William W. Crawford, Jr.

During the week before their marriage, Faye and Colonel Roosevelt entertained his three children on the set at Warner Brothers and at the Mocambo. They had the time of their lives.

So, at last, Faye Emerson has her heart’s desire: a big family.

HORRORS OF WAR:
Betty Hutton rode C-54’s over the perilous Pacific. She scorchd over coral roads in jeeps, and leapt into fox holes with an agility unmatched in the Marine Corps. After eight weeks of hazards ranging from Jap bombs to malaria, she returned safely to her home in Hollywood, tried to open the bedroom window, ‘crashed through the pane and had to spend a week in bandages.

PHILOSOPHY:
Esther Williams, who—in 1938—won every American woman’s free-style swimming title, was recently listening to a discussion of the work of a fellow actress. One of the men at the luncheon table said, acidly, ’I’ve never seen such a pitiable display of ineptitude. After all the dramatic coaching Miss Blank has had, I don’t see how she could fail so miserably.’

Esther Williams lifted a soft voice. ‘I’ve trained for athletic events and competed since I was eight years old, so I’ve learned what it takes in preparation, in sacrifice, in desperate effort to turn any performance. As long as I live I’ll never criticize any honest effort, because I know how much it costs to be no more than the last contestant in a race.”

SOLE INTEREST:
Miss Cheryl Crane is getting to be a big girl now. She trotts around wherever her intense young curiosity invites her; she says “Mommy,” “Daddy,” “Yes,” “No,” and “Shoe.” The latter is the name of her current hobby and her most interesting specimens of this hobby are to be found in her mother’s shoe closet. Cherry goes to this closet each morning, carefully selects a fascinating pair of slippers, stows one beneath each arm and carries them around all day, as her contemporaries are now carrying dolls. At night she tucks the shoes back into their compartment with cooing sounds ordinarily used to put toys to bed.

PHILOSOPHY:
Esther Williams lifted a soft voice. ‘I’ve trained for athletic events and competed since I was eight years old, so I’ve learned what it takes in preparation, in sacrifice, in desperate effort to turn any performance. As long as I live I’ll never criticize any honest effort, because I know how much it costs to be no more than the last contestant in a race.”

BIG TIME:
When Jack Carson and one of his best friends, Dave Willock, who used to work with Jack in vaudeville, went to San Francisco to entertain on the Purple Heart Circuit, they stayed at a theatrical boarding house which they had known well and patronized in the old five-a-day era.

The landlady was the same. She greeted the boys with open arms, exclaimed over their long absence and invited them into the living room for a long theatrical chat, “What (Continued on page 68)
Valentines! from Warners!

62 Hollywood Stars! 3 Sensational Bands in "Hollywood Canteen"

That very sensational woman's very sensational debut!

Song: "Don't Fence Me In"
Song: "Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart"
Song: And many more!

It's a wonderful, wonder-filled love story too!

Full of big surprises---and thrill upon thrill!

Humphrey Bogart
Bacall with Lauren
Walter Brennan

In Ernest Hemingway's
"To Have and Have Not"
Howard Hawks

Objective Burma

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Warner Bros. made these hits
for you!

William Prince, James Brown,
Ged Tobas, Henry Hull
Warner Anderson

Jack L. Warner, Executive Producer
**MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE**

### ACROSS
1. Beautiful Maiden in "The Princess and the Pirate" (init.)
2. Portland (init.)
3. Society of Grand Cinema Stars (abbr.)
4. Below (naut.)
5. "Aspasia Conti" in "Mrs. Parkington" (init.)
6. "... in the Saddles" (init.)
7. "Vincent" in "The Conspirators" (init.)
8. "... Obviously" (init.)
9. Betty Walker in "Thirly Seconds Over Tokyo" (init.)
10. "... Island" (init.)
11. "Dead Man's ..." (init.)
12. With Ginger and Joe in "I'll Be Seeing You" (init.)
13. Portrays Ellen Wilson in "Wilson" (init.)
14. "Glen" in 61 across (init.)
15. Reissue a movie (init.)
16. "Johnny Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (init.)
17. "Oriental nurse" (init.)
18. "Judge Hardy" (init.)
19. "Worthless" (init.)
20. "Ever Since ..." (init.)
21. "Double Indemnity" (init.)
22. 1. "Stroller" (init.)
23. 2. "Aspasia Conti" in "Mrs. Parkington" (init.)
24. "Black" (init.)
25. "Brown" (init.)
26. "Red" (init.)
27. "Green" (init.)
28. "Cadet Blue" (init.)
29. "Brown, Navy, Black, Red, Green, and Cadet Blue," with color contrast in jacket (init.)

### DOWN
1. Charts (init.)
2. Turkish regiment (init.)
3. "Practically ..." (init.)
4. "Charlie" in "Roger Touhy, Gangster" (init.)
5. "Free ..." (init.)
6. "Awry" (init.)
7. "Mrs. Blevin" in "My Pal, Wolf" (init.)
8. "Make another attempt" (init.)
9. "Frankie" in "Music in Manhattan" (init.)
10. Part of "The Big Noise" (init.)
11. Ronald is in a beggar's ... in "Kismet" (init.)
12. Ingrid in "Saratoga Trunk" (init.)
13. What Fred did in "Double Indemnity" (init.)
14. "Genevieve" is ... role in "Going My Way" (init.)
15. "Sheila" in "The Merry Monahans" (init.)
16. "Janie Anderson" in "The Impatient Years" (init.)
17. "Miss Munn" is ... role in "My Pal, Wolf" (init.)
18. What Monty Woolley does not do (init.)
19. "Bonnie Watson" in "Greenwich Village" (init.)
20. "Aspasia Conti" in "Mrs. Parkington" (init.)
21. "Jane" (init.)

---

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**"Stroller"**

**SLACK SUIT**

A two-tone, two-piece slack suit with wonderfully slim lines! Smart jacket is bloused for easy fit, with nipped-in waistband, two clever "envelope" pockets and trickly buckle. Slacks are beautifully draped, with deep pleats. Tailored from a luxurious, long-wearing all-season rayon fabric, "Tebilized" to resist creases! Brown, Navy, Black, Red, Green, and Cadet Blue, with color contrast in jacket. Sizes 10 to 20. $10.98, plus postage.

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**MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE**

(For Solution See Page 81)
Deanna... in TECHNICOLOR for the First Time!
More thrilling... with the Miracle Melodies of JEROME KERN!
Romancing in the arms of two men ... winning the West all over again!
JOHN WAYNE
ANN DVORAK
IN
FLAME OF
BARBARY
COAST
It's two-fisted, sock entertainment with a stirring climax crowded with shock and thrill!
featuring
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
with WILLIAM FRAWLEY
VIRGINIA GREY and
RUSSELL HICKS + JACK NORTON
PAUL FIX + MANART KIPFEN
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

THE SCANDAL SPOT of the WEST
The call of adventure answered in the full flare of romance! Exciting! Lusty! Stars! Dancing Lovelies! Tuneful melodies!

HANGOVER SQUARE (20th Century-Fox)
From the novel by Patrick Hamilton, author of "Angel Street" and other spine-chillers, the film version of "Hangover Square" is guaranteed to send you home looking over your shoulder. In his last performance, the late Laird Cregar gave an outstanding portrayal of the composer who suffers lapses of memory, and during these periods, commits brutal murders. Linda Darnell is the dance hall girl who uses her beauty as bait to attract men who can help her. George Sanders is the Scotland Yard detective who solves the mystery. It may sound like the "old horror story" plot, but this one is a true tale of terror, and excellently done.

COLONEL BLIMP (United Artists release)
First in a series of new films imported from England, and rating as one of the best "stories about war" to come out of the war thus far. Photographed in Technicolor, starring names which bid for becoming quickly familiar and popular in this country, as well as in England—Roger Livesey (as the Col.), Deborah Kerr, Anton Walbrook, Frith Banbury, and Jane Millican, to mention but a few in this cast of many.
The story traces the career of a British "brass hat", introducing him first as a young officer returned a hero from the Boer War, catching up with him again in World War I, and showing him as the Colonel Blimp of cartoon fame, retired from active duty but serving at the head of the Home Guard forces in World War II.
Deft handling of the script and skillful direction combine to make this picture a brilliant satire, run through with comedy situations that are at times broad humor, and again, subtle mockery. Still, the impact of the message is real, and for being a story of wars and warriors, it's as all-inclusive as Noel Coward's "Cavalcade."

BELLE OF THE YUKON (International, released by RKO) is noteworthy because: it has Dinah Shore and Gypsy Rose Lee. Dinah sings, and it's a comeback awaited, with interest and enthusiasm, for The Rose, who made
a stab at Hollywood a few years ago in the name of Louise Hovick. Both Dinah and Gypsy add zest and excuse to what would otherwise have been just another movie about just another dance hall owner (Randolph Scott) with an eye for the ladies and a knack for nefarious money schemes. If intended as satire and mock-Western, the joke isn’t always funny and suggests, instead, the floundering of pretty thin melodrama. With Charles Winninger, Bob Burns, Florence Bates, Guinn “Big Boy” Williams, William Marshall and Robert Armstrong.

**DELIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS** (United Artists) brings Jane Powell back to the screen for the second time (she made her debut in “Song of the Open Road”), and her amazing voice is accompanied this time by Morton Gould’s orchestra. It’s a light tale about a youngster with a sister (Constance Moore) in burlesque, and the child’s efforts to be a success so that her sister won’t have to work.

**MANHUNT OF MYSTERY ISLAND** (Republic) gives you 15 chapters of “chills and thrills.” This serial has the usual “reliables”—secret weapons, death chambers, kidnapping—all calculated to get you to your local theatre “next week.”

**TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT** (Columbia) brings Rita Hayworth in another musical, a riot of color and entertainment. She portrays one of many chorus girls at a London theatre entertaining our troops. When a magazine photographer comes to take pictures, he is told that the girls never missed a show during the bombings. The story then flashes back to tell of the romance of American fliers with the girls, the bombings and their consequences, the courage of the performers. The plot is supported by tuneful music, beautiful and bizarre settings, and excellent dancing. Lee Bowman, Janet Blair and Ross Hunter add to the cast, and Rita herself was never lovelier.

(Continued on page 74)
YOU'RE only young once? It's not necessarily so! Trouble is, the under-thirty age is apt to be the careless age. If (perish the thought) you've been saying "It can't happen here," consider the example of Rhonda Fleming, featured in David O. Selznick's "Spellbound."

Rhonda, at the tender age of twenty-one has decided not that the years "can't" but won't catch her off guard. Health is the cornerstone of glowing good looks. For the sparkle that has stamina, Rhonda depends on sufficient sleep, a well-balanced diet and plenty of exercise.

Next to health comes habit—the consistent daily attention that adds up to good grooming. That wealth of Fleming mahogany hair stays at the peak of its shining perfection with vigorous brushwork and efficient shampoos. Rhonda doesn't worry about sallow skin or enlarged pores. Instead, she staves them off with frequent soap-and-water washings followed by icy rinses or a mild astringent. Her anti-wrinkle campaign includes mid-day cream cleansings and overnight lubrication. Her rich, dry skin cream does double duty around the delicate eye areas and the extra-sensitive throat skin.

So much prevention takes so little time—and does so much to hold back the toll of time!
PICTURES IN PRODUCTION

AT UNIVERSAL:

EASY TO LOOK AT will also be easy to listen to, because Gloria Jean sings to Kirby Grant. Is that bad?

BLONDE RANSOM stars Donald Cook (whose bit with Paul Henreid in HOLLYWOOD CANTEE proves what a handsome indie he still is), Virginia Grey, and George Barbier.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT is keeping Peggy Ryan busy with Jack Oakie, Buster Keaton, Johnny Coy (the dancing genius who is one day going to be as famous as Astaire), and Gene Lockhart.

AT WARNERS:

THE BIG SLEEP is the Bogart-Bacall excitement with John Ridgely, Regis Toomey, and Theodore von Eltz. Mr. Bogart and Miss Bacall have been dancing at various night clubs between the Bogarts' "reconciliations."

HOTEL BERLIN is the scary with Raymond Massey, Helmut Dantine, Faye Emerson, Peter Lorre, and Alan Hale.

THIS LOVE OF OURS involves John Garfield, Eleanor Parker, Dane Clark, and John Ridgely who will have to see a priority board about a bicycle if Warners continue to use him in two pictures at once.

MILDRED PIERCE is the picture you must make room for on your 1945 calendar. This will give Joan Crawford one of the best pictures of her career and will undoubtedly re-establish her as one of Hollywood's greatest actresses. Jack Carson is to play her sincere, pathetic husband. Zachary Scott is the wolf, and Ann Blyth is the singing daughter with the soul of a man-eating shark.

AT COLUMBIA:

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS, in Technicolor, stars Cornel Wilde and Evelyn Keyes. To judge from advance notices on Wilde's performance in "A Song To Remember," this picture should establish him as a top drawer name in Hollywood.

ESCAPE IN THE FOG is an edge-of-the-seat with Nina Foch and Otto Kruger.

THE POWER OF THE WHISTLER is a newie in the series with Richard Dix and Janis Carter.

ROCKIN' IN THE ROCKIES is a hoss opera with Mary Beth Hughes, Tim Ryan, and piles of granite.

THE FIGHTING GUARDSMAN has John Loder and Anita Louise at work. John was recently laughing over the titles of his recent pictures. Previous to his guardsman duties, John was in "The Brighton Strangler" for RKO, and before that he was prominent in "The Hairy Ape."

(Continued on page 64)

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps

STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
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At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID
THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT
KATIE...who forgot that loving
a man was thinking with your heart!

JOHNNY...who sang 'cause
singing was the laughter of the angels!

FRANCIE...the little girl
who dreamed...with her eyes wide open!

WHAT A TREMENDOUS
MOMENT AWAITS YOU...
When each beloved
character of this
great book becomes
a living reality for
you on the screen!

AUNT SISSY...who
wasn't bad...she was only friendly!

NEELEY...whose world was
Brooklyn...and "alla candy you can eat"!

McSHANE...and wasn't it
an officer's duty to look after the ladies?

BETTY SMITH’S
A TREE GROWS IN
BROOKLYN
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

DOROTHY McGUIRE as Katie • JOAN BLONDELL as Aunt Sissy • JAMES DUNN as Johnny
LLOYD NOLAN as McShane • PEGGY ANN GARNER as Francie • TED DONALDSON as Neeley

and JAMES GLEASON • RUTH NELSON • JOHN ALEXANDER • B. S. PULLY • Directed by ELIA KAZAN • Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON.

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis • Adapted from the Novel by Betty Smith
WE NOMINATE FOR STARDOM

PETER LAWFORD

BECAUSE his success, at 21, is a combination of talent, experience, and great, good luck... BECAUSE his work in “Mrs. Miniver,” “White Cliffs of Dover,” and “Mrs. Parkington” has given him a solid backlog of good performances and speaks well for his future... BECAUSE he will be seen in bigger and better roles in “Son of Lassie” and “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” which proves that MGM is thinking seriously about him... BECAUSE his charm and humor have captivated the femmes.
BING CROSBY, who started out as a crooning playboy and developed into one of Hollywood's most solid citizens, has arrived at the top of the cinematic ladder—which is to say, he has become a producer, than which there is nothing whichever.

However, anybody who expects Bing to be the traditional type of producer, full of temperament and ulcers, is due for disappointment. He's long been noted for his relaxed and rhythmic style of working, and there's nothing to indicate he's going to change. He makes all decisions with a minimum of fuss and feathers that never ceases to astound the hyper-thyroid citizens in that city of organized confusion.

Nobody knows how long the idea of producing pictures independently has been simmering in the back of his head. It's a safe bet that it's in the back of every actor's head at some time or other. The distinctive thing about Crosby is that he keeps his ideas to himself till he's ready to act on them, and then he acts. That's how he avoids the prodigal waste of time and energy for which Hollywood is so famous.

The old Groaner has always had many extra-curricular activities, outside his movie and radio work. Some of these are well-known, such as his devotion to horse-racing and golf. Others, less well-known, are on the commercial or even philanthropic side, including an interest in a Pasadena steel foundry, and the Crosby Laboratory, which Bing and his brothers founded to help inventors perfect and market their ideas.

On a Friday night, you'll generally find Bing in a ringside seat at the American Legion Stadium; so it's not surprising that for his first production, he chose the story of John L. Sullivan, one of the most fabulous characters in prize-fighting history. It came about so naturally that you might even say the story chose him.

To begin at the beginning, Frank Mastroly, who was a sports writer in New York more than twenty years ago, and who later wrote for King Features under Frank Menke, got the idea some time back that Sullivan's life was material for a bang-up good screenplay. After coming to Hollywood, he still thought so, but never got around to doing anything about it.

One day he mentioned the idea to his friend, James Edward Grant, former Chicago reporter, now a writer of lusty Hollywood scenarios ("Boom Town" and "Johnny Eager," among his best). Grant liked the (Continued on page 57)

The Groaner turns producer; bets his moviemaking money on a newcomer named Greg McClure

By G. B. SHANKLIN

Greg, his wife, wee Teri-Ann.

He was an extro; Bing made him a star.

Linda Dornell as Anne Livingstone, wife of John L.

"Enchanted Cottage" (RKO) with R. Young, H. Marshall.
Dorothy McGuire, whom you have already seen in “Claudia,” and whose next two pictures are “A Tree Grows In Brooklyn” for 20th Century-Fox and “The Enchanted Cottage” for RKO, was talking about her romance with her husband, John Swope.

She met John, with his brother, backstage during the New York run of “Claudia.” She noticed his brother; noticed him to the extent of thinking him most attractive, interesting, and worthy of future dates. This was in February, 1943. But the play went on tour, and then Miss McGuire was tagged by Hollywood for a film version of “Claudia.”

One day on the set the telephone rang and a pleasant masculine voice introduced the speaker as John Swope, remember? He had met Miss McGuire in New York. . . .

Of course Miss McGuire remembered. She bit her tongue in time to forestall the question, “And how is your brother?” Him, she remembered in the foreground, with his brother as a pleasant but shadowy background. She agreed to have dinner with Mr. Swope, who had come up to Hollywood on brief leave from Thunderbird Field in Arizona, where he was a civilian flying instructor. It was April. The weather was urbane, the moon was full and free of fog. With such a benign beginning, it is not surprising that, within a few months of sincere effort, Mr. Swope had established himself as No. 1 on the Smit Parade. Miss McGuire was as definitely (Continued on page 86)

By MARCIA DAUGHTREY
Mrs. Peck's good boy! Gregory, his wife Grete (they've been married 2 yrs.), and son Jonathan.

Milk is the popular drink in the Peck household; they keep a standing order for five quarts a day.

Really a talented chef, he specializes in omelettes; can hold his own though, too, cooking barbecue style.
I MIGHT HAVE BEEN

An athlete... My first hero was a football player on the school team. I wish I could remember his name. I was too shy to speak to him, but I used to watch him, admire everything he did, and glow over his triumphs... I enjoyed every kind of sport and took part in many of them. My hopes of becoming an Olympic champion were wrecked when I received a spinal injury.

A builder of boats... I was born at LaJolla, California; as a child, I spent most of my spare time
With Walter Pidgeon, who dropped in to congratulate him on his first day before the cameras at the Metro lot. Peck had just finished "Spellbound," for United Artists.

**THIS IS MYSELF**

Gregory Peck

Continued
in the water or on the beach. The kids I played with were like myself, interested in sailing. One summer we built a boat all by ourselves, warping our own lumber, carefully shaping and fitting each piece, conducting every operation as we had seen experts do it. The result turned out to be quite a boat, and for some time I could think of no occupation so absorbing as boat-building.

A doctor . . . I went to college to take a pre-medical course. I still like the idea of being a doctor, but the courses offered were to me tedious and dull. I found them so boring I gave up my medical ambition, floundered around for a year trying to find out what I was fitted for, and then—

I WAS INVITED
To do a part in a college play. Up to that time, I had rather looked down on actors. Men with make-up on their faces! I hadn't troubled to discover what intrigued them about acting. But once I had tried the stage and found it absorbing, I knew I had the career I'd been looking for.

I LIKE
Thomas Wolfe's novels, Grieg, rare steak, the color red, my pipe, songs of the sea, jazz.

I DON'T LIKE
Squash, hillbilly music, exaggerated lipstick, show-offs or people who talk in the theater.

I REMEMBER
A pair of high button shoes my grandmother gave me as a surprise when I was in grade school. None of the other kids wore such shoes. I suffered agonies. I used to hide my feet as much as possible, and the only thing I noticed about a schoolmate was his footgear. My grandmother had meant to please me, so I couldn't let her know how I hated those shoes. I wore them for what seemed years—until they were completely worn out.

I'LL NEVER FORGET
How thrilled I was when my father, after broad hints, bought me a pair of (Continued on page 55)
Barbara Stanwyck doesn't pretend to be a crack businesswoman. She has as much trouble balancing her bank book, keeping track of red and blue points at the market, and making out her income tax as you and me. But she does have an "elephant memory," and in it she's stored away dozens of items, tabulated mentally as assets and liabilities to her career and her happiness.

Barbara Stanwyck tells in her own words how she's moved some of her liabilities over to the credit side of the ledger, and how she's learned to deal with those left as debits.

1. My black Irish "moods." Only a person who has experienced these can understand what they are. It's as if a suffocating cloud of gloom enveloped you, as if you were in a dark mental prison and couldn't see the sunshine. Other people, no matter how much they love you and want to help you, can't get to you, even though you reach vaguely and helplessly toward them. You can only wait for the cloud to lift.

I call this a particularly ugly liability, a real debit, because it is so easy to make a wrong impression—to lose a friend or even an opportunity. When I was working in "Annie Oakley," years ago, Fred Stone brought his brother-in-law, the distinguished author, Rex Beach, on the set to meet me. I had admired Mr. Beach for years and wanted to meet him. Unfortunately, I was in one of my dark moods that day, but I thought I had it under control. Afterwards, when I told Fred what a privilege I felt it had been to meet and talk with Mr. Beach, he said drily, "Well, one would never have known you felt that way! Rex went away feeling that you had been bored with him and his presence on the set had been much, much less than welcome!"

I had lost an opportunity which I valued very much. The only thing I know now to do about these moods is to stay away from friends and business associates. I walk ... and walk ... and walk, trying to wear them out. It is not only the danger of being misunderstood which makes these things a liability, it is the loss of precious, God-given time when I might be enjoying other people and accomplishing something. It is sheer waste.

2. My supersensitiveness. I used to carry my heart on my sleeve and a good sized chip on my shoulder. Someone told me to blame it on my "sign of the Zodiac" and for awhile I had a fine time, excusing myself and blaming the stars! But I found that alibis wouldn't do. Came the time when Bob and I were invited to a very special party. I simply outdid myself with a new frock, with "the works" at the beauty shop, and I told myself I wasn't bad! But Bob didn't notice a thing! I seethed.

When we arrived at the party, I made every effort to be the life, if not the belle, of the ball! I chattered and preened myself and smiled like crazy. I was getting along all right, too, but not actually enjoying myself too much, when I caught Bob's eye across the room. He grinned and gave me a very special, wicked wink, as if to say, "Havin' fun, Babe?"

Suddenly everything was fine. I felt a little silly, but I felt good, too. Once I would have been utterly dejected if Bob had failed to notice my appearance for a special occasion. I'd have asked myself the torturing questions, "Doesn't he care any more? Has he lost interest?" But now I knew that it didn't matter whether he said anything or not. We were aware of one another, we were together, even across a huge roomful of people. That particular debit would never bother me again!

3. My inability to "put on an act." This sounds like a funny one, but it has always seemed a definite liability to me that I, who aspire to be an actress, can't assume a (Continued on page 62)
1. **Two friendships.** Two wonderful assets at the very outset of my career were the friendships and incredible kindnesses of two men—Billy La Hiff, of the Tavern (a night club in New York) and Mr. Willard Mack, the playwright-producer. Billy used to stake chorines when they were down on their luck. He did it with utter tact and quiet kindliness. Among the chorines he helped was Stanwyck—when I was discouraged and short of “eating money,” but wild with ambition to get into a Broadway play. It was practical help combined with the assurance that he believed I had what it took. It was an immeasurable help.

Willard Mack gave me my first role in a play called “The Noose.” He rewrote the part to fit me after he had seen my tryout. He even gave me my name. I’ve told again and again how he changed Ruby Stevens to Barbara Stanwyck by combining two names on a convenient billboard.

The friendships of those two men were the most wonderful assets I could have had. Their kindness put me under an eternal obligation to help other struggling artists. It is the only way I can possibly repay Billy La Hiff and Willard Mack for what they did for me!

* * *

2. **Lack of Education.** I know it sounds funny to classify that as an asset, and it certainly wasn’t in the beginning. It was a debit which I managed to turn into a credit, so it goes on the other side of the book. I was a poor child, grew up in a poor neighborhood and went to work very early. Fortunately, I was conscious of my lack of book knowledge. I was humiliated by it.

There was the time, when I was in the chorus, that I remarked, ruefully, “Guess I’ll have to invest in a new pair of shoes. These are just plain dilapidated!” One of the girls sneered at me. “I think you mean ‘Dilapidated’,” she corrected. My temper rose. “I don’t! I mean dilapidated!” I insisted. “These are very special shoes!”

But it hurt. I had to tell myself again and again that lack of education was not like the lack of an arm. You could get an education if you wanted it badly enough and tried hard enough. What was more, I told myself (and I still do!) you have more appreciation of more alertness about the things you read and learn yourself, than you do about the things just handed you in easy-to-take capsules while you are young.

I read a great deal now, but I never take any book for granted. I am always supremely grateful to the person who wrote it, grateful for the privilege of being allowed to read it and especially grateful for the heightened perception I developed through having to find out about these things for myself.

* * *

3. **I learned to trust the right people.** Today I have sense enough. I hope, to trust anyone who is an expert in his line, whether he’s a photographer, a costume designer, a business manager or a lawyer. Until I learned some lessons, the hard way, I had very definite opinions about how everything should be done. Several years ago, in a court case, I asserted myself and went against the advice of the expert I was paying to advise me. I found out right then how valuable expert advice is on any problem!

Since I learned that (Continued on page 62)
SHOOTING STARS

Keeping an eye on Mary, we’d say. It’s Jack Benny, Mary, and Helmut Dantine.

Gary Cooper and missus at premiere.

Ingrid “signs up” a blood donor.

Van squired June Allyson to “30 Seconds Over Tokyo.”

Esther Williams, Ed Gardner at Duffy’s.
It's a Brown Derby lunch for Dale Evans and Dick Crane.

The steadiest twosome in Hollywood! Lana and Turhan.

Loretta Day and hubby Roy Hendricks at Hollywood Park.

The James Craig with Barbara Billingsley at Cafe Tropics.

Phil Silvers, Joan Leslie, and "Wonder Man" Danny Kaye.

Distinguished foursome—Sam Goldwyn, Katharine Hepburn, Secy. Ickes, J. Warner.
BOY FROM BROOKLYN

1. Used to looking up at skyscrapers, he now lives on hilltop.
2. Brooklyn was never like this—no outdoor barbecues there.
3. He's currently playing the sergeant in "Hollywood Canteen".
Dane Clark's guardian angel gave up the ghost the night he was born, and he's had to fight his own battles ever since. He's a guy who can smell a challenge coming a mile off and then go to meet it halfway, rolling up his shirt sleeves as he goes. He's always done it—and if the self-made man appellation didn't sound so soundly of things political, we'd use it here.

Dane laughs about it now. "Sure," he says, "I always get everything I want out of life—as long as I break my back to get it!"

In Brooklyn, when he was little Bernie Zanville, he made up his mind to become a lawyer. But Cornell University and St. John's Law School, both of which he selected personally, had certain requirements to be met—including specified amounts of coin of the realm.

In Dane's flattened condition, this was a definite challenge, but he met it by cinching in his belt and becoming a professional football player. After a while he added baseball to his accomplishments. Then boxing. When he finally got the money together and shoved it across the college till, he entered the halls of learning, proudly waving his battle scars and Charley horses like a school pennant.

There he crammed and pored over weighty tomes. He grew hoarse with his imaginary jury pleas. But he graduated, literally drunk with knowledge and the prospects of his future as a full-fledged lawyer.

Clutching his sheepskin, he made tracks for the law firm that had promised him a shiny new desk and a reliable, though inconspicuous, place to hang his shingle.

But Dane, being young and full of dreams, reckoned without this year of depression vintage. Firms were firing, not hiring, and somehow Dane's shiny desk transferred hands overnight to become a haven for the senior partner's nephew.

Dane took his shingle home for kindling. His new-found gauntness didn't complement his unique brand of good looks, so he resumed his three squares a day by wielding a shovel in a local ditch. The fresh air, the weekly paycheck, and the twenty-minutes-for-lunch fattened him up a little, and before long he began varying his dig-that routine with boxing. He became sparring partner for a slap-happy pug at a training farm just outside of town.

About this time Dane saw his first play. (Continued on page 83)
VIVA "The Three Caballeros!" This is the movie everyone wanted Walt Disney to make. This is the revolutionary technical achievement that will make film history, with animated characters appearing on the same screen with real life personalities. It must be seen to be believed, but it may mark a moment for the industry as historic as Edison's first experiment with the "shadow box."

Like all Disney films, it's more than a movie. It is an experience. A story; a reappearance of old friends like Donald Duck, and new friends like Jose Carioca, and Panchito (a Mexican charro rooster) and the flying donkey; novel experiments with design and color—pure "impressionism"; and real life senoritas—Latin America's top musical comedy stars. There are moments everyone will cherish. There are song hits composed by Augustin Lara, Ary Barosa and Manuel Esperon. Truly, this picture is an accomplishment—a fusion of all the known mediums of art and expression.
Kay Daumit’s wonderful Lustre-Creme shampoo, extra rich with lanolin,
leaves your hair so clean, so fresh, so luxuriously soft . . .
at fine cosmetic departments everywhere—one dollar

There’s a Lustre-Creme Hair Dressing too—$1

Mail 25c for a generous use trial jar. Sorry, only one jar to each family

Yours— for lustrous hair

Kay Daumit’s wonderful Lustre-Creme shampoo, extra rich with lanolin.
leaves your hair so clean, so fresh, so luxuriously soft . . .
at fine cosmetic departments everywhere—one dollar

There’s a Lustre-Creme Hair Dressing too—$1
A GIRL like Lauren Bacall comes along—long-legged, tawny-haired, all the right curves in all the right places . . . she doesn't diet, has no mysterious beauty secrets, and isn't particularly interested in sports, she's not beautiful in the usual sense—but she's arresting, photogenic, has the sort of face that attracts attention and stays remembered.

And what it all adds up to is a dark-horse movie entry who “caught on,” and fast! One picture—her first (“To Have and Have Not” with Humphrey Bogart) and the brothers Warner didn't have to read notices, or consult the three wise men of the East, to know that a new star had been born.

But would you believe it? It wasn't so very long ago . . . the scene was the St. James Theater in New York . . . the girl, this same Lauren (then Betty) Bacall. She was an usherette. George Jean Nathan, dean of drama critics, was at the theater one night with his friend—the friend being a fellow by the name of Bill Saroyan. (Oh yes, you must have heard of him!) “Pretty girl,” observed Nathan. “Right,” confirmed Saroyan. “Suppose there's a (Continued on page 66)
Lauren Bacall

On "The Big Sleep" set: Lauren, Martha Vickers, and Humphrey Bogart
WHAT would YOU do, to get into the movies? Rather, what wouldn't you do?
Sometimes it takes tricks to get into pix. That's why a number of the best players on the screen are there—because their wits were quicker than the casting-director's. They had the ability; what they needed was the chance. And they took it.
Consider Alexis Smith. Time was when that was more than the movie industry would do. “Can you do ballet dancing?” a director inquired at last. It was her first hint at a break. “Of course!” Alexis cried eagerly, because by then she'd grown so used to answering “of course” when they asked if she could sing or swim, both of which feats were among her accomplishments. Before you could say Ernst Lubitsch, Alexis had been hired for a ballet role, with orders to report in a week.
She began to explain. Then stopped. After all, how did she know she couldn't do ballet? She'd never tried. That next week she (Continued on page 59)
Success is a miracle? Dietrich made the grade, with a monocle!

Often it takes more than talent to be an actor. First breaks have many times been the result of stunts pulled, and the stars of today have tried everything!
You saw her in "Lassie Come Home," as the child shorn of her dark curls in "Jane Eyre," then with Roddy McDowall in "White Cliffs of Dover."

Elizabeth Taylor, twelve years old; a fan for picnics, fishing, swimming, horseback riding and comic books. She likes high heels, declares she'll never wear any make-up—only lipstick.
Born in London, of an English father and an American mother, Elizabeth Taylor came to this country with her family just shortly before England declared war. How did she get into pictures, having had no idea of becoming an actress—taking, rather, after her father (who has an art gallery now in Beverly Hills) and liking to draw and paint? It all started with “Lassie Come Home”—a hurried call to the studio, five minutes to study the script, ten minutes to make the screen test, and she was in. When “Lassie” was finished Elizabeth concluded that acting “is fun,” and set her heart on playing the role of Velvet in “National Velvet.” She was tested for it—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer casting directors had been testing for nine years, trying to find the right heroine for the English steeplechase story. Was this child what they’d been waiting and searching for—was she the one? She loved horses, had been riding since she was three years old, and still spoke with a trace of a British accent. But alas, she was too small. A year later, though—a year during which Elizabeth sacrificed all else to a “growing campaign,” eating and sleeping at every opportunity—she had added a full five inches. And that did it! An actress only a year and she’s a star—not just by luck, but because she deserves to be. She has what it takes.

In “National Velvet” (with Mickey Rooney) Elizabeth stands in the path of a charging horse, waves him to a halt. She refused a double, insisted on doing the scene herself.

She owns three dogs, two horses, and two kittens; wants some day to live on a ranch.
Imagine, for the first time on any screen—Donald Duck and company romping, singing, dancing and especially romancing with live and lovely senoritas in the same scenes! It's the kind of "seeing-is-believing" magic only Disney can bring you —and wonderful!

Sixteen New Hit Tunes
including:
"THE THREE CABALLEROS"
"YOU BELONG TO MY HEART"
"BAIA" (by the composer of "Brazil")

Walt Disney's
Full-length Musical Fiesta in Technicolor

The Three Caballeros
as 'The Three Caballeros'

Donald Duck • Joe Carioca
Romantic Heartbreaker
Living Jitterbird

Panchito
Mexican Casanova

Aurora Miranda • Dora Luz
Brazilian Songbird
Mexico's Sweetheart

Carmen Molina
Dancing Senorita

See Donald and Aurora Miranda dance the torrid Samba-Jongo together!
Dear Miss Wyman:

I am engaged to a very wonderful boy who went all through high school with me, but my parents object to our getting married just because his brother has a prison record.

I know this is an awful thing, but I can not see how it can influence our lives, or why it should make any difference to me or to my parents.

Do you think they are right?

Sincerely,

Alice H.

Dear Alice:

No, I certainly do not think one's life should be influenced by another's errors. If you love this boy and know him to be a fine, upstanding person who commands respect, there is no reason why your happiness should suffer because of his brother's disgrace.

It is all part of the wonderful freedom which we enjoy in this country of ours, that a person has the right to pursue happiness on his own merit, without the help or hindrance of others. If you are sure of your choice within your heart, then your path seems clear to me.

Best wishes.

JANE WYMAN

Dear Miss Wyman:

I graduated from high school this summer. My problem is that I have always wanted to become an actress, so I would like to get some kind of dramatic training, but my parents want me to get a Teacher's Degree.

What do you think I should do?

Ellen W.

Dear Ellen:

Why not settle this problem by a happy compromise with your parents?

You can start college, enroll in the Teacher's Course, and still undoubtedly enroll in the local dramas courses and clubs on campus. In this fashion, you will be satisfying your parents by grounding yourself for the future with a credential, and still you will have ample opportunity to try your hand at acting, and study dramas.

Good luck to you.

JANE WYMAN

Dear Jane:

I went with a boy the same age as me, eighteen, for nearly a year, but now he never comes to see me. He told me the last time I saw him that he still loves me, but I have found out that his mother does not approve of me. I have been broken-hearted over him, for I know he still loves me, but he listens to his mother, and she has turned him against me.

What should I do? I have not gone out with any other boys, but now I wonder if I shouldn't start dating again, since it seems that he has made up his mind about me.

Yours,

Ruth T.

Dear Ruth:

Under the circumstances, I definitely agree that you should start going with other boys and take renewed interest in your old friends. Only in this way will you be able to forget this boy, and gradually you will come to realize that if he is the kind of person who is so influenced by others, perhaps he is not the right person for you anyway.

Try this method, and see if you have a different outlook six months from now.

JANE WYMAN

Dear Miss Wyman:

Having been a victim of infantile paralysis as a child, I still wear a leg brace. This handicap stands in my way toward making friends, and since I am nearly twenty, I would like to have some boy interested in me, but I naturally have a terrible inferiority complex when around people.

How can you suggest that I overcome this mental handicap and make my life a happier one?

Susan McK

Dear Susan:

Your attitude as shown in your letter is certainly commendable, and I can not help but feel that you will solve your own problem, and well.

I suggest that you engage yourself in as many outside activities as possible, church groups, war relief work, etc., in brief, all kinds of activity that necessitates your mingling with diverse groups of people. In this way, you not only will overcome any self-conscious feeling you may possess, but more important yet, you will put others at ease around you.

A person is only shy of another's physical handicap when he feels there is also a mental barrier. By convincing your friends that such a barrier does not exist, you place yourself on an equal level with them, and there is no reason why you will not be able to pick and choose friends as you wish.

Try and maintain your cheerful nature and sense of humor as much as possible, all the while remembering that thousands of returning soldiers are experiencing the same problem.

My best wishes to you.

JANE WYMAN

(Continued on page 78)
It was a two-year wait, but he made it!
Dick Jaeckel, alias Chicken, late of Hollywood, now a Merchant Marine. He's a regular fellow, a credit to his uniform

By FREDDA DUDLEY

Most deadly secret of all is that Dick first learned to speak French, can still spout it like a native although he would probably die of hunger before he would admit same, and eventually learned his English with a French accent. Having returned to America by that time it required just seven violent fights for Dick to convince his contemporaries that an accent in no way inhibited masculinity, and to convince Dick that he wasn't going to say ANYTHING until it sounded strictly from Brooklyn.

It was probably this bitter young experience that persuaded Jake that, to be respectable, one must be slightly frayed at the seams, somewhat wobbly in the wallet.

As he was growing up his mother would gladly have awarded him a munificent allowance, but he accepted 50c per week until he was informed by contemporaries that they were getting $2.00; whereupon he petitioned for a raise, feeling right about the whole thing.

He never missed an opportunity to turn an honest penny over and above his allowance. One November, Mrs. Jaeckel was thrown from her horse and sustained a broken back. For weeks she (Continued on page 53)
As studio messenger boy (lower left), the kid born to plenty but hoping it doesn't show. He hates fine clothes, loves all the sports—particularly swimming and diving—and keeps fit, making regularly with the barbells.
WELL, here they are, children—the winners in our musical popularity poll! Thanks to all of you who sent in your votes and helped make our contest a success. Our thanks, also, to Cartier’s, for designing the beautiful gold miniature records for our awards.

The sweet band title goes to Major Glenn Miller, despite his having been away from the nation’s ballrooms and theaters for the last two years, directing the United States Air Force band overseas. (Editor’s Note: Just at press time, we have received the word that Major Miller is missing. We sincerely hope that by the time this column appears, there will have been a report of his safety.)

Tommy Dorsey was second in this classification, Guy Lombardo a close third, and Sammy Kaye fourth. Harry James won the swing band crown by a large majority, with Glenn Miller second, Tommy Dorsey third, and Woody Herman fourth.
Frank Sinatra had no trouble walking away with the male singer vote, with Bing Crosby next, and Dick Haymes in third place, trailed by Andy Russell.

Dinah Shore was your favorite female vocalist, winning by a big margin. Jo Stafford landed in second place, just a few votes ahead of Helen Forrest, who came in third. Judy Garland was fourth.

When it came to corn bands, Spike Jones just took the title hands down. The Corn Cobblers were a poor second, and the Hoosier Hotshots, third.

Harry James has severed his contract with Metro, which had five years to run, and signed for a one-picture deal at Twentieth Century-Fox. He will have a big spot in "Kitten On The Keys," in which Dick Haymes will be starred. Dick will play a crooner and Harry a bandleader, which is just the way it was in real life a few years back when (Continued on page 72)
Mustard broadcloth coat trimmed in bottle green.

Sport costume: brown skirt, beige blouse, plaid scarf.

Purple satin for evening, with scarf of rose tulle.

"The BELLE"

JUST as surely as after every war there are certain to be new fashion trends, so you can expect that the new styles will be "something entirely different"—changed lines, feminine in the extreme, and with an accent on color.

"That's no prediction," according to Don Loper, who's responsible for the elaborate and colorful costumes in the period of the Gay Nineties for "Belle of the Yukon," International Pictures. (Continued on page 75)
of the NINETIES

Costume designs by Don Loper, who predicts a turn-of-the-century fashion influence, a return to elegance and small waistlines.
FIVE BEST PICTURES
OF THE MONTH

COMES a time, we suppose, in every movie critic's life, when there's a picture which can't be classified. Yes, it is a musical; but it does have a plot, and the music is more symphonistic than syncopated—Tchaikowsky, Chopin, Lizst, Grieg.

Which indicates that there's an orchestra—which there is. And a peep at what the story's all about discloses June Allyson as a winsome but plucky bass-iddler whose husband is "missing in action," just when he's about to become a father. Margaret O'Brien figures in this heart-tugging drama of life and problems on the home front, as June's small sister; the little girl with a big Faith, and a trust in the Almighty as big as her little girl. In addition to his talent for music, Jose Iturbi comes to the fore as an actor. (We might even go further, and express it in terms related to his piano: applause for his acting should not be kept pianissimo.) Jimmy Durante adds more than his comical usual, which is always good; and Marsha Hunt, Marie Wilson, Hugh Herbert and Larry Adler fill out the bill, with honors due and collected.

The picture is Grade A for appeal to anyone seeking good music outside a big city concert hall—and it doesn't seem amiss to toss in a hunch that "Music for Millions" will make converts of many who've not had such a taste, or for some reason been reluctant to recognize it.

BRING ON THE GIRLS
Paramount

FUN-LOVERS, this is it! Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake and Sonny Tufts in a wacky Technicolored comedy about a mill-engage sailer, his guardian pal, and a gal who gets herself lavish Florida sets running the gamut from splendid hotels, to glorified night clubs and dream-scene swimming pools; add a lovely Marjorie Reynolds who comes up singing and dancing, and being prettier than you've ever seen her. Maybe it has no more "book" than most musicals, certainly it doesn't set out to make very much sense. But anyway, it keeps a fast pace and has lots to offer, and lots that's good.

It's enough to make you laugh long and often, almost enough to make highly improbable situations seem convincing. Missy lifts her out of the "beautiful face with two expressions" classification, for those who've held that against her. Sonny Tufts thing different" from anything he's tried before; and there's a new dancer to make Fred Astaire look to his laurels, but fast! match his routines.

MUSIC FOR MILLIONS
M-G-M
FROM a casting director’s viewpoint, who could ask for anything more than a leading man like Gregory Peck to play opposite Ingrid Bergman? With “Spellbound” (the psycho-analytical mystery picture based on a novel titled “The House of Dr. Edwards”), it’s more than “just possible” director Alfred Hitchcock has established a new acting team. It’s happened! And seeing one without the other, from now on, will be as just half-satisfying, and far more a sacrifice, than getting bread without butter.

The story, to tell it briefly, is about a befuddled amnesia victim, suspected of crime—murder, perhaps. With no memory of the past, he believes that he might be guilty. Ingrid Bergman is a psychiatrist, in love with Peck and determined to solve the mystery through scientific analysis of what she diagnoses as a mental illness. Figuring importantly in the solution are clues about a dream. Peck is the dreamer, Salvador Dali she gets from a dream. Peck is the dreamer, Salvador Dali she gets from a dream—and the result is the dream life of a disordered mind, represented by chairs and tables having human legs, roofs that slope at 45 degree angles, and Bergman as a statue, no less!

Ben Hecht wrote the screenplay, from an adaptation by Angus MacPhail, eminent English psychoanalyst.

NATIONAL VELVET
M-G-M

EVER was there a more tender story, and rarely has a studio’s confidence in the building of a child star been so convincingly justified. For “National Velvet” is all those things which make a movie a popular success. More appealing to animal lovers than “Home in Indiana,” we’d like to say; and all because a soulful-eyed youngster by the name of Elizabeth Taylor plays the role of Velvet. But that would leave the commenting incomplete; for praise the performance, it’s important to add that Anne Revere and Donald Crisp are superb as the little girl’s mother and dad, James Rooney’s last performance before going into the army is one of his best, and little Jackie Jenkins’ adds a dozen chuckles as the young sprout of the family.

Based on the novel by Enid Bagnold, and directed by Clarence Brown, it’s a tale of two English youngsters, a butch’s daughter and a youthful vagabond, who train a fine sorrel gelding to run in the greatest, most thrilling of all races, the Grand National Steeplechase. The scenes are kept out of doors, for the most part—a beautiful English countryside, wind-swept and colorful. Fascinating it may be, but with enough sweeping...
Therefore, the Benchley shows how it’s done. First he advises grasping both ends of the tie with either hand—that is, if you’re able to find each end first.

What’s Frank Sinatra got that Benchley won’t? Woman power! Robert, the big brain man, scorns adapting that boyish smile, that sweet sentimental voice. He figures he can do it all with a bow tie.

Next step requires a bit of head work, remembering whether it is the long end or the short end of tie that goes on top.

Pull is a big help on any job, says Benchley, so he goes in for it. (He is currently going in for “Duffy’s Tavern” on the Paramount lot.)

Well, bless the bow-knot and call him Fronkie, Benchley version. You may also bring on the femmes—the silk stocking and nylon set, pul-ease!
lay in a cast. To keep her muscles from atrophying, she had been ordered to get up, encumbered as she was, and to move about until utterly exhausted. The night before Thanksgiving, Dick was late for dinner without having telephoned to explain such absence. He was still missing at eight, nine, ten, and twelve o'clock. In desperation, Mrs. Jaeckel—who had been trundling her cast to the window every few minutes since dinner time—telephoned the hospitals. No, they had not admitted a tow-headed, sunburned individual answering to the name "Hanley"—his mother's maiden name, and that by which she always addresses him.

Next she called the police and asked them to put out a drag net. A few moments later Dr. Livingston arrived without benefit of Stanley. He was too excited to notice the icy atmosphere. "I won the contest," he announced with rare exuberance. "Can you beat it? I won 55 pounds of turkey!

He had been out selling magazine subscriptions from door to door. When an inquiring householder answered the bell, Dick—his best Sunday School expression shining like a klieg in a coal mine—would say, "I'm trying to sell enough subscriptions to earn a turkey for my mother. She's lying at home with a broken back." And, disarmingly by such filial devotion, the householder invariably signed on the dotted.

Mrs. Jaeckel laughed until she cried. Climbing back into bed she wailed, "But we already have a turkey—a 20-pound turkey! The cook has it cleaned, dressed, stuffed and ready to go in the oven." Then she remembered, "Go call the police and tell them to stop looking for you."

That mission was more rugged than earning 155 pounds of turkey would have been, but he completed it. After all, he was a working man and he had been out on a legitimate commercial expedition.

The next morning, Jake started out with his turkeys. From helpful members of his shanty club, he learned the names of four families who were planning to celebrate Thanksgiving with a few fried eggs and a dish of cereal. He knocked at the door, explained that the magazine for which he had been gathering subscriptions the day before had selected this family—from the city directory—to participate in its celebration of the most successful city subscription drive in the nation, and handed over a turkey.

The beneficiaries of this hoax were stunned but grateful. They began to realize the power of the press and the excellence of the printed word. Having been graduated from High School at the impressive age of 16, Dick had to wait for a year until he could get into the Merchant Marine. Since war had been declared, Dick had talked of nothing but the dilatory habits of the stork in having deposited him about two years late in the scheme of things. Had he been 18 now, he could have been in blues! He could have been out there, sluggering.

While waiting for time to elapse and make him a fighting man, Dick went to work in a drug store, then a drive-in, and finally wound up in 20th Century's mail room. One of the executives decided that the hefty kid with the marine face would do for Chicken in "Guadalcanal Diary" and made contract suggestions which Dick had to refer to his mother because of his sub-citizen status. "They'll call her to the telephone at the Beverly Wilshire," he said, scrutinizing the floor.

Sympathetic oldsters concluded that Dick's mother was employed at the hotel, and assured him that they didn't want to get her into any trouble. Somewhat later it was learned that social Mrs. Jaeckel lived in the hotel, of course.

All of which brings us to the consideration of Jaeckel, the actor, Jaeckel, the public personality, Jaeckel, the ordinary seaman. As far as he is concerned you may forget the first two categories and take heed of the last. The only way Mrs. Jaeckel persuaded him to make "Wing And A Prayer" was to refuse to sign his papers allowing him to join the Merchant Marine until he agreed to make this last picture.

Dick is probably the least actor-y of all the young group of male players. The average man who gets a picture break has been praying for that break for months or years. He has engaged in Little Theatre activities and has
grimmly read Shakespeare, Shaw, and O'Neill. He has learned voice placement, pantomime of the emotions, and projection of attitude. He has been the role of the theoretical k.p., and has really sweated it out.

Dick simply happened to look like a writer's dream of a certain character. He didn't want to, and it doesn't . . . want to be a writer. His attitude is subject to change, of course.

What he does want to be with a determination and an eagerness almost pathetic, is one of the guys. The character he desires are our current wad¬
ing up a beach under fire, or riding a tank against a pill box, and sogg¬ing it out with the infantry. When it became clear, after months of train¬ing, that he wasn't fit for combat, he war might be over before Jaecckel could see action, he calmly de-enrolled and went to San Francisco, where he joined the sailing with the 75th, and never returned home.

"There's always a chance that a sub is going to take a pop at you if you're on a tanker," he wrote to his mother.

Another salient characteristic of Ad¬
miral Jaecckel is that he has been able to play against human nature, such as the fact that he never left his home for a week or so later his mother said briskly that they must visit a kennel and acquire another pet.

Dick looked the place over, started up the narrow stair to the comfortable little cabin in Pacific Pali¬sades, had a fireplace installed, fur¬nished it with miscellaneous furniture that had been loaned to friends for years or had been gathered dust in the attic, and then left the painting and other im¬

EXAMINE FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK!

“No more dogs for me,” he stated with finality. “It’s too hard on a guy to lose one.” And from that day to this he has fore¬
gone canine ownership.

Dick is doing very badly when the

He was doing very badly when the

Why don't you give?"

"Guess I’ll be as big as my dad was when I’m 20 or 21 sometimes. He’s 21 inches, and I was 20 when I was making "Guad."

The director solved this impasse by doing closeups in which fear was a vivdly present, but a rigidly con¬
trolled thing.

Dick was sensitive about his height (5’ 7”) when he was making “Guad.” But he wouldn’t have admitted it for worlds. He said one night to a friend, “A 5’ 7” guy right on growing until he’s 20 or 21 seems small to me. Doesn’t it?”

The friend said dubiously that most kids had attained adult height by the age of 15 or 16.

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"Because, even if I was scared absolutely nuts, I wouldn’t want anybody else to know. If a guy is a Marine, he defends his shag, especially when he’s around other Marines.”

So when he came home after an ab¬

No wonder his friends say that he’s a writer’s dream of a certain character. He didn’t want to, and it doesn’t . . . want to be a writer. His attitude is subject to change, of course.

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blue corduroy bell-bottoms. I was nine and the first boy in my class to achieve such a possession, at the time every boy’s heart’s desire. No garment ever gave me so much pleasure.

I RECALL, WITH PLEASURE
The days I studied at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of Dramatics in New York. I had a small allowance with my scholarship there, but it always ran out before the end of the month. The boy who shared my room was also usually low in funds. Once we were down to fourteen cents between us; we bought a quart of milk and made some biscuits from buckwheat pancake flour we happened to have on hand. That meal was delicious—or else we were just very hungry. We were young and strong and confident; lack of money was a good joke.

I ENJOY
Horseback riding;
Biographies;
Horse-racing;
Barbecues;
Stirring music;
My role in “Valley of Decision,” with Greer Garson.

I HATE
Too efficient people—they seem like robots to me;
Malted milk;
Monotony;
Self-conscious beauty.

MY FIRST BIG ADVENTURE
Came near being fatal. In La Jolla, we kids used to dive for abalone. We’d take an iron bar, dive some ten feet down to the rocks where the fish had fastened themselves firmly, pry them loose and come up with our catch. One day I dived as usual, but my bar slipped and my finger was caught under the rock. I struggled but I couldn’t free myself, and I was all but drowned by the time the other kids noticed I was missing. They dived after me and brought me up, but I was completely out and the lifeguard worked over me for a long time before I was revived.

I’M GUILTY OF
Not caring anything about clothes;
Never shaving unless I’m working and have to;
Being lazy—I’m the laziest man on earth;
Having a one-track mind. Once I concentrate on a thing, I think of nothing else; my next appointment is forgotten, which is usually very unfortunate. I’m so eager to finish what I’m doing, I don’t remember Time.

THE FIRST THING I NOTICE
About women—or men, for that matter—is whether they are easy and natural, or are putting on an act. I can’t stand artificiality, and the person who is trying to impress me with a pose—doesn’t.

I USED TO DREAM
Of rescuing a ship lost at sea;
Winning the war single-handed;
Returning a kick-off for a touch-down;
Doing all sorts of wildly improbable but noble things. Doesn’t every kid?

I’D LIKE TO
Ride on a rocket plane;
Understand woodlore;
Be a good friend to my son Jonathan;
Speak Chinese . . . I had to learn a long paragraph of Chinese for my part in “Keys of the King.

Since Merle Oberon and Alexander Korda split, Hollywood is betting on Lucien Ballard.
Before... SELF-CONSCIOUS!
BEFORE Diane Parker of
N.Y. began her Powers
Course: "I felt dull, listless-
I was so under-
weight." Diane's
"Photo-Revise" helped her
achieve new
loveliness.

Now... SELF-CONFIDENT!
Diane Parker's personal-
ized Powers Photo-Revise gave
her a new hair arrange-
ment, little make-up, an science
that gave her real glamour!

In 7 Short Weeks—
new loveliness,
new confidence
in your charm!

If you think good looks, a
stunning figure, a new
personality are out of your
reach, discover the time-
saving beauty benefits of Powers
training. Now right at
home realize your own
loveliest possibilities!
Simple daily assignments
in figure control, make-
up and grooming make
the entire course fasci-
nating. The crop? So little
you're amazed!

Diane's alluring new
"model" figure. "In the first
4 weeks I gained 12 lbs., and
in the right places, too!"

Real "POWERS GIRL"
training—right at
home...

Your Figure—How to
streamline it. Your Face—
Photo-Revise, drawn by an
expert over your own picture,
shows you make-up secrets to
bring out your beauty highlights.
Your Voice—Shows you how to
be "best-dressed" yet save dol-
lar! Your Grooming—Complete,
time-saving beauty schedule.
Your Fair—Exercises to make
your speech more attractive.
Yar-Mrs. Power's formula for
charm and magnetism.

Clip the Coupon
NOW
John Robert
Powers will send
free your confi-
dent, attractive
booklet, "The
Powers Way," and
details of famous
Power training.
247 Park Ave., Suite C225, New York 17, N.Y.
Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested.
Please send me details of your Home Course.

Name: __________________________
(PLEASE PRINT)
Street: _________________________
City: ___________________________
State: _________________________
Occupation: ____________________
Age: __________________________

I'VE LEARNED
From the stage: That one should
live life to the hilt. The stage
requires intense concentration;
every detail of a character must
be life-like, even any infliction or
movement is important. Once
you've mastered this, you find
yourself adopting it stage.
From the screen: That one should
be completely natural and sin-
cere. The camera photographs
thought, so you can't be phony
and get away with it.

From my wife Greta: How to enjoy
living. When we met, I was a
pretty grim sort of person; my
one-track mind was concentrated
on work. But, then I realized
all I did, all I cared for. I must
have been a deadly bore. But
Greta is a very gay, happy per-
son. She loves a good time and
she absolutely turned me on to
fun, too.

I'M CRAZY ABOUT
Greta; Cape Cod; green apple pie;
the Arizona desert; Brahms' First
Symphony; Houseman's poem:
When I Was One And Twenty.

I DON'T WANT TO
Play Hamlet; slaughter wild life;
eat three-decker sandwiches, or
get in a rut.

I'M NO GOOD AT
Figuring out my income-tax, draw-
ing up contracts or getting myself
more money... I let other peo-
ple handle those items.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS
But if there are any, they'd be
well-advised to haunt old theat-
erooms, not the ranch houses.

My sole experience with the super-
natural occurred in Indianapolis'
eighty-year-old English Theater.
There's a legend that the daugh-
ter of one of the original stock
actors fell in love with the man in the box-office.
Her father, discovering the rom-
ance, fired the box-office man
and broke up the affair. The de-
spairing daughter climbed to the
fly-galley and leaped a hundred
feet down to death on the stage.
She is supposed to return, on
occasion.

Once, Cecil Humphreys and I
had a scene together on that
stage. Suddenly he cried: "What
was that?" and clutched his
sleeve, his eyes following some
invisible object onstage. I had a
line to speak, but it didn't fit his
exclamation and I forgot it until
the prompter handed it to me.
Meanwhile, Cecil stood there,
doubting the scene, which was
advised by the stage manager to
be completely natural and sin-
cere. After the night, he came
over to me and said: "I was fairly
terrified, but I still don't
believe in ghosts."

I HAVE FUN
Cooking special dishes. I make
beef stew, which I imagine excels
that made by famous chefs. I
enjoy making special dishes. I make
spare ribs, and cook them no
more than ten minutes.

SOME DAY I WANT TO
Travel all over the world, see the
places I've lived in on stage and
screen; but first I want to
Explore America, where we have
practically everything.

Own a California ranch, with an
informal ranch-house and riding
horses. It would be a practical
ranch where we'd raise real crops.
I'd like an apartment in town to
live in while working in pictures.
My children could grow up on
the ranch, going to public schools,
and be at home in either place.
I'm interested in woodlore and
the ranch would be a good place
to go into it thoroughly and teach
my children to enjoy and
understand it.

Form a co-operative company for
the production of plays on both
stage and screen. Each has much
to learn from the other, and a
combination of the two should
be interesting.

The End
BING CROSBY UNLIMITED
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 201)

idea so much that he offered to do research work and write the story. About a year later, he asked Crosby to read it and give an opinion.

Crosby read it, and his opinion was that the story was so good they'd better all get together and make it into a picture at once. Practically on the spot, and without any more ado, Crosby Productions, Inc., was formed, with Bing as president. "The Great John L." as its first production, and Frank Mastroly and Jimmy Grant co-producers.

That much being settled, the first job was to get an actor to play the name role. It was Crosby's idea to give the chance to an unknown, and 75 tests of candidates were considered before a decision was made. Then a young man named Dale Easton was chosen, and his name, according to the good old Hollywood custom, was changed immediately to one which is supposed to lend itself better to exploitation—Greg McClure.

Greg started his career as a laborer at Warners, where, because of his brawny build, he was assigned to wrestling with heavy pieces in the scene dock. This was tougher on him than he wanted his foreman to know, because of an old back and knee injury he got playing football (and which makes him 4-F). So he soon got himself signed up as an extra, which was much easier, and paid better.

When he heard about the search for an unknown to play "The Great John L.," Greg hied himself to the studio and asked the director, Frank Tuttle, to make a test of him. It was made, and after a wait of three months, Greg was called in to play the role. He's an easy going, friendly, down-to-earth sort of fellow who's frankly delighted over his good luck, but takes it in his stride. He's making friends fast, and they're all betting that he's one guy who won't go Hollywood.

The next thing Bing had to do was gather up the folks who know all about the fight business. There's quite a colony of ex-fighters, seconds, sparring partners, and such in Hollywood, and they've all been rounded up and turned over to Johnny Indrisano, who's technical director for the fight scenes. And as right as can be for the job! Johnny has been in the fight game for 27 years and has been advisor for a host of fight movies. For fourteen years he was a boxer, fighting all over the United States and lancing five world champions; but he always went in overweight so that though he won the fight, the champ retained his title.

Johnny has studied the history of fighting from the days of the Roman gladiators, has an outstanding collection of books on boxing, and is an authority on all types—crowd fights, rough and tumble, knife fighting, dog fights, cock fights, etc. It's in a picture like this, when fighting is not a mere incident in the story, but the backbone of it, that Johnny's in his glory.

He's more than pleased with Greg McClure's imitation of the Sullivan technique. Greg, in spite of his splendid physique, was pretty raw

MARCH

Pageant

BRINGS YOU

NAZI SEX DICTATOR

The sensational story of Hitler's super-eugenist and Fuehrer of sex, Dr. Walther Gross . . . the man whose distorted mind is responsible for human "breeding pens", for brutal sterilization, for separating millions of husbands from their wives . . . Written by the famous war correspondent, Henry C. Wolfe, this is the first time America hears about an "unknown Nazi" who ranks with Hitler and Himmler among arch-criminals.

YOUR CHARACTER—KEY TO YOUR HEALTH

Are you the "tuberculosis type"? Are you accident-prone? Your emotions, even your love life, have a direct effect on your health. Don't miss this fascinating and important article by Molly Castle.

STORY OF A SECRET STATE

Condensation of the new best-seller everybody's talking about: the Book-of-the-Month Club selection by Jan Karski that packs the drama and heroism of life in the Polish Underground.

TIPTOE TERPSICHORE CLICKS

A picture story you'll cherish. . . . In striking photos it shows you how ballet has caught on in the U. S. A. . . . In movies, night clubs, stage plays, even the Y. W. C. A.

The above are only random samples of the March issue. It brings you the biggest magazine show in the country—164 exciting pages of the best in articles, pictures, humor, fiction, color. You will find things of direct interest to you by such famous authors as Betty Smith, Greta Palmer, Burns Mantle, Earl Sparling, William Henry Chamberlin, Jesse Stuart.

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Pageant

THE GREATEST MAGAZINE
SHOW ON EARTH

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25¢
material, his actual fighting experience having been limited to a couple of bouts with grammar school bullies. But he worked hard and faithfully with Johnny, spending his Sundays rehearsing at a gym and many evenings watching fights, and after about five weeks of intensive coaching, he was functioning as "The Great John L." in a way that the whole studio wreathed in happy smiles.

Among the former fighters working on the picture are many names familiar to fight enthusiasts—among them Bob Perry, Frank Moran, Ace Hudkins, Freddie Steel, Frankie Dolan, Phil Bloom, Tony Williams, Jack Perry, Ben Conley, Johnny Condi, Ben Keyes, Sammy Shack, Gentleman George Delmont, Charlie Sullivan, and Eddie Randolph.

John L. Sullivan's championship dates from February 7th, 1882, when he knocked out Paddy Ryan in nine rounds. John L. was a chatterbox, and his adversaries were required to prove they were capable of holding their own. His humility was the expression of his natural modesty. He always considered himself to be the best fighter in the world. His greatest achievement was the destruction of his own body by boxing. He was a great fighter, but a poor man. His success was based on hard work and perseverance. He was a gentleman who respected his opponent and who was always polite to his friends and the public.

John L. Sullivan died on February 2, 1918, at the age of 76. He was a great fighter, but a poor man. His success was based on hard work and perseverance. He was a gentleman who respected his opponent and who was always polite to his friends and the public.

BY THE TIME SULLIVAN MET JIM CORBETT, ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1892, HIS DISCIPLINE HAD BEGUN TO TELL ON HIM, AND HE WAS NO MATCH FOR THE YOUNGER MAN. WALTERS VERSUS CORBETT, the second fight, was a great event in the history of boxing. It was a test of the best against the best. The fight was a tremendous one, and the crowd was wild. The first round was won by Sullivan, but in the second, Corbett won it with a terrific swing to put the other guy down. The third round was won by Sullivan, who knocked out Corbett with a terrific right hand. The fourth round was a return to the ground, and both fighters were exhausted. The fight lasted for ten rounds, and the result was a draw.

The End.
decided, for the leading role. Since
tively) of her recent theater tri¬
Rosalind also signed a movie con¬
tract. Which shows you!

long after the end of a successful run,
the top of the stage ladder.) As Roz
had already decided the same
nerve, that he finally said he couldn't
press by her verve, not to say
sell couldn't consider anything but
first Broadway role. He offered her

Hollywood beckoned. Before her first
picture hit, in "Two Girls and a
Sailor," June had learned to dance
with the best of them, yet she might
never have reached the West Coast
if she hadn't made her own breaks.

Esther Fernandez likewise danced
her way onto celluloid, and by a
strange trek from Mexico. Esther
happened to be a friend of a dance
team, husband and wife, in a Mexican
night club, where they did a fiery fan¬
dango. The wife fell ill, and the hus¬
band frantically said, "Esther, you've
got to take her place—we can't break
up the team and lose the job!" Esther
had never danced professionally, but
anything for a friend.

In a fortnight, she had learned the
routine with a dollop of adagio thrown
in. Her aunt made her a gold and
crimson costume, and Esther made
such a sensation that she was
snatched for the movies. So then they
put her in "Two Years Before the
Mast," where she doesn't dance a
step.

Hollywood glimmered in Roz Rus¬
sell's mind even when she interviewed a
New York stage producer for her
first Broadway role. He offered her
a minor part. Oh, dear, no! Miss Rus¬
sell couldn't consider anything but
the lead. (One consideration being
that you get to the screen faster from
the top of the stage ladder.) As Roz
talked, the producer became so im¬
pressed by her verve, not to say
nerve, that he finally said he couldn't
assign the leading role to her because
his partner had practically decided on
another actress. But stick around and
meet the partner.

Rosalind stuck around. When the
partner appeared, he turned out (to
her surprise) to be a producer she'd
recently met at a dinner party. He'd
been phoning all over town to try to
locate the handsome girl who had
talked so brightly (and imagina¬
tively) of her recent theater tri¬
umphs. She would be perfect, he had
decided, for the leading role. Since
Roz had already decided the same
thing, they signed the contract. Not
long after the end of a successful run,
Rosalind also signed a movie con¬
tract. Which shows you!

You're on thin ice, complexion-wise, without
a daily workout. If you'd be a pretty Kitty, get that out-of-doors glow ... it makes your skin look smoother, clearer.
And you needn't skip those skating sessions on certain days. Moderate exercise is helpful— and comfortable, with Kotex. For Kotex gives you the kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. Unlike flimsy napkins, Kotex stays soft while wearing. You get hours of chafeless comfort with Kotex sanitary napkins.

Time on your hands is well spent. Glamour-hands can be yours by faithfully massag¬ing each finger with a softening cream. (Pretend you're smoothing on a snug glove.) Shrewd grooming helps to banish self-consciousness. So, too, on calendar days, self-consciousness departs when you're shrewd enough to choose Kotex. Kotex is different from thick, stubby napkins because Kotex has flat, tapered ends that don't show. So no revealing lines can ruffle your smoothness, your poise.

When weeding out wayward eyebrows— weep no more, my lady. Just follow the routine given above. (All three answers are correct.) By the way, did you know that Kotex offers three answers to napkin needs? Yes, only Kotex comes in three sizes—for different women, different days. There's Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. And all three sizes of Kotex have that special 4-ply safety center that gives you extra protection.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together.
Another star who bluff her way into a Broadway part, with Hollywood just below the horizon, is Claudette Colbert. She let stage producers do all the work. She had three years' experience in theatre. As a matter of fact, she had none; but what Pemberton didn't know, didn't hurt him—or Claudette. He climbed into the saddle, Bob was in the production, gave her the star spot in the next production, and psst! First thing you knew, Claudette was a screen queen.

Nobody thinks of Bob Taylor as needing any first aid to get into films, but he did need it, badly, and because — of all things — lack of fat. Bob, a body he seemed to have inherited; on his college campus by a talent scout, knew that the movie people wanted athletic heroes at the moment, and that the talent scout had been pleased by the breadth of the Taylor shoulders. Unfortunately, from overstudy and a recent illness, Bob was considerably overweight. The wide shoulders were there, but the rest of him was too thin.

At his first session with studio officials, Taylor wore a padded suit, two sweaters, and a set of long woolen underwear. They signed him, but they had to fatten him up before he appeared on the screen.

Horses have been a help and a horror to several film favorites who dashed across the screen in gallant Westerns, clinging — you'd be surprised how prayerfully — to their saddle pommels. They all graduated later, with yells of gratitude, into society dramas.

Bob Young, for example, let 'em think he could ride because he wanted to be in a Western picture. That is, he wanted to be in any picture whatever. By the intervention of a kindly fate, as he stood wondering how to climb into the saddle, Bob was in the production, gave her the star spot in the next production, and psst! First thing you knew, Claudette was a screen queen.

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he went to Hollywood, anyhow.

On the other hand, Marsha Hunt, then a Powers model, let on she had come from New York to Hollywood for a social visit, merely. Go into movies? Mercy, not! This went on for weeks, till with her face and figure she had agents crawling on the doorstep. And Lana Turner, spotted at a soda fountain by a talent scout—she patronized that fountain because

doorstep. And Lana Turner, spotted

Lana was inwardly determined to

rather drink sodas and continue her

weeks, till with her face and style and

this famous English actor

still rose to its height. Bob

Camper, of Joplin, Mo., happened to

doing a minor stage role in

in London at the time. He induced a

friend, who was a theater manager,
to put the Cummings name up on a
cinema marquee long enough for

Bob to snap a picture of it.

Then Bob sent the snapshot to a

Hollywood agent with a letter say-
ing that this famous English actor

was en route to the States. When Bob

arrived, complete with Oxford ac-
cent, the agent was waiting on the

pier, and a contract waited in the

New York office of a Hollywood

studio.

This proved to be harvest time for

Margaret Lindsay, too. Margaret,

from Dubuque, Iowa, had been doing

small parts here and there in Holly-

wood, and felt pretty discouraged.

Sho’ he’d got out of making a go 

for a social visit, merely. Go into

studies at high school. This made the

talent scouts patronized it—said she’d

figure she had agents crawling on the

studio, after prolonged

per,” the studio, after prolonged

right back on her. She was a young

girl not in her teens when MGM,

ready to produce “Rasputin,” was

looking for a real Russian to play the

royal daughter of Ethel Barrymore’s

czarsina. Joan BREDELL (then, and had

been in vaudeville since the

age of five) went to the studio

for an interview and gave a perfect

imitation of a Russian girl who had

once been on a vaudeville bill with

the Bredells.

The director was entranced. Joan

went home hysterical with joy. A

week later she learned that John

PARKER had been signed for the role.

Not till years afterward did Jean

PARKER happen to tell Joan Leslie that

the studio people had been very
taken with her, and that’d wanted—but

she spoke with a Russian accent. At

first, they thought this would be per-
fected. Then they remembered that

none of the Barrymores had a Russian

accent, so why should one player
alone burst out with it? Had they

known Joan’s accent was a phony—

Well, Joan PARKER became a star

that picture, and Joan Leslie had to

wait for years.

Among the others who toyed with

an accent or so are Laraine Day and

Sigrid Gurie. Laraine’s memorable

talent answer. They have a Stronger Grip

and an indestructible way about them,

holding your hair-do firmly

when your permanent is only a

beautiful memory....

DeLong Bob Pins are the per-

manent answer. They have a Stronger Grip

and an indestructible way about them,

holding your hair-do firmly

when your permanent is only a

beautiful memory....

Stronger Grip

Won’t Slip Out

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS  HAIR PINS  SAFETY PINS

SNAP FASTENERS  STRAIGHT PINS

HOOKS & EYES  SNAP FASTENERS

SANITARY BELTS

It’s a smart gal who insists on the

best in a permanent—because she

has to live with it a long time.

The same applies to the Bob Pins

that keep it in line.

DeLong
WOMEN in your '40's

Do these symptoms betray your age?

Often many women between the ages of 38 and 52— are shocked to realize they are in the class commonly known as "middle-age" with its annoying symptoms which so often betray their age.

So if you suffer from hot flashes, feel weak, tired, nervous, restless, a bit blue at times—all due to the functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

This Great Medicine HELPS NATURE

For almost a century—Pinkham’s Compound has been famous to help great numbers of women go "smiling thru" such middle-age distress. Thousands have reported remarkable benefits!

Many wise women take Pinkham’s Compound regularly to help build up resistance against such symptoms. This great medicine helps nature and that's the kind you should try.

INEXPENSIVE: Pinkham’s Compound costs very little compared to some other methods but this doesn't detract from its effectiveness. Follow label directions.

Lydia E. Pinkham’s

VEGETABLE COMPOUND

---

KEEPING BOOKS ON MY CAREER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

DEBITS . . . . LIABILITIES

role and live up to it "off the cuff," as it were. I’ve had an almost reverent admiration for Ida Lupino ever since she walked into Bill Wellman’s office and made herself “be” Bessie for him (the girl in "The Light that Failed"), thereby getting herself that wonderful role. Little Freddie Bartholomew did it years ago when he was introduced to Louis B. Mayer and said, simply, “I am David Copperfield”! Stanwyck can’t do it! Without the reassurance of make-up, lines, lights and the approval of a director, Stanwyck is just Stanwyck—and no help for it. I can’t even put on a "social act." The worst performance of my career, I think, was the one I gave on the occasion of my first, and only, big party in the Hollywood tradition. I rehearsed for days, being the sparkling hostess, and what I turned out to be was just Stanwyck, very unhappy, very confused, and showing it! It was the worst stage fright I have ever experienced, and I’ve had my share of opening night jitters. It’s a great help to any woman, especially an actress, to be able to “assume a character” and be convincing in the role. But I can’t do it. I wish, I DO wish, I could!

4. Impetuosity. I’m still trying to cross this one off, and it isn’t easy. All the self discipline I’ve been able to muster hasn’t cured me of blurt- ing out something I think or feel strongly—sometimes at very awk- ward moments. It isn’t only that I’m quick-tempered. That gets me into trouble enough. But I’m also given to hasty judgments, to making decisions without giving them enough thought—to doing things and considering the consequences later.

Some people can get away with this and give you that old "strike while the iron is hot" bromide. But I can’t. I almost invariably find that my first impulse was a wrong one, and I wish to goodness I’d kept my brain but- toned up until I had time to weigh and balance and all those other dull things.

Maybe I’ll learn some time. And then again, maybe I shan’t!

CREDITS . . . . ASSETS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

I have none of those ideas about “re- tiring to the country” and raising orchids or something, because I’m “so tired of it all.” I’m not tired of it, and I don’t expect to be. I want to act until they have to shoot me, and I hope that time is a long way off. Nothing—but nothing!—makes me as impatient or as sore as the fatuous soul who inquires, “What sacrifices have you made for your art, Miss Stanwyck?”

I haven’t made any and I’m not even sure it is “art.” It’s a darned good job, and I’m lucky to have it. I think that feeling this way about it has been one of the most important factors in my success. My greatest asset of all has been a genuine love for “the profession” and the result- ant determination to give it the best I had—always.
Vat Desmond and Wanda McKay
Popular Hollywood Players

CIGARET LIGHTER
AND PLASTIC CASE

Glamourland contributes this newest of smart accessories—a dainty, streamlined, sure-fire lighter with companion cigaret case. Lighter is all-metal, plastic finished in brilliant color. Matching plastic case is light as a feather yet exceptionally sturdy and practically moisture and air-proof. Ideal for men and women, particularly for those in the Armed Forces. Your choice of colors: Sophisticate Red, Nile Green, or Azure Blue. The set only $1.49 plus postage if you act at once.

MATCH YOUR COSTUMES AND YOUR MOODS AS THE STARS DO

Be the first in your set to enjoy the distinction of matching or contrasting your cigaret Lighter and Case with your attire. Yes, and match your mood, too! In your more daring moments carry your SOPHISTICATE RED Set; for times of enchantment choose NILE GREEN; or AZURE BLUE when you are demure. All three sets—three Lighters and three Cases can be yours for the special price of only $3.98 plus postage.

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL COUPON

Examine the NEW HOLLYWOOD color-matching Lighter and Cigaret Case... fashion accessories of the Stars. Try the Lighter, use the Case... let your friends admire their vivid beauty. Then, if you can bear to part with them, return the set within 5 days for prompt refund. DON'T DELAY!...Mail the coupon at once. The supply of these combination sets is limited. Act today!

THIS GIFT PACKAGE COMPLETELY PACKED FOR OVERSEAS AND CAMP SHIPMENT

Weight less than 8 ounces so no Government permit or Soldier's request necessary
To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring... even after swimming, crying or perspiring, use “Dark-Eyes”. This indelible, daily eye make-up boister.

**Caution:** as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of “Dark-Eyes” today!

You will like the way a few drops of Va-tro-nol up each nostril promptly, effectively relieve distress of head colds. It soothes irritation, reduces swelling, helps clear cold-clogged nose and makes breathing easier. (NOTE: Also helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time!)

**Try it!** Follow directions in folder.

**Relieves Quickly**

**“Dark-Eyes”, Depco package of “Dark-Eyes”, and directions.**

You can stand Laurel and Hardy.

**Try it! **Follow directions in folder.

**CAPTAIN EDDIE**, being produced by Winfield Sheehan and directed by Lloyd Bacon (whose picture SUN-DAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER is going to be a smash hit), is the story of Eddie Rickenbacker. Fred MacMurray gets the plum role of his life as Captain Eddie, and Dick Crane will be stupendous as Captain Cherry, the pilot.

**THE BULLFIGHTERS** will be funny if you can stand Laurel and Hardy.

**COLONEL EFFINGHAM’S RAID** will be a honey. It can’t miss with Charles Coburn as the bumbling Colonel aided by Joan Bennett, Bill Eythe, Allyn Joslyn, and Frank Craven.

**AT UNITED ARTISTS:**

**BLOOD ON THE SUN**, the Cagney picture with Sylvia Sidney, Robert Armstrong, John Emery, and Rosemary DeCamp, is now in its second month of production.

**G.I. JOE**— the picture being made from beloved Ernie Pyle’s book—has Burgess Meredith in the Ernie Pyle role. Most of the rest of the cast are little known actors who are getting the break of their lives. Whatever you do, don’t miss G.I. JOE.

**A WALK IN THE SUN** is the latest Dana Andrews picture, and the one on which fellow performers were happy to help Dana welcome his new son. Those cigars came in gratefully, due to the cigarette shortage.

**BEDSIDE MANNER** is an Andrew Stone comedy with Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, and Ann Rutherford. Ann has been losing her mind over the recent adventures of Dick Tracy, and Snowflake Falls. Each morning for a week she quizzes members of the cast as to what plot turn they next expected. No one guessed right.

**GUEST WIFE** is another of those inimitable Colbert comedies in which she is aided by Don Ameche, Dick Foran, and Charles Dingle.

**AT MGM:**

**HOLD HIGH THE TORCH**, the story of a war dog, stars Elizabeth Taylor, Lassie, Frank Morgan, and Selena Royle. If you haven’t seen NATIONAL VELVET, Elizabeth’s first picture, haunt your local theatre until it plays. Miss Taylor is really something.

**WITHOUT LOVE** is in its third month of production with the labors of Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Luella Ball, and Warner Anderson.

**AT PARAMOUNT:**

**DUFFY’S TAVERN** is in its fourth month—a riot of variety acts. Everyone on the Paramount lot is in—it—but wait until you hear Betty Hutton sing “The Hard Way.” You’ll be spending juke box nickels on it before long, because it’s solid.

**THE LOST WEEKEND** with Ray Milland having the staggers and Jane Wyman viewing him with indulgent alarm, is in its fourth month. Did you see the pictures in LIFE, showing how some of the scenes were shot on New York streets without the idle passersby becoming conscious of the camera?

**THE LOVE LETTERS** is in its second month of production with Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Cecil Kellaway, Anita Louise, and Reginald Denny.
THE AFFAIRS OF SUSAN has Joan Fontaine, George Brent, Dennis O’Keefe, and Walter Abel in make-up. The tag-line of this story’s synopsis is worth repeating: “So Susan, instead of being all things to all men, decides to be all women for one man.”

THE VIRGINIAN in Technicolor is still walking the still streets at sundown knowing that he must kill Trampas. Joel McCrea is on one end of the gun, and Brian Donlevy at the other. Barbara Britton is the gal who gits her man, podner.

GOOD INTENTIONS are what Eddie Bracken has toward Veronica Lake, Albert Dekker, and George Zucco; Paul Jones, who produces the “Road” pictures is the producer of this one, and George Marshall is directing.

HARD TO HANDLE is an action picture with William Gargan, Ann Savage, and Leo Gorcey. You should hear Leo tell about the trials and tribulations of being an ex-dead end kid.

THE SPANISH MAIN, in Technicolor, is still rocking from the shouts of Paul Henreid, Maureen O’Hara, Walter Slezak, and John Emery. Incidentally, Paul Henreid’s personal Christmas cards were among the most appealing in town: an informal snapshot of Paul, Lisl, their cocker spaniel, and their glamorous daughter, Miss Monica.

JOHNNY ANGEL is the name of the George Raft picture with Signe Hasso, Claire Trevor, and Hoagy Carmichael.

FOLLOW YOUR HEART has Jack Haley, Marcy McGuire, and Glenn Vernon on the down beat.

AT REPUBLIC:

UTAH is now being commemorated by Roy Rogers, Gabby Hayes, the Sons of the Pioneers and Peggy Stewart. Did you see Trigger dance in HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN? Pretty nifty.

AT INTERNATIONAL:

ALONG CAME JONES is distinguished by Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, William Demarest, Willard Robertson (who has published several successful novels) and Dan Duryea. This is a western, concerned with a case of mistaken identity which causes the Senator Cooper to dodge lead intended originally for a less wily frame. During the scene changes, Loretta Young was called upon to write a brief note to a friend. “I hate to do this without a dictionary at my right hand,” she said, “I’m the world’s worst speller.” While she was in New York she wrote to her sister (several years ago) “I’m crazy about this town. You should see our wonderful suit, I mean, swite, I mean—well, it sounds like ‘sweet,’ but I’m not sure how to spell it.”

THE INVISIBLE ARMY deals with John Wayne’s adventures with guerrillas like Richard Loo, Beulah Bondi, Tony Quinn, John Miljan and Paul Fix.

THE INVISIBLE ARMY is an action picture and Leo tell about the trials and tribulations of being an ex-dead end kid. Seem every frustrated local fisticuf- with William Gargan, Ann Savage, and Brian Donlevy at the other. Barbara Britton is the gal who gits her man, podner.

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To People who want to write but can’t get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn’t a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said on this subject:

“There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert Louis Stevensons, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kiplings? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power.”

Service Wire Secures Reporter’s Job Through N.I.A. Training

“I had just finished N.I.A. Training when I saw an advertisement in our daily paper for a woman reporter. I answered the ad and was called in for the job. Financial arrangements were satisfactory and I was dazedly proud. With my husband in the Navy, I am helping keep our home and myself going. Herrick, 283 E. Center Street, Marion, Ohio.”

Writing Aptitude Test—FREE!

NEWSPAPER Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N. I. A. course based on the practical training given by big metropolitan dailies.

This is the New York Copy Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You develop your individual style instead of trying to copy that of others. You “cover” actual assignments sent by metropolitan reporters, although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced writers. It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new problems as a matter of months you can acquire the coveted professional touch. Then you’re ready for market with greatly improved chances of making sales.

Mail the Coupon Now

But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test. It requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Make the first move toward the most enjoyable and profitable occupation—writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925) Free...

LAUREN BACALL
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36)

spot for her in this play I’m doing?”

But the verdict was no.

We can’t tell you the name of the play, nor the role Lauren Bacall came that close to having, because we can’t tell you. And anyway, does it matter? Fact is, probably there are any number of stories like that one, coming to light now. A lot of directors and producers who “just missed” being Bacall’s “discoverer.”

What was the formula ... what is the secret of her success? You can’t get the answer from Lauren herself, because she can’t give it to you. She’s still pinching herself and saying, “Isn’t it wonderful? But really, I’m as surprised as everyone else!”

You can’t even get an “explanation” from Director Howard Hawkes! Because though it was he who saw the eyes, you’ve undoubtedly heard how the story goes.

How his wife saw the girl’s picture on the cover of a fashion magazine, thought she “looked interesting,” and suggested a screen test. Director Hawkes instructed his agent to write to New York for some information about the Bacall girl. There may, or may not, have been some misunderstanding about the instructions. In any event, instead of information, Bacall herself arrived in Hollywood Hawkes, being a man of long and successful experience, signed a good bet when he saw one, and put the ex-model under contract. But he was in no hurry about launching his “find,” preferring to save her for the right part.

And then you might take the case of Hoagy Carmichael. It’s again probable, as well as possible, that when Maestro Hoagy composed his new number, “How Little We Know,” he didn’t even know Lauren Bacall—much less, that hers would be the voice to plug his new tune on the screen. And again, too, Lauren herself wouldn’t have known. Music was to her just something to enjoy, until one of her screen tests called for a bit of warbling, and what came out was a potentially fine singing voice, low and throaty—torrid is a better word for it, maybe. Like the gown she wears on the screen when she’s singing the song, Bogart took one look at her in that dress, what there was of it, and said: “You won’t have to sing much in that!”

Come to think of it, though ... that Carmichael title does a lot of saying, applied to the gal it fits best.

“How little we know about Bacall, except that she was born September 16, 1924; is 5 feet 6½ inches tall, weighs approximately 110 pounds, and has eyes described as blue-green—and her next picture with Humphrey Bogart, coming soon, is called The Big Sleep.”

But speaking of working on the new picture, here’s something that happened one morning when Lauren was on her way to the studio. Her small coupe broke down on the way from Beverly Hills (she lives there, you know—with her mother), and she had to hitch-hike over to Warner Bros. Not to encourage all comers, however, we think we should tell you—the coupe-trouble is fixed!

It’s the first car she’s ever owned, the first she’s ever driven, and she says she’s going to keep it the rest of her life... just for sentimental reasons.”

Our guess is that Missy Bacall is sentimental—and rightly so—about anything connected with that first start which put her where she is today. Fortunately is too mild a word to express her sentiments about the chain of events that led to this climax. She regards the whole affair as one of those things that just couldn’t happen—but did. And let’s let it go at that.

THE END

Lauren Bacall was destined for fame when she posed for this Dahl-Wolfe cover photo.
Yvonne De Carlo, of the graceful gyrations, holds beauty in the most beautifully kept hands. She glamorizes her every movement with a kind of "fluid drive".

It takes more to be a dancer than a pair of twinkling feet. Watch for Yvonne De Carlo, star of the Universal production, Salome—Where She Danced, and you’ll see what we mean. Years of rhythmic exercise have trained Yvonne’s every movement. Perhaps this is the most apparent in the way she uses her hands.

Sad as it seems, many girls spend many, many hours on face and figure and completely overlook an outstanding key to character—their hands. Yet a few tricks in time could spell the difference between charming grace and disgraceful lack of appeal. Yet a few tricks in time could spell the difference between charming grace and disgraceful lack of appeal.

Not every one is blessed, as Yvonne is, with slender, tapering fingers, stemming from fluent, fragile wrists. But in this age of individuality, shape and size need never be a handicap. Beautiful hands are those which reflect relaxation, expression and good taste (in other words—good grooming!).

Yvonne, putting a sensible slant on an outworn slogan, believes in “grace through strength” and tells us that hands, to be attractive, must be worked on—and with. Primarily, the idea is to develop each muscle until it functions easily and smoothly. Like the normalizing of any other part of your body, that demands exercise. And, for your specific information, three of Yvonne’s pet workouts are illustrated.

Next to knowing how to move, the most important thing is knowing when and how not to raise a finger! Though it may not be easy, force yourself to keep your hands in repose unless they punctuate your prose with punch.

Whatever your hand type, Yvonne believes it can be the loveliest of its kind if you give it the proper external care. First, the hand cream or lotion habit. Before and after water immersion, before and after weather exposure, stroke the skin with cream or lotion to keep it moist and pliant. Two or three times a week, massage well with a rich dry skin emollient. Take a moment or two at bedtime to rub cuticles with a special softener. When you give your flexible hands the care they deserve, they’re all set—for the flattery of a colorful manicure.
kind of billing are you getting?” she wanted to
know, obviously under the impression
that both men were still doing one-nighters,
or at best, split-weeks. “Any new gags in
your act?”

Before either of the men could explain the
activities in that obscure little town called
Hollywood, the landlady continued encour-
gagingly, “Jack, I saw you in a picture the
other day. Yes, sir, one of those movies.
Pretty good, too. That ought to do you some
good with booking agencies. You just wait—
before long you’ll be playing THE ORPHEUM
CIRCUIT.”

MATURE DECISION:

When hunk-o-man V. Mature was a Holly-
wood Indian, few indeed were those fellow
tribesmen who gave him credit for being
deserving of his billing. Yet he must have some sort of
pipeline to destiny. His great and good
friend, Carl Schroeder, joined him in San
Francisco for several days, but when Thurs-
day night came and Carl stated flatly that he
doed not have the time to play Friday morning, the Mature
voice was lifted in protest.

Win said it was silly for Carl to leave
the stage before Sunday. Carl said Business, Business,
Business, etc.

Victor, loathing an argument that he can’t
win, calmly snatched Carl’s airline ticket
and tore it up.

The plane on which Mr. Schroeder would
have been riding, except for his friend’s
violent invitation to remain in San Francisco for several days, but when Thurs-
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FOR LUCK:

It happened in Chicago, in a rather celebrated, very crowded restaurant. One woman, quiet, handsome, well-dressed was established in a twosome booth when another woman was seated across the table by a service captain, hard-pressed for space. The newcomer was abubble. "I'm so excited! I can scarcely stand it," she confided. "Of course," she said placatingly, "we might as well have malaria and have it over with."

GOOBERNATORIAL:

An infantry officer, overseas for two years, was talking to Bing Crosby in a shattered chateau one night. "I thought, when I was shipped out, that I'd miss women, steaks, and good music, in that order. Now that I've been out here I find that I miss peanuts, cokes, and women—in that order."

Bing shipped him a case of peanuts for Christmas.

GOING. GOING. GONE—WITH TOP HAT:

Alexander Kirkland, Broadway star and recently divorced husband of Gypsy Rose Lee, returned to Hollywood to dispose of his rooms full of antique Mexican furniture—some priceless, some chill and bare. This announcement was carried in all metropolitan daily Los Angeles papers, of course, and one reading wag, noting that a number of handsome bedsteads were in the lot to be auctioned, suggested that the auctioneer placard the beds with the announcement, "Gypsy Rose, Lee Slept Here."

The following morning Mr. Kirkland received an irate telephone call from the auctioneer who was to handle the sale. Mr. Kirkland would please to refrain from placing or allowing to be placed in the public print, such light-hearted publicity. It detracted, said the auctioneer, from the dignity of his profession.

QUOTABLES FROM NOTABLES:

This is the story Jack Benny is telling everyone at present: A young actress was being

RESIGNATION:

The Dennis Morgan children have endured a winter of ailments. All three had colds. the older two had mumps, chicken pox, and measles. Stan, speckled, was lying in bed one morning, meditating upon the woes of childhood, when his mother entered the room with some broth. "Heavens," she said, "I believe that's a mosquito buzzing against the window pane."

"Leave it alone," counselled Stan wearily. "We might as well have malaria and have it over with."

BRASS:

Agnes Moorehead was a lieutenant-colonel of the WAC in Metro's distaff service picture now titled "There Were Three Of Us," starring Lana Turner. Each evening when Lt.-Colonel Moorehead came home, she teased her husband, Jack Lee—who also works in pictures—by giving him orders. She said that she had placed their home under military law, hence was the senior officer in charge.

Then one night Mr. Lee came home and began to countermand his wife's orders. He had just been cast as a FULL COLONEL in "G.I. Joe," the film version of Ernie Pyle's book, "This Is Your War."

SOME SPARE MOMENTS BETWEEN CALLS:

She had been writing to her girl friend, a student at Stanford University.

"Just write your name at the bottom of this page, will you?" Gloria asked, explaining, "this friend of mine is positively swoony over you—when she has time to be. She studies pretty hard, but when she takes a deep breath between chapters, she looks at your picture on her desk."

Go to Indulging in a little Gallup forecasting wrote: "Study hard and you may become President."

SOME DELIGHTFUL PUBLICITY:

FOR LUCK:

The identity of two members of the cast must so I'll tell you: Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor. Really! I was waiting at the hotel to see them?

She paused to ask, "Have you had a chance to the menu."

Robert Taylor! My, wasn't he handsome. Barbara Stanwyck looked just exactly as one would expect. Didn't she have beautiful eyes? And Taylor. Really! I was waiting at the hotel to see them?

"Where? What were they doing? Did you have a chance to get their autographs?"

Her seat companion's jaw slackened perceptibly. then the expression about her eyes changed. "Of course," she said placatingly, "we might as well have malaria and have it over with."

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"Leave it alone," counselled Stan wearily. "We might as well have malaria and have it over with."

GOOBERNATORIAL:

An infantry officer, overseas for two years, was talking to Bing Crosby in a shattered chateau one night. "I thought, when I was shipped out, that I'd miss women, steaks, and good music, in that order. Now that I've been out here I find that I miss peanuts, cokes, and women—in that order."

Bing shipped him a case of peanuts for Christmas.

GOING. GOING. GONE—WITH TOP HAT:

Alexander Kirkland, Broadway star and recently divorced husband of Gypsy Rose Lee, returned to Hollywood to dispose of his rooms full of antique Mexican furniture—some priceless, some chill and bare. This announcement was carried in all metropolitan daily Los Angeles papers, of course, and one reading wag, noting that a number of handsome bedsteads were in the lot to be auctioned, suggested that the auctioneer placard the beds with the announcement, "Gypsy Rose, Lee Slept Here."

The following morning Mr. Kirkland received an irate telephone call from the auctioneer who was to handle the sale. Mr. Kirkland would please to refrain from placing or allowing to be placed in the public print, such light-hearted publicity. It detracted, said the auctioneer, from the dignity of his profession.

QUOTABLES FROM NOTABLES:

This is the story Jack Benny is telling everyone at present: A young actress was being
Here is a delightful, easy, spare-time occupation for mar¬
you mention the AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES and the
and at the same time get their own personal dresses and
patterns! You know they’ll be fascinated, especially when
one single penny! Imagine showing your friends and
neighbors a vast, complete selection of newest, gorgeous
frocks for Spring and Summer—more than 100 styles, all
sizes, and scores of fabrics in the season's latest colors and
PRICES, see the COMPLETENESS of the selection and
FREE as a bonus, without paying
the many dozens of styles they can pick from—they’ll be
earning their personal wardrobes—by the remarkable Har¬
ford Frocks Plan. When your friends and neighbors see
many thousands of women, young and old, living in every
city, that’s how
CARRY ME BACK:
Joel McCrea strode into the Paramount
producer exclaiming: “I refuse to make
between Bing and Bob was to be held (added

starred in a picture being made by a quickie
producer. In one scene the girl was asked
to jump from a very high cliff into a pond.
When the actress glimpsed the jumping
point and the landing spot, she ran up to
the producer exclaiming: “I refuse to make
that jump. There’s only a foot of water at
the bottom of that cliff.”

The producer assumed an expression of
sweet reasonableness. “Of course, of
course,” he reassured her. “See, we wouldn’t
want you to drown.”

Joel McCrea

Earn Sparetime Money and Get
Your Own DRESSES
FREE AS A SALES
BONUS

Here is a delightful, easy, spare time occupation for mar¬
ried women who want a few handsome single women who will
welcome the opportunity to turn their idle hours into cash—
and at the same time get their own personal dresses and
other wearing apparel FREE as a bonus, without paying
one single penny! Imagine showing your friends and
neighbors a vast, complete selection of newest, gorgeous
frocks for Spring and Summer—more than 100 styles, all
sizes, and scores of fabrics in the season's latest colors and
PRICES, see the COMPLETENESS of the selection and
FREE as a bonus, without paying
No money to pay now or

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Many thousands of women, young and old, living in every part of the United States, in big cities and in small towns,
are adding many welcome dollars to their incomes—and
saving their personal wardrobes—by the remarkable Har¬
ford Frocks Plan. When your friends and neighbors see
the new Harford Frocks Plan, they’ll be mighty happy to give you their orders. Not only do you
make a handsome cash commission on every order you take,
but you also earn generous credit towards your own per¬
sonal wardrobe too.

You Offer a COMPLETE Line of Wearing Apparel

Yes, more than 100 different dresses, all the very latest
tyles—but in addition, the Harford Frocks line contains
bodysuits, lingerie, suitshirts, sweaters, coats, children's cloth¬
ing, etc. Imagine giving your neighbors the opportunity to select all their wearing apparel needs at money-saving
prices, in the comfort and privacy of their own homes with¬
out tedious shopping, without using gasoline, without ex¬

TIE THAT BINDS:
This is a story of noblesse oblige. Sev¬
eral weeks ago Bob Walker received a,
charming fan letter that enclosed a hand¬
written
Bob, like most men, shrinks from
the thought of getting ink on his fingers
So-o-o— he had a studio camera man
take a picture of the Walker man wearing his

P.S. Under no circumstance does this
department suggest that you send Mr. Walker
swimming trunks. He hates water.
The jitters.

Given them many hours of intense enjoyment, everywhere lost a favorite who could have order, he told his attorney laughingly, "I made my will and placed my affairs in surgery to correct hernia."

Necessary because he was to undergo surgery. Equipped with great imagination and sensitivity, a flexible, resonant voice, and excellent cultural background, he had but one handicap: his great weight. He made of it, however, an implement of his craft. Size was however, an implement of his craft. Size was an important part of his characterization in "I Wake Up Screaming," and as the psychopathic detective in "I Wake Up Screaming," and as the paranoiac Jack, The Ripper, his bulk gave credence to his part.

But Laird Cregar, like all able and ambitious men, wanted to give his talent greater scope, and in order to do so he set forth on a rigid regimen of dieting. This was also necessary because he was to undergo surgery to correct hernia.

When, just before entering the hospital, he made his will and placed his affairs in order, he told his attorney laughingly, "I know this is just a formality, but it gives me the jitters."

It was not a formality. And, in the death of Laird Cregar, motion picture audiences everywhere lost a favorite who could have given them many hours of intense enjoyment. He was only 28, and—like so many others today—he was too young to die.

"20 POUNDS GONE— I'm SLIM again!"—says Mrs. Lois Cameron of Chicago, Ill.

DuBarry Success Course shows her how to lose unwanted weight, regain her slender figure.

Lois Cameron needed more energy to take care of her sturdy baby and she wanted to lose 20 pounds she had put on after her baby came. The DuBarry Success Course answered all my problems," says Mrs. Cameron. "I lost 16 pounds in 6 weeks; since then, have lost 4 more. I have so much vitality that I feel I have been reborn! And what a surprise for my husband when he returns from overseas and finds me slim again!"

As a result of years of swimming, Lois Cameron had developed an athletic figure. Usually, that means hard-to-lose pounds. But "eating as a beauty eats" and fun-to-do exercises reduced her weight from 136 to 116—just right for her 5 feet 2.

Her waist 3 1/2 inches smaller, and hips 4 inches smaller, she now wears a size 12 instead of 16. Her skin is softer; her hair shows great improvement. Happy Lois Cameron says: "I'm living the DuBarry way of life!"

HOW ABOUT YOU? More than 175,000 women and girls have found the DuBarry Success Course a simple, practical way to lose unwanted pounds, gain vital energy, improve skin and hair, look and feel like a new person. Through the Course you learn to use at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

When this Course has meant so much to so many— at home, in school, in business, in war work—why not use the coupon to find out what it can do for you?

DuBarry Success Course

Accepted for Advertising In Publications Of The American Medical Association

Richard Hudnut Salon

175,000 women and girls have found the DuBarry Success Course a simple, practical way to lose unwanted pounds, gain vital energy, improve skin and hair, look and feel like a new person. Through the Course you learn to use at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

When this Course has meant so much to so many—at home, in school, in business, in war work—why not use the coupon to find out what it can do for you?
Don't just suffer the annoying pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works
1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application
PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!
Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Dick was Harry's vocalist.

Speaking of Harry James, is Betty Grable going to have another baby, or isn't she? The rumors have been flying around, but so far Betty has denied it to her studio, even though she has made no secret of the fact that she'd like to retire from the screen.

The story behind Frank Sinatra's new radio show for Max Factor is amusing. Frank's manager, Al Levy, was at the Los Angeles department store and bumped into his friend, Factor, who was doing the same thing. They got to talking and Al told Factor Sinatra was parting company with his Vinnis sponsor. Factor told Levy he was looking for a radio show, and he'd like nothing better than to have Frank, so they got together, Benny was the next day and made the deal. Quite the opposite from the usual long sessions of conferences, auditions, bickering, etc. Incidentally, in the new set-up, Frank will provide complete production boss on the program.

Eddie Miller is organizing a band and will probably debut the outfit in New York before New Year's. Eddie was a maestro before he went into the army a year or so ago. Since his medical discharge he has been working in radio in Hollywood. But his friends for California business convinced him he should take up the baton once more, and inasmuch as he owns most of the old Bob Crosby library, whipping a new outfit into shape wouldn't prove too much of a headache.

Marion Hutton, who has been doing socal business in theatres, may be needed for radio. The long-time studios have been bidding for her, especially Paramount, who would like to team her in a film with sister Betty.

What's Brisk on the Disk:

Victor: Swing and sway fans should be happy with Sammy Kaye's new record, "Don't Fence Me In," with a Billy Williams vocal, and the waltz, "Always," sung by Arthur Wright, "Don't Fence Me In" is the Cole Porter western hit.

Artie Shaw's first waxing with his new band is a goodie, "Ac-Cent-Chu-Ate The Positive," the Johnny Mercer tune, has a vocal chorus by Imogene Lynn and "Jumpin' On The Merry-Go-Round" is an instrumental, highlighted by the Shaw clarinet and some fine piano work by Mike Maracas.

Dinah Shore offers "All A Long Syne," the old Scotch melody, and "I Can't Tell You Why I Love You, But Do," from her picture, "Belle Of The Yukon." Albert Sack's orchestra, the Swingtime Quartet provide the background.

Two of the tunes from the Broadway hit, "Bloomer Girl," are done by Charles Trenet, "Right As The Rain," and "A Wonderful Winter." Both vocals are by Jimmy Saunders.


The Andrews Sisters jump in with "Rum And Coca Cola" and "One Meat Ball," both novelty tunes and both done in typical Andrews style. The "Rum" side is a take-off on the Calypso manner of singing and "One Meat Ball" is all about a poor character who doesn't have enough dough to buy a full meal.

Fred Waring has a pleasing duo in "Strange Music," the haunting melody from "Song Of Norway," and "Waitin' In A Sharp Mix ", "Strange Music" done by Shep Fields and His New Music, with Bonnie Lou Williams on the lyrics, and features the Dorsey trombone and string section. On the reverse side you'll find the great Duke recording, "Together Again," with Shep Fields and His New Music.

If you like Hildegard, you'll want "Who Are We To Say," and "Every Time We Say Goodbye," Harry Sosnick's orchestra.

The Decca's newest is "You Always Hurt The One You Love."
Columbia:

Kate Smith sings "Don't Fence Me In" and "There Goes That Song Again," with Jack Miller's orchestra.

If you want a different version of the latter tune, you can get Kay Kyser's record, with Georgia Caroll's vocal, backed up by "I'm Gonna See My Baby", with lyrics by Sully Mason.

Frank Sinatra's new platter is "I Dream Of You" and "Saturday Night" (Is The Loneliest Night In The Week) and it should sell a few copies. (Am I kidding?) Axel Stordahl's orchestra and arrangements, as usual.

"Evelina" and "Right As The Rain" are the numbers chosen by Frankie Carle for his latest disc, with Paul Allen singing both sides. "Evelina" is the catchiest tune from the "Bloomer Girl" score and lends itself very well to the Carle piano style.

I think you'll agree with me that Les Brown has the best band of his career after you hear his "Sleigh Ride In July" and "Robin Hood." Gordon Drake sings "Sleigh Ride" and Butch Stone, Les' vocal comedian, dishes up "Robin Hood."

Here's "Don't Fence Me In" again, this time by Horace Heidt's orchestra, with Gene Walsh on the lyrics, and "I Promise You," sung by Bob Mathiesen and the Swingsters.

Columbia has brought out two records by Benny Goodman's old band, which have not been released before. The first couples "How Deep Is The Ocean" with "My Old Flame," and on the second you'll hear "Fiesta In Blue," done by the big band and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," with the Sextet.

JAM NOTES:

Bob Chester has broken up his band and gives agent trouble as the reason Ray Eberle, who has been spending most of the time in California, is off on an eastern theatre tour. Also playing theatres are the Pied Pipers and June Hutton, the vocal group heard all last season on the Johnny Mercer air show.

Major Glenn Miller and his great Air Force band have been in France. Talk to any returning G.I. who has heard the Miller organization, and he'll tell you they have done a terrific morale-building job with their music.

Johnny Desmond, who handles the solo singing chores for Glenn, has become the vocal sensation of England. In civilian days, Johnny was with the old Gene Krupa band. Incidentally, Mrs. Miller recently adopted a baby girl from Chicago's famed "Cradle" institute.

Peggy Lee, who jumped to fame via her recording of "Why Don't You Do Right" with Benny Goodman, has been signed to an exclusive deal by Capitol. Paramount has also been testing her for pictures, so maybe she'll come out of retirement. Let's hope so. Danny O'Neill, the popular Chicago tenor, is set for a big buildup by C.B.S. He has several coast-to-coast sustaining shows weekly... Helen Forrest has always been one of my favorite girl singers, but lately she seems to have changed her phrasing and picked up a souther
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That Movieland readers may enjoy the thrill of knowing this lovely fragrance, we have prepared a “Get Acquainted” package, prepaid to you for only 25c. This package not sold in any store. Mail coupon now for yourself and friends.

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WHOLESALE DIAMOND DEALERS SINCE 1881

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND (United Artists) is the story of one man’s love of the land and the sacrifices made to keep his farm. It’s a hard life and the land is poor, but Sam’s deep love of the earth gives him courage to go on. Excellently portraying the leads in this Steinbeckish film are Zachary Scott and Betty Fields. Miss Fields, you will remember, made her screen hit as the flirt in “Of Mice and Men.”

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT (Warner Bros.) Don’t write this off as “just another war picture,” because it’s more than that. It’s the history of American aviation and an air-happy kid who grew up with his planes, attached himself to General Chennault’s Staff in China, became known as the “one-man air force.” Dennis Morgan portrays Col. Robert L. Scott, author of the best selling book; Andrea King, his wife; Raymond Massey, General Chennault; and Dane Clark, another pilot.

THEY SHALL HAVE FAITH (Monogram) was produced by Jeffrey Bernerd, a far-sighted deliverer of movies with a message. Given here, through the formula of a simple love story, is an idea about a new system for curing infantile paralysis. Rather, it’s a story about a doctor (Aubrey Smith) who’s in the process of experimenting with the new method, and his daughter (Gale Storm) who contracts the dreaded disease, and the doctor’s young assistant (Johnny Mack Brown).

IT’S IN THE BAG (United Artists) rates as the wacky picture of the year, and small wonder—what with Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Bill Bendix, Bob Bechley, Binnie Barnes and Jerry Colonna all bidding for laughs. Fred is supposed to inherit millions from his uncle, but instead gets only five chairs—which he sells. Then he finds that the money was concealed in one of the chairs, and from then on it’s a merry chase with everything happening.

THE BIG SHOW-OFF (Republic) is none other than Arthur “Dagwood” Lake playing incognito as “The Devil,” a vicious masked wrestler. “Blondie” fans can rest easy, as it’s all a case of mistaken identity. Our hero is hindered in the wooing of the lovely songstress, Dale Evans, by the well-intentioned but disastrous efforts of their employer (Lionel Stander), the owner of the Blue Heaven Club. Anson Weeks’ band (radio’s “Dancin’ with Anson”) provides the music for the Dale Evans ditties.

THE BIG BONANZA (Republic) is a blood and thunder epic of the mining town of Nevada Springs, during Civil War days. Richard Arlen plays the wronged Cavalry Captain who cleans up the town and gets the gal.
Technicolorful musical "... it's inevitable!"

Fashion is no mere accident; style-setting represents the sum total of given influences. So says the "originator" of the upswept hairdo, the balerina-length evening dress, the design with a drape. Loper's most recent addition to his fast-accumulating list of "firsts" is the Portrait Dress—the influence there comes from the Elizabethan period, when women first acquired corsets for the development of a small waist; dressing the figure, Loper calls it, instead of victimizing it.

That hourglass silhouette is coming back, Loper says. Tight corsets, too? Only for those who will want to go to that extreme. Considered design—namely, accenting and exaggerating the hipline—can do much toward creating the illusion of a small waist; dressing the figure, Loper calls it, instead of victimizing it.

For "Belle of the Yukon," however, the costumes he designed for Gypsy Rose Lee and Dinah Shore were "pure, authentic period." And they did have to wear corsets—Gypsy, Dinah, and the thirty-one other girls in the picture. Their midriff reducers were individually fitted, and cost from $150 to $300 each. (Gypsy's all had the distinction of being adorned with hand-painted lilies!) Important, too, to the success of those costumes, was that every girl be trained to use gestures and movements "to suit." They had to learn how to walk, how to sit, how to glide into a room "in character" with the clothes they wore. (You think that's easy? Try it sometime!)

"All costumes, particularly period costumes, have a source. My sources for "The Belle," Loper explains, "were Boldini and John Sargeant, paintings of fashionable women of their time. I also took one or two of my ideas from Gainsborough. Let me point out that there are new hat designs today that are showing the same influences—particularly with their new hat designs. Pure Boldini!"

But lest it be concluded that he's recommending the big Boldini-style hats for every woman of fashion who would follow the trend and be fashionable, Loper intrudes a quick and decisive "No." Declaring that it's a mistake, often a sacrifice of what's most becoming for what's new and in style, he says: "My advice to the would-be well-dressed woman is to adopt what's comfortable; to establish her own personality and dress for it. Her selections need not be expensive; far more importantly, she should choose with discrimination!"

Colored shoes? Never! Wonderful hats! Yes, but not to compete with the dress or the effect of the costume as a whole. Simple hats for elaborate dresses, or vice versa; there should be a relating of all the arts. From work of "In Central Park."
ONE YEAR AGO: Frank Sinatra started his own air show... Joan Blondell and Dick Powell came to parting of the ways, Joan went to Broadway to look for a play... Donald O’Connor married Gwen Carter... "Lifeboat" best picture of the month, with Tallulah Bankhead and John Hodiak... Capt. Clark Gable dating Kay Williams... Ronald Colman and Benita Hume infanticipating... Ida Lupino proudly displaying clipping of Louis Hayward’s action under fire in South Pacific... Veronica Lake and director Jean Negulesco a definite twosome... Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles perpetually denying rumors of an expected baby...

FIVE YEARS AGO: George Brent, squiring Bette Davis, swore he wouldn’t marry until 1943... Adrian designed zippered diapers for expected baby... Miriam Hopkins and Bruce Cabot an item... Cary Grant stopped dating Phyllis Brooks-in favor of Fay Wray... Ty Power and Anna-bella planning to tour the country in their new amphibious plane... Lew Ayres dating Greer Garson... Jane Wyman married Ronnie Reagan... "The Grapes of Wrath" best picture of the month, with Henry Fonda... After dating Marlene Dietrich, Jimmy Stewart took Olivia de Havilland to the premiere of “Gone With the Wind”... Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier started romance... Bill Powell married Diana Lewis... The child adopted by Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor was taken back by his parents... George Raft trying to divorce his wife with intention of marrying Norma Shearer... Alan Curtis in love with Sonja Henie... the Chaplin-Goddard marriage showed signs of going on the rocks... Lana Turner had eyes for no one but lawyer Greg Bautzer...

TEN YEARS AGO: Jean Harlow wearing white cellophane bathing suit in newly completed swimming pool... The first film version of “March of Time” was made... Bing betting on a horse named Bing Crosby—and it hadn’t paid yet... Cora Sue Collins, now married and estranged, was learning to read... Colleen Moore fulfilled ambition of completing a half-million dollar dollhouse (this came under the heading of a hobby)... Rumored that Jeanette MacDonald had married Robert Ritchie... Merle Oberon came to Hollywood from England to star in “Follies Bergere de Paris”... Mickey Rooney broke his leg on a toboggan ride, held up production of “Midsummer Night’s Dream”... Dick Bartholmess returned to screen after year’s absence... “Naughty Marietta” best picture of the month, with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald... Elizabeth Bergner took Hollywood by storm...
It's the Modernaires making with the sweet sounds at a recent Army show in New York.

It accent somewhere, which, to my way of thinking, detracts from her natural, free style... Helen Tolley Songs, who never needed any vocal tricks to be good, so I hope this is only a passing fancy with her.

The Modernaires has caught the sailing fever from his pal and arranger, Axel Stordahl, and together they have purchased a schooner... By the way, Frank Xmas gifted her Nancy with a gorgeous Baum-Marten fur jacket... And Charlie Spivak played Santa to the boys in his band with beautiful gold identification bracelets. Singer Irene Daye received a gold pin and earring set.

Perry Como told me a funny story about his nine-year-old son, Ronny. Mrs. Como took him to the Roxy Theatre in New York to see his father in "Something For The Boys." Ronny seemed to enjoy it until Perry did a love scene with Vivian Blaine, whereupon he shouted out in the quiet theatre, "Mother! Look! Why is Daddy kissing that lady?" Mrs. Como took him by the hand and made an embarrassed exit. Perry says it took a lot of explaining to convince Ronny it was all for the sake of the movie camera.

Georgia Gibbs has signed to do some records for Victor. She has had all sorts of offers for big things in radio, but the Jimmy Durante-Gary Moore show has her under exclusive contract... Movie scout have been trying to talk Ray Herbeek into giving up his band and becoming an actor. Ray is one of the more handsome batoniers, looking like a blond Ray Milland... 'The Trolley Song' is one of the few novelty hits you don't get tired of hearing. Here's hoping it gets the Academy Award for the best song written for a motion picture in 1944... One of the top girl jive singers is one girl who never needed any vocal tricks to be good, so I hope this is only a passing fancy with her.

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SEND COUPON TODAY
Your Problem and Mine (continued from page 43)

Dear Jane:

Although this may not seem like an important problem to you, it is very important to me and I would so like your advice.

I am eighteen and quite pretty, with good features and a good figure. However, the one blemish that I hate is a shadow of a mustache on my upper lip. This worries me nearly to death, and I have tried covering it up with make-up but it doesn’t help much. I have become so self-conscious about it that I hate to meet new people or go out with boys.

Please help me.

Josephine B.

Dear Josephine:

Are you sure your ideas are not exaggerated by your own close examination of your face in the mirror every night? Many people have a slight shadow on their upper lip, and it is easy to magnify the importance of such a thing in one’s own mind.

However, this is truly a serious handicap to you and can not be concealed by cosmetics, why not have a heart-to-heart talk with your family physician over the matter, and ask his advice. He may be able to help you, but I would certainly advise against taking matters so you must not do anything against your face and tampering with your face. Serious scars and blemishes can result from the wrong use of chemicals or drugs of any kind on tender skin. Remember this, and also try to think of the people, the occasion, or other impersonal views when you are with friends, and train your mind away from your own personal problems. Try this, and watch the results.

Your sincerely,

Jane Wyman

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For Easy Quick Treatment
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Nothing gives you such a feeling of glamour as lovely, silky lashes and bright eyes. Covellite lashes spotlight your eyes. Make them more appealing by the new easy LASHGLO method. All you do is pull LASHGLO gently along the edge of the lid with the brush end. Do this at the corners, then all along the lashes to reach the desired loveliness. FREE instructions and treatment complete with every supply, including Federal tax and postage, only $2.50 complete or $1.25 (C.O.D., no samples). If you get delighted, money back. (No C.O.D., outside of U. S.)

TALON LANE CO., Dept. 8-15

228 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 7, N. Y.
The Studio Club in Hollywood has long been a famous place. Starlets on small salaries have lived there for years, and many of the top stars of today are alumnae of the Club. An elevated theatrical boarding house you might call it—consisting of a fine old building and shaded lawns.

The house itself overlooked an empty lot adjoining the property. When war came, some of the girls decided to utilize the lot by starting a victory garden. But before anything was begun, somebody had a better idea. Hollywood was crowded—servicemen were having to sleep in hotel lobbies. If the men couldn't find a room on their furloughs, what about the girls in uniform?

So the Club members passed the hat among themselves, and issued an s.o.s. call to their studios, the U.S.O. and the Los Angeles Military Housing Committee. Within a few months, there was enough money to start construction.

Now the lot boasts a house surrounded by trees and flowers, and a colorful patio in the center. The dormitory can accommodate one hundred women of every rank and service.

Each room has pastel walls, a double decker bunk done in old rose and powder blue. There are pressing rooms, full length mirrors and private showers. There is a grill room in bright yellow, for breakfast and light snacks. The patio, equipped with comfortable garden furniture, is planted with a lawn and palm trees.

Service girls coming from all parts of the country are likely to find themselves greeted by Ann Richards, Donna Reed, Louise Allbritton, Barbara Britton or any number of starlets. The girls in uniform say that the Guest House is both a touch of glamour and a sure cure for homesickness.

As a matter of fact, the Studio Club members are slightly covetous of the homelike atmosphere and complete femininity of the Guest House. But they're proud, and feel they have done a good job.
Pays HOSPITAL and SURGICAL BILLS for Whole Family

Costs 3c a Day for Adults
Only 1 1/2c a Day for Children

It's here! The new Family Hospital and Surgical Expense Policy that’s wanted! One policy insures whole family—mother, father, children, anyone from 3 months to 65 years. No medical examination. Pays up to $100.00 doctor's fees for operations. Pays up to $50.00 for rooming, medicines, ambulance, etc. Covers sickness, accidents, operations, childbirth, female disorders and many other disabilities not covered by other policies.

You select your own doctor and hospital. This full-coverage Family Hospital and Surgical Policy issued DIRECT to you at special family rates by big, strong company with over $3,000,000.00 in assets. Investigate! Send no money, but mail the coupon below for full details—sent FREE. No agent will call on you. Act today!

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You will love PADDY and his growing hair

In millionaires' mansions and in cottage kitchens, you'll find the same charming boyish one hundred percent health and amusing novelty everyone loves. PADDY NOVELTY CO. Fill with water; spread special seeds; cover with manure; they will grow for months; can be planted again and again. Ideal for doll houses or rich sun gardens. A universal toy. Thousands buy PADDY for themselves, their children, or as gifts. Ideal gift for St. Patrick's Day—and every other day. Send samples with special seed and instructions. 51 cents, postpaid. Make your own garden once. Only 51c complete.

PADDY NOVELTY CO. 44 North Avenue Gottdad, Texas

(Continued from page 78)

Although I work at a defense plant here in town, and I like my job and the other girls in the plant, my big problem is getting up in the morning. When the alarm goes off at six, I just can't make myself get up, and so pretty soon it is nine and then it is too late to go to work.

That isn't every day, but after three or four days of getting to work right on time, then this happens one morning and boom! there goes my efficiency!

What would you suggest for this problem of mine?

Theresa McN.

Dear Theresa:

I am surprised that you could even write that letter to me without being thoroughly ashamed of yourself and your apparent negligence and laziness.

I am sure you know many of the boys in fox holes and trenches don't like getting up at six any better than you do, that is, if they have had the blessed opportunity of sleeping the night before. I am sure you have been a servant on a farm and a servantwoman in barracks enjoys reveille anymore than you do.

Blinded by your own selfishness, you are now in a lower order to you that the boys in fox holes and trenches don't like getting up at six any better than you do, that is, if they have had the blessed opportunity of sleeping the night before. I am sure you have been a servant on a farm and a servantwoman in barracks enjoys reveille anymore than you do.

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Dear Katherine:
I can understand your concern over your problem. However, if your conscience is clear, then you really have nothing to worry about, and should let your friends realize this fact. Rumors are a terrible thing, and often are started by some perfectly innocent but misunderstood incident or conversation; but they can become dangerous and damaging to your reputation.

In such a situation you must prove yourself a big person, bigger than the persons who carry rumors, and by your own innocence you can cause the rumors to die a quick death. This takes courage, and I am sure you have it.

Sincerely yours,
JANE WYMAN

Dear Jane:

My problem is a different kind, for it concerns ages.

I am twenty-one, and for the past ten months have been going steady with a boy who is not quite eighteen. I know this sounds awful young, but he really seems a lot older to me, and I like him far better than any of the older boys I have gone with.

Do you think it is unwise for me to keep going with him, with this difference in our ages?

Beverly T.

Dear Beverly:

In the first place, give this boy a chance to stand on his own two feet and mature, and then to choose you, instead of being the aggressor in this match. A matter such as this needs very careful consideration and thought, especially if you are seriously thinking of your relationship with a boy almost four years your junior.

Time is the best cure for your problem, for as you both mature, this age difference will either estrange you completely from each other, or disappear as an issue between you. Some people mature quicker than others, so my advice is for you to keep your relationship with him friendly rather than serious, for the time being, and give both yourself and him a chance to go with other people of your own ages, and see if this will change your feelings.

Yours,
Jane Wymans
(Continued from page 81) never be happy because everyone will always know the difference in our religions, and there will be nothing but unhappiness for us. Do you think this is true? Sincerely, Maria B.

Dear Maria: Your problem can easily be answered in one sentence: What are we fighting this war for, if not Tolerance? It is true that older people still cling to old-fashioned ideas, and perhaps your parents have been too much intolerance in their lives that they are only thinking of your happiness. However, marriage between two people of different religions, regardless of what kind, is a very common occurrence today, and certainly an accepted one. However, your problem lies within yourself and with your fiancé rather than with other people. For you should have a very serious understanding with him on this problem, both of you completely understanding each other, and then face the world as proudly and happily as any two people rightfully in love can.

Sincerely, Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman: My problem may sound trivial to you, but it has bothered me so much that I can’t sleep nights worrying about it. My husband, who is also eighteen, has taken to kidding me about his former girlfriend. Not just light kidding, you understand, but making fun of the way I wear my hair because Dottie used to wear hers a different way, and the way I dress because Marge used to dress another way, and so on and on until I think I am going to go mad. We have been married for two years, and both have been happy until he recently started all this, and I don’t know what to do about it.

Anne McK.

Dear Anne: I know this must annoy you, this habit of your husband’s, but why not dose yourself with a sense of humor about the whole thing? Instead of being hurt and annoyed when he talks of the way his old girl friends dressed or acted as though it off, and tell him that’s all well and good but THIS is the way Anne acts! Also, perhaps you would do well to take yourself in hand and see if you can make any self-improvements. Husbands have been known to use this semi-serious method to let their wives know they are not the well-groomed girl they used to be. Perhaps we could help, as well as a new sense of humor.

Yours, Jane Wyman

Dear Jane: I have been going with a married man for six months, and we both love each other very much. However, he does not trust me at all, and is always fighting with me because he is so jealous of me. He is twenty-five and quite a bit older than myself, and now he wants me to marry him. My problem is what to do—should I marry him because he has been so swell to me, even if I do not love him, or should I refuse him, knowing that I would not be happy and so I don’t see how I could make him happy? Please send me your answer or print it in the next issue of MOVIELAND if possible.

Bernice F.

Dear Bernice: In writing me of your problem, I believe you have inadvertently answered it yourself. I can not read your heart, but your solution seems to lie in that part of your letter where you state that you do not see how you can make this man happy when you will be unhappy if you marry him.

No successful marriage can be built on a beginning where any unhappiness is involved, and your own heart apparently speaks for you in this matter. Think this over carefully, and remember that it would not be fair to either of you to bring unhappiness into your marriage.

Yours, Jane Wyman

"DOUGHGIRLS VS. HOME GIRLS" CONTEST WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE—$500 War Bond Virginia Clark 172 Thompson St., Dept. 10 New York 12, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE—$100 War Bond Lieutenant B. "Spire" Fox U. S. Veterans Hospital Wadsworth, Kansas

THIRD PRIZE—$50 War Bond Robert S. Tillen Brundidge City School Brundidge, Alabama

FOURTH PRIZE—$25 War Bond Charity Abrams 110 West Erie Street Maquoketa, Iowa

FIFTH PRIZE—$25 War Bond Anna Rhea Shelton 320 East 3rd Street The Dalles, Oregon

SIXTH PRIZE—$25 War Bond Mrs. Sibyl G. Evans 400 East Abram Street Arlington, Texas

Space will not permit our printing the names of the 300 Seventh Prize winners of $1.00 War Stamps.

Today's Great Opportunity for Women . . . Expert Bookkeeping

Never, except during the first World War, has there been such a demand for women in bookkeeping. New plants, expanded factories, branch offices, shipyards—new regulatory agencies—mean more accountants, cost and statistical clerks, bookkeepers, record keepers, etc.

Women can fill the need splendidly. With short preparatory work, you can qualify for these thousands of good paying jobs in government or private industry. From these they can, if they wish, develop into government or private industry. From these they can, if they wish, develop into successful careers of their own.

Now, while you have the opportunity, apply for admission to one of the many Branches of LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, where the grooming is done in the field. A Correspondence Institution.

Today's Great Opportunity for Women

Since Using This New
11-Minute Home Shampoo

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny golden curls are gloriously lovely. That's why Blondex, the special shampoo that helps keep light hair from darkening and brunettes faded blonde hair, is so popular. Blondex makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes dinge, dust film that makes hair dark, old looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair attractively more lustre and highlights. Safe for children. At 10c, drug or department store.

Blondex

82
with the theatre left him cold, for to this day he can't remember the name of the opus. The mingled odor of ham and greasepaint that usually lures all prospective actors found Dane indifferent and tempt-proof. It wasn't until three years later that the acting bug really got through his then-thick skin.

The arty groupie he began taking up with (he still calls them "Bohemians") deserve some sort of kudos for their part in Dane's first stage role, no matter how left-handed their efforts might have been. One night Dane was cornered by an enthusiastic actor of the group, who inflicted on him his version of a role in a current Broadway hit. Then he invited comment.

Dane was polite. "It stank," he said. Now that actor is rare who can take criticism kindly, and this guy was just the ordinary run-of-the-mill ham.

"What do you know about acting?" he hissed.

"Only that if you're portraying a flesh-and-blood guy, you ought to talk and act like one," Dane said. "That's just common sense."

Five minutes later the group, having sided with the hamola, took up arms against Dane and challenged him to a bout with a producer, to show what he could do. Maybe it's anti-climactic to say Dane got a small part in a Broadway show because of this challenge. But facts are facts. He read his cues instead of his lines, but, by applying that common sense, he landed a small part with Van Hedfin in The Night Remembered.

"And I kept hoping," Dane says, "the critics would forget." This was the beginning that led to more plays and larger parts. But every actor has his day and more often than not, his layoffs, too. It was during one of these periods of hunger that Dane tried radio. "But if I'd been an insurance salesman," Dane remembers, "I couldn't have had a sweeter brush-off."

Because he was interested in other whoodunits, and because this brush-off role was another challenge to him, Dane conceived the idea of giving radio Dane Clark in sugar-coated ham. He wrote four or five air thrillers and into each he wedged half a dozen parts that Dane Clark could play with his hands tied behind his back. When he sold his first play he automatically sold his services as an actor, and from then on he was "in." He emoted in mysteries and soap operas and straight drama spots and he found himself with an occasional steak instead of the old solid, unsatisfactory piece of ham-and. He kept plugging at radio until he was writing, directing and acting in his own air show. Then he went back to Broadway.

"Look," says Dane quickly, "this is not the recommended way of breaking into radio. It's just the way I do things—the hard way!"

A few more Broadway plays under his belt and he found himself wanting new fields to conquer. Hollywood offered a challenge, and he threw his carpet bag into a second hand jalopy...
and headed west, changing the tires every thousand miles.

A few months of kicking around the cinema capital with just a handful of walk-on parts didn't do much for Clark's morale. He learned to be patient and wait for his break, knowing that it would come in due time.

At Warner Bros., he played a hunch and walked into an office held by the casting director of the day before the receptionist. He felt like a fool, stating his chances on a dark horse, but he went in anyway.

When he emerged, he was tripping over his own confidence, crinkled comfortably in his coat pocket. Jerry Wald, producer of "Action in the North Atlantic," had taken a gander at the Clark delivery, and had signed him on the spot.

Dane got through that picture only because it was another challenge. He quickly went into "Destination Tokyo," with such cinematic vets as Cary Grant, John Garfield and Alan Hale.

"I'm sunk," he moaned. "I can't compete with those guys. And I've never done anything in my life!"

How wrong can a guy be? Today Dane's still shaking his head over it.

"Gosh," he says. The studio bosses have a real advantage when they're doing this. They insisted I do comedy, even when I told them I specialized in dramatic stuff. But they were right."

After Dane's performance as a loveable comic in "The Very Thought of You," his name was removed from the supporting players credits and he was given equal billing with star Dennis Morgan.

He's starred in "Hollywood Canteen," too, and has just been handed a contract. He has it in the bag. Dane is the ultimate personality guy in town.

He has a whirr of humor that he's really doing. They insisted I do comedy, even when I told them I specialized in dramatic stuff. But they were right."

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learn about my craft. I can do drama and comedy. I enjoy writing plays, and I'm working on a screen play right now. But that isn't enough. Next year I plan to go to classes in stage direction at UCLA. I feel that only when you know everything about your profession, can you do a real job of being a success. And that's what I'm working toward."

But don't let him kid you. He doesn't work all the time. He reads till two every morning. And if you happen to catch a glimpse of him some time sporting under-orb circles, blame it on Mocambo. He avoids night clubs because he doesn't need external stimulation. He plays squash incessantly. Mainly for fun, but partly because he has to work at keeping his weight down. Right now he's on a buttermilk-soft-boiled-egg-sliced-tomato-melba-tost-diet.

Dane likes Hollywood and he likes the people in it. Most of them are the same ways. They look you in the eye when they talk to you, and they give you a good, firm handshake. People like that are okay. I don't care what their stories are told about the sincerity of this town. I have found it warm and human. I'm glad I'm living here with people like John Garfield and Keenan Wynn and Gene Kelly.

These men are his best friends. You might know it. Nobody else can keep up with Dane's rivet-gun delivery, his constant stream of yatta-ta.

Dane likes to tell this story about himself and two other glamour boys. "I got a call from Johnny Garfield one night," he says. "He was lonely and blue. He's his wife, Robbie, was in New York. 'Take a walk and meet me at Schwab's,' Johnny said."

Schwab's, gentle reader, is the film colony's general store—a pharmacy holding court at a very busy intersection in Hollywood.

"I walked down to the corner and met Gene Kelly. And Gene Kelly came along. He looked kind of beat. 'My wife's in New York,' he said. 'I don't know what to do with myself.'"

We stood on the corner for a while and just talked. Then we had a coke and decided to call all our friends and see who was in and receiving. We waited in line to use the phone, but none of us had any luck. So we just stood some more. Pretty soon a girl in an open car stalled right in front of us, and we pushed her all over town, until we found a gas station. She never knew who we were.

"When we got back to our stand at the corner a couple of soldiers spotted us, and before we knew it we were putting on a show for them on the spot. And the audience got up into the hundreds—most of it made up of G. I.'s—and then a cop came and broke up the crowd for obstructing traffic."

Then there was the time a woman walked up and slapped his face because he wouldn't speak to her. "She just seemed a picture, Dane says, and she thought she'd met me somewhere before. There was no answer to that one."

But there is an answer to Dane's screen career. Unless he gets prematurely gray from that daily worry-whirl, he's going to be way up on top of the ladder before you can say Bernice Zanville.

THE END
DOROTHY MCGUIRE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

taken with the man. And so, on July 18, 1943, Dorothy and John Swope were married.

A year later, when the Swopes celebrated their first anniversary, a friend asked, "How long did you know one another before you were married?"

"I haven't," Dorothy hesitated. "It was in a cab." Of a lass that I'm married to," she said with a mischievous smile.

"Only about five months!"

"Good heavens—that seems to be a socially acceptable time, almost a conservative waiting period in Hollywood," the questioner observed.

"Mickey Rooney only knew his present wife a week before they were married."

Dorothy considered this solemnly. "But Mickey is so much shorter than I am," she pointed out.

"This example of size logic is typical of Dorothy McGuire and constitutes one of her chief charms. Her sense of humor is piquant, whimsical, and naive. So is the rest of her personality."

She is that rare a visage, a dramatic natural. When she was 13, she marched down to the Omaha (Nebraska) Community Playhouse to try out for "For Cinderella." The Omaha enterprise was one of the few remaining stock companies; this particular play was to be distinguished by the performance of none other than the Omaha Alumni members who had made good on Broadway, Henry Fonda.

Dorothy promptly developed a kingsize crush on her leading man, a state marked by starved-eyed breathlessness and an inclination to help her mother out after rehearsal by angrily putting the sugar bowl in the ice box and the butter in the linen closet.

On opening night, Mr. Fonda sent his pixie-ish leading lady a bouquet with the red ribbon tied around it, "...with his amazing romantic mind—David." It was a line from the play, and David was the name of the character played by Henry Fonda—but Dorothy lived on that sentence for years.

Her reviews were blaring battalions of words, marching like beflagged trumpets across America's drama pages. They read with them a redolent ring and "...with his amazing romantic mind—David." It was a line from the play, and David was the name of the character played by Henry Fonda—but Dorothy lived on that sentence for years.

Her reviews were blaring battalions of words, marching like beflagged trumpets across America's drama pages. They read with them a redolent ring and a feeling of unreality. As far as she was concerned, the fanfare belonged to a strange girl. Dorothy's father, Dr. Walter Frank, wrote: "...this viewpoint told her kindly, "Don't take this praise too seriously. You have a lot of studying to do and a lot of experience to endure before you can be a real actress. Just remember that critics are always nice to children."

After finishing grammar school in Omaha, Dorothy attended the convent by the St. Louis Commercial College and then Pine Manor in Wellesley, Massachusetts, for two years. By that time she had concluded that she had acquired enough academic knowledge and she turned to the practical side of building a career.

In stead of going to a dramatic school, or getting herself an agent, or doing any of the ordinary circuis- ing things a novice Thespian is likely to do, Dorothy scraped her saddle oxfords up and down Broadway in simple search of a job. She had heard

Now She Shops
"Cash And Carry"

GAIN WEIGHT!

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be that they are too thin or too small.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day. When a disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatism, painless, legs, loss of pep, and energy, getting up eyes, swelling, pulldowns under the eyes, headaches and之城s. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes allow the kidneys to become poisoned with your kidneys or bladder.

Dorothy lived on that sentence for years. She is that rare a visage, a dramatic natural. When she was 13, she marched down to the Omaha (Nebraska) Community Playhouse to try out for "For Cinderella." The Omaha enterprise was one of the few remaining stock companies; this particular play was to be distinguished by the performance of none other than the Omaha Alumni members who had made good on Broadway, Henry Fonda.

Dorothy promptly developed a kingsize crush on her leading man, a state marked by starved-eyed breathlessness and an inclination to help her mother out after rehearsal by angrily putting the sugar bowl in the ice box and the butter in the linen closet.

On opening night, Mr. Fonda sent his pixie-ish leading lady a bouquet with the red ribbon tied around it, "...with his amazing romantic mind—David." It was a line from the play, and David was the name of the character played by Henry Fonda—but Dorothy lived on that sentence for years. Her reviews were blaring battalions of words, marching like beflagged trumpets across America's drama pages. They read with them a redolent ring and..."
that Jed Harris was one of the best producers on Broadway, so she saw no reason for directing her talents toward a lesser mark. So we submitted to see Mr. Harris, who—with the true flair of a born theatrical man—sensed the insouciant McGuire personality. He reasoned that a girl with so much presence had obviously enacted several Broadway parts. Her voice, her tiptilted face, her easy calm bespoke the professional. "I've seen you before. Where?" he asked to speed the interview.

"I've been in lots of school plays," explained Miss McGuire helpfully.

Somewhat staggered, Mr. Harris gave Dorothy a script to read.

She clutched it as a radio heroine hangs on to her horrors, and started to read.

"Just a minute," interrupted Mr. Harris. "My hearing is perfect. Don't scream your lines.

That did it. Dorothy dropped the script and ran.

A few days later she tried out for a play entitled "Bachelor Born," and amazingly enough, won a part—the only American in all—British cast. Somehow she had managed to submerge her midwest accent under a sub-layer of stage English and a top layer of quickly acquired Oxford accent. It was rugged going. Each day she rehearsed, and each night she rehearsed.

Flopping up and down before a mirror, listening with critical ear to her lines, she was overcome with apprehension. She cried. Then she fell asleep exhausted, only to awaken a few hours later to start the crying all over again. After a week of this she had a case of shivers to make a quaking aspen shed its leaves in envy.

The director drew her aside, explained kindly that she would be happier in some other part in some other theatre. Curtain.

After that she secured several small parts in plays that expired after their Broadway opening nights, then she tried out for "The Time of Our Town," but she needed a bit of seasoning. "Go and get yourself ready. "

"Liberty Jones." She clutched it as a radio heroine, and each night she rehearsed, and each night she rehearsed.

As that play neared the end of its run, Dorothy read a new play that enchanted her—"Liberty Jones." When she tried out she was told that she needed a bit of seasoning. "Go on the road," she was advised. So she took up a part that year she did not enjoy at all. She wanted to succeed in at least one profession. She wanted to succeed in at least one profession. She wanted to succeed in at least one profession.

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bicycle. Dorothy made arrangements to park her transportation in the theatre.

Early the next morning she determined upon an excursion. She had heard, all her adult life, of Bullock's-Wilshire—probably one of the most beautiful sights on earth. She wanted to visit it, so she set out on her bicycle. She pedaled down to Wilshire Boulevard from the Biltmore (two and a half blocks), then blithely searched for the most convenient place to park her bicycle. This is one of the busiest traffic arteries in Southern California, and it is traveled by motorists who are inclined to drive slowly past, smilingly at Dorothy, looking at her fixedly to discover whether this is a press agent's gag or whether she really means it. The sun beat down, the hills lifted up, the miles stretched out farther than the necks of the curious. But Miss McGuire, establishing some sort of an unrecorded, finally reached her goal. She was too busy to wander through the acres and acres of splendid bazaars stretching out in all directions from her weary eyes.

No matter what she had seen that day, it is doubted that Dorothy's taste in clothes would have been much altered. As one might presume, having heard about her wedding dress, Dorothy's is an unique clothes sense. At present, her dress loves boys, but boys love to be worn at informal gatherings in her own home on Sunday nights. One consists of a red wool skirt, long, wound with a chiffon scarf, and an Indian belt. The other is a black velvet skirt worn with a yarn decorated sweater. She has been known to show up at Romanoff's in black suede sneakers, a brown wool skirt, and a yellow sweater. The "outfits I design myself," she told a friend laughingly, "should only be worn among those who know and love me."

Those who know and love Dorothy McGuire would arise as one knife and cut the heart out of anyone who dared criticize anything about Dorothy, from her voice to the delivery of a line. The reason for this intense loyalty is simple: Dorothy herself is one of the most unchangingly loyal girls on earth. She has never forgotten a single character who ever worked in a play with her, and that goes for the small character who passed through the last scene of the first act, crying "Fish For Sale." Wherever she goes, a crowd gathers. An admiring crowd that makes its own conversation, but listens with one ear always angled toward Dorothy, who is likely to bring forth a good crack.

Lately she has been telling the letters she has received from her husband's nephew, who has never met his glamorous aunt-by-marriage. He wrote at one time, "I saw you in a single person who has ever worked for the service of his country! Made of cellulose, in rich red, white and blue colors, with a gorgeous golden fringe, and attractively twisted cord for hanging.

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SUNDAY TIMES, June 15, 1930
He must Choose Between Honor and Love

THE young and handsome officer of the Royal Navy loved beautiful, blue-eyed, laughing Marguerite, but because of a foolish mistake, iron-willed, dominating, possessive Marianne travelled half-way around the world to marry him! Should he send her back, or should honor prevail?

In a second he decided—and lived a secret lie for years. Haunted, tortured, still loving the girl he left behind, he fought against circumstances that would have crushed a less stalwart soul. But what of the wife who didn't know? And the sweetheart across the seas?

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Learn about Hair-dos

FROM THE GIRLS WHO KNOW!

Lisa Fonssacreves... glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"... shows you (above) her lovely new evening hair-do for spring! The adorable hair-do gadget is just wired ribbon, bent into shape, then covered with flowers. Your milliner can do it! The shining smoothness of Lisa's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which she always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Lisa adores hair-do gadgets! But says, "make sure that they, and your hair-do, too, match the mood of your clothes!" Every hair in place is her first rule for a smart hair-do. And, says Lisa, "for shining-smooth, manageable hair there's no shampoo like Drene with Hair Conditioner!"
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No wonder most women simply won’t be satisfied with any other brand!

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Ho-hum! We've got spring fever! And a column to write!

But this month we're lucky. America's most illustrious columnists are right on tap to do our job for us!

Walter Winchell, for instance! Walter is the nation's No. 1 radio reporter. This is what he has to say about M-G-M's newest Technicolor hit:

"NATIONAL VELVET will be hard to match all year long for the tops in entertainment!"

And our very good friend, "Lolly"—Louella Parsons, the nationally known Hollywood columnist. For her money, "NATIONAL VELVET is tops in entertainment!"

Then there's that distinguished duo, Bosley Crowther of the "New York Times" and Howard Barnes of the "New York Herald Tribune", who tell you they have both selected NATIONAL VELVET as "one of the ten best pictures of the year!"

And that's not all! We've got millions of 'em! We mean those other well-qualified critics—the people who braved rain and sleet and snow (some of them standing on lines four blocks long) to smash all box-office records at Radio City Music Hall, the world's largest theatre!

And just for your record, NATIONAL VELVET is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture in Technicolor, based on Enid Bagnold's novel. Mickey Rooney is the star, supported by Donald Crisp, Elizabeth Taylor and Anne Revere. Other roles are portrayed by Angela Lansbury, Jackie Jenkins, and Arthur Treacher. A Clarence Brown production, the picture was directed by Clarence Brown and produced by Pandro S. Berman. Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch wrote the screen play.

Yes, sir, we have a hit on our hands! It looks as though March will come in like a lion—as usual, an M-G-M lion!

-P.S.—Keep your eyes open for "Keep Your Powder Dry!" Yes, and another picture you'll want to see is "The Picture of Dorian Gray!"
Remember "The Women", that film of the battling, wise-cracking dames? Well, here's the topper! A story of one who played around with the playboys, another who went for those dashing Army men, and a third who lived only for love, until...? It's an M-G-M picture: intimate, revealing and intriguing!

Keep Your Powder Dry

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE with
AGNES MOOREHEAD • BILL JOHNSON • NATALIE SCHAFER • LEE PATRICK • JESS BARKER • JUNE LOCKHART
Original Screen Play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. and George Bruce • Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL • Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT
JUNIOR JIVE:
Two of the happiest people in Hollywood at present are pretty, vivacious Tess Bendix and that sterling actor to whom she is married, William. If an innocent bystander stands by for more than 20 seconds with either of them nowadays, he will hear paens of praise for the new Bendix daughter, Stephanie. She was flown, a gurgling infant, to Los Angeles to be adopted by the Bendix family, and she is now, and we quote, "The prettiest, smartest, cutest, best behaved . . ." If this gives you the idea that Bill, Tess, and Lorraine (their 15-year-old daughter) approve of the new addition—you're hep.

Elyse Knox and Lt. Tommy Harmon have announced that their junior is due in July. Paulette Goddard is slowly recovering from the heartbreaking disappointment of losing her child.

Mystery story: She was young, pretty, blonde and sparkling-eyed. She entered the infants' section of an exclusive Hollywood shop and placed an extensive order. Puzzle is—was she ordering the beginnings of a layette for herself, or as she laughingly announced later, for a friend? The girl in the case was Faye Emerson Roosevelt.

THE UNINVITED:
Earnestly desiring that her wedding should be the dignified, solemn event that every girl dreams of, instead of the mad carnival that a movie church wedding causes among fans, Veronica Lake gladly accepted the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gardner to have the ceremony performed at their home. It is a beautiful house, facing gracious lawns and protected by grilled iron gates, entrance through which was regulated by a police guard.

Veronica supplied the officers with her entire guest list and only those persons enumerated thereon were admitted. All was orderly; all was peaceful. Then a perplexed officer came running up the driveway, begged to talk to Miss Lake, said that an irate gentleman named Judge Charles Griffin was at the gate, excluded and pretty irked about it. Veronica clapped a hand to her forehead, remembered that he was to perform the marriage ceremony, and asked that he be shown every courtesy, including an apology.

A few moments later the same officer returned, something homicidal in the depths of his eyes. "And now," he announced, "there is a guy down there who keeps laughing fit to split his sides. Says his name is Andre de Toth and that the wedding can't even start until he gets here because he's the groom. How about that?"

A blushing bride admitted that the other name she had omitted from her guest list was that of her intended husband. Excuse it, please.

MATRON:
Cutest pair of newlyweds in town is Dick Crain and Kay Morley, who announced—during the Christmas holidays—that they had been secretly sealed since November 14. Theirs was no spontaneous grande passion, breaking into tumult after two days, as they had gone together steadily for 18 months. They had grown to know one another very well; understood one another's viewpoints, and thoroughly respected one another's ambitions. Yet, like all newlyweds, they continued to check one another in an effort to maintain the perfection of their happiness.

"There's one thing," said Dick one night, "that I think we should discuss. It's that black satin dress of yours. The one with the deep V neck and the slinky body lines. It was all right for you to wear before you were married, but now that you are a matron I think it is a little too sensational and revealing. I think you should give it away."

She did.

RIFTINGS:
Martha O'Driscoll filed suit for divorce against Commander Richard D. Adams, although she was well aware of the fact that the case cannot be resolved without her husband's consent, an agreement that he was reluctant to give. Those who know Miss O'Driscoll and her husband believe that this is another of those difficult situations brought about by the clash of careers. It is pretty tough for a senior naval officer to maintain his prescribed Navy aloofness, yet to be photographed with his beautiful wife at the Post-wedding party, given by a Hollywood bistro for Veronica Lake and Andre de Toth.
A PICTURE WITH A HEART AS Big AS TODAY'S GOLDEN WEST!

Heed the call to adventure great and thrilling! All the sweep and power of "My Friend Flicka"...more rousing...more compelling!

Mary O'Hara's
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THUNDERHEAD
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You Get MUCH LITTLE

night clubs where she must appear in order to further her career. It is also difficult for a non-professional person to understand the eagerness of a studio to have one of its younger stars be seen, properly escorted, about town. One of Martha's escorts has been easy-going, genuine, likeable Robert Walker—a fact that has been publicized by columnists. That Martha's dates were entirely friendly, comradely affairs might be regarded by a doting husband as fact—but he still might not like it. Perhaps, when Martha returns from her overseas U.S.O. tour, this rift will be patched up.

The spontaneous combustion marriage by airplane has long been an accepted modus operandi in Hollywood, but lissome Donna Reed (remember her in "The Human Comedy") recently reversed the procedure by flying to Juarez to obtain a divorce from William Tuttle, the make-up man she married January 30, 1943.

EMERGENCY

John Dali, whom you will see opposite Bette Davis in "The Corn Is Green," has just been made a star at Warners. To commemorate the event, he was briefering friends on his rocky road to recognition.

When he first came west from New York he secured what he considered to be a most attractive house and settled down to await a call from Warners, putting him to work. After he had moved in, he learned that the three previous owners had (1) been killed in a plane crash; (2) been murdered; (3) committed suicide.

People said commiseratingly, "John, you'll never have good luck as long as you live in that hoodooed home. Find another place to live." Haha. Try to find a vacant house, apartment, sty, or piano box. So John continued to live with other persons' memories, and wonder if he had become merely that to Warner Brothers.

Mr. Dali, dry-throated, said he would. He took a bus, a streetcar, and a taxi. He arrived at the prescribed office disheveled and breathless, but he had made it in record time. The secretary beamed on him. "How prompt you are," she applauded. "I just wanted to give you an Identification Card. It will allow you to enter the lot through the motor gate whenever you wish."

HELP:

The doctor explained to June Allyson that this particular boy, in the ward she was intending to visit, had lost an arm and a leg in the South Pacific. He was a sensitive man, his spirit as seriously wounded as his body. "No one has been able to get him to talk, much less to smile," the doctor said. "It would help us to rehabilitate him if he would only cooperate by showing some interest."

So June, making no point of it, but coming to the boy naturally as she made her rounds of the beds, knelt beside him so that her eyes were on a level with his. He stared at her for a second, then turned his head toward the opposite wall.

June didn't move. The minutes ticked away. Two, three, four, five. Slowly the boy's head inched back. "Why are you bothering with me?" he demanded in a furious whisper. "What do you want here?"

June glanced quickly over her shoulder, then whispered in reply, "To tell you the news."

Movie actor John Howard, absent from the screen since '42 and now a Lt. in the Navy, dines in New York with actress Margaret Hayes, at Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club.
A man searches the skies ... and finds faith! Faith in a woman's love, and the laughter of children—in the steel-spitting guns of a shark-jawed P-40—in the Comrade-in-Arms who flew beside him through fear and flak into high adventure!

WARNER BROS.
proudly add to such current successes as "Hollywood Canteen", "To Have And Have Not" and "Objective Burma" a picture that ranks with our all-time greatest, from the all-exciting, best-selling book by Col. ROBERT LEE SCOTT, Jr.

with

DENNIS MORGAN · DANE CLARK
RAYMOND MASSEY · ALAN HALE
ANDREA KING · JOHN RIDGELY
Directed by Robert Florey
Screen Play by Peter Milne & Abem Finkel · Music by Franz Waxman
Be honest, now!

Be honest, now! Have you ever really investigated Tampax? Have you discussed it with women who are using it? Have you asked about Tampax at drug stores or notions counters? Do you understand the principle of internal absorption for monthly sanitary protection?

Tampax has grown to be an important name in feminine circles and to avoid confusion we want to give a clear, concise statement concerning it. Invented by a doctor, Tampax is worn internally. It is specially designed for this purpose—made of pure surgical cotton compressed and firmly stitched. It comes in neat applicators for dainty insertion—your hands need not even touch the Tampax. When in place the Tampax is "conforming" in shape—wearer cannot feel it.

No belts, pins or external pads. No bulges or ridges caused in clothing. No odor, no chafing. Quick to change. Easy disposal. Sold at drug and notions counters in 3 sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's supply will go into purse. Economy Box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

FURTHER VITAL STATISTICS

Amalgamations:
Alexander Knox (the celebrated "Wilson") and Doris Nolan delighted their friends by marrying. This story may be apochryphal, but it is worth repeating: seems that a wag wired the newlyweds, in defiance to the anti-congratulation edict of Western Union, "I have always approved your merger. Glad to see it become official and final." To which the new wife of Alexander answered, "Smart girl recognizes Opportunity when it knocks."

Leslie Brooks recently married Donald Shay, who was honorably discharged from the Marine Corps after serving two rugged years in the South Pacific. Leslie, her aunt and her cousin have made up one of the happiest families in Hollywood, so someone suggested that the trio would now be separated. "Nope," said Leslie. "Our trio needed a baritone, so I inducted one."

Joyce (Janie) Reynolds had to come to Hollywood to meet a man from Houston, one Lt. Robert Lewis. When they met, about a year ago, the first thing Joyce said to the marine lieutenant was, "Aren't you from the south somewhere?" Bob said he was from Houston, and mentioned his address. "My laaand," said Joyce in her best Texas drawl, "you and I grew up practically as neighbors!" That did it. They spent that evening, and dozens of others, talking about horses, bluebonnets, Taixus in general, and the people they knew in common. By the time Bob went overseas, he and Joyce hadn't exactly announced their conclusion that there must be something cosmic in two Texans meeting, so far from home, but the belief was deep in their eyes. An exchange of pictures and constant letters strengthened the belief. So—it was a double ring ceremony at the fern-draped Westwood Community Church.

* * *

GIGGLE

When Gig Young crossed the Equator for the first time, his shipmates, who had on some previous voyage become Shellbacks, gave him a thorough initiation, one phase of which included the shaving of his head. By the time he returned to Hollywood in January, his hair had grown about an inch over his entire head, giving him a strong resemblance to that terra-cotta Paddy that, when planted to grass, fetches forth a green thatch.

He hastened out to Warners' for a visit (Continued on page 76)
PICTURES IN PRODUCTION

AT COLUMBIA:

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS in Technicolor is now in its second month of shooting. If you have seen "A Song To Remember," Cornel Wilde's first starring vehicle, you will be destroying your more valuable fingernails to see his work in this new picture. Evelyn Keyes, Adele Jergens, and Gus Schilling are also in the cast.

THE FIGHTING GUARDSMAN is also in its second month of production with John Loder, Willard Parker, Ted Donaldson (Have you seen him in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn?"), and Anita Louise.

TEN CENTS A DANCE is just what the title indicates—the story of a hostess whose fox trot is her fortune—with Jane Frazee, Jimmy Lloyd and John Calvert.

OVER 21 is the picture in which Alexander ("Wilson") Knox was working when he married Doris Nolan. Irene Dunne is his love interest in the picture; Charles Coburn and Jeff Donnell are in full charge of the comedy department. Those who have seen Knox as Wilson and think of him as a sedate, middle-aged man are in for a delightful surprise when they find Alex to be a pin-up boy.

KISS AND TELL is that picture you will see widely publicized by the fact that, in it, Shirley Temple gets her first kiss (it says here in small type.) This flicker is being made from a slightly-revamped stage script involving Walter Abel, Katherine Alexander and Darryl Hickman.

BOSTON BLACKIE BOOKED ON SUSPICION is another in the Chester Morris series. If you want to hear a man hailed by a million friends, you should drop into Romanoff's some late afternoon when Chester Morris also appears. What an ovation!

AT UNITED ARTISTS:

GUEST WIFE is still being shot under that label although everyone thinks it will be changed, which would be a pity. Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, Dick Foran and Charles Dingle are having the time of their lives making the picture. Don and Dick repeatedly gang up on Colbert to rib her. Last instance was criticizing the handsomely tailored gray slacks she wears to and from the studio. Boys vented criticism that they knew a tailor who would do much better by her. After about an hour's buildup, they said with a sigh, "Of course, this man charges $350.00 per garment for his work." Miss Colbert is working on a fitting reprisal.

PARIS—UNDERGROUND is the dramatization of Etta Shiber's Book Of The Month Club novel, which you probably read. Constance Bennett, Gracie Fields, Kurt Krueger are the principals.

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE is another whodunit with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward (his first picture since he received his medical discharge from the Marine Corps), Sir C. Aubrey Smith, Judith Anderson, and Mischa Auer. Don't miss this one. It will also be marked as "Ten Little Indians."

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus Tax
(Also 59¢ size)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID
MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT
to a swoonful hair-do when you have no spare time or spare funds for beauty shops... It's easy to twist your ends into flat curls, fasten them with Bob Pins. But be sure to use DeLong Bob Pins because they have a Stronger Grip, clamping each curl in place so firmly that you need only one Bob Pin per curl... When you're dried, combed-out and captivating, a DeLong Bob Pin or two will keep your handiwork intact. They're made for wear and tear and your social security...

**Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out**

**DeLong**

**Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years**

BOB PINS  HAIR PINS  SAFETY PINS  SNAP FASTENERS  STRAIGHT PINS  HOOKS & EYES  HOOK & EYE TAPES  SANITARY BELTS

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**MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE**

**ACROSS**

1. Robt. Hutton in "Hollywood Canteen"
2. You can hear "Don't - - - Me In" in "Hollywood Canteen"
3. "Larchmont" in "One Body Too Many"
4. Susanna sings it in "The Climax" (anagram)
5. Pertaining to birds
6. - - - - O'Brien-Moore
7. John Philliber is a - - - sighted doctor in "Three is a Family"
8. "The Impatient - - - -"
9. Presently
10. Dull-witted person
11. Latest screen offering (abbr.)
12. "Anne" in "Together Again"
13. "Allida" in "Experiment Perilous"
14. "Mr. Vant" in "And Now Tomorrow"
15. Exclamation
16. "Dr. Vant" in "And Now Tomorrow"
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71. "Dr. Vant" in "And Now Tomorrow"

**DOWN**

1. Merle in "A Song to Remember"
2. Stead
3. Persia
4. "Mike Frame" in "Tomorrow"
5. "Frances" in "Three is a Family"
6. Anne Baxter in "Guest in the House"
7. Dutch E. Indies island
8. Deanna in "Can't Help Singing"
9. Alphabetical symbols
10. Sonny Tufts in "I Love a Soldier"
11. "Patricia" in "The Mark of the Whistler"
12. "Pinky" in "Winged Victory"
13. "Mrs. Brown" in "National Velvet"
14. Weird
15. "Lee Nugent" in "The Mark of the Whistler"
16. "Julie" in "Carolina Blues"
17. "Howard Clinton" in "An American Romance"
18. Jeanne in "Winged Victory"
19. "Patricia" in "The Mark of the Whistler"
20. "Aunt Martha" in "Guest in the House"
21. "Men on - - - Mind"
22. "Mike", "in "Music for Millions"
23. "Toni", "in "The Seventh Cross"
24. "Pinky" in "Winged Victory"
25. "Mike", in "Music for Millions"
26. "M. G. M. trade-mark"
27. "Mrs. Brown", in "National Velvet"
28. "Biff Koraski" in "Abroad With Two Yanks"
29. "Fay" in "The Heat's On"
30. "Nora" in "Wintertime"
31. "Natalia" in "The Doughgirls"
32. "Edward Rochester" in "Jane Eyre"
33. "Louisiana Hay"
34. "Allida" in "Experiment Perilous"
35. "Mary" in "Ever Since Venus"
36. "M. G. M. trade-mark"
37. "Edward Rochester" in "Jane Eyre"
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(For Solution See Page 83)
FORGET THAT
LOOK IN
HER EYES...

SHE'S GOT MURDER
IN HER HEART!

Meet the year's biggest movie surprise... Dick Powell playing a new kind of role... in a murder-mystery that's rough, tough and terrific!

Dick POWELL
Claire TREVOR • Anne SHIRLEY

"Murder, My Sweet"

with
OTTO KRUGER • MIKE MAZURKI • MILES MANDER
DOUGLAS WALTON • DON DOUGLAS

Produced by Adrian Scott • Directed by Edward Dmytryk
Screen Play by John Paxton
Add a touch of the great open spaces to your wardrobe! Wear this typically Western Shirt and Slacks for sports anywhere! "Rancherette" is authentically, gay, sports outfit—in an array of rich Western colors—Gold with Brown; Red with Navy; Kelly with Brown; Aqua with Brown. Sizes 12 14 16 18. Prompt Delivery!

The Shirt — $7.95 plus postage
The Slacks — $5.95 plus postage

Ranch Togs of Hollywood
6272 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood 28, Calif.

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE (RKO-Radio), a remake of the movie that originally starred Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy, in 1924; taken from a play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, written at the suggestion of the British government to provide entertainment with a morale lift for England's returned soldiers. (The play was produced first in London, in 1922, and again a year later, on Broadway, with Katharine Cornell.) The story is essentially the same in the new version, except that the time has been advanced to the present, and the locale is switched from England to Mass.

Robert Young plays the Oliver Bradford role—a soldier returned from the war, wrecked in body and spirit. Dorothy McGuire is Laura Pennington, a poor plain girl made beautiful by the miracle of her love for Bradford, which blooms in the Enchanted Cottage. Herbert Marshall is the blind pianist-composer, John Hillgrove, who tells this strangest love story in a tone poem the Enchanted Cottage couple inspired; Hillary Brooks, the fiancée left waiting for Bradford when he went off to the war. And add Mildred Natwick, Spring Byington, Richard Gaines and promising newcomer Alec Englander to that cast-as-mentioned, and as collected by Producer Harriet Parsons. There are no war scenes, no speeches or preachments about rehabilitating returned warriors—but it's all there, and vividly, "present-day real."

THE FIGHTING LADY (20th Century-Fox) is the magnificent documentary record, in technicolor, of "Our Navy" aboard an aircraft carrier. Here is our war in the Pacific. These are actual battle pictures of the historic engagements off Marcus, Kwajalein, Truk, Guam, Saipan, Tinian, etc. Not only do we see burning planes land precariously on "The Fighting Lady's" deck, but we get a complete picture of life below decks—the butcher, the baker, and the shoemaker are shown doing "their jobs," all hands joining to keep their ship ready for action against the enemy. Contributing to a "creditable" job are Lt. (J.G.) Robert Taylor, narrator, Commander Edward J. Steichen, in charge of the photography, and the unnamed 3,000 boys who fly, fight and make their home on "The Fighting Lady."

THE LIVING TRUTH (20th Century-Fox) is the story of lovely Helen Carter (Lynn Merrick) who's trying to get to Washington, D. C. to keep a date-to-get-married. Sharing and sometimes causing her problems in making the trip—we all know by now that it's no joke, the advice that warns "Don't Travel Unless Necessary"—is her ten-year old nephew (Ted Donaldson). And the Guy (Ross Hunter) is a Marine hero, enroute to collect a medal from the President. We say it's sentimental stuff, solid on the adventure plan, and good fun.

THE FIGHTING LADY (Warner Bros.) is the story of lovely Helen Carter in Heaven! Imagine Guy Kibbee, as Chief of Small Planet Management, designating Angel Benny to destroy Earth by one toot of his horn. Imagine Alexis Smith, a lady angel with a crush on Jack. Then imagine the Hotel Universe on Earth, where Jack goes to blow his horn, but is deterred by Fallen Angels John Alexander and Allyn Joslyn.

When no horn-blowing is forthcoming, Jack's angel love comes to Earth to find out what happened, and when she doesn't return the Chief descends to find her. Throw all these wacky whimsicalities into Heaven and Earth, and it'll come out—well yes, just imagine!
MOLLY AND ME (20th Century-Fox) —Gracie (Pride of England) Fields and Monty (the Beard) Woolley are together again—which is what a lot of fans have been very much wanting, after the pair scored such a hit teamed in “Holy Matrimony.”

As Molly Barry, Gracie is an actress out of a job and anxious to eat. She invades the home of John Graham (Monty Woolley), as his housekeeper. Roddy McDowall is the unloved son of the irascible but absent-minded Mr. Graham, and Reginald Gardiner gets in some good work as the drunken butler in the case, by name of Peabody.

Gracie has a singing chore in this one—and how she puts those songs across!

HAVING WONDERFUL CRIME (RKO-Radio) introduces a new team of amateur sleuths “a la Thin Man.” The prescription here is Carole Landis in the role of the madcap mixer-upper, George Murphy, her newly wed hapless husband, and a be-derbied Pat O’Brien as the “brain” of the trio. Lenore Aubert provides the a-loore. It all scrambles around the missing trunk of “The Great Novel.” Lots of mad shenanigans and action a-plenty.

THE GREAT JOHN L (United Artists release) is Bing Crosby’s first offering as a producer; it’s also the first starring role for a once-upon-a-time movie extra, Greg McClure. Barbara Britton is Kathy Harkness, Champ Sullivan’s first and real love; Linda Darnell is Anne Livingstone, musical comedy star who loves the fighter and marries him, hoping to give him happiness in measure equal to his success and popularity. That she fails is not for lack of trying; and that this is one of the most heartbreaking love stories ever told—it’s a fact. For fight fans only? Certainly not! Though it traces the personal and professional life career of one of the greatest names in American ring history, accurately, completely and sympathetically.

PAN-AMERICANA (RKO-Radio) rates raves for being so authentically just what the title claims. Four members of the editorial staff of a big New York picture magazine (Phillip Terry, Audrey Long, Eve Arden and (Continued on page 62)
UNLIKE the perfect marriage, the perfect figure is often made in Hollywood. According to Dorothy Malone (whom you'll be seeing in Warner Bros. "The Big Sleep"), a proper plan for paring proportions must make perfect—and practical—sense.

First of all, it improves on nature. That's because nature has a way of letting us slip into bad habits. It's natural, and fun, to stop for a sundae or a hamburger (and to indulge in a fancy dessert). But it's more fun to have a slim, straight figure, one that can slip with ease into a small-size and fashionable creation. So, first of all, we omit the unnecessary and weight-building calories. Meals are limited to a well balanced three. They are built around nutrition rather than negligence.

Diet can diminish pounds. Exercise takes off those extra unwanted inches and unlovely bulges that detract so from the appeal in appearance. Either, to be successful, must be consistent.

To be a Warner wonder, then, or a reasonable facsimile, combine sensible restraint in the face of food and enduring energy when it comes to the fifteen-minutes-a-day exercise period. The result, as Miss Malone so admirably illustrates, is a Class-A contour.
The Eighth Deadly Sin

Is it worse than the other seven?
What shall be done to women who commit it?

What shall be done with a beautiful woman who is so insanely jealous that she cannot bear to share any part of a man's love with anyone else or any thing? "Leave Her to Heaven" is the answer of Ben Ames Williams in his new best-selling book of that title. It is yours FREE if you join the Guild now—but first read about this crafty woman.

Ellen Berent lived to conquer, and stopped at nothing to win victory after victory over men, women and even children. She was unceany in her analysis of human actions and reactions, and used every fair or foul means to bend them to her will. She lied, cheated, and deceived, artfully and skillfully, to attain her ends.

While her own heart beat wildly at her daring, she played upon the heartstrings of others with masterful technique. Her eyes, her lips, her expression gave no hint of her falseness. Diabolically, she even cast suspicion on the innocent victims of her mad jealousy.

Seldom before has such a character been created. Seldom before has such a novel been written. You will be kept in impatient suspense until the very end. You will find yourself completely captivated by Ellen, by Harland, by Danny the crippled younger brother, loving, hating, comforting each as though they were part of your own life.

"Leave Her to Heaven" is more than a great stirring novel—it is a powerful exposition of the Eighth Deadly Sin. "Will hypnotize you until you have turned the last page," says the New York Times. "Will hold you from start to finish, with your spine crawling like an inch worm and invisible hands massaging your scalp," says the Boston Sunday Post. "Wholly credible portrait of an amoral woman"—says the Chicago Sun. It is a story you will long remember and discuss—a story you will be thankful you did not miss. And now you need not miss it, for you may obtain a copy absolutely FREE with Literary Guild Membership.

LITERARY GUILD MEMBERSHIP COSTS NOTHING!

Literary Guild membership is free—there are no dues or fees. Each month you will receive your copy of "Wings," the Guild's illustrated book-review magazine, which contains articles about the Literary Guild selection to be published the following month. From these articles you decide whether or not you care to receive the Guild book described. If not, you simply return the form supplied and no book will be sent to you that month. If, however, the Guild selection is one you don't want to miss, it will be sent to you on approval.

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The Literary Guild edition is manufactured at the same time as the publisher's edition, yet Guild members pay a flat price of only $2.00 for each Guild book accepted, instead of $2.50 to $4.00 for the same book sold at retail in the publisher's edition, to non-members! In addition, Guild members receive a $2.50 to $4.00 popular new book as a bonus for every four Guild books purchased! To be a "member in good standing," merely requires that you accept a minimum of only four Guild books a year out of the 12 or more new and important fiction and non-fiction Guild books submitted for your approval.

Send No Money—Mail Coupon

The convenience, the enjoyment, and the saving of about 50% of your book money will, we hope, prompt you to become a member of the Literary Guild at once. As a special inducement for joining now instead of "later" you will be sent FREE—a copy of "Leave Her to Heaven." As a new member you can now buy any of the following recent Guild selections for only $2.00 each. See coupon.

Green Dolphin Street, by Elizabeth Goudge. (Publisher's Price, $3.00)
The Razor's Edge by W. Somerset Maugham. (Publisher's Price, $2.75)
The Building of Jana, by Mazo de la Roche. (Publisher's Price, $2.50)
Earth and High Heaven, by Gwethelyn Graham. (Publisher's Price, $2.50)

All publishers are operating under restricted paper quotas, thereby limiting the number of new members the Guild can service. By joining now your membership can be accepted at once, and you will be guaranteed against any increase on Guild selections for a year. Mail coupon NOW for "Leave Her to Heaven."
THE LOVERS of "CLAUDIA"

..In Love Again!

In the thrilling story of a girl who wanted to be loved and a man who wanted to be forgotten! Magnificently filmed by John Cromwell, the director of "Since You Went Away"!

DOROTHY McGUIRE
ROBERT YOUNG
HERBERT MARSHALL

The Enchanted Cottage

with
Mildred Natwick • Spring Byington
Hillary Brooke • Richard Gaines

Directed by JOHN CROMWELL • Produced by HARRIET PARSONS • Screen Play by DeWitt Bodeen and Herman J. Mankiewicz • Based on the play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero
A straight dramatic role for an actor typed to play only in musicals? Leopards don't change their spots, but in RKO's "Murder My Sweet," Dick Powell does change his types!
They hope the little newcomer, due to arrive in June, will be a girl.

HE crisp radio announcement was like a bolt from the blue... 'And now it is the beautiful Hedy Lamarr and her husband, John Loder, who are expecting a visit from the stork.'

John Loder was sitting in his dressing room at Columbia, having just stepped off the set of 'The Fighting Guardsman.'

'Hedy and I were having a vacation at Big Bear,' he said. 'Our friend, who had turned over his cozy cabin to us for our honeymoon, had again offered us the seclusion of a mountain retreat.

'The day before, Hedy had finished 'Experiment Perilous' at RKO. I had wound up my radio program and finished my picture, 'The Brighton Strangler,' also made at RKO. We were both tired and glad to get away from Hollywood.

'After helping me carry in a big pile of logs for the fireplace, Hedy had curled up on the couch in front of the blazing fire. (Continued on page 85)
The Loders are househunting, for an English-style home in Beverly Hills—with a big garden.

Happily married, because they like the same things.

Hedy, John, and Eric Remarque; a Mocambo party

The strangest stork story ever told—it may seem like a movie script, but it really happened!

Their romance started at the Hollywood Canteen, Dec. 25, 1942.
By AVERY CARROLL

SHE came ambling into the 20th Century-Fox
Commissary the morning after her first starring
picture. "Irish Eyes Are Smiling," had been pre-
viewed—and practically caused a riot of appreci-
ation to un-table the dishes.

You wouldn’t think that 5’2” and 100 pounds of
diminutive blonde could cause such excitement. Every-
one said hello, and she called hello right back. She has
more friends than a multi-millionaire on his deathbed.

She was wearing her blonde hair in pigtails, and at-
tached to her own braids were long flaxen extensions
by courtesy of the hairdressing (Continued on page 77)
Where Do We Go From Here? (Title of her next picture.)

Girl who used to sing with the band—yes, Dick Jurgens.
TAKING A GANDER AT DRAKE

Tom's current picture is "This Man's Navy."
There was a young man in "St. Louis"
Most of you know him by name.
He's a good looking jake, being billed
as Tom Drake . . .
Here's how he started to fame

TOM DRAKE believes that no matter how much a thing may mean to you, it is wiser to be excited after the event than before. He believes . . . well, now that I look at the list, it seems to me that he has reached a surprising number of sound philosophic conclusions for so young a man. And always with reason.

Of course, that deceiving youthful look of his is one of the banes of his existence (a bane from which he will recover, no doubt!) but one which causes him some anguish at the moment. It irritates him that you should be surprised when he trips out with these mature conclusions about life and careers and whatnot. He wants and probably deserves to be taken more seriously as a person, since (Continued on page 71)
They're a dream team, this pair in their teens...a click in their first pic together. Look out for them, 'cause they're going places, and on the double.
The girl is Mona Freeman, one-time schoolgirl model for New York artist John Powers; the boy is Jerome Courtland, recently of Riverside Military Academy, Gainesville, Georgia.

In each case, selection for their roles in "Together Again" was a swift and sudden thing. Mona was idling around the Paramount lot where she had played bits in two pictures, when she was told to report to Columbia Studios for a test. At 7:30 p.m., she got the script; at 8:30 her test began; at 9:00 it was finished; at 9:10 she had the part. They had been testing girls all day, so she should have been elated. She was happy to be working with Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer, but she really thought it was because everybody was worn out with testing and they'd finally said: "It's got to be somebody—let's take her!"

Jerome is 6 feet, 4 inches tall; he weighs 180 pounds, but as it is mostly in hard muscle, he looks lean. He seems younger than his seventeen years because he has no affectations. His hair is boy-hair, wind-blown and brown. His dark eyes have a way of lighting up as if a hundred candlepower lamp had been suddenly turned on. It had never crossed his mind that he could be an actor, until the night his mother took him to his first Hollywood party. He was spending the summer with her and her husband in Beverly Hills.

"Mother always says: 'Just think, it was his very first Hollywood party!'" laughed Jerome, "The Pereiras, old friends of hers, took over the (Continued on page 53)
Swapping gags between scenes in the making of "Spellbound."

By ALICE L. TILDESELY

As Salvador Dali sees Bergman—a Greek goddess.
SAYS Ingrid Bergman:

I LIKE—
Snow, firelight, sleighbells, hot fudge sundaes, historical novels and children's laughter.

I DISLIKE—
Too much make-up, things in the hair, hats, crowds, insincerity.

I DON'T BELIEVE—
In Fate or Luck. According to my philosophy, one works for what one gets. Neither the supernatural nor the seer interests me, I have no faith in either one.

I KNOW—
Exactly what I want and am never satisfied with substitutes.

I DON'T—
Live in the past;
Care a great deal for luxuries;
Say "Yes" when I mean "No," or "No" when I mean "Yes";
Worry.

(Continued on page 74)
ID it ever strike you that dying in pictures is quite complicated business? Practically anybody can die in real life—the doing thereof requires no particular talent because, well done or not, the result is just as definite. However, to die convincingly on the screen one needs to have had a bit of practice, plus a whole-hearted enthusiasm for the scheduled demise.

Lloyd Nolan gets a lot of practice at this sort of thing, because he is a very accomplished and conscientious die-er.

Consider the circumstances of Lloyd's death in "Bataan." Many times an actor looks forward to his film decease as a nice way to finish up his job, collect his check, and get out on the golf course while the longer-lived members of the cast are still sweating under the hot Kleigs. "Bataan" was not the ordinary screen melodrama, however. This time the grease-painters were representing fellow Americans who had met very real deaths on that desolate and blood-soaked isle, and it was up to them to make the audience feel the impact and loss of each man.

It wasn't going to be an easy job, as Lloyd, Robert Taylor and other veteran actors knew the minute

The die is cast for an actor, if he's cast to die and doesn't make the most of it. Nolan was, and did—which makes him an actor

By DOROTHY DEERE
they glanced through the script. Mostly because there was a kid's part played by an open-faced newcomer named Robert Walker, who was going to do things to the spectators. To them, Bob would be not one kid, but all the skinny, unshaven, piteously eager youths of America. And every time his bony young hand closed around a gun-stock instead of a baseball bat, every man and woman in the audience was going to feel a personal pinch of pity and guilt.

Lloyd talked it over with Bob Taylor. "Look," he said, "no matter what you and I do, the kid is going to grab their hearts and run with it. We'll just have to keep pitching the best we can for our fellows."

Nolan's particular "fellow" was a tough Brooklyn sergeant—the kind of fighting man who laughed and sneered when other men were reading their Bibles. A typical "Nolan role" with a violent finish—only this time Lloyd had to be the last of thirteen actors to stage his big scene. In real life, every man's death is a separate and personal tragedy—on the screen he can easily wind up as a poor repetition of the fellow who's died a reel earlier. With this in mind, he stood by and watched the other twelve thespians use up every dying-trick in the business. Bravely—in terror
1. Lloyd's extensive library runs from westerns to Poe.

2. He's an antique enthusiast. Puts them to practical use.

3. Jessie James' gun cabinet is used for bar supplies.

4. The Nolans like the feeling of a house that's lived in.

5. They have ready-built home, remade to fit needs.
— violently — gently — and reverently they expired. Finally Lloyd made up his mind.

The script had the sergeant, face to face with the Toughest Guy of all, suddenly getting religion. His conscientious portrayer decided differently:

"I don't think this guy—as I feel him—would do that," he told the director. "He was a no-good, a fellow who joined up to escape a rap back home. He hasn't done much with his life, but he hadn't counted on giving it up for his country. When it comes, it's going to strike him as ironical. Besides, give us a break, will you? There's only one thing left for the sarge and me—we've got to die laughing!"

That's why those who saw "Bataan" haven't forgotten the iconoclastic fighter who could look his destiny in the face, and die laughing—wasting his last breath in hysteria. As for the fellow who saved himself from anti-climax, a fate "worse than death" for an actor—well, the fans have grown used to not forgetting him. That's why the sergeant in "Bataan," the equally hard-boiled three-striper of "Guadalcanal Diary," and the brash and breezy sleuth, "Michael Shayne," are all riding along with you when you set out to visit Lloyd Nolan, citizen of Brentwood, California. And why the experience is good for more surprises than a parcel-post auction.

The Nolan residence is a medium-sized, unobtrusively charming house, with (Continued on page 80)
WHAT are you going to do with a guy like Sonny Tufts? You tell me, because I'm confused.

Here in Hollywood we have pigeonholes for actors. We make neatly lettered placards and hang them around the actors' necks. So, if you want, you can take a lease (better make it short term) on a pigeonhole—outsized—and you can catalogue Sonny Tufts between Walter Pidgeon, "Ideal Husband," and Frankie Sinatra, "Swoon King." You can pick a category and pin it on Sonny, but don't bother waiting around for. (Continued on page 56)

Hang a label on Sonny? We say it can't be done; he's the kind of a guy nobody can classify
Sonny Tufts
A S you must know—unless you've stopped reading your daily newspaper, and all the columnists who write about Hollywood celebrities; if you've been listening to your radio at all in the last couple of months—Margaret O'Brien went on a real, honest-to-goodness journey.

It was inevitable, you might say, since it was playing the title role in the picture of that same name that started her off to becoming M-G-M's "wonder child."

But just suppose you were eight years old (well, not quite—her birthday wasn't until January 15th), and traveling clear across country for the President's Birthday Ball, and to have a two-weeks holiday in New York, as well. You'd be a little excited, too, we think—and wanting to take your pet cocker spaniel along on the trip, if you had one.

Which was the problem Margaret's mother had to contend with; and which explains this bit of dialogue that was taking place in the O'Brien family household, right up to the last minute before train time.

"No, dear, it's a nuisance to travel with a dog."

"But I'll take care of her. Truly I will!"

"The hotel management wouldn't like it."

"But I'll sneak her in and out, and they'll never know." Her eyes were wide with coaxing; Margaret couldn't be convinced by any of these arguments.

"But darling," her mother said at last. "You can't take Maggie. She'd have to stay in the baggage car, and they'd put a muzzle on her. She'd get lonesome and sick."

(Continued on page 59)
ry proud,

girl
	on

resident

"Our Votes Have Tender Grapes," is her next.
If all the objects that successful Hollywood actors treasure most intensely were put end to end—well, it would look like the darndest rummage sale you ever saw in your life. If you really want to see an actor looking sheepish, just ask him what is his most treasured possession, outside his wife and lit-t-ul childrun, that is. No matter how many swimming pools, mink coats, polo ponies or war bonds an actor acquires in swift succession, there is inevitably one small, and usually intrinsically valueless, bit of something-or-other, that he guards with his life, and from which he will never be parted, come fire, earthquake, divorce, or a long-term contract. But he usually feels a little silly if you ask him about it. He feels it necessary to tell you why he treasures this seemingly trivial odd or end. For actors are the most superstitious, the most sentimental people in the world.

Not jewels, nor furs, nor mink-lined swimming pools, but
Who in the world but an actor would treasure, with loving solemnity, a lot of barrels? Paul Henreid does. They are, he explains hastily, very special barrels, not to be confused with any ordinary ones. These are the barrels in which he smuggled what few possessions he could smuggle out of Austria . . . to England, to New York, to Hollywood. They have been packed, repacked and packed again with all the sentimental belongings from that old-world home, as Paul sought his fortunes in new and strange places. When he bought the Henry Fonda house, not so long ago, Paul felt that he would never move again, so the barrels wouldn’t be needed. But he couldn’t bear to part with them. They had been an important part of his life too long. With perspiring ingenuity, he knocked off the front of each barrel (Continued on page 88)

“sentimental” objects rate value-high with cinema folks
Hobbies of the Movie Stars

Graceful Sonja Henie

...starring in "It's a Pleasure", an International Picture, makes a hobby of collecting concert and symphonic records and also valuable books, many of them rare first editions.

HOLLYWOOD-STYLE

Jolène

SHOES

Lovely Jolène shoes make a hobby of your feet... creating new distinction for your step! This exciting footwear catches the glamour of the stars to flatter your foot, adding enchantment to your whole ensemble.

$4 to $5 (Slightly Higher Denver West)
I was exactly on time for lunch. But Harry James was already waiting for me in a booth at the Brown Derby. And that, dear people, is the first evidence I will give you that he is a remarkable gent.

He'd just come from the barber shop, he told me. And he looked—well, his dark hair was smooth and shining, his moustache was trimmed just so, and his skin was rosy above the tweed of his jacket.

He looked, in fact, like a guy who has nothing in the world to do but visit barbers and sit waiting for lunch. Nothing at all. But, if you know Harry, you'll get slightly hysterical at the thought. For he is unquestionably the busiest guy in town.

The busy-ness has mostly to do with music, of course. But my first question (as a reasonably old pal) was about his new daughter, Victoria, and his charming wife, yclept B. Grable.

“They're swell,” he answered. “The baby's been trying to walk ever since she was nine months old! We're afraid that's too soon, but she keeps insisting on paddling about alone.”

He sounded like every father in the world.

“What about Betty? Is she going to quit pictures the way they say she is?” (Continued on page 51)

Given a choice, would you be: an actor, bandleader, radio star, or Betty Grable's husband? Harry James answers as all four!
It's an eyeful in **TECHNICOLOR**...

and a **FORTUNE** in **FUN**!

**PARAMOUNT'S**

"Bring on the Girls" and bring on the beauties!

**starring**

**VERONICA LAKE**

**SONNY TUFTS**

**EDDIE BRACKEN**

**MARJORIE REYNOLDS**

with

Johnny Coy • Peter Whitney
Alan Mowbray • Porter Hall
Spike Jones and His Orchestra

Directed by
Sidney Lanfield

**BRING ON THE MUSIC** with Spike Jones and his City Slickers still trying to find Chloe?

**BRING ON THE DANCING** who trips the light fantastic fantastically!
Dear Miss Wyman:

It is true that your path is more difficult than that of your fellow classmates, since you have something to overcome. However, it is up to you to overcome this prejudice in your every act.

Remember that old adage: "Actions speak louder than words." It will not be easy nor swift, but by practicing this motto every day, you will be able to convince people that the past is never so important as the present.

Good luck to you, Mary Ellen.

Sincerely,

JANE WYMAN

Dear Mary Ellen:

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Good luck to you, Mary Ellen.

Sincerely,

JANE WYMAN

Dear Jane:

Since I am not engaged to any one man in the service, I have taken up quite a correspondence with eight different boys who used to go to school with me, and who are now serving their country overseas. They seem to appreciate these letters very much, and I enjoy writing them.

However, I do have one problem about these letters, and that is the endings of them. I have been ending them with various different phrases and words, such as "Love," "Always," "Lots of Love to You," etc., but it always bothers me because it seems proper to use these words when the letters are just to friends.

How can I make friends and get people to forget my past?

Sincerely yours,

Mary Ellen K.

Dear Miss Wyman:

I feel kind of foolish writing you about my problem, but then you have helped so many people that I feel you might be able to straighten me out on something.

You see, I am engaged to a very wonderful girl and we plan to get married after the war. I have not seen her for eight months, and she has written to me as faithfully as possible. Recently, her family moved to another town and since that time her letters have changed.

Although she never used to go out at all, now she writes me that she has made a lot of new friends and that they all go skating, bowling, dancing, etc., and she is having a swell time in this new town.

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However, I do have one problem about these letters, and that is the endings of them. I have been ending them with various different phrases and words, such as "Love," "Always," "Lots of Love to You," etc., but it always bothers me because it seems proper to use these words when the letters are just to friends.

Please tell me how I should end the letters and still keep everything on the up and up.

Yours truly,

Katherine L.

Dear Katherine:

First of all, may I commend you for the fine work you are doing in writing to the servicemen you know. It is impossible to put too much stress on the importance of letters to these boys, and I am sure they look forward to every one of them.

As to the endings, I am sure that the proper phrase would be "Sincerely Yours." Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

JANE WYMAN

Dear Miss Wyman:

I feel kind of foolish writing you about my problem, but then you have helped so many people that I feel you might be able to straighten me out on something.

You see, I am engaged to a very wonderful girl and we plan to get married after the war. I have not seen her for eight months, and she has written to me as faithfully as possible. Recently, her family moved to another town and since that time her letters have changed.

Although she never used to go out at all, now she writes me that she has made a lot of new friends and that they all go skating, bowling, dancing, etc., and she is having a swell time in this new town.

It isn't that I don't trust her, because I do, but all this social life she is having is beginning to interfere with my sleep, and frankly, I am worried.

What do you think I should do about it?

PFC Donald McK.

Dear Donald:

After reading over your letter carefully, I think your only course of action should be a sense of shame for being worried about your fiancée.

Actually, I should think you would be very happy that this girl has made friends so quickly in a strange town, and that she is able to enjoy herself in a circle of young people her own age. Since she is not actually dating any particular young man and is apparently confining her activities to group social events, I can not see what possible reason you can have for worrying.

You mention the fact that you still trust her. Then why are you apprehensive about her recreational activities?

This all sounds like a lot of unnecessary worry to me, as well as negative thinking. Be glad she can enjoy herself a little. It can't be very much since she misses you enough to continue writing faithfully.

Sincerely,

JANE WYMAN

Dear Miss Wyman:

We have a wonderful U. S. O. in our town, and yesterday one of the ladies in charge asked my girl friend and me to assist on Saturday evenings as hostesses.

We told our mothers, and they refused to let us accept. They say, since we are only seventeen, that we are not old enough to go to the U. S. O.

Please tell us what to do, as we would like to help and yet we do not want to displease our parents.

Yours truly,

Marie N.

Dear Marie:

I can certainly understand your parents' concern since you are only seventeen.

However, the U. S. O. is such a worthy organization, and is held in such high esteem in all communities, that I am sure there would be nothing improper in your working there one day a week.

Why not ask one of the ladies who extended the invitation to you and your friend, to explain this situation to your parents, and perhaps this will throw an entirely different light on the situation, and your mothers will be able to understand and appreciate the high level on which the U. S. O. endeavors to operate.

Sincerely,

JANE WYMAN
DEAN HARENS was born to be an actor. He is destined to be a star. But hard work, not luck, is his vehicle.

I've known Dean since the day he came to New York, a long-legged kid who knew he could act, and believed the world to be his friend. I saw him take many a high theatrical hurdle and withstand many disappointments in people he trusted. I saw bright hope become grim determination, and a sweet smile become a stubborn grin. I saw him lick radio when he played the part of a half-witted adolescent being poisoned by a half-dotty old mother, played by Allison Skipworth, and reduce a scoffing audience to tears.

Yes, Dean can take it—take it, and make something big and fine out of it.

WANTED, A WIFE!

BY FRANK MARTIN WEBBER

Twenty-four years old, not married; likes girls, loves a home; twinkle in eye. If interested, see Dean Harens
After graduating from Emerson High School in Gary, Indiana, Dean wanted to study at the Goodman Memorial Theatre School, in Chicago. He would accept no financial aid from his father, but got himself a job as a hotel bell-hop to earn the money to pay his own tuition.

That summer he edged into a stock company, playing near Michigan City, Indiana. In this company were some theatrical stars. It was they who encouraged the young beginner to tackle Broadway. Two years later, he had played four shows on The Great White Way, and was aboard a train for Hollywood with a fat contract tucked away in his luggage.

Sounds easy, doesn't it? But for the first five months that he lived in New York, (Continued on page 84)
OUR musical popularity poll is over, and our winners were all happy over being chosen your favorites. Besides Dinah Shore's, (see above), I received the following telegrams: "My sincerest thanks to the readers of MOVIELAND for having selected us as the top swing band of the land. I hope we shall be able to continue pleasing you for many years to come. (signed) Harry James." Frank Sinatra wired: "Just received the gold award and your note telling me that I won first place in your male singer poll for 1944. I am very proud of this honor and want to extend my sincere thanks to MOVIELAND's readers for voting for me. Best regards." Spike Jones, with his usual sense of humor, wired: "My sincere appreciation to all you quote music lovers unquote for the 1944 MOVIELAND Corn Band title."

We have sent Major Glenn Miller's gold award to his wife, Helen, pending news of his whereabouts. Like everyone else in the music profession, I believe that Glenn will turn up safely, and I'm sure his millions of fans feel the same way.
**HOLLYWOOD STUFF:**

"The Harvey Girls" is the newest musical on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production schedule. It's to be a super-special technicolor thing, with lots of numbers and specialties, and a score by Johnny Mercer (love that boy) and Harry Warren. The cast will include Judy Garland, John Hodiak, Kenny Baker, Virginia O'Brien and Ray Bolger.

Bing Crosby dissolved his picture producing company after his first production, "The Great John L.,” was finished. He's going to stick to acting for a while and his next film will probably be "The Bells of St. Mary's," a sequel to his smash hit, "Going My Way."

The New York musical, "One Touch Of Venus," will be made into a picture as soon as the present road tour is finished. Mary Martin will return to the screen in her original stage role.

Ethel Smith has been signed by R.K.O. to do her organ stuff in "George White's Scandals." Besides her solo (Continued on page 68)

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Jill gives Andy Russell a good-luck kiss for his movie debut.

Gene Krupa beating it out for pal Red Nichols at Palladium.

Perry Como tries to shake one down on the Chesterfield show.
1. Fast patter man Danny Kaye and you-know-who on a musical bar. At party the Eddie Cantors gave for Danny, after first broadcast of his new radio show. 2. Where there's Hutton, there's hilarity. Ted Straeter and John Carroll offer picture proof. And speaking of pictures, you'll not want to miss "Bedside Manner," John's first since his release from the Army. 3. Nothing like a brand new bang bob to change a girl's looks. It's Jean Arthur with Mrs. Gary Cooper and Frank Ross at Danny Kaye's party. 4. Guess whose back? None other than George Burns making with the jokes to the delight of June Allyson, Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, and Dick Powell. It may be a wedding for June and Dick come July, when his divorce is final. 5. "Parting is such sweet sorrow." A week before their final divorce decree, Deanna Durbin and Lt. Vaughn Paul had farewell dinner—and then he left for overseas. 6. The Fred MacMurrays—happiest couple in Hollywood, and certainly one of the handsomest. Fred's new picture is "Practically Yours" with Claudette Colbert.
SOUPS on the menu, and Sonja Henie has a favorite. She calls it Eggeboller—quick to make and nourishing, too.

3 hard-boiled eggs
1 tablespoon butter

Cream the cold, hard-boiled egg yolks with the cold butter. Add a pinch of salt and pepper. Form into 20 small round balls. Then place the balls in soup plates and pour freshly boiled milk over them. If desired, the egg whites may be cut into coarse shreds and added to the soup.

Want to pep up the dinner? Just put on a pudding, says Sonja, whether it be a main course dish or a dessert. Here's a simple-to-make fish pudding, and almost entirely unrationed.

2 lbs. fresh haddock (or similar fish)
Salt
Nutmeg
2 yolks of eggs or 1 whole egg
1 tablespoon butter
Cream or unskimmed milk

Bone the fish and grind fine six or seven times. Work with a wooden masher to a smooth paste. Add salt and nutmeg to taste. Add the eggs and butter and then the cream or milk, until the mixture becomes soft like mush, although not too soft. Bake in a well-buttered form dusted with browned flour or crumbs. Serve with drawn butter or a cream gravy of butter and water thickened with flour.

For dessert, Sonja recommends this Norwegian apple pudding:

6 large apples
Jelly
3 eggs
20 drops almond extract
Whipping cream

Pare and cut up the apples. Add enough water to boil to a thick sauce. Add some good jelly. Pour into a large platter. Mix the yolks and sugar and stir until white. Chop the almonds and add to the eggs. Add also the stiffly beaten whites flavored with the almond extract. Pour this batter over the apple sauce. Sprinkle with sugar and bake until a nice brown. Serve cold with whipped cream.
“No. Of course not,” he replied. “She’s just not going to work as hard as she did, going from one production to another without a break.”

“You know,” he continued, “there was a time when she was working all day, and I was working with the band at night, and we never saw each other. After six o’clock, go off to the studio, come home at seven and kiss me goodbye before I left for the bandstand, and I’d work until three or four in the morning while she worked til three or four in the morning while she was working to live, and I hope from here on in we can get our schedules clicking a little better. We’re all going to New York in June—Betty, the baby, the nurse, Betty’s mother. I’ll be playing at the Astor but Betty will get a real vacation. Then we’ll all come home and make movies again.”

“Movies are better—it’s almost as big a part of Harry’s life as Betty’s. And the Hollywood kids now know from experience how much the words, ‘With Harry James and his Music-makers’ mean on a marquee. The day I saw Harry, in fact, the news had just come that Fox was paying the group, $166,000 for ‘Kitten on the Keys.’ And that ain’t tin, in any language.

Harry explained one reason why the amount was so much—skipping the fact that he can blow a horn, of course.

“I have a part in ‘Kitten,’ a big part,” he said. “And the band has only three or four numbers. But I’ll have to keep the boys on salary while I do my scenes without them, maybe for five or six months, and the outfit like mine—a 30-piece band, arrangers, copyists, a manager, a publicity man, a secretary, a prop boy, an auditor, a vaudeville manager—costs about $7500 a week, just for the pay-roll alone. That mounts up,” he added, wryly.

I knew about the expense he had every time he went on a trip, for movies or records or in touring, even on one-nighters across the country, playing at hotels and doing strings of one-nighters across the country, the band was finished at two-thirty in the morning. And it’s a silly way to live, and I hope from here on in we can get our schedules clicking a little better. We’re all going to New York in June—Betty, the baby, the nurse, Betty’s mother. I’ll be playing at the Astor but Betty will get a real vacation. Then we’ll all come home and make movies again.”

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I knew about the expense he had every time he went on a trip, for movies or records or in touring, even on one-nighters across the country, playing at hotels and doing strings of one-nighters across the country, the band was finished at two-thirty in the morning. And it’s a silly way to live, and I hope from here on in we can get our schedules clicking a little better. We’re all going to New York in June—Betty, the baby, the nurse, Betty’s mother. I’ll be playing at the Astor but Betty will get a real vacation. Then we’ll all come home and make movies again.”

Outside of movies and records and playing at hotels and doing strings of one-nighters across the country, Harry also has the problem of radio to complicate matters. He’s on the air now with Danny Kaye, in a half-hour opus which delights him. He and Kaye are two of a kind: vastly talented guys who admire each other’s work and get enormous kicks laboring together. And they really labor. You don’t just toss out thirty minutes of music and comedy like frying an egg, you know. It takes time and worry and endless rehearsals before a show goes on the air.

And, besides all these things, there are the hours which Harry and his men donate to the one group in the world they applaud most, the service-men.

“We play hospitals whenever we can,” he told me. “I think that’s our particular job. When we go across the country, for instance, we arrange to give some shows en route. I’d say we do an average of one hospital appearance a week, whether on the road or in Hollywood. And we wouldn’t give them up for anything.”

The army and navy wouldn’t have Harry and his gang give them up, for the reason that Harry has where sick men are concerned. They have seen the new sparkle which appears in the eyes of maimed and tired kids when they hear the bright, exciting notes of Harry’s trumpet and, when they feel the beat of the band behind him. People have called Harry “The Modern Gabriel.” Maybe, in this case, they aren’t far wrong.

And, besides hospitals, Harry plays benefits for the China Relief. For Bond Drives. For everything and anything they ask him to work for. He was reminiscing about a show he did for China in New York.

“The thing was held at the Music Hall,” he recalled. “And we got into an elevator to go below stage. It seemed we went miles before the man finally stopped the car. Then they put us on the platform and told us we would rise into position when our turn came. We were in the center of the stage. At one side of us were the boys in the Don Bosco Choir of about fifty men. We were on the stage— which is a big band, you know. Well, we rose into that gigantic hall and felt like pygmies! I have never been so lost before. It seemed we would have to blow our lungs out for half of the people to hear us!”

He didn’t bother to tell me that the thousands in the theater nearly tore the place apart when he started playing.

“All sorts of things happen on the road, of course. There was the time he and the boys were doing a one-nighter in Norfolk, Virginia.”

“Anything can happen in Norfolk,” Harry said. “In our case, it did.

“We just climbed on the stand and started the first number when every light in the building went out. All the electricity was gone, and that meant the public address system was off, too. I had my old band then, and the boys knew the arrangements, so we played for forty-five minutes in the dark. I was lighting matches for Helen Forrest, when she came up to sing, so the people could see her. It was quite a sight.”

Then there was the time that the special bus the band travels in ran out of gas twice coming back from San Diego, a performance which was only topped by its breaking down completely. At that point, it was every man for himself, and Harry and the boys hitch-hiked home at five o’clock in the morning. You try doing that on an empty stomach.

Working as hard as Harry does, in even one of these fields, would kill the average guy. But Harry seems to thrive on knocking himself out. And, strange and impossible as it may seem, he does have some leisure and knows what to do with it.

There’s baseball, for instance. He hasn’t gotten around to buying a professional team as yet—though he’d like to—but he is one of the greatest active fans in the business. And by the way, not a bad shortstop. He’s so nuts on the subject that he has been known to hire musicians who could play first base, or pitch, besides wielding a sax or drumsticks. And
Charm Kurl announces an innovation for busy women. Their Supreme Cold Wave Home Permanent Wave Kit holds complete salon-type equipment for a quick, soft wave that takes only two to three hours to do at home. The kit contains enough solution (2 1/2 ounces) and curlers (50) for the thickest head of hair. 98c.

Companion cosmetic for Westmore's Overglow! This new face powder, they explain, is non-chromatic; cannot change color, streak or flake. 1$. Practically a prescription, since doctors recommend it, is the new Ar-Ez Special Formula Lipstick. It is unscented and non-permanent—made primarily to combat cases of lipstick allergy. The creamy lubricating qualities of this stick help to soothe chapped dryness. 1$.

Helena Rubinstein puts two new products on day and night duty—both of them working toward smoother beauty for harried hands. Herbal Hand Cream is a rich lubricant for bedtime wear. It contains, in addition to herbs and oils, a special whitener for hands "pale" as well as soft. For daytime hours, there's Herbal Hand Lotion, a non-sticky finishing and protective cream. 1$ each.

Daggett & Ramsdell introduces Mountain Heather Cake Makeup, made with a moisture retaining ingredient. They suggest wearing it over a cream or liquid powder base; under a sheer film of face powder. The cake comes in a choice of five flattering shades, prettily packaged in pink plastic, priced at $1.50.

A dreamy kind of drama from the House of Louise Philippe. Their new shade of Angelus, Orchid Pink, is a soft and sweet combination of bright orchid and delicate pink. Angelus Lipsticks are 79c and 49c. The Creme or Compact Rouge is 49c.

Pond's latest success shade, Beau Bait, is now available in rouge as well as lipstick. A "lush" crimson they call it, for early spring. 1$. Pinaud presents a new fragrance family, Lilianelle, inspired by and named for the tiny bell flowers found in the forests of Lorraine. The odor is similar to lily of the valley, yet slightly different and more daring. Comes in bath and skin-scenting stuff. Perfume from $2.50.

With sun in our scheme, Wrisley introduces another scent of Bath Superbe Soap. Clover is meadow-fresh, sun-bright yellow. 4 for 1$.

Right in the pink and pretty groove is Pink Magic, new LaCross magic-maker for dressed up nails. Fine, they say, for putting flattery in your fingertips. Just as good for an elegant mood. 60c.

when the band goes on the road, a bit of batting and fielding is a daily occurrence. When they are all home, they play every team that will give them a game—and usually win, I'm happy to say.

It was baseball which recently gave Harry the first real rest he's had in a long time, though he hadn't planned it that way. He was gaily sliding into third one afternoon, when something cracked in his foot.

"I got up and started walking around," he told me, "but every time I put any weight on my foot I fell down."

A doctor informed him the next day that he had the prettiest fracture he'd ever seen, put him into a case-bound sand split some crutches, and said he would see him in eight weeks.

"I sat on the stand in a chair and played," Harry recalled. "It was wonderful. Oh, incidentally, I made it to third even if I didn't break my foot!"

Outside of baseball—and of greater importance, of course—there is Betty and the baby. "I didn't hear much about them and their ultimate plans is to listen to a very happy guy. I said as much to him, and he admitted that there really isn't anything he wants in the world, nothing that he can't get eventually."

They now live in an English-style farmhouse in Coldwater Canyon. Harry bought the place a year ago from Bert Lahr, and it sounds swell. It's a small house, as California houses go, having only nine rooms; but outside there is a pool and lemon and orange and avocado trees and a Victory garden "with the best vegetables in town" and two-and-a-half acres to roam in. The baby scrambles about on the grass and pulls the best radishes when her parents aren't looking and gets brown in the sun. And, inside, there is a big record player and lots of music, and a great deal of laughter there.

I couldn't exactly imagine Harry in a Victory garden. He just ain't the type, if you know what I mean.

"Oh, I—I sorta oversee it," he answered.

He went on to speak of what he and Betty want when the war is over. And it's something that sounds even stranger from the pair of them, two show-business kids if there ever were them.

"We've decided that we're going to buy a farm," he said. "We don't know just where—well, but we'd like a place where we can close the gates at night and be Mr. and Mrs. James. We want some cows and some chickens—not too many chickens—and some horses to ride. Both of us are fiends for horses, and we'd like to teach Victoria how to handle a nag, too."

He was getting almost lyrical. I didn't blame him. It sounded fine.

Then a phone rang and a voice over the public address system in the Derby said, "Harry James, please!"

Harry signalled a waiter. In a few seconds he was again a guy with many things to do and many people wanting him to do them. Underneath, however, he was still a man who wanted a farm, a quiet, amusing character who takes his enormous success calmly and modestly, a thin, attractive man with a lovely wife and child, and one of the few truly happy people I have ever known.
Little Club for the evening and everyone was dressed up like a yacht. I saw director Charles Vidor beckon to Mother—they were old friends, too—and she sort of leaned toward him while they talked. Then she called me to say Mr. Vidor wanted to test me for a part in a picture. I thought they were kidding. After all, it was a Hollywood party. I thought it was just a thing people do to get a laugh. I didn't pay much attention.

"That was Saturday night. Monday, Mr. Vidor's office called to remind me to report at the studio. Mr. Vidor wanted me to meet Miss Van Upp, who had written the story. I went over, they looked at me, talked a little, and a few days later I took a test. Still, I didn't really believe it.

"Mother wasn't especially thrilled; she figured it was a false alarm all the time. Even while I worked on the picture, neither of us took it seriously. It was fun; everyone was awfully nice. There was an ex-boxer on the crew and every day I'd say to him: 'Got any new tricks for me?' and he'd show me something, and it was really swell! But it never seemed like I was an actor."

Mona and Jerome have made smash hits, but neither is taking bows. "I enjoyed doing my part, but I'm not happy about it," said Mona, with a worried little frown. "I know the reason I got it was because the studio had no time to bicker. I looked at myself on the screen and saw there were spots that were all right, but other spots were horrible. I wasn't consistent in my acting. I know it takes years of experience, but still I don't like my work. I know I'm the cute type, I'll never be an Ingrid Bergman, but I want to be good. I don't expect to win an Academy Award, but I'd like to stay in this business until I am good!"

"I'm never nervous. Nothing bothers me. I suppose that's how I got by," confessed Jerome. "$I didn't care if I got the part or not, so I could be relaxed. The part was natural, the boy was just like me, except for getting himself engaged to Irene Dunne—that didn't seem so natural—but she was so swell, she made it easy.

"While I was making the picture, I used to look at the screen and think: 'Pretty soon I'll be seeing you there,' but I didn't really believe it would ever happen. When I finally saw myself, I thought, 'Oh, straighten up, can't you? Throw your shoulders back, why don't you?' and when I heard myself talk I kept wishing I'd snap it up, bring the words closer together. It didn't seem very good to me."

"Honestly, though I know I'm in pictures, I still can't really believe it. Here I sit, talking to you like you were one of Mother's friends, telling you about being in the movies, and all the time I feel like I don't belong in a studio, and it can't be true!" Jerome's mother was known as Mary Courtland when she sang on the radio some ten years ago. His fourteen-year-old sister, whose home is in Knoxville, Tennessee, with their father, also has a voice.

"We always thought my sister might have a career some day, and look, here I am! I don't care a thing about acting and I'm in—at least for now. . . . Oh say, I learned to twirl a rope on the set! I can spin it overhead and switch hands and everything!"

"I sort of thought I'd like to be an architect, but I don't know. I like to draw, but I like doing cartoons best. The Knoxville News-Sentinel published one of my cartoons, and I won a dollar for another in the National Comic Book contest. My cousin was editor of the University of Tennessee Annual, three years ago, when I was in Knoxville High School. He asked me to do the cartoons for the book, and I did. Once I thought up a strip of my own; I called my hero the Hooded Cobra and my sister was so keen about it she formed the Hooded Cobra Club."

That hooded cobra is a clue to Jerome's true ambition. He loves reptiles, particularly snakes, and would like to be another Martin Johnson, wandering through strange wild places with a camera, taking pictures and studying them in their native haunts. When he was small, Jerome had a passion for lizards, but he outgrew them, and now cherishes black snakes. Once he owned a coach whip black snake 7½ feet long, which he tamed so that he could pick it up by the middle, have the "wonderful feel" of him as he oozed out on both sides, and not be bitten.

"Snakes often bite me," he ad-
To People whowanttowrite but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write, but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said on this subject:

"There is more room for newsmen in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robertats, Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

Mother of 4 Earns $1,000 on Her Writing

Without jeopardizing her home life a bit, I have been able to earn $1,000 a year graduating from N.I.A. If I had not the responsibility of four small children, home duties, health and war work, I am sure I could have made much more. After only two lessons, I sold a garden series to Baltimore American, and afterwards, I sold a card writing child's play." — Gladys Carr, Annapolis, Md.

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Newspaper Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N. I. A. course based on the practical training given by big metropolitan dailies.

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W. Chambers, Edgar
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Kipling? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

in the heaven scene took all the joy away. She decided to stick to painting.

By the time Mona was fourteen, lack of money had become a Freeman problem. Her uncle, who knew someone in John Powers' office, took Mona in; before she left, Mr. Powers had given her a job after school and over weekend.

"The first time I posed was for a Sears' catalog, she remembered. "They took me to Grant's Tomb and dressed me in a raincoat. The coat was not full enough, so they took off my dress; it still wouldn't flare in front as the photographer wanted it to do, so they tore it up the back and pulled it around to give the desired effect. There I stood, before the camera, snickered people, equipped for weather in front but only a thin slip between me and the gale behind. "If this is modeling, I thought, 'I've had enough of it!'"

However, she changed her mind on her next job, the face of "Miss Subway" the schoolgirl. Shots of subway riders were exhibited in subways and Mona's proved to be excellent advertising, since artists saw her face daily and knew where to call her when they needed her type.

Modeling clothes was a good way to begin, for the garment was the important thing and Mona had time to learn a model's tricks. She sometimes skipped classes, which brought the truant officer to the door. Almost every week he dropped in for a cup of tea: a reasonable person, he seemed to understand the necessity of Mona's earning and felt that if she kept up with her classes, who was he to interfere?

"I was bored in school," confessed Mona, "but now that I've graduated I miss the regular routine. I'm going back to school on the Paramount lot between pictures. Movies aren't for lazy people, and I can't afford to lose the habit of working."

The advance from modeling to movie acting was simple. A talent scout for Howard Hughes saw portraits of Mona at her uncle's home, asked her to pose for him and sent the results to Mr. Hughes, who took an option on her services. But for two

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years she did nothing but draw her salary check. Impatient at last, she called at Paramount, where she knew a talent scout and engineered a contract sale.

The Walter Pidgeons, Commander Jack Bolton and his wife, Jerome's mother and Jerome's girlfriend all attended the preview of "Together Again." So far as he could see, none of them were overwhelmed with Jerome's acting. He dismissed the subject swiftly.

"My girl is 5 feet 9 inches tall; when she wears high heels she's six feet and that's nice for me," he confided. "I like her a lot. She's crazy about all the things I am—hiking, hunting, riding, archery, bicycling. We hike every week in the Hollywood Hills."

A member of the Riverside Military Academy's Varsity Track and Cross County Track Teams, Jerome is good at getting over the ground. Between scenes on the picture, he often disappeared for a six-mile trek into the hills.

"At home in Tennessee, we hike with knapsacks and blankets," he observed, his eyes lighting up with the recollection, "but it usually manages to rain on hikes so we have to shelter at night. We take our shorts along and the minute it drizzles, we put our clothes in our ponchos and wear our shorts through the storm.

"The real sport is canoeing. We used to go up on the Greenbrier River in West Virginia where the rapids are swell. It's not dangerous to shoot rapids; of course, you could hit your head on a rock if the canoe tipped over." He shrugged off that contingency. "We wear sneakers so we won't cut our feet on the rocks; when we tip over, we just float along. I tell you, we have us a time! The river's full of rapids and we shoot them over and over—different days, because it's a long trip back—and sometimes we turn the canoe over for fun... Gee, I'd like to be doing it right now!"

He won't be going back to Tennessee or to Georgia this year, because he's in pictures. He misses the fellows in school—he even misses school. But he likes his present teacher better than any he ever had before.

"She's wonderful! She teaches me solid geometry, sociology, physics, history, trigonometry, and she can teach French and Spanish and all the things little children have to learn, too. She has a doctor's degree. I can't explain about her, but look—days when I have to leave my lesson to go to somebody's office, or for an interview, ordinarily I wouldn't go back. I'd just slip off like a shot and disappear. But studying with her is different. I want to go back to see what else she has for me... See what I mean?

Jerome wants it understood that he makes pictures for fun. If they begin to bore him, he'll stop right there and then. His eyes are fixed on a future that contains a wild adventure up the Amazon River to photograph head hunters and find bigger and better snakes.

Mona confides that Jerome is "just naturally marvelous on the screen." Jerome insists that "Mona knows what it's all about." They go so well together, perhaps it's not too much to hope they'll be "together again!"

The End
the sixty-four dollar question, because you won't win. Before the paint on your sign is dry, Sonny will have flown the coop, and you'll find the category didn't fit at all.

People have been struggling with Sonny and this problem for years. They've listened to that dyed-in-the-wrong-wool Tufts studying for grand opera, no swoon-inspiring grin, and up pops Sonny and this problem for years. They've prepared the brushes and the paint, another clean, white card; they've muttered, for they're apparently patient souls. Out they've come with another clean, white card; they've prepared the brushes and the paint, and they've started to lay out fine, big upper case letters. But when they've finished, where is Sonny? Another low-slung "Hiya," another swoon-inspiring grin, and up pops Sonny turned pale in the face. "You do it," said he.

The dialogue continued with slight variations, but ended with neither one of them going near the chickens with murder in mind. The chickens remained; grew, and flourished; got bigger and fatter; and found life with one of them going near the chickens in sub-zero temperatures. Paper for V-Mail entertainment. Paper that goes into containers for blood plasma collected by the Red Cross. Paper to make vests for airmen who fight in sub-zero temperatures. Paper for V-Mail envelops for our fighting men. These are a few of the vital roles that paper plays in the war program. But when Sonny and Barbara thought of that happy chicken, they felt like Barry Fitzgerald in "Going My Way"—full of guilt and reaching for the bread. So it was that a new decision was reached.

Barbara and Sonny decided to raise their chickens just for the eggs. But no sooner had this plan been made than the chickens started mouthing or something—Sonny is slightly vague as to the reasons—and the chickens stopped laying. "No gratitude," says Sonny, "after we saved their lives . . ."

So now they are left with a lot of completely useless chickens who are living off the fat of the land, with Barbara's father occasionally taking one of them off their hands. Sonny explains this bravery with a certain wistfulness. "He's been in two wars. I guess he doesn't mind wringing a chicken's neck."

So this will give you a clear picture of Tufts—skier, crewman, football player, etc., who appears to be bothered by nothing in this world. Besides which, he's afraid to drive a car.

Then there is Tufts—Business Man. "Business man?" says Sonny, "I'm not." And there seem to be a lot of things to prove it. "Business man!" groaned Bowen Charleston Tufts the Elder, when Sonny made his first big, honest-to-goodness business blunder, round about the summer of 1932. And Mr Tufts must have felt disgraced and surely settled firmly upon the Back Bay Tufts of Boston. The Tufts were.

**CARRY VICTORY IN YOUR BASKET!**

Every time you go to the store and carry your purchase home unwrapped, you help bring Victory just so much nearer — help get our boys back home just so much sooner.

So — when you go to the store, take along a basket or a shopping bag or some permanent container, roomy enough to carry your purchases home unwrapped.

Under no circumstances ask for, or accept, unnecessary paper wrappings from the store-keeper.

Don't burn or ruin, waste or destroy a single scrap of paper around your home, store or office. Collect it, save it, and call your local salvage group. They will call for it if you ask them to.

Remember — every scrap of paper you don't use, and every scrap you do save means just so much more ammunition for Victory.

**HERE ARE A FEW THINGS THAT PAPER IS VITALY NEEDED FOR:**

Paper that wraps and protects more than 700,000 different war items. Paper that goes into containers for blood plasma collected by the Red Cross. Paper to make vests for airmen who fight in sub-zero temperatures. Paper for Cleveland envelopes for our fighting men. These are a few of the vital roles that paper plays in the war program.

**Remember—PAPER IS WAR POWER**

**USE LESS PAPER—SAVE ALL WASTEPAPER**

This advertisement contributed by this publication and prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.
Sonny Tufts wanted to sell refrigerators from door to door. His father, Bowen Charleson Tufts the Third, was a banker. However, Sonny’s father offered Sonny a test to see if he had talent for business. Sonny sold $185 refrigerators in 1932 and was surprised himself that his father found him capable of this task.

Sonny Tufts had a talent for business and had five bands, no less! He even sent his band the ship’s band. However, Sonny’s father set a definite date, and Sonny was surprised when he found out that everything was set.

Sonny Tufts went to Europe every summer with his band the ship’s band. He had a silver cup for selling more refrigerators than any other salesman during that summer campaign.

Sonny Tufts was not known for being a banker. His father, Bowen Charleson Tufts the Elder, groaned when Sonny wanted to be a banker. Sonny Tufts was always telling him that it was silly to expect me to be a banker. I can’t stand the hardships of the Pilgrim Fathers trying to eke out a living on Plymouth Rock.

Fathers trying to eke out a living on Plymouth Rock.

Sonny Tufts had been at New Haven for a year, he had five bands, no less! He'd send them around playing for everything under the sun, and sort of rotate himself, making personal appearances, singing and playing drums. After that first dismal Plymouth Rock summer, he went to Europe every summer with his band the ship’s band.

"It was a terrible mistake," says Sonny, "I should never have done that. It made my father very hopeful about me for a while."

Then there were Sonny’s bands. This guy, who's supposed to have no talent for business, had two bands in Prep school and by the time he'd been at New Haven for a year, he had five bands, no less! He'd send them around playing for everything under the sun, and sort of rotate himself, making personal appearances, singing and playing drums. After that first dismal Plymouth Rock summer, he went to Europe every summer with his band the ship’s band.

At this point Barbara gets a funny expression on her face. "There is," she murmurs, "that deal he made with the Beverly Hills restaurant to sell them all the produce from our farm. . . ."

Though why he was surprised, I wouldn’t know," says Sonny, to this day surprised himself that his father expected anything different, "I was always telling him that it was silly to expect me to be a banker. I can’t add." That’s how it was, and today it is Barbara who keeps books on the family Tufts.

However, let's look at the record. When Sonny made this supreme blunder in 1932, Father Tufts set about to teach him a lesson, but good. He sent me down to Plymouth to sell refrigerators from door to door," says Sonny, "Father was thoroughly disgusted and picked out the hardest thing he could think of for me to do. And it was hard! Figure this, trying to sell $185 refrigerators in 1932! From that experience I came to understand the hardships of the Pilgrim Fathers trying to eke out a living on Plymouth Rock.

So what happened? Sonny won a silver cup for selling more refrigerators than any other salesman during that summer campaign.

Sonny sings opera, he used to sing in nightclubs; his pet tune is "Egyptian Ella."
of school in 1935—until Hollywood. “He won’t last,” the wiseacres said in the beginning. “It’s just a fluke. A guy who’d never been around in his life? Don’t make me laugh!”

Never acted before? You learn a lot being in two or three Broadway shows, even if you are there as a musician and singer, and not an actor. You learn about audiences, you learn about timing, and all the other things that make up a performer’s bag of tricks. Sonny has already disproven the “won’t last” theories. He has lasted. He knows his business.

And has he just sort of taken things as they come? Throwing over a lucrative job as a night club singer and band leader to bury oneself behind a New York brownstone front, and there to study for grand opera, isn’t exactly taking things as they come. People who know will tell you that this sort of training is just about the hardest work that anyone can do, and the most monotonous besides. But that’s what Sonny did for over a year, and nobody made him do it.

He has sort of drifted into things? He could have drifted into the newspaper business. He had plenty of connections. There were those who thought he had a writing talent. But he didn’t drift into that, because it wasn’t what he wanted to do.

“I wrote a couple of columns when I was in school,” Sonny will tell you, “and they were pretty pretentious. My family thought it was pretty hot stuff. But I knew better. I knew I was no writer, because I never had any original ideas. I used to get out books of humorous essays, books by Carey Ford and people like that. I’d read them, then close the book up quick and write my own version. I guess I thought if the book was closed it was all legitimate. But I was no writer.”

An easy going, slightly lazy guy? When Sonny was six he was given his first musical instrument, a mandolin, on Christmas morning. By nightfall, he could play it. By the time he had his hands in college he could play about fifteen musical instruments, most of them self-taught. Do you teach yourself to play fifteen musical instruments by being lazy?

“And,” they say at the studio, as a sort of startled afterthought, “he’s made more pictures than anyone else in Hollywood this past year. He hasn’t had one day off. Right now he’s making three all at once. ‘Duffy’s Tavern,’ ‘The Virginian’. Good to be True. He loves to work.”

What do you think?

“Then there is Tufts, New York Cafe Society, gay, cosmopolitan, smart Tufts. ‘We’ve got the most wonderful duck at our new house!’ says Sonny. ‘Wanders around the house. Funniest bird you ever saw. Barbara and I die laughing at it.’ Then there’s Barbara with her sixty-five yards of green stuff that looks like grass. Our living room is going to look like a New England meadow in the spring.”

The Cafe Society, apartment-house-living Tufts.

“Our house is wonderful,” glows Sonny, “stone foundations, white-washed rambling New England farm house. Red roses growing over it. It’s in a place called Hidden Valley, and you feel as if you were miles away from civilization, but you’re not.”

But most of all there is the impression you get of Tufts, Renegade from his Class.

“Anyone who was born into a family like his and ends up singing in night clubs and being a movie actor,” people will tell you, “well, he’s got to be a renegade. His family must have been furious. He must have just kicked over the traces and washed his hands of all that background stuff.”

Has he?

“My parents were slightly startled,” Sonny says, with none of the intense rebellion that goes hand in glove with the renegade, “but they figured a fellow should do what he wanted and what he was suited to do. The only condition they made was, do it well?”

Defiance towards background and family? It just isn’t. What there is pride and assurance in family and home, with a little old school tie thrown in.

“Even though,” says Sonny, “I went Yale instead of Harvard where all the men in my family are supposed to go.”

So, by now, maybe you will understand why Sonny Tufts is confusing. Why he just won’t fit into any of those pigeonholes. Why you can’t hang a placard around his neck. So, this is my advice. Considering there is a paper shortage, and considering the nation’s housing is congested—even in pigeonholes, I understand—let’s just give up the whole idea and take the big guy for what he is, a study in contrasts. Let’s not try to pigeonhole him; because, by tomorrow, he may suddenly decide to be a midget in a circus and don’t say I didn’t warn you, he’s a very remarkable fellow.”

**The END**

---

**NURSES NEEDED**

The Navy urgently needs 2500 more nurses by June 30, 1945. (The Army’s needs are even greater, numerically.) Who is eligible? Any available nurse who’s a high school graduate, a citizen of the U. S. for at least 18 years, graduate of an accredited school of nursing, registered, between 21 and 40 years of age, single or widowed or legally separated. Quick—apply now!
That did it. An appeal to the little one’s heart, and Margaret was instantly won over. Better to leave Maggie at home, with a friend to look after her, than to have her locked up in a dirty baggage car—and with a muzzle, yet!

There was a compromise, however. Mother agreed that Francesca could come—Francesca being a cheerfully chirping canary. Margaret had fallen in love with the little feathered one when she saw it in the window of a pet shop. It’s all the more dear to her, because she bought it with her own money. (Well, almost—Margaret had been able to save up $1.50 from her weekly allowance, and her pretty young Aunt Marissa pitched in with the other dollar.)

She felt no qualms about leaving behind her large collection of dolls. Margaret is fond of dolls, like every eight-year-old, but they take second place to pets who can respond when you whistle, perch on your shoulder and sing, or snuzzle a damp affectionate nose to yours.

Not long ago, when Margaret was going through her “Indian” stage (she converted bed quilts into a tepee erected in one corner of her room, wore feathers in her hair and drew nothing but red-faced, scowling war-riors), Mrs. O’Brien was shocked and dismayed one day to discover that the curls had been snipped off the heads of all the dolls, leaving only wisps of yellow floss sprouting from gleaming china scalps.

“Margaret, why did you do it?”

“Well, Mummy, it was a massacre. They were scalped,” explained Margaret, reasonably enough.

“But I hope you won’t do that to Maggie!”

Margaret looked horrified. “Of course not, Mummy. Why, Maggie and Francesca are human beings!”

There was a large compartment on the train for Margaret, her dark-eyed mother, and Aunt Marissa—her mother’s sister, whom Margaret worships and adores. And fifth member of the travel party (counting Francesca) was Guadalupe, a Mexican nurse with merry eyes who returned with the O’Briens from Mexico City, when they visited there last fall. Margaret took to Guadalupe, right from the start. She likes the way she laughs at everything, she likes her name. “It sounds like a song,” she explains. Besides it’s the name of her patron saint. To Margaret, a deeply religious little girl, that makes it more than just a name.

But even traveling with three grown-ups whom she loves above everyone else, you’d expect that three days on a train would be awfully tiresome for a little girl. With meals being sent in, because Mother wisely knew that if Margaret were to appear in the dining car, necks would crane and the usual business of excited whispering and autograph requests would begin. With no chance to hop off the train for a few minutes, at station stops, for the same reason. Having Francesca along, though, the three cooped-up days sped almost as fast as the wheels of the streamliner.

Margaret let the bird out of the cage and taught her to respond to
Active younger women are recommending Meds for their extra comfort, for the extra protection of the "SAFETY-WELL", an exclusive feature available only in Meds. For only 19¢, you can discover why, every month, more and more smart women say, "A box of Meds, please!"

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Margaret was 8 yrs. old, January 15th; Elsa Maxwell gave her a party in N. Y.

Meds internal protection is so comfortable!

First night out, Margaret insisted, as she always does, that she sleep in the upper berth. Mrs. O'Brien knew it would be no use trying to talk her out of it. To Margaret, that's half the fun of traveling.

"Remember now, once you're up you stay up," her mother said.

A few minutes later . . . "Mummy, I left Francesca's seed box open. I'm coming down to cover it."

"No dear, now never mind . . . nothing will happen to the bird's seed."

But already there were tiny legs scrambling down the ladder.

Back up again, Margaret thought of something else. "I forgot to brush my teeth."

"But you did. I saw you myself."

"But not hard enough. It will only take a minute."

And Margaret had scammedper down again. Ask her about it and she'll answer, her eyes twinkling, "Well, I guess I did make a lot of unnecessary trips."

Ask her to name her favorite movie stars, and without any hesitation at all she'll tell you, "Greer Garson, Garland, Greer Garson, Garland."

(James Craig, as you know, heads her list of male favorites.) Just before she left for New York, the studio arranged a special showing of "The Wizard of Oz;" it was by her special request, and Margaret was enchanted—particularly by the magic golden slippers Judy wore in the picture.

Riding on the train, it occurred to her to make her own magic slippers. And like the little red hen in the fairy tale—she did. She painstakingly ripped the sequins off a gold evening belt of her mother's, and began sewing them, one by one, on her red corduroy bathroom slippers.

That chore occupied her through Texas and the Midwest. But she hadn't calculated just right, and when she had finished she discovered to her dismay that one slipper was heavily overlaid with the shiny gold stuff, but there was none left over for the other slipper.

"Oh, well," she reasoned with inspiration. "Cinderella had only one slipper, too!"

But make no mistake—Margaret is no little angel. She can be "difficult" at times, just like any other little girl. Getting her to drink her milk, for instance, is something that requires the fortitude and patience of both Mrs. O'Brien and Aunt Marissa. Margaret doesn't say she won't drink it, you understand. She stalls.

"Just a minute, Mummy, while I draw a moustache on the Mexican."

"But can't you do that later? Have your milk now."

"I can't leave this moustache looped. I'll have my milk after I'm through."

"Now, dear."

And finally, after she's taken a few half-hearted sips, "Must I drink the whole glass? Can't I save some for later?"

It was therefore with great amusement that Mrs. O'Brien, strolling into the dining car on the one occasion when she didn't eat in the compartment, noticed another mother trying to persuade her small pride 'n joy to down a glass of milk.

"Come now," she heard the mother urge. "Drink the whole glass. Why, Margaret O'Brien always drinks milk."

Margaret's mother found it hard to suppress a broad smile. But it gave her an idea.

"But Mummy," Margaret answered, "Miss Garson likes tea! She told me so herself."

"Ask her to name her favorite movie stars (Greer Garson)," she thought, "and without any hesitation at all she'll tell you, "Garland, Garland, Garland."

But that was underrating her small daughter's intimate contact with the film greats.

"But Mummy," Margaret answered, "Miss Garson always drinks milk," she told Margaret next morning. "That's why she's so tall and lovely."

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Margaret was 8 yrs. old, January 15th; Elsa Maxwell gave her a party in N. Y.
The End

Charita McCann—New Rochelle, New York, secretary, took the "Powers Girl" training she was "just average"—now her friends agree she's beautiful, charming, poised.

READ HOW the "Powers Girl" training can do as much for you—help you to a lovelier figure, perfect style and grooming—greater appeal!

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YOUR STYLE: How to save up to 3 times the price of this Course and be "best-dressed."
YOUR VOICE: Fun-to-do helps to make speech more attractive.

WHAT THE POWERS HOME COURSE HAS DONE FOR OTHER GIRLS

Mr. Powers' students have written:

"Has given me the 'lift' I've needed for a long time."—"I've lost about 10 pounds—4 inches off my hips."—"My friends tell me I look so happy and sure of myself, they envy me."—"My complexion is already clearing beautifully!"—"I've found a better job, thanks to you."
BIG FEATURES YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS IN APRIL

"CHINA TO ME"—
Excerpts from the sensational best-seller by Emily Hahn that critics are acclaiming as "an extraordinary confession" . . . of a woman who has lived a wholly uninhibited existence. People everywhere are talking about this amazingly frank, personal history of the love life of a woman, with an enormous zest for life.

"BLOOD, SWEAT and ASPIRIN"—
How the fast-moving laugh programs that come so glibly from your loud-speaker are made. Ben Gross takes you behind the scenes of a Bob Hope broadcast—revealing the time, headaches and tough work that go into making a script and rehearsing it so that the radio millions will get a smooth, finished, split-second timed performance. No wander gag writers are the druggists' best customers.

"LOVE IS NOT ENOUGH"—
Is sex appeal all that matters in marriage? No! shouts Marjorie Miller in this revealing document that castigates the average American's naivete regarding marital ties—and what binds them together.

"CURSE OF THE DUTCHMAN'S GOLD"—
How death has trailed those who have sought the gold in a remote Arizona mine at the fork of the Old Apache trail. The gold, according to legend, is still there but its secret lies surrounded by the sun-whitened skeletons of those who have sought it—and failed.

These are only a few of the fascinating features that fill April Pageant. Short stories . . . page after page of full-color pictures . . . the Pageant Playground of games, puzzles and fun . . . Kate Smith's plea for Tolerance . . . all contribute toward making April Pageant the greatest issue of a great magazine.

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NEW PICTURE GUIDE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151)

Robert Benchley) set out on a tour of the Latin-American countries to pick the prettiest girls from each nation for an elaborate musical review. What happens in the development of that not very important story theme is strictly incidental, however, to its being an excuse for any number of good comedy situations, a fastly paced succession of song and dance features appropriate to Mexico, Cuba and Brazil—appropriate, not only because Hollywood set out to select "something typical" in each case, but because the performers are Latin America's best: Isabelita, Rosario and Antonio, Miguelito Valdes, Harold and Lola, Chuy Reyes and his orchestra, Nestor Amaral and his Samba Band. With songs by Ary Barroso, Margarita Lecuona, Pepe Guizar, and others.

I'LL REMEMBER APRIL (Universal) It's music! It's murder! And it's Gloria Jean and Kirby Grant on the singing and sleuthing side. And mighty purty singing, too, of the title song, "I'll Remember April." This is the tune that was put on the shelf several years ago and just recently came into its own on the Hit Parade, proving you can't keep a good song down, if it's good!

THIS MAN'S NAVY (M-G-M) Wally Beery's back again as one of those hard-bitten, old-liners with a soft spot in his heart for an imaginary son. When this affection is transferred out of the imaginary into the real, in the form of Tom Drake, Wally goes overboard trying to make his son a hero. Inevitable then that difficulties and conflicts should arise when Tom Drake behaves in an unhero-like manner during the heat of battle and transfers to another branch of service. But the picture ends on a happy note, with father and son reunited.

SHE GETS HER MAN (Universal) doesn't apply to a happy-romance conclusion for heroine Joan "Pilkie" Davis. It means that, with the questionable "help" of able comedian Leon Errol, she upholds the crime-squelching reputation of her mother, the late Ma Pilkington, and in 74 minutes flat runs down the dastardly needle murderer who is plaguing the fair city of Clayton. William Gargan is the newspaperman who purloins her affections, but remains aloof from them. The rest of the cast who aid, abet, and sometimes foil, both the crime and heart pursuits include Vivian Austin, Milburn Stone, Ian Keith, Russell Hicks and singer Bob Allen.

MR. EMMANUEL (United Artists) is the long awaited English film, based on Louis Golding's best-seller, which heralds the arrival of a new star in the firmament—Greta Gynt—popular Norwegian actress. The song "I Don't Know You," sung so effectively by Miss Gynt, will undoubtedly join the ranks of the many "slow and sultry" current favorites.

The story revolves around a kind old English jew, Mr. Emmanuel.
(Felix Aylmer) and his efforts to carry out a pledge made to a German refugee boy (Peter Mullins) to find out the whereabouts of the boy's mother, who is "somewhere in Germany." The innocent and unknowing Mr. Emmanuel "asks too many questions," in the pitiful belief that he's protected by his English passport; The Gestapo "gets" him, and only by a miracle does he get back to the safety and security that is England. (P.S.—you won't soon forget the faces of those who didn't!)

THE UNSEEN (Paramount) is a superb picture with a superlatively cast. The mystery "enshrouds" the house next door to David Fielding's (Joel McCrea). Murders abound in Salem Alley. Elizabeth Howard (Gail Russell) is hired by David Fielding as a governess for his two children. In trying to unravel the tangled plot, she is aided by one of her charges, Ellen Fielding, (Nona Griffith), and hindered by the craftiness of her other charge, Barnaby Fielding (Richard Lyon). Watch these two children—they're good. Dr. Charles Evans (Herbert Marshall) is the friend of the family. These are excellent characterizations by Isobel Elsom, Mikhail Rasumny and Phyllis Brooks.

THE TOWN WENT WILD (PRC) trying to figure out what happened one night 25 years ago when David Conway (Freddie Bartholomew) and Bob Harrison (James Lydon) were born. What they wanted to know was whether David Conway was really David Conway, or was he Bob Harrison—and was Bob Harrison really Bob Harrison or was he—well, you know.

Carol Harrison (Jill Browning) had a very personal reason for wanting the correct answer to this conundrum, for she was engaged to marry David Conway—or was he her brother? Well, you can see how confusing the situation was, and Edward Everett Horton and Tom Tully, the feuding fathers, do nothing to relieve it.

G.J. HONEYMOON (Monogram) Like a good many girls today, Ann (Gale Storm) does her darndest to stay

Deborah Kerr, Red Cross war nurse in the "Colonel Blimp" movie. Mar. 15th to 21st is Red Cross War Fund Week in all theaters.

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Roy Rogers, Dale Evans and Trigger—the hoss what talks—share the honors in "Utah."

with her brand new spouse (Peter Cookson)—but the Army has first call on his services. The groom gets transferred to a new post. His bride goes after him. The Army cancels all leaves. And so it goes, with the Army getting its man, and the bride minus groom.

THUNDERHEAD — SON OF FICKLA (20th Century-Fox) All those who saw and loved "Flicka" will not want to miss the tender and moving story of Flicka's son, Thunderhead. Roddy McDowall again plays the part of Ken McLaughlin; Preston Foster, his father, and Rita Johnson, his mother. Thunderhead, to everyone's surprise, is a 570-pound colt and persuades the family to bank their meager funds on his success—only to lose everything, when Thunderhead's wild blood causes him to bolt the race. But the picture does not end here. The final scenes are both exciting and touching.

Recommended entertainment for all lovers of horses and the wide open spaces of Utah, beautifully filmed in technicolor.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE (Paramount) A fake picture lands Nancy Kelly a job on Flick Magazine, edited by Chester Morris, a guy with a gleam in his eye. To keep that gleam under control, Phillip Terry, Nancy's boyfriend, comes along, too, posing as her brother. Everything goes all right until Chester finds out he's been duped and jumps to the wrong conclusion. Here, that ever-popular screen device—murder—comes into play. Nancy is accused of doing the foul deed. But another double exposure brings her out of jail and into the arms of the guy who loves her the mostest and the bestest.

NOTHING BUT TROUBLE (M-G-M) And what would you expect when Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy get together again? This time Stan and Oliver, descendants of a long line of chefs and butlers, are unwittingly involved in a plot to assassinate the child king of an exiled government. Stan and Oliver go through their usual routines, befuddle everything and everybody, but in the doing completely foil the killer. Good fun, if you like Laurel and Hardy.

JOHN DILLINGER (Monogram release), a King Bros. production, with Lawrence Tierney (screen newcomer signed recently by RKO, after little theater experience, and borrowed for this picture), Edmund Lowe, and Anne Jeffreys. Tierney plays the title role, with Lowe as Speca, leader of the gang Dillinger took over, and Miss Jeffreys as the "woman in red" who tipped off the FBI to make the raid that finally "got" the notorious Mr. Badman.

SEE MY LAWYER (Universal), an Olsen and Johnson tops-all for wackiness, having to do with a trio of legal eagles looking for law business (Alan Curtis, Noah Beery Jr., and Joe Wilson), and a pretty night club dancer named Betty Wilson (Grace McDonald). The plot—not that we mean to go into it—would sound tried and truly old-formula, but this line-up, sohelpyou, is enough to make "Romeo and Juliet" strange people to Willy Shakespeare. It's guaranteed—any resemblance between this and anything you've ever seen before is strictly coincidental with "Hellzapoppin," and that's all!

EARL CARROLL VANITIES (Republic) is the musical mix-up of "royalty" in the USA. Her Highness (Constance Moore) arrives with Mama Queen (Mary Forbes), and retinue, to raise a loan for their "sinking" country, Turania. While visiting her friend's (Eve Arden) night club, our heroine stands in for one of the performers who "broke an ankle" for plot purposes, and is discovered by Earl Carroll (Otto Kruger), who signs her up for his new show. Dennis O'Keefe makes the music for the show, and is the guy who gets the girl. The show goes over, and so does the loan. Among the lesser lights are Pinky Lee, Edward Gargan and the inimitable "Parkyakarkus." Woody Herman's band gives out with the music.

THE CRIME DOCTOR'S TRAP (Columbia) with Warner Baxter, Stephen Crane, Dennis Moore, Hillary Brooke, Jerome Cowan, Lloyd Corrigan, Robert Scott, Emory Parnell, and Anthony Caruso and Lupita Tovar. It's murder with a money motive, and all...
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Are ugly externally-caused pimples, blemishes and other annoying skin irritations spoiling your appearance? If they are, get a jar of the Medicated Skin Cream, Noxzema, and see how quickly it can help your skin back to normal soft smoothness. Nurses were among the first to discover how Noxzema helps. That's because it's a medicated formula; it not only smooths and softens rough, dry skin, but helps heal pimples and blemishes.* Try Noxzema today! It's greaseless, non-sticky. At all drug counters; 10c, 25c, 50c, $1 (plus tax). *externally-caused

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AT MGM:

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF is now in its second month of production with Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson (you should see his new black and white tweed suit that he wears with a white shirt and a black cashmere sweater—really something), Keenan Wynn, Robert Benchley, and Leon Ames. This is one of Metro’s super colossal pictures, of course, which brings to mind the comment of a serviceman overheard talking at the Hollywood Canteen. “You can always tell a Metro picture,” he said, “because at the last there is a bigger production number than you’ve ever seen, or a bigger accident, or a fancier party, or a head of redder hair.”

HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY is nearly finished. Hedy Lamarr, Bob Walker, June Allyson, and Warner Anderson (watch for his performances because he’s good) are in this one. Hedy was telling June Allyson that she has decided on the names for her forthcoming Loder production. If a boy, he will be called John, of course. If a girl, she will be called Victoria because Hedy thinks 1945 is the Victory year. In time to come, little Vic isn’t going to like that much—how is she going to flub a year or five, thus pinned down in history?

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF in Technicolor is brand new on the Metro lot. Fred Astaire has perfected some of the best routines of his life for this one, assisted by Lucille Bremer (who was the older girl in “Meet Me In St. Louis”) Frank Morgan and Leon Ames are also added for comedy interest, and Mildred Natwick is a fugitive from “Blithe Spirit” of Broadway.

THE HARVEY GIRLS is the story of a loaf of bread and a glass of milk beside the railroad track, starring Judy Garland, Angela Lansbury, John Hodiak, Edward Arnold, Preston Foster and Shirley Patterson (beaued occasionally by Bob Walker). The set, Judy was showing Angela a charming locket in which was concealed a picture of Vincent Minnelli, whom Judy will marry in the fall. Mr. Minnelli is now remodeling his home for the reception of a bride.

AT PARAMOUNT:

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE is the musical starring Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts, Bobby Watson (he usually plays Hitler), and Ruth Donnelly.

MASQUERADE IN MEXICO is the first picture Dottie Lamour has made in a long time and fans have been yelling bloody murder in protest over her idleness. Calm down, chickadees—here’s a newie. She is surrounded by Arturo de Cordova (who has received more mail than Santa Claus in December since the release of “Frenchman’s Creek”), Patric Knowles, Ann Dvorak, and dancer Billy Daniels.

AT RKO:

THE INVISIBLE ARMY is now in its second month of production with George Raft, Signe Hasso as a brunette (she wore a blonde wig in “The Story Of Dr. Wassell”), Claire Trevor (showing off pictures of her plump son), and Hoagy Carmichael.

THOSE ENDURING YOUNG CHARMS is the vehicle for Laraine Day, Robert Young, Ann Harding, and Dewey Robinson. The title of this picture has provided a lot of laughs in a field day. Those who are gratified by Bob Young’s long career in pictures want to call the story “Those ENDURING Young Charms,” and those who beam at Bob as the nicest actor of all time simply want the marquee arrayed this way: “Those Endearing YOUNG Charms.”

GEORGE WHITE’S SCANDALS OF 1945 is keeping Joan Davis, Jack Haley, Philip Terry (who received a gold cigarette case set with diamonds and rubies from his wife, Joan Crawford, for Christmas), and Gene Krupa.

AT WARNER BROTHERS:

THIS LOVE OF OURS is the picture in which John Garfield, Eleanor Parker, Dane Clark, John Ridgely, and Rosemary DeCamp are working.

MILDRED PIERCE, the dynamic picturization of the James C. Grant novel, is now in its second terrific month with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson (his hair gray in the latter scenes), Zachary Scott, Ann Blyth, and Eve Arden. A goodie—watch for it.

THREE STRANGERS has just started shooting with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, and Robert Shayne scaring the daylight out of the audience.
LOSSES 45 POUNDS
-and an Inferiority Complex

“My husband’s birthday gift to me—the DuBarry Success Course—has brought new happiness to us both,” says Mrs. Rita Unger of Hagerstown, Md.

“Just to stand before the mirror and see a figure you’re proud of! Just to have the satisfaction of slipping into a size 14 dress after wearing a 38 for years! Just to hear the compliments of your family and friends on how wonderful you look! Those are rewards any woman would be willing to work for. But they came to me when I finished the DuBarry Course, and the weeks I had spent on it hadn’t been work at all—they had been more of an exciting adventure.

“I had put on weight after my babies came, until I weighed 178. Then, for my birthday my husband gave me the DuBarry Success Course. (Don’t tell me husbands aren’t observing and thoughtful!) The very first week I lost 8 pounds, and began to feel buoyant and gay. Today I weigh 133, and my figure is as slim as the day I was married. My skin is lovelier and softer, my hair lustrous and alive, and for the first time I know how to use make-up effectively. With all that weight gone, I have a surprising amount of energy. Thanks to DuBarry, I am getting more out of life than ever before, I can really enjoy my family and my home. Of course, my husband takes the credit, but that’s all right with me!”

HOW ABOUT YOU?

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Use the coupon—it will quickly bring you the full story of what this Course can do for you.
work, she’ll team up with Gene Krupa for a Brazilian jam session number, “Cho Cho,” in which Gene will play the drums with his hands.

When Andy Russell left New York to turn to Hollywood for his movie debut, he had his fingers crossed, but tight. His first role will be opposite Betty Hutton in “Stork Club,” which Buddy De Sylva is producing for Paramount. “I don’t know if it will be much of an actor,” he told me, “but Mr. De Sylva said he would make extensive tests before we started shooting, so maybe it will turn out all right.”

Martha Stewart has been signed by Twentieth Century-Fox and will get a big buildup by the studio. She was under contract to Metro last year, but they did nothing with her and dropped her option. So she came back to New York, landed a Victor recording contract, and went into the Copacabana Club, where Twentieth’s scouts saw her.

David Street, the good-looking singer on the Joan Davis radio show, has been contracted by Republic Studios for one of the leads in their musical extravaganza, “New Faces of 1945.” David’s first records for Victor will be released soon.

**WHATS BRISK ON THE DISC**

**Decca:**

If you’re a Crosby fan, here are three new ones by the Bing. The first disc couples “Let’s Take The Long Way Home” and “I Promise You,” both by Mel Tormé and his orchestra. Then there’s “Sleigh Ride in July,” and “Like Someone in Love,” with John Scott again. On the third, Bing shares the spotlight with the Andrews Sisters, and with John Scott’s orchestra.

It’s the big hit, “Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate The Positive,” and “There’s A Fellow Waiting in Poughkeepsie.”

This “Heart of Mine,” the beautiful tune from Metro’s “Ziegfeld Follies,” is done by Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Band, with Eugenie Baird on the vocal. On the reverse side you’ll find “Robin Hood,” the novelty sensation of the juke boxes, with “Fats” Daniels on the lyrics.

Dick Haymes is heard on “I Don’t Want To Love You” and “Let The Rest Of The World Go By,” with Victor Young’s orchestra. On the latter, Dick has a mixed chorus behind him.

Helen O’Connell gets the best solo jobs to date on “Don’t Ever Change,” and “Guess I’ll Hang My Tears Out To Dry.” Victor Young’s orchestra again.

“I Didn’t Know About You” and “Saturday Night” (Is The Loneliest Night In The Week) are both given excellent treatment by Woody Herman, who sings an excellent solo, and Frances Wayne does the ditto on the reverse.

That “Is You Ain’t” man, Louis Jordan, gathers his Tympahna Five for the recording of is strictly jive, “You Can’t Get That No More,” and “Mop! Mop!”

For a switch in pace there’s Guy Lombardo’s “A Little On The Lonely Side,” sung by Jimmy Brown, and “My Heart Sings,” with a Stuart Foster vocal.

Duke Ellington’s newest hit, “Don’t You Know I Care,” serves as an excellent vehicle for Jimmy Dorsey’s orchestra and Patti Palmer’s vocalizing. There’s a fine instrumental, “Twilight Time” and “Fish Market.”

Here’s Music in the Morgan Market. Ruth Gaylor sings both “Wonderful Winter” and the band and Marjorie Lee doing “Midsummer’s Eve,” one of the beautiful numbers from “Song of Norway.”

And Adele Niesen has waxed the two biggest hits from her wallop Broadway show, “Follow The Girls,” “I Wanna Get Married,” and “Twelve O’Clock And All Is Well.” Don’t listen for the “Married” side on the radio. The lyrics are, shall we say, tres risque.

**Victor:**

Fred Martin has two platters, his first since the recording ban was lifted. Number one is “Magic Is The Moonlight” and “Strangers,” and the second is “Evalina” and “When The Boys Come Home.” Artie Wayne does all four vocals.

Dinah Shore sends her velvet voice to “Let’s Take The Long Way Home” and “Guess I’ll Hang My Tears Out To Dry,” with Albert Sack’s orchestra.

Two of Cole Porter’s tunes from “Seven Lively Arts” have been waxed by Charlie Spivak. “Ev’ry Time We Say Goodbye” is sung by Irene Daye, and Jimmy Saunders tells the vocal story of “Only Another Boy And Girl.”

Peggy Lee jumps in with a solid duo, “And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine” and “Yip Yip De Hootie, My Baby Said Yes.”

Perry Como will probably cause plenty of Como-motion with “More and More” and “I Wish We Didn’t Have To Say Goodnight.” Lou Martin’s Victor orchestra provides the background.

Here’s “Saturday Night” again, this time by Hal McIntyre’s orchestra, backed up by “My Funny Valentine.” Ruth Gaylor sings both tunes. “Valentine” is a lovely Rogers and Hart composition from the musical comedy hit of a few years ago, “Babes In Arms.”

If you like Duke Ellington as much as I do, don’t miss his newest release, “I Didn’t Know About You” with vocal refrain by Joya Sherrill, and “I Ain’t Gonna Give Nobody No Blues,” with Al Hibbler handling the singing chores. Both numbers are compositions by the Duke.

The King Sisters bounce forth with “Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate The Positive” and “Kind Treatment.” They have excellent musical support from Buddy Cole and his orchestra.

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Columbia:
The old professor, Kay Kyser, Dolly Mitchell, and the trio, do "Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate" and "Like Someone In Love."
Tommy Tucker is back on wax with "My Heart Sings," sung by Don Brown and The Two Timers, with Don doing double duty on "Don't Ever Change."
The great Benny Goodman Quintet, appearing in "Seven Lively Arts," do two of the numbers from the show, "Ev'Ry Time We Say Goodbye" and "Only Another Boy and Girl."
Peggy Mann is featured on the first side and Jane Harvey is on the reverse.

Dramaqueen Gene Krupa and his orchestra have a pleasing duo in "I Walked In," lyricized by Buddy Stewart, and the G-Noters swing out on "I'll Remember Suzanne."
If you liked the music from "Oklahoma," and who didn't, be sure to get the "Oklahoma Medley," which includes all the songs from the show, done in the masterful style of Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra.

Lettie Lee is good toomusie in "Twilight Time," done as an instrumental, and "Sentimental Journey," with Doris Day taking the musical touch.

Ginny Simms' new one is "This Heart of Mine" and "I'm In A Jam (with Baby)." Ginny's radio conductor, Edgar Fairchild, is the baton man.
The old favorite, "When Your Lover Has Gone," has been recorded by Harry James, with plenty of trumpet in evidence. "The Horn" and his quintet get together for "I'm Confessin" on the other side.

Ray Noble and his orchestra give us "Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart" and "How Bright The Stars," with Larry Stewart's vocals. The latter tune was adapted from Ray's "Indian Suite."

Count Basie and his solid aggregation, are in for "I Didn't Know About You," sung by Thelma Carpenter, and a typical Basie number, "Red Bank Boogie."

Capitol:
Liltin' Martha Tilton has recorded two fine ballads, "I Should Care" and "Baby Doll," with Paul Weston's orchestra. "Stranger" was written by Mel Torme, the talented singer-drummer-arranger, who is heard on the new platter of "What A Sweet Surprise" and "My Heart Sings." Paul Barou's orchestra and arrangements. Incidentally, "I Should Care" has been recorded for a return engagement to New York's Capitol Theatre, where he made such a hit on his first appearance.

The Pied Pipers and Paul Weston do a swell job on "Dream" and "Tabby The Cat." You'll remember "Dream" as the beautiful theme song on Johnny Mercer's Chesterfield show.

Stan Kenton's band does "Ev'Ry Time We Say Goodbye" with a Gene Howard vocal, and on the flipover, Anita O'Day warbles a jivey thing, "Are You Movin' With Old Man." This one should prove to be as big a seller as Kenton's "And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine."

Jam Notes:
Eileen Barton is going off the Sinatra show, and will probably be set on a new radio commercial shortly.

"The Voice" has been taking it a bit slow since he dropped "The Hit Parade," and has been spending a lot of time in Palm Springs, resting before he starts his new picture for R.K.O. Speaking of "The Hit Parade," I don't particularly relish Lawrence Tibbett as a replacement for Sinatra. I've always liked Tibbett, but I just don't think he belongs on that program.

Tommy Dorsey, who has been very ill, is reported much improved...

...Jane Froman has made a sensational comeback after her tragic clipper crash a couple of years ago, and is planning a nation wide concert tour this summer.

...Charlie Spivak is the latest band leader to form his own music publishing company...

...Spike Jones has been killing off his shows, and may take one of the many studio contracts which have been offered her...

Well, good people, this is it for now. If you have any musical queries, send them along, and I'll do my best to answer you. Also, let's have your ideas and suggestions on the column. If there's something you like, or something you don't like, I'd like to hear it. Just write Jill Warren, MOVIELAND Magazine, 1476 Broadway, New York City 18, N. Y. BUT BE SURE TO ENCLOSE A SELF-ADRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE.

The End
he is rapidly beginning to be taken seriously as an artist. Besides, he thinks he is mentally ready for more mature roles than his face seems to warrant. This upsets him.

When he was about sixteen he had the opportunity to try out as a singer. That was when he decided that it was better to be excited after the event than before. He had been so wrangled up ahead of time that he hadn't done himself justice and consequently, was a flop. He admits now that he doesn't think he was equipped to be a singer. But the fiasco taught him something important about showmanship, and he went on from there to where he is now—which is in Hollywood, with a pleasant contract still in the works.

This upsets him. "This Man's Navy" stars Wallace Beery, with Tom Drake playing the role of his imaginary son and sinking a submarine.

else, he always hopes that it will be "good and big. If it's a really huge crowd, you can lose yourself in it and sort of anonymous." The answers to all this, of course, that Tom is still fundamentally shy. He hasn't quite adjusted himself to the conditions which have changed so fast and so frequently since he was a lad. Life hasn't been very kind to him—and it shows, somehow, in his face. Women have an instant desire to mother him, to give him a little pat and reassure him about whatever vague thing it is that is troubling him. But they don't. Some unconscious dignity and reserve in him prevents them.

Tom was born in New York City. His real name is Alfred Alderdice. His parents were Alfred and Gertrude Alderdice, and his father was an importer. The family moved to Westchester while Alfred, junior, was a very little boy. When he was six, his little sister died. He had known, vaguely, that she had been ill for a very long time and that his father had taken her to a place called "Europe" to try to make her well. But she died. When he was eleven his father died, and Tom was old enough by then to understand. Then something about death. When he was sixteen, his beloved mother followed him and his father in death and young Tom realized that he was an orphan and "on his own," although an uncle-guardian supervised the remainder of his education. Mrs. Kennedy is his one remaining close relative.

"Three deaths in your immediate family in fifteen years do something to you, especially when you are very young," he observes. "There's nothing much to prop you up during that trying time when you're trying to find out what life is all about."

He attended Iona School in New Rochelle and later Mercersburg Academy in Pennsylvania. But his ten-year-old dream of "show business" persisted. So he launched into an acting career, beginning with a job in summer stock in Poultney, Vermont. The rest of the story is routine—although it seemed anything but that to Tom in those days, as he agonized his way from disappointment to disappointment. He has always just missed getting a good part in a successful play—or getting one in a play which promptly folded—until his role in the Broadway play, "Tom and the Runaway". This part had a long run and established him as a young actor to be reckoned with, and now he knows that all the things he did—and a good many of the things he almost did—before that, became assets in the career which was to follow. The agony wasn't wasted. Metro signed him on the strength of "Janie" and he played an orphan and a sailor and a lad. Life hasn't been very kind to him and reassure him about whatever vague thing it is that is troubling him. But they don't. Some unconscious dignity and reserve in him prevents them.

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ideal marriage—and he considers marriage the most important thing in anyone's life, regardless of the glittering dreams of fame and fortune.

For a successful marriage, he thinks it is important that the two people know how to have fun together. It's nice if you can both laugh over amusements, books, the same kinds of people. But he doesn't think it's absolutely necessary. "Any woman who is really, completely in love with a man will do goddam well," he concludes, sagely. "But he must be deeply in love with her, too, or it will all be wasted."

He does not have a home of his own, "with roots underneath it," something he has helped to choose, plan and furnish, something which will belong to him.

He owns three enormous dogs, two Great Danes and a police dog, and feeding them in war-time poses some interesting problems.

He feels that people in his own age bracket feels more relaxed than he does if too many years intervene in either direction. But he likes and is interested in people from all walks of life, the more diverse the other, people doing every kind of work, if he can meet and talk with them one or two at a time. He thinks he hangs a lot more particularly in Hollywood from whom he has not learned something.

He usually trusts his first impressions of people he meets, but he admits that, sometimes, he can't get an impression. They just don't register.

Weeks after meeting someone, he may wake up suddenly to the realization that there is something about this person, or people, doing every kind of work, if he can meet and talk with them one or two at a time. He thinks he hangs a lot more particularly in Hollywood from whom he has not learned something.

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THIS IS INGRID BERGMAN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29)

I HAVE A SECRET PASSION FOR—chocolate-coated ice cream on a stick.

I REMEMBER—my father's coming home to Sweden after a tour of America with a Swedish choir. He brought me an orange he had bought in California. It was wizened and old, with a skin like leather, but it was my first touch with America and I thought it wonderful.

I DON'T REMEMBER—my first appearance in films. I was one year old. My father, a portrait artist in Stockholm, rented a motion picture camera and photographed my first birthday party. Although he has no projector and we could not view the films, he continued to make birthday records of me until his death. Sometimes these records took the form of little plays, which I enjoyed very much.

THE NICEST THING ANYONE EVER DID FOR ME—was done by my husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, who had these films reduced to 16 mm. size, and sent them to me when I first arrived in Hollywood, alone and lonely. For the first time, I watched my happy past unfold on the screen and saw my mother, who died when I was two.

MY FAVORITE HOBBY—is adding to these life-records with my own camera, taking the highlights in the life of my daughter, Pia.

I DON'T CARE FOR—fishing, card games, breakfast in bed, budgets or a loudly ticking clock.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD—my favorite amusement was reading aloud to myself from plays that contained dramatic scenes. But my father died when I was twelve and I wanted to be with an uncle who objected to my interest in the theater and thought I should engage in the same occupations that absorbed my cousins. He did not approve of my reading. Presently, I managed to acquire a phonograph which I played in my room; against the sound of the music I practiced dramatic readings, until I was caught by my uncle and forbidden.

I LOVE—orchestra music, stirring poetry, garden flowers in season, an early morning ride in the country, not having to chatter.

I LIKE—Perfume bottles, though I do not care particularly for perfume.

MY FAVORITE picture role was the cockney in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde":...
I'M GUILTY OF—
not taking glamour seriously;
turning out lights in hotel rooms;
chewing gum instead of smoking;
not being able to enjoy idleness.

I HAVE NO IDEA—
what to do when mechanical
gadgets go wrong;
how to compute my income tax.

MY FIRST—
visit to a theater convinced me that
I had found the thing I wanted to
do. Gosta Ekman was the star in
the play. I thought him marvelous.
I still do. I was only a child; if I
had known at the time that when
I was seventeen I would actually
be playing opposite Mr. Ekman on
the screen, the thrill would have
been insupportable.

My escort was Peter Lindstrom, then a
medical student. He used to take
me to the theater. In 1937, he led
me to—

SOME DAY—
I want to take Pia to visit Sweden,
but I want to make this country my
home always;
I want to travel over the United
States, visiting all 48 of them;
I'd love to play Joan of Arc—also
Mary Magdalene in "Scarlet Lily."

I DISLIKE—
highly colored fingernail polish, ex¬cept for picture roles;
dieting. I diet if necessary because of
weight. I love eating but can
curb my appetite for my career.

I WISH—
We could have a dog, but our prop¬erty isn't yet fenced in and we must
wait.

I'M FOND OF—
the color red; long-sleeved evening
gowns; smelts stuffed with an¬chovies, baked in butter and bread

A winner with women!
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 schönheit, the quaint fragrance of a little Swiss woodland flower, so blissful that nature’s own Linnaeus bestowed the little flower his own name. Linnea Perfume brings you the refreshing fragrance of the Linnea flower. That “Movieland” readers may enjoy the thrill of knowing this lovely fragrance, we have prepared a “Get Acquainted” package, prepaid to you for only 25c. This package not sold in any store. Mail coupon now for yourself and friends.

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NOT AS ADVERTISED

During the holidays, Errol Flynn was entertaining two Navy fliers in a well-known Hollywood spot. As the hour was early afternoon, there were few other guests present, but eventually two Waves wandered in, obviously lonely, homesick, and wistful. After having seated herself at the bar, one of the girls—peering into the mirror—recognized Mr. Flynn. She arose with a “Darn! The Torpedo’s” expression, marched over to the table and said, “It wouldn’t be Christmas unless I kissed Errol Flynn.” And she did so.

The redoubtable Errol, perennially astonished at the quaint things that befall him, must have been too off-balance to reciprocate in the manner expected of him, because the Wave straightened, regarded the starsearchingly and said with brutal honesty, “I don’t know what I expected, but I’m disappointed.” And slowly she walked away.

WALKING THE PLANK

Walter Slezak was working with Paul Henreid and Maureen O’Hara in “Spanish Main” when his anticipated call came. He pulled off his pirate’s wig, but left on his studio makeup and resplendent raider’s robes, and scurched home. There he collected his wife and rushed her to the hospital.

Other fathers in the waiting room were so upset at the sight of this 19th Century gentleman—reminding them by his archaic costume that theirs was a visage as old as mankind itself—that Walter finally returned to the studio, swapped sash and satin for tie and tawed, and returned to the hospital. Miss Ingrid Elizabeth arrived just after midnight, looking very much like her handsome mother, née Johanna Van Rijn. A jubilant father telephoned the press as follows, “The most beautiful child ever to arrive at Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital has just weighed in. You may say she is my first child, and that I am resting comfortably.”

EMOTIONAL TIES

Bob Walker’s stag friends received news of the theft of Bob’s entire wardrobe with intense sympathy. They got together in solemn high conclave and mulled over plans for a Bundles For Bob campaign; the meeting adjourned, each gentleman rushed to his home and scrutinized his collection of Christmas ties. The loudest, giddiest, most frightening in each wardrobe was lovingly wrapped and presented to Mr. Walker.

Local citizens no longer carry torches. They carry Walker—same effic~
half a pint of star dust

(continued from page 22)

department. Around her head she wore a beaded band. “I’m an Indian,” she said, “for a routine in ‘Where Do We Go From Here?’ A blonde Indian in cahoots with Joan Leslie. Some stuff!”

She was also wearing a pair of black sneakers, black slacks, a black jersey blouse and a lamb’s wool coat, about size nine.

There ensued a scene by Miss Haver, who will write most of June’s songs in the future, “about half a pint of star dust.”

Mebby so. But June Haver is also half of dynamite. If anyone ever makes a picture called “Everywoman” in which Virtue and Modesty and Fear are impersonated, June Haver will be cast as Enterprise.

She is a self-made woman, the manufacture started in First Grade. A piano teacher came around to the different rooms, asking whether any of the pupils could play. June waved her hand aloft and got busy that very afternoon on scales and simple compositions. At the end of the month, when the bill for services rendered was handed June’s somewhat astonished mother, June demonstrated her accomplishment: she could play several light melodies with the verve of a junior Freddy Martin. Score one for Ingenuity at the age of five.

At age 7 she won the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music’s Post Music Contest—a piano solo appearance with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra conducted by Eugene Goossens.

Don’t think that piano was the only interest of our dynamic heroine. No indeed. She sang. She orated. She danced. Quadruple threat.

At age 10 she won an oratorical contest, and at ten she sang a solo at the ceremonies officially opening the new Frances Willard School in Rock Island, Illinois—her birthplace. This canary appearance won a singing engagement in Rock Island, where she was well and favorably known. But, she added, he could grab a lot of free front page publicity and double his take, if he would follow a suggestion that she would be glad to make.

All he had to do was to let her sing a few numbers with his band. Headlines would then appear to the effect that June, America’s most acute business instincts. As soon as Mr. Jurgens and his band checked into the hotel, June presented herself. She told Mr. Jurgens that he would undoubtedly do well in Rock Island, where he was well and favorably known. But, she added, he could grab a lot of free front page publicity and double his take, if he would follow a suggestion that she would be glad to make.

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from that day until this, Miss Haver liberally with the exotic liquid. And broke the seal and doused herself until she was eighteen was June to be heavy for sixteen-year-old June. Not ruled that the fragrance was too ruled that the fragrance was too heavy for sixteen-year-old June. Not ruled that the fragrance was too heavy for sixteen-year-old June. Not ruled that the fragrance was too heavy for sixteen-year-old June. Not ruled that the fragrance was too heavy for sixteen-year-old June.

P. S.—Miss Haver’s option was dropped. But she was instantly signed to a better contract and cast with equal speed in “Home in Indiana.”

As you undoubtedly know, “Home” was shot partially in Kentucky, and partly in southern Illinois. (Making pictures according to the confused geographic location is called Dogpatch Style. It accounts for “Sahara” being made in Southern California, and “The Spanish Main” being shot at Toluca Lake.)

Going on location gave June an opportunity to return to her old home town, which aroused magnificently to the occasion. She sang, she danced, she chattered. She addressed her sister’s former grade school classmates, now in High School. It was all wonderful.

Then the minute she returned to Hollywood, she was cast in “Irish Eyes Are Smiling,” opposite Dick Haymes—which is a fate just slightly different from “Arsenic and Old Lace” type, asked one of the graduate nurses, “Who is that pretty girl over there? She’s been so pleasant to me.”

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THE END

Female "Napoleon"

Joan Fontaine, who has many, many nurses’ aid hours to her credit, was working in a psychopathic ward recently. A sweet old lady, on the “Arsenic and Old Lace” type, asked one of the graduate nurses, “Who is that pretty girl over there? She’s been so pleasant to me.”

“That’s Joan Fontaine,” said the graduate.

The little lady shook her head com- complacently. “Poor child. How long has she thought so?”

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LOYD NOLAN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)
a smooth stretch of green in front and no swimming pool in back. One of those thoroughly lived-in houses, with flowers crowding the door in the afternoon, they are well loved, and the white driveway well used by the kind of people who like to go out, because it's so much fun to get home again. It's a strange kind of every¬
er in the well-mannered neighbor-
hood, you'd pass right by without special notice, unless you happened to have the address scribbled in your notebook.

The gentleman who answers your
ring, however, is too good-looking to be opening just any door. As a mat¬
ter of record, he is too good-looking to be Lloyd Nolan's double.
The shades of Michael Shayne, the
sergeants, and all those other "guys" retire in a hurry, for Lloyd is one of the very few screen actors who neither looks nor sounds like his screen self. He has startling silver hair above a youthful tan face, rich brown eyes, and a knowing taste in sports clothes. 
Surprisingly, since many of the
screen's leading "glamour boys" are
fellows who otherwise would pass unnoticed in a crowd, you realize that Nolans—seven of Hollywood's most stunning gents, and the average feminine fan wouldn't pass him without looking back, whether she recognized him or not. For the rest of the afternoon you keep looking at him—and wondering. While most of Hollywood's healthy-hued males cry for the Techni-cameras even more than the females, you keep on Hollywood's own natural
personality-changing color scheme would do on the screen. You specu-
late whether with the right role and a director who could get an ad-in on the screen, he might not start a new cycle for himself, as well as a new style in smart-looking and smoothly ingratiating leading men.
The Nolan home, inside, is one of those where you take a chair without waiting for an invitation, and nibble on nuts, fresh-salted by the lady of the house. At the moment, she happens to be upstairs checking the linen to be sure the laundry hasn't blitized another sheet. You can see a small girl, nose pressed flat against a terraced window pane. She's de-
veloped the darndest habit of wanting to wave goodbye to visitors, even though she's not supposed to be waving goodbye. She just come in. And the back-yard is just about the bouncingest boy baby you've ever watched try to scale the walls of his play-pen. He'll make it and then he'll break it, too. They've already had the fish pond filled with dirt, in anticipation.

From all this, you can see that the Nolan household is hotheaded and un¬
affected—as human as your Aunt and Uncle Dudley. Right about here, how¬
er, we can drop this "just like any other household" routine. The re-
freshing quality about this dwelling is that it is admitted the home of a man who makes a good living as a movie actor.

To save the enjoyment of this sec¬
ond surprise—which seeps in, rather than springs at you—it is necessary to remember that while a coal-mine or a real estate salesman can be fully relaxed at home about being a coal-

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miner or a real estate salesman, it is thought to be bad taste for an actor to live like an actor. For this reason, most Hollywood households give off a strained air of trying to prove something. You run into elaborate thought to be bad taste for an actor to miner or a real estate salesman, it is proving that movie stars are "people." The Nolan youngsters, Melinda and Jay, are first of all, prime products of California, State of beautiful children. In addition, there's the interesting fact that each morning, when other fathers are off to the business of making mergers, airplanes, or grocery sales, their dad is off to his business of making corpses, even if only cinematically speaking. It's a many-faceted situation, and no mere spectator could enjoy all its little niceties and novelties as do the Nolan, the other fathers are off to the business of making mergers, airplanes, or grocery sales, their dad is off to his business of making corpses, even if only cinematically speaking. It's a many-faceted situation, and no mere spectator could enjoy all its little niceties and novelties as do the Nolan, the Nolan youngsters, Melinda and Jay.

There was the time, for example, when Mel and Lloyd engaged in a playful scramble to tune in a favorite radio program. Mel, weighing in at 109, gave her Tuff Guy mate a slight poke in the eye and, as they afterward learned, ruptured a tiny blood vessel. Outgrowing the proverbial mushroom, the eye was a large lump in a minute, and turning purplish around the edges. In the ordinary household, a call to the doctor to bring hot and cold applications for the master's eye only hurriedly precipitate a crisis. The Nolan cook, who is also a movie fan, wouldn't believe the shiner when she saw it—and by the time she collected her shattered illusions enough to go into action, the eye had decided on a definite black.

And where the ordinary gent could go nonchalantly to the office and toss off something prideful about "The little woman has certainly improved her left hook now she's eating Wheaties," a Movie Mug is supposed to swagger onto the set and make a side-of-the-mouth brag about "You ought to see the door that bumped into me—!" Any rate, none of Lloyd's studio associates would believe the true tale anymore than would the cook. He was doing a "Michael Shayne" at the time and when make-up and other devices failed to hide the inevitable sleuth he was sporting a black eye, the picture had to shut down.

Also, there was the time Lloyd, who doesn't go on hunting trips because he can't bear the smell of animals like rabbits and deer, came home and confessed he was about to be legally accused of "deliberately maiming" a fellow actor. It was early in his picture career, and the prospect was disturbing.

"About the only glimpses the fans had had of me up until then were in some pretty nasty characterizations of gang-leaders and such. I was grappling, but the audience was to see his face and recognize him. I usually fight very relaxed, figuring if there's a slip, a relaxed punch won't hurt anybody. This time, however, our heads and bodies had to be held just so, in order to match up the carpet patterns with some previous shots.

"We worked out all these details, rehearsed, and then the cameras moved in for the close-up. I let go with a right hook—and to my surprise, the fellow's head was still there when it hit him. I clipped him on the ear, but good, splitting it wide open. He got sore and claimed I did it to knock him out of the picture. Well, you know how those things are—you can apologize for so much. When Lloyd came to the studio the fellow was headed for his attorney."

The Nolans were spared their day in court though, by one of those things that only happen in the movie business. The other actor, wanting to strike while he was hot, rushed over to the lawyer's house that evening.

"Seems the lawyer hadn't come in yet, and while he was waiting the fellow re-enacted the crime for the benefit of the lawyer's daughter. He mumbled story and looked a lot like his own, but she was completely out for twenty minutes. The next morning he was waiting for me all smiles, hoping we could be friends. He confessed he might need me to go as an attorney and explain what happened to the daughter!"

In 20th Century's dramatization of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," Lloyd makes a notable departure from his usual role. As McShayne, the likeable cop in the story, he neither kills nor gets killed. For the first time on celluloid, he gets the girl.
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Gray Hair Kills Romance


donned them specially to answer the question of why screen police¬man’s uniforms always have to be so dyed, or wigged, brown. Of course, you can’t have everything, and legions of fans are perfectly satisfied with Nolan as they already know him!

A favorite nephew was killed in the air recently, and he feels pretty deeply about all the youngsters who are preparing themselves for the future. They’re carrying the whole play on their shoulders, because if everybody

His next picture will be “Circum¬

"I’m always meeting him over a riot call? He settled this, to his own satisfaction at least, by wearing his cop’s blues for “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn” for several days before the camera saw them.

Some day Lloyd hopes to direct. Some day Lloyd hopes to direct. Meantime, he’s happy bringing in his assorted characters, dead or alive. A minor mental upset now and then is the question of why screen police¬man’s uniforms always have to be so dyed, or wigged, brown. Of course, you can’t have everything, and legions of fans are perfectly satisfied with Nolan as they already know him!

The End

Gray Hair Kills Romance

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Dean HARENS
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45)

Dean managed on next to nothing. With his meals "catch as catch can," he set his heart and head on a luxury, and the luxury was one— a dog. He was going to have a dog, even if they were hungry together.

So he looked, and I looked. We found dogs, plenty of them—cocker spaniels, which was what he wanted. But cockers ran into money—big money—and part in radio do not pay big money.

Finally, he found one—a cute-looking sort of the lower bracketeis. Dean named her Maggie. And Maggie did air-warden duty with him all that winter, night after night, in the Sixth Avenue section on the West Side.

But even with Maggie, Dean was often lonesome. He missed his home and wanted his family. I never saw a boy care so much about his family. He is proud of his father, who's a hotel executive and plays the pipe-organ in church on Sundays. Many times I've heard Dean say, "Dad would have been a good surgeon, I don't think he had it in the family to take care of."

He adores his mother, too—a vivacious, lovely lady who can cook the best candied sweet potatoes this side of Georgia. Clara Haerens came to New York to see her youngest son make his debut on Broadway. The show was "The Talley Method," with Ina Davenport. Dean had the juvenile lead, and he had provided seats down front for his mother and me on opening night. He sent orchids and camellias to my box. I think no two women were ever more thrilled, more nervous and excited.

When the show was over, Dean gave his first success party. He took his mother and me (and not one of the dozens of girls who'd have given an arm and a leg to go along with us) to Spaivy's Roof of the Waldorf Astoria. It was his biggest event in his career—thus far.

But "The Talley Method" was only a toe-hold on Broadway. Next came "Papa Is All." Dean did a fine job of directing, and who could rebel at "Papa's" brushty piety.

After "Papa," he ran its course, he played the wounded flyer in "Men in Shadow," and he continued to play to his every wish, and to have a handicap. He was too heavy, in the play Roy Hargrave had to lift the wounded flyer, whose legs were broken in a trap door set high in the ceiling. Could Roy who weighed a hundred and fifty, lift Dean, who weighed a hundred and seventy-five?

Dean was in his apartment that night for the call from Roy giving his decision. The call came. Roy had a sprained wrist. One hundred and sixty-five pounds was his outside lifting limit, and Roy weighed over it.

"When do rehearsals begin, Roy," Dean asked. And then, "Okay, in five days I'll weigh less than one-sixty-five. Can you count on it?"

Every day for the next five days, he phoned me. He was weak. He was dizzy. He couldn't sleep for the gnawing in his stomach. But when rehearsals began, he weighed one-sixty-five, and if he looked pale and unrested, the audience on opening night they thought it was an authentic portrayal of a wounded flyer.

When something offers itself to be done, Dean doesn't waste time wondering whether or not he can do it. He takes it, and then does it. Ex-cept in one case that I remember. George Abbot wanted Dean for the juvenile lead in a musical production. Dean could neither sing nor dance, but he was ready to do both. Only just something better came along— "These Endearing Young Charms"—and he took that role, instead.

Dean was in "These Endearing Young Charms" that Producer Felix Jackson spotted him, and he signed him for the important role of Charlie in "Christmas Holiday".

When Universal selected him for the swashbuckling lead in "Salome Where She Danced," the part called for riding a horse hell-bent-for-leather. Dean had never been on a horse, but again he would learn. He took fencing lessons for the role, too, and wrote me that his muscles were "so crisp they cracked.”

After that he decided he'd be better in the romantic lead opposite Ella Raines, with Charles Laughton, in "The Suspect." Which ironically enough, required no horse, but the riding of it.

Just before Dean left New York for Hollywood, he said to me, "Of course it's swell to be going, but I don't feel that I proved myself yet. You can see the Broadway 'Old boys.' Maybe you see, is not the least of his virtues.

The day he was leaving, a telegram brought him a great break— known in New York and Hollywood, he made pictures for the government—a training film for the Navy at Great Lakes Training Station, in Illinois.

Finding that he'd arrived in Hollywood, was of course a problem. After several weeks of searching, Dean finally found a house in Laurel. It was a ship-shape, the house wasn't. Nor could he find workmen to do anything about it.

So, he bought paint, brushes, a ladder and overalls, and set to work. His house is ship-shape now—outside, from his own labor, and inside, because of Betty.

Betty is his sister-in-law, wife of his brother Walter. Dean is crazy about Betty—and more so, about Carol Deane, his little niece.

Dean is happy to have them with him—he adores Betty, and their little girl—because he values a family. But he wants a family that's really his own. And with that in mind, he's looking for his "dream girl." But she must be marriageable, have a good voice, sweetness, and charm, plain common sense, and a ready laugh. Does that sound like a big order? Not too big, I say, because Dean is deserving of just such a wife.

He has come a long way, in the twenty-four years since he was born in South Bend, Indiana, and he's going to keep on going. He's got everything required to make a great star—ability, industry, grit, and a quick and lasting friendliness. He's good-looking, he's loyal, and he has a divine sense of humor. And he has a twinkling blue eye peered for the right honey-pie, girls. He's a marrying kind of guy, as well as a swell actor.
"Do you suppose that announcer looked into a crystal ball?" cracked Hedy.

"We had a good laugh. I turned the dial to the symphony broadcast we both love. Hollywood news and dial to the symphony broadcast we Hedy.

Soon. We'd so enjoyed our tramps suspiciously, our last morning there, was great fun. Although my wife has I seen her eat anything quite so

Although Hedy prefers a steak mine. She felt the need of a but I had seen her eat anything quite so

Her backache, that seems to get enough to eat,' allayed my suspicions. One of my friends.

Besides pitching into the housework, she was tireless in exploring the woods on a hunt for logs for the fireplace. She dragged in several large ones.

Driving home, when a tire blew out, she insisted on helping me put the spare. Climbing back into the car she said, 'I'm positively starving. Let's stop at the first restaurant we come to.'

"Although Hedy prefers a steak cooked rare, again I eyed her with caution. In case you didn't know, a cannibal sandwich is uncooked, finely ground round steak, with onions. Something I had never known Hedy to touch before.

"Don't be silly," she smiled, when I remarked that maybe there was something to the radio announcer's prediction. 'Changing a tire would give anyone an appetite,'

"But as you know, it wasn't long before our doctor confirmed my growing suspicion that the broadcaster had been right. We were told that we could expect a visit from the stork early in June.

"Like the idea? We were delighted beyond words! Both of us want children. But we had planned to wait until Hedy had finished her contract with Metro. She felt the need of a vacation. She wanted time to look for a new house. And most of all, when the time arrived we both hoped to keep such news out of the new columns. We didn't relish the fact that it had been sent out over the air columns. Before we ourselves knew it.

"I couldn't resist phoning the radio announcer. 'You seem to know so much about our future, perhaps you will be good enough to look into your crystal ball and tell my wife and me whether our baby will be a boy or a girl.'

John, a grown son, was reared in England. Following in the footsteps of his father in World War II.
In last year, this nineteen-year-old lad left Eton, to join the armed forces.

John's six-year-old daughter, Danielle, by a second marriage, lives in Beverly Hills. Hedy's five-and-a-half-year-old adopted son, James, attends military school in another state.

If John is not working, you can see him with Danielle and James going from the circle swing to the airplanes and the merry-go-round at the Kiddie Krome, or around children's fairs in Beverly Hills.

"Hedy feels cheated because she can't go there with us," said John.

She tried it a couple of times. Auto-mobils swarmed around her, as if she nor the children had any fun.

As it is, the good-looking John Loder, with blonde Danielle and dark, curly haired James on either side of him, often has to push through crowds of admirers who surround them.

John says he is the happiest he has ever been in his life, having found a mate for life and that this is the greatest period of life that he does—children and work; good, simple living in a comfortable home; happiness and contentment for all.

He credits the idea of giving up her screen work after the baby comes, he says. "But both of us think that two pictures a year is enough. 'Her Highness and the Bellboy,' which she has just finished for Metro, was the last one to be made under her contract. In future he expects to free lance."

Now that we know a baby is coming, we are making plans to give up her home in Benedict Canyon. Far away from a shopping center and only two bedrooms, it's not practical. We will keep our new home in Beverly Hills—a place with a deep lawn and space for lots of flowers. There must be large rooms and plenty of windows. We will keep the house simple, homely and cheerful.

Gay chinutz and sturdy provincial furniture will that withstand the onset of youngsters.

"We would find a replica of my childhood home in rural England. The place where my father, mother, sister and I spent our summers. It has all the charm and atmosphere of that English home should be. As a child, I used to dream of owning a place just like it, when I grew up and married. Just the kind of home Hedy would love.

"In spite of all the glamour that is attached to Hedy, my wife and I are simple folks. We never give large dinner or cocktail parties. Our idea of a pleasant evening is to have one or two people in for dinner. On rare occasions we go to a smart night club to dine and dance. We enjoy the opera and a good theatre. However, most of our evenings are spent quietly at home, reading or listening to the radio or playing our symphony records.

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Treasure Chest

Continued from Page 39

(Continued)

leaving the top intact), fastened a shelf inside and placed them all side by side in his playroom to form a bar. The two "baby" picture bins are attractively upholstered in gay red leather, making them into bar stools. Hollywood's critical tribe of interior decorators give them an environment of extreme pain. But Paul and his wife, Lisl Henreid, think the whole thing is "magnificent." It means something.

Irene Dunne will never, never part with the blue lace picture hat which she wore when Vor Floegied selected her to sing the leading role in the immortal "Showboat." "I don't know why the hat got me the part," she says. "There must have been something else—but that hat did something for me. Any woman would know what I mean. Floegied probably wasn't fooled by it at all. Still...it's a nice hat!"

Lynn Bari treasures two small pieces of paper! One is a "want ad" clipped from a movie magazine years ago, and the other is an invitation to the President's Birthday Ball in 1942. The advertisement is probably a shade more important to her than the invitation. It asked for "show girls" to try out for the Joan Crawford picture, "Dancing Lady." Remember? Lynn, aged fourteen but gloriously ten feet five inches tall, six inches in height, answered that ad and got her first job in a picture. The invitation to the President's party seems to justify her belief in herself.

Gene Tierney's treasure is a bit of paper, too—a note that she wrote to herself, for goodness' sake! At the age of ten she was crossing the Atlantic with her parents. She knew that de Grassé, when it occurred to her that it would be "romantic" to put a note into a bottle and drop it overboard. She addressed it to herself at the private school she had attended in Connecticut. Months later it turned up in the mail—it had been picked up by a fisherman off the Bay of Biscay in Southern France.

Gene felt very important and romantic, indeed, until her geography teacher made the note the basis of some stiff lessons in geography, with facts about winds and tides and so on. Gene found herself distinctly unpopular with her schoolmates for a time. Still, she has the note framed and hangs it in her room at this very moment. "It was an experience to feel that the tides and the winds and the very continents had conspired to return it to me," she recalls. "It gave me a feeling of importance and the rightness of everything!"

Zachary Scott's favorite object is worth exactly four dollars, and he can prove it. When he was a tot in Texas he thought his Grandpop the most wonderful man in the world. Grandpop, who was called a "cattle king," wore a wonderful pair of cuff links, made only once in Connecticut. He had collected for the first pair of steers he ever sold. Zach admired these doddads ecstatically, and when he was six, his grandpop promised to will them to him. He did. Zach had them when he went to New York to make his fortune on the stage. He says now, with some wonderement, "They're the only things I owned that I never hocked in those lean days.

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Basil lemonades disreputable, make-up stained bathebrohe, left from his theater days. Quida has bought him luxurious lobstering robes, has bribed the junk man to take his old one away. But Basil always contrives to rescue it, and what’s more he wears it, with a smug sort of satisfaction, when he relaxes by himself or when he entertaines a close friend.

Bill Eythe treasures a similar horror. Bill’s is plaid, and he says he “lived in it” when he was attending Carnegie Tech. It served him in 300 college plays (Mercy! Could there be that many?) and he even wore it to class on occasions when morning seemed to slip up on him unexpectedly. He used it when he was making his first appearances on Broadway and when he made his first motion picture. It was trampled in Grand Central Station when his suitcase flew open during the rush hour. He lost it on the train coming to California, but it was returned to him with a tender note from a girl in a cleaning establishment, who had traced its owner through a laundry mark. It has appeared, he thinks, on every beach in the United States and has been lent, in a pinch, to such celebrities as Ruth Chatterton and Tallulah Bankhead. He loves it as your Aunt Emily loves the Venetian vase her Great Uncle Henry bequeathed her, and as long as two threads of the robe hang together, Bill will consider it a handsome and approparate garment to wear on nearly any occasion.

Bill Powell still clings to the battered cigar box which, for years, served him as a make-up kit. Every one else, Bill explains, seemed to have something easily tainable, pigskin or alligator. But Bill didn’t use make-up. So, just to keep from seeming completely empty-handed when he went to his dressing room, he carried the cigar box which contained, if you must know, one untidy powder puff, which had never had any powder on it. Just dust. He used to take it out and flour it when anyone was looking, emitting clouds of unwholesome puugg.

Kay Francis is solemn about a prayer book which was given to her by a sailor when she was overseas. He asked her to read two pages, either at noon or at midnight, and he would do likewise with an identical book.
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leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange — so alluringly smooth!

Want all your hair-dos to look more glamorous? Then be a "Drene Girl!" Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo . . . not a soap in the world . . . can make your hair look so lovely!

Reveals far more lustre than any cake soap or liquid soap shampoo. For Drene never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do, to rob your hair of its lustrous beauty! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any kind of soap.

Leaves hair so manageable! Now that the new, improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage . . . right after shampooing. Removes every bit of dandruff the very first time you use it! So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner . . . or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene with Hair Conditioner! Extra lustre . . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoo! Manageable hair . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!

When Francine wears her hair down, she avoids flat tops and width at the sides. "It takes long, narrow lines or height," says Francine, "to narrow your face." And, she adds, for shining, smooth, manageable hair, remember that there is no shampoo like Drene with Hair Conditioner!

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONER

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Product of Procter & Gamble
Now a Salon-Type COLD WAVE
PRICED WITHIN REACH OF ALL

A NEW COLD WAVE PERMANENT
In 2 to 3 Hours at Home

Science has, at last, discovered a new COLD WAVE solution that gives natural-looking curls and waves in 2 to 3 hours, at home. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving COLD WAVES costing up to $10.00, $15.00 or more. The result will be luxurious curls and soft, easy-to-manage waves. Your new permanent will last months and months.

If you can comb your hair, you can give yourself a Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE, and do it in 3 quick steps. Simply get a Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit at your favorite dealer. First shampoo, then apply the salon-type curling solution, prepared especially for home use, and put up in curlers. (60 supplied with each kit.) In 2 or 3 hours set in latest fashion. You’ll be amazed with the fascinating results. Works “like a million” on children’s soft, fine hair.

The New Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE

Complete Home Kit Only 98¢

The new Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5c and 10c Stores. Get one today—thrill to new-found glamorous hair beauty by tonight.
M-G-M clicks with “The Clock”.

You’ll find Judy Garland and Bob Walker at their very best. Their very best is pretty darn good.

He’s a soldier on leave in New York—the big city, strange and bewildering. She happens to be hurrying through Penn Station. They literally bump into each other.

Judy takes Bob in tow—a sort of one-woman USO—breaks her dates and—

Well, the story’s told through these two characters is as intimate and gay a shadow tale as you’ve ever seen.

It’s a wonderful forty-eight hours that screenwriters Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank tell in about two.

Judy is even better than in her unforgettable “Meet Me In St. Louis”. Bob is better than in “Hargrove”.

Vincente Minnelli (“St. Louis”) directed “The Clock”. It’s a sensitive job and one to be proud of. Ditto, Arthur Freed—the producer.


Some pictures that are coming along from the world’s leading studio should be noted in your book of early futures.

“Ziegfeld Follies” is the biggest, most beautiful musical ever filmed.

“Anchors Aweigh”, starring Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, and Kathryn Grayson, is tops in gaiety and song.

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn will thrill you in Phillip Barry’s comedy “Without Love”.

The coming juvenile star is “Butch” (Jackie) Jenkins of “National Velvet”.

We’re all set to celebrate our 21st birthday.

Leo
A 48-hour pass... a lonely soldier... and a girl in a million!

Two days were all they had...

to make their first date...
to hold hands in a taxi...
to kiss in the park...
to ride home in the dawn with the milkman!

It's a story as gay as Spring and as exciting as love itself!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"ST. LOUIS"

JUDY GARLAND and ROBERT WALKER

They click in "The Clock"

JAMES GLEASON • KEENAN WYNN • MARSHALL THOMPSON

Screen Play by Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M Picture
FLYNN-FLAM:
If you, like many locals, have wondered why Mr. Flynn kept his marriage to Nora Eddington secret for so long, and even denied it lustily for a few days after the birth of his daughter, perhaps the observation of a close friend of Mr. Flynn’s will furnish enlightenment.

There is no doubt at all that Errol Flynn is a man of brilliant mentality, vast physical prowess, Mexican-jumping-bean imagination . . . and a strong mischievous inclination. He likes to make things tough for himself, while confounding others. Whereas most men make horrible the lives of their friends after they have shot a deer in the conventional way, Mr. Flynn disdains such sport unless he can use a javelin. Fish, he likes to conquer with bow and arrow. When, along the coast of Florida, he learned of the ghastly hazards of sponge-fishermen (the persistent occupational disease of such men is the loss of an arm), Mr. Flynn had to try it.

In Hollywood, where there is a dearth of fishing (except for compliments), a scarcity of wild bears to chase or deer to chase (natural delicacy forces me to pass up any pertinent comment here), a sportsman is inclined to find other ways of establishing records. Probably the most difficult thing to do, in a community as closely-knit, as fraternal, and as curious as Hollywood, is to keep a secret.

Q.E.D. Take a bow, Mr. Flynn.

PEN IS MIGHTIER:
One evening recently, Glenn Ford went to a movie alone because his wife, Eleanor Powell, was keeping watch for the stork, so wasn’t going out socially. Glenn parked in a boddy-lighted vacant lot, struggled through the weeds with the intention of making an inconspicuous entrance. However, he was espied by autograph-seekers. At last all were satisfied, and Glenn finally saw the picture.

Upon emerging from the theatre, he slipped quietly back to his car and drove away. Some five or six blocks down the boulevard, he glanced into the rear view mirror and mentally wafted his wife a final goodbye. A pair of gleaming eyes were reflected. It was Glenn decided in split-second diagnosis, some stickup who would deal very shortly with Mr. Ford when he learned that the actor’s total wealth on his person was about $2.35.

At that moment a feminine squeak solicited Glenn’s autograph. Drawing to the curb, he found that he had been boarded by two 14-year-old girls. They had managed somehow to get into the back seat and had remained there until Glenn arrived. He was still shaken when he reached home.

FREEZOUT:
Miss Margaret O’Brien, this department’s favorite actress, decided that—while she was in New York this winter—she would learn to ice skate. Every day she went over to the pond in Rockefeller Center with an instructor and had the time of her life. Gradually, however, other kids caught on. The crowds gathered so thick that it would have been impossible for even the veriest novice to fall down—held in by mobs on all sides, the unbal-
Who Will Be The Next
TO FACE THE SOUL-STIRRING TERROR OF "THE UNSEEN"?...

GAIL RUSSELL
— Fascinated by a love she dare not trust—facing a menace more deadly than in "The Uninvited"— or

JOEL MCCREA
— Handsome widower who shudders at the very word 'police'—as "THE UNSEEN" brings long hidden evil to the light of day— or

HERBERT MARSHALL
— wielder of a strange fascination for this lovely girl—but he, too, has something that must be left hidden!

PARAMOUNT, producers of "Double Indemnity," present another thrilling masterpiece of suspense—

'The Unseen'

with
PHYLLIS BROOKS • ISOBEL ELSOM • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
TOM TULLY and NONA GRIFFITH • RICHARD LYON
Directed by LEWIS ALLEN
VITAL STATISTICS:

Anne Shirley and Adrian Scott were married in Las Vegas, Nevada. Mr. and Mrs. Preston Foster separated after 19 years of marriage, and Mrs. Foster filed suit for divorce. Although this was locally described as a great surprise, those who knew the Fosters well have expected their long-time rift to end in divorce over a year ago.

Peter Newton Ford, weighing 8 pounds 14 1/2 ounces, checked in at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital to Eleanor Powell and entranced daddy, Glenn Ford.

NEWCOMERS YOU SHOULD KNOW DEPARTMENT:

Here is a man who inspires people to go around snagging other people by the upper sleeve and hissing, "Have you seen Kurt Kreuger? Sensational! Dynamic!" This florid conversation usually goes on to say that Kreuger is 28, six feet tall, blond, blue-eyed, 165 pounds, and Swiss. Seems he was born in St. Moritz, practically on skis. As soon as he had mastered this narrow gauge art not only for entrance purposes, but for distance, he came to The States and went to work in Sun Valley.

There he met practically everyone in the motion picture industry who can retain normal nose coloring at 28 degrees. Those who turn blue go to Palm Springs for the winter. He was advised to get some training, then to try Hollywood. So he went to Provincetown, R. L., to join a summer stock company. This apprenticeship prepared him for the role of a German officer opposite Helen Hayes in "Candle In The Wind." He also acted as general understudy, an assignment that allowed him to stand in the wings to study each nuance of characterization perfected by every male member of the cast.

You probably noticed him first as a German pilot in the Humphrey Bogart bang-bang entitled "Sahara." Currently he is working in Constance Bennett's production of Etta Shiber's best seller, "Paris Underground." This is the story of a mature woman (Gracie Fields plays the part) who had no idea of becoming involved in the rescue of Allied refugees. Kurt Kreuger is the German Captain von Weber who—as Gracie gets more deeply concerned—keeps reminding her that she gets herself into the darnedest messes.

Pin-up pictures of this menace may be secured by writing to Constance Bennett Productions, Hollywood 28. You're welcome.

(SIC) !! BUT NEVER ()

An exuberant Hollywood hosiery manufacturer, driven to exotic advertising statements by the lack of nylon yarn no doubt, recently made the statement that his company manufactured special stockings for Greer Garson because she was knock-kneed. Anyone who saw "Random Harvest" is entitled to collapse in laughter at such a mistaken notion. Miss Garson, a witty lady with a fast answer, sent the manufacturer this verse:

"Say the dreary, say the sad.
Say my acting doesn't please.
Say my films are awfully bad.
But please don't knock my knees."

COURAGE:

As you probably have read in your daily newspaper, Susan Peters was seriously injured in an accident that occurred late in January. She and her husband, Richard Quine, had been dove hunting near San Diego. One of the rifles had been mislaid.

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Here is a man who inspires people to go around snagging other people by the upper sleeve and hissing, "Have you seen Kurt Kreuger? Sensational! Dynamic!" This florid conversation usually goes on to say that Kreuger is 28, six feet tall, blond, blue-eyed, 165 pounds, and Swiss. Seems he was born in St. Moritz, practically on skis. As soon as he had mastered this narrow gauge art not only for entrance purposes, but for distance, he came to The States and went to work in Sun Valley.

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You will never live a more sinister drama... nor a more exciting one!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

Paul MUNI
in
COUNTER-ATTACK

(Adapted from the BROADWAY STAGE SUCCESS)

Thrilling with tenseness!
Towerling with bigness!
Startling with suspense!

MARGUERITE with LARRY
CHAPMAN • PARKS

Screen Play by John Howard Lawson
Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA
Of course you have heard about the Tampax internal absorption method for monthly sanitary protection. Some of your friends use it, probably. You have read advertisements and seen the packages in the stores. But have you done anything about it yet? Have you bought it yourself and used it yourself? If not, you have a new experience in freedom ahead of you!

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure, surgical cotton compressed into dainty one-time-use applicators so that changing is a matter of moments. No belts, pins or external pads. No odor or chafing. Easy disposal... Start using Tampax this very month. When it is in place you actually cannot feel its presence. And it is absolutely invisible to others, causing no bulge or wrinkle in any costume.

Sold in 3 sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. Whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

3 absorbencies

**REGULAR**

**SUPER**

**JUNIOR**

---

and it was Susan who found it. Exclaiming happily, she picked up the gun, the safety latch had not been on—it discharged. The bullet entered her thigh, coursed upward to pierce one lung and to lodge against her spine.

Surgery removed the bullet, but it was discovered immediately that Susan was paralyzed. A wave of commiseration swept Hollywood; rumor whispered that she would never walk again.

Those who said such a thing spoke without knowing anything about Susan's family. Her grandmother, who established Madame Patteneaude's method of facial contouring, was a magnificent woman who worked all the days of her life toward the spreading of loveliness. She believed that every woman could have a beautiful face if her spirit were beautiful; conversely, she believed that beauty of face and body, if properly evaluated, should bring about beauty of soul.

Unretouched pictures of Madame Patteneaude, taken when she was 67, show a woman of such youth that no observer would ascribe more than 35 years to her. Yet, for the final ten years of her life, Susan Peters' grandmother was almost totally blind. Only members of her immediate family knew this. Close friends, seeing her move with assured and stately grace, had no idea that her vision was seriously impaired.

Bearing in mind that Susan is much like her grandmother, has inherited much of that valiant woman's force of character, it is easy to make Susan Peters' friends and fans a promise: Susan will walk again.

**LE BEAU GESTE:**

Van Johnson recently received a letter from the National Museum at Gettysburg, requesting some personal memento for inclusion in their files. Completely bowled over with modest astonishment, Van eventually decided upon what he considered a really valuable bit of historical data: he sent his copy of the script for "30 Seconds Over Tokyo," the name of the author, Captain (now Major) Ted W. Lawson, and that of the editor, Bob Considine clearly indicated on the cover. "Only men like Lawson deserve to be so honored," said sincere Van Johnson.

**DATE DATA:**

Open letter to Bill Eythe, Eddie Ryan, Charlie Russell, and other drooling swains at 20th Century-Fox: Gentlemen: Do not hesitate to telephone The Eyelashes (alias Jeanne Crain) for a date whenever you would like to take her previewing, or dancing, or dining, or bowling. Jeanne's dating with Paul Brinkman, or Paul Brook as he is sometimes called, is merely friendly and does not indicate a permanent romance. Jeanne, just past 18, has too brilliant a career beckoning to sacrifice even an iota of it to a hasty and too-early marriage.

**UNSTABLE PERSONALITY**

Elizabeth Taylor's mother decided that "Velvet" was getting to be a big girl, now, and was entitled to a redecorated room. Thinking in terms of cross-over organdy curtains with deep ruffling, a chintz slipper chair, a few Degas prints, and other such feminine equipment, she called in a decorator. The two advanced upon Elizabeth's room, only to find the young lady in residence. When questioned as to her tastes in decoration, she said cheerfully that they might make any changes they liked, only...

The two saddles must not be moved from the window seat. Her collection of 33 horses of every imaginable fabric (ranging from... (Continued on page 80)
Very Funny!

and these are the girls he gets funny with!

Jack (Hot Lips) Benny in "The Horn Blows at Midnight"
(and the laughs last all day!)

with Dolores Moran, Allyn Joslyn, Reginald Gardiner
Guy Kibbee, John Alexander
Directed by Raoul Walsh

Screen Play by Sam Hellman & James V. Kern Based on an idea by Ashley Wells
Music by Franz Waxman

Warnerriot
EASY TO USE

Magic liquid takes only 2 minutes for you to reproduce any snapshot you have on to your stationery, handkerchiefs, ties, scarfs, purses, etc. Won't wash off. Doesn't hurt either the photo or the fabric it's used on. Wear your own, sweetheart's, husband's or son's picture on your belongings. Personalize gifts that you give by adding the pictures of loved ones. Complete outfit—everything you need for transferring 100 photos—ONLY $1 postpaid on cash orders. C.O.D. orders—total cost—$1.21.

CHRISTY PHOTO SUPPLY CO., Dept. 224
2835 N. Central Ave., Chicago 34, Ill.

□ Enclosed find $1.00. Send me complete outfit at once.
□ Ship at once C.O.D. ($1.21) complete outfit.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City _______ State ________

PRINT ANY SNAPSHOT on Paper, Cloth, Leather or Wood

Simple, EASY TO USE

ACROSS

1. "Howard Clinton" in "An American Romance"
5. Veda Ann Borg in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling"
10. "Tie and Virginia" in "Brazil"
14. Judy's ma in "Meet Me in St. Louis"
15. "Together"
16. "Johnny Doesn't Live Here Anymore"
17. "Dr. Vane" in "And Now Tomorrow" (anagram)
18. Agnes Moorhead in "Mrs. Parkington"
19. _______ hand is in "Ever Since Venus"
20. Osa Massen in "The Master Race"
22. Roman money
23. Movie audition
24. _______ City: New Haven, Conn.
26. "John Caldwell" in "San Diego, I Love You" (anagram)
28. "Mrs. Muriel Chaney" in "The Port of Forty Thieves"
33. "Ma Nott" in "None but the Lonely Heart" (initials)
34. Chance
35. Troubled
36. Signs of assent
40. "Maisie Goes to Broadway"
41. Starring with Constance is _______ role in "Atlantic City"
42. "Jive"
43. Flatfish
44. Weird
45. She does a specialty in "Bowery to Broadway"
46. Hawaiian herbs used as fish poison
47. Popular movie sign (abbr.)
48. Three-roed sloth
49. "Lt. Dan Ferguson" in "In the Meantime, Darling"
51. "Michael O'Rourke in "Bowery to Broadway"
53. "Valley Serenade"
54. Vaudeville actor in "The Princess and the Pirate"
57. Chinese dynasty
59. You can see her in "I'll Be Seeing You"
64. Son of Hreidmar (Norse Myth.)
65. In motion
67. You can hear it in "Going My Way"
69. Competitor
70. "Hla" is _______ role in "Kismet"
71. "Casanova Brown"
72. The boy next door in "Meet Me in St. Louis"
73. "Jade" in "Dragon Seed"
74. Hawaiian herbs used as fish poison
75. Popular movie sign (abbr.)
76. Three-roed sloth
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88. "Casanova Brown"
89. The boy next door in "Meet Me in St. Louis"
90. "Jade" in "Dragon Seed"
91. "Dr. Geo. Grover" in "Dark Waters"
92. "Ellen" in "The Lodger" (anagram)
93. "Let the ---- of the World Go By" is sung in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling"
94. Necessarily
95. "Edgar Brawley" in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling"
96. Star of "Guest in the House" (initials)
97. _______ on Swing Street"
98. Clothes drier
99. Light-colored and mild cigar
100. "Irene" in "The Conspirators"
101. "Dewey" (rare)
102. _______ - "Frisco, _______"
103. Close to (poet.)
104. There is one in "The Oxbow Incident"
105. "Mark McNeeley" is _______ role in "Laura"
106. "Up in Mabel's _______"
107. "Ellen" in "The Lodger" (anagram)
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126. "Casanova Brown"
127. The boy next door in "Meet Me in St. Louis"
128. "Jade" in "Dragon Seed"

DOWN

1. Oriental nurse
2. Pest
3. Foschol
4. "Jim Davis" in "One Body Too Many"
5. "Maisie" in "To Have and Have Not"
6. After _______ - "Theo West" in "Marriage is a Private Affair"
7. One of the "Faces in the Fog"
8. 上 - "Take it ---- is sung in "Yellow Rose of Texas"
9. Hotel lobby
10. "Mrs. Mark Twain"
11. "Dr. Geo. Grover" in "Dark Waters"
12. "Ellen" in "The Lodger" (anagram)
13. "Let the ---- of the World Go By" is sung in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling"
14. Necessarily
15. "Edgar Brawley" in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling"
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59. "Hla" is _______ role in "Kismet"
60. "Casanova Brown"
61. The boy next door in "Meet Me in St. Louis"
62. "Jade" in "Dragon Seed"

(For Solution See Page 61)
Haunted... by a Memory!
Hunted... by the Law!
Harrowed... by a Secret they dared not disclose!
ALL OF REPUBLIC'S WESTERN STARS IN A SUPER-MUSICAL WESTERN!

ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER

WILD BILL ELLIOTT

ROY ROGERS

TRIGGER

WILD BILL ELLIOTT

ROY ROGERS

TRIGGER

WILD BILL ELLIOTT

ALLAN LANE

DONALD BARRY

ROBERT LIVINGSTON

SUNSET CARSON

A ROYAL SCANDAL (20th Century-Fox)

—Could it be that every great actress wonders uneasily about her greatness, till she has played Catherine, Empress of all the Russias? Modern drama seems to have produced more Czarinas than Juliets—and any similarity, one to the other, is indeed strictly lacking.

Somehow or other, though, Tallulah Bankhead always gains by comparisons made; and only the most loyal Elizabeth Bergner fans will deny that . . . yes, the Tallu has done it again!

We'll risk adding, too, that what playing the lead opposite Bergner in "Catherine The Great" did for young Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a parallel role in this new version will as-much-do for Bill Eythe. Vincent Price is the smooth-wooing French Ambassador, and Charles Coburn the Chancellor who knows all the maneuvers much, in the affairs of heart and state.

IT'S A PLEASURE (International), Sonja Henie's eighth picture since her first, "One In a Million"; her first Technicolor film, and the first in which she dances as well as skates.

With Michael O'Shea co-starring as the hot-headed hockey star banished from the game for fighting, later Sonja's partner in a traveling ice-show, and in the happy ending, her husband. Marie McDonald for feminine villainy and complicating of the plot, and Bill Johnson in the second masculine lead.

Production note: The actual distance Miss Henie skated in making her scenes for "It's a Pleasure" cameras exceeded 185 miles!

HERE COME THE CO-EDS (Universal)—Abbott and Costello, in their 13th picture, and whether you like it or not (there must be lots of folks who do), it looks like a safe bet now that they're here to stay!

With laugh lines as usual, but more restraint on the strictly slapstic; and with Peggy Ryan, Martha O'Driscoll, June Vincent—for dance and romance bits—Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl Orchestra; Donald Cook, Charles Dingle, and Lon (herein a refuge from the ghoul school) Chaney.

Classifies as campus life at dear old Bixby (an exclusive girls' school), with breaks-at-intervals in a tired old plot for music and comedy.
THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (M-G-M)

"I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after-life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned
to me,
And answered, 'I myself am Heaven
and Hell.'"

Dorian Gray, a young man of
wealth, beauty, brains and culture,
chose to give his soul to the Devil in
order that he might stay forever
young and handsome. It's the old
Faustian theme modernized by Oscar
Wilde, whose novel inspired this
screen play.

George Sanders, as the decadent
Lord Henry Wotton, instills the
thought in the young and impression¬
able Dorian Gray (Hurd Hatfield)
that life is good only while you are
young and can enjoy the pleasures
of youth. His philosophy has a curious
fascination for Dorian, who says he
would give his soul if he could but
stay young and his portrait (just
completed) grow old.

His wish is granted. Small sins
grow to great crimes, but Dorian him¬
self remains forever young. Only his
picture, which has become the mirror
of his soul, reflects his deeds.

Angela Lansbury's performance, as
a music hall singer and Dorian's first
love, lives up to all that was promised
by her fine bit of acting as the maid
in "Gaslight." Other important mem¬
bers of the cast include Donna Reed,
Peter Lawford, and Lowell Gilmore.

CHINA SKY (RKO-Radio)—Not that it
won't take a lot to match or beat "The
Good Earth," which was the first
movie based on a Pearl Buck novel
about China ("Dragon Seed" was the
second, if we've counted straight); but here's another . . . with the action
taking place in an American hospital
located in a small Chinese village.

Randolph Scott is the doctor in charge,
assisted and loved by his co-worker,
Dr. Sara Durand (Ruth Warrick), and
hindered no end by the cowardice and
selfishness of his wife (Ellen Drew).

Anthony Quinn, already many
times on the record for playing char¬
er roles of assorted nationalities
which he really isn't, leads a Chinese
guerilla band; and Carol Thurston
(little Three Martini of "Dr. Wassell"
name) is Siu Mei, a pretty Chinese
nurse.

How to get that Feeding-Time Smile!

Do as thousands of mothers do—start your baby on Gerber's Strained Foods,
recommended by doctors for these four benefits: (1) Made to taste extra
good. (2) Cooked the Gerber way by steam to preserve precious minerals
and vitamins. (3) Famous for uniform, smooth texture. (4) Every step in
the making laboratory-checked. So be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's
Best-Known Baby" on every package!

If your baby is over 3 months

Doctor will tell you that most babies over
3 months are likely to need extra iron.
Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's
Strained Oatmeal have generous amounts
of added iron and Vitamin B1. Both
cereals are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve.
Just add milk or formula, hot or cold.
Buy both, and give baby variety!
YOU really should look like Frances Gifford. Did I hear a sigh? Then let's qualify that statement! You should, to be at your brightest best, look just the way she does.

Because: things have been happening in the beauty-making business. Pretty-pretty (but oh-so-provocative) pink has come into its prime.

As pastel paints lips and cheeks, basic skin tones mate muted warmth. Pinker powders create complexions of porcelain perfection.

Right in the movieland tradition, darker, tannier powders are appearing. The sun-kissed skins they simulate are in striking contrast to paler reds and roses.

Take the total of this totally different type of make-up and what do you get? Well, just like I said. You get Frances Gifford (or a reasonable facsimile). So let's ask her all the what's and why's as she sits and relaxes after finishing M-G-M's "Thrill of a Romance."

"Make-up, Miss Gifford?"—"New and different, Miss Cook. Faces smoother and creamier, rouge a mere hint, lipstick pink or, newer still, clear, light, bright scarlet. Eye cosmetics more of a must than ever."

"News in grooming?"—"Just more of the same. Spick and span for spring! In other words, the crisp look that suits the suit silhouette."

See what this Gifford gal's got? Good grooming—with a glow. And if you want to be right in the swing this spring, that's what you'll strive for.

By SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR
A Bombshell of Human Emotions!

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF AN AMERICAN DOCTOR, HIS BRIDE AND THE "OTHER WOMAN," ISOLATED TOGETHER IN BOMB-RAVISHED CHINA!

PEARL BUCK'S

Best Selling Novel

CHINA SKY

starring RANDOLPH SCOTT
RUTH WARRICK • ELLEN DREW

with ANTHONY QUINN • CAROL THURSTON

PRODUCED BY MAURICE GERAGHTY • DIRECTED BY RAY ENRIGHT
Screen Play by Brenda Weisberg and Joseph Hoffman
Styles change in love and movies. But for 30 years, 20th Century-Fox has been delivering the hits to the Movie Fans of America!

Now, we invite you to celebrate with us the climax year of three decades of history-and-hit-making.

WE'VE GOT THE BIRTHDAY, BUT YOU GET THE GIFTS!

(Here are just a few!)

Betty Smith’s
A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN
Betty Garde • Dick Haymes

Fred MacMurray • Joan Leslie • June Haver
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
in Technicolor!

George Raft • Joan Bennett
Vivian Blaine • Peggy Ann Garner

NOB HILL
in Technicolor!

When you see this sign... see the picture!
Sub-Sixteen

"YOU AND I are going to land in Hollywood one of these days"—And Gregory Peck never spoke a truer word to Master Ted Donaldson. Time: Spring of '43. Setting: A Broadway play—it lasted quick, but was a stepping stone to Hollywood. It brought Ted the part of Curly's keeper in "Once Upon a Time" with Cary Grant. And on the strength of this performance, 20th Century-Fox was convinced that here was their Neeley for "A Tree Grows."

Ted Donaldson is a very smart young fellow for his eleven years—thoroughly trained in the mechanics of the Thespian trade. At the age of four, he made his first professional appearance in a television show, and at seven appeared on the New York stage in "Life with Father"—until he outgrew the part, a year later. After that, he was the little boy who tore your heart out, via radio, while you washed the morning dishes.

At present he's spending his leisure delving into the mysteries of astronomy and dabbling in the field of "magic." But his main interest has been, and always will be, acting—"until I hit my grave."

Ted Donaldson—all boy and all actor,
with more than a "speaking acquaintance"
in all four entertainment mediums—
radio, television, stage, and screen

Ted is the pal in Columbia pic, "A Guy, a Gal, and a Pal."
Mr. Dantine Regrets

HELMUT DANTINE has made some mistakes. No one realizes that more vividly or more ruefully than does Helmut. "If anyone ever had reasons for making good New Year's resolutions, it was I!" he will tell you, with a wry grin.

"But," he went on, earnestly, "when you know you've made a mistake... whether of judgment or by impulse or even by accident... there is no use trying to undo it, or even wailing about it. The intelligent thing to do is to admit it and then go to work to make capital of it by learning from it. Excuses get you nowhere, especially with yourself."

The specific "mistake" to which Helmut was referring, of course, was the widely publicized New Year's Eve episode at Ida Lupino's home. His sternest critic, I think, would probably admit (Continued on page 54)
Make Way for Montez

By JAMES SCOTT
It was love at first sight when Mario met Jean Pierri-Aumont. True to the philosophy of Maria Montez was one actress who never had to be warned against hiding her talent under the proverbial bushel. According to most people who have met her, she's acting all the time, and often gives her finest performances when the camera is far out of range. But Maria is very much aware of what she's doing, for in two years time she accomplished what would take many other players a half dozen years—yes, at least that—to achieve.

When this luscious looking lady first stepped into Hollywood, she made a resolute vow. She gave herself exactly three years time in which to establish herself, not as a great actress but as a compelling personality.

That (Continued on page 57).
By KATHERINE LAKE

JOHNNY GOT HIS

The Word has gone out on the mysterious waves that carry news throughout a studio with a speed that makes the traveling rate of light seem laggard. The Word at 20th Century-Fox is: John Payne is more pleasant, more profound than ever, and even better picture material now than he was two years ago—if that could be possible.

But he has one charming character trait that has never been fully recognized—not by motion picture people, not by the press. John is house-happy. That is, he has always felt incomplete without a home. His own home life in Virginia was supremely happy; he adored his mother and his brothers. “No youngster should be brought up alone,” he once said of his daughter Julie. And of himself he said, “A man is only half-a-person; to be a complete entity, he must be married to a girl who fulfills him, and to whom he brings fulfillment.”

When John first began to date Gloria De Haven, few took it seriously. But only (Continued on page 60)
John Payne has always classified as a right guy, as regular and rugged as you like 'em. He's back in Hollywood now, just-married, and—digging ditches!

Rumor has it that Gloria De Haven may change her career—from pictures to homemaking.
Daddy and dotter; Stephanie is six.

BY JACK HOLLAND
PRESTON FOSTER, though he has probably forgotten more about pictures than a lot of people will ever know, has never been "typically Hollywood"—which is to say, he wasn't satisfied with the usual Hollywood life. He always knew what he wanted, and at Twin Oaks—he has it.

But would you believe it? All because of a saddle!

Pres was making a picture, a few years ago, called "The Round-Up." He had some riding to do in the film, so he decided to buy a saddle. At the same time, he thought he'd get a horse. (Many of his friends, you see, belonged to a riding club.)

After scouting around for a time, trying to find the right horse, he heard of a man named Warren Neeley, who, besides working on the local police force, also had the reputation of being a good horse trader.

Pres paid a visit to this Officer Neeley. First, he bought a pony for his small daughter, Stephanie. And then he saw the horse—just the horse he had been looking for. Neeley, however, seemed reluctant to make a deal.

"It took me from December to May," Pres tells now, "to complete the transaction, and to persuade Neeley to sell me the horse. But, that's how..."
I got Cherokee.” And then he adds, laughing, “Neeley has said since that I was the only person who could ever out-trade him.”

So, with a horse, a pony—and a saddle—Pres decided that he should buy a place with more land than came with his Coldwater Canyon home. He began to tell his friends that he wanted to buy a ranch. Which was the cue for his phone to start ringing incessantly. “You want a ranch? I know just the place...”

He saw countless farms, but none that suited. Then one day Bill Henry, the actor, told Pres he had found a place.

“I paid little attention at first,” Foster explains, “because I’d gone on too many phony shopping tours. But Bill called me again a few days later, so I thought I might as well take a look. I took Neeley with me, because I wanted his opinion of the ranch. And too, I intended to hire him as the foreman—if I bought the farm.”

The result of the expedition was—Twin Oaks.

When Pres first saw Twin Oaks, he said to himself, “This is it.” To Neeley he said, “Think we can make a go of a place like this?”

“Sure!” Neeley replied enthusiastically.

And they have. It’s a ranch covering 460 acres, stocked with twenty head of milking short horn cattle, a breed that’s very rare; thirty hogs, about twenty-five sheep, 500 chickens, 400 turkeys, and ten horses. (You’ll see three of Pres’ horses in his current picture for 20th Century-Fox, “Thunderhead, Son of Flicka.”)

The ranch is self-supporting. Pres has made it so in
every respect. He does most of his own slaughtering, and stores the cuts of meat after they've been properly processed. He makes his own butter and cheese. He even has his own bacon and salt pork.

"I'm going to concentrate on feed now," he explains, "instead of stock. We're planting over 100 acres of alfalfa, for one thing, plus the oats already sown. We're going to build a dam up in the hills, too, so we'll have a guaranteed water supply."

The water on the Foster place comes from a mountain stream; water for irrigation, and for drinking water in the house. Light and power are generated by a homemade power plant made of two huge motors running on about twelve truck batteries.

This all sounds pretty rugged, doesn't it. Well, the Foster place is rugged. You don't get to Twin Oaks just by taking a fifteen-minute spin down a fine southern California boulevard, like running down for an afternoon at the beach. You drive sixty miles, after you leave Hollywood, and travel over high mountains, past a beautiful lake, and over some roads which haven't all had the benefit of modern paving. But once you arrive, your only reaction is, "Brother, this is terrific!"

One morning last winter, Pres had to go into town to appear on a radio show. There was snow all over the ground—the altitude, you know. Pres tried to start his car, but he couldn't get traction. Finally he had to call Neeley to drag out the tractor and pull him up over the crest of the hill. He coasted the rest of the way.

Then there was the time of the flood. He was on his way back to the ranch from (Continued on page 78)
"We went out to the Sunset Strip the other day," wrote Matt Weinstock in his Los Angeles Daily News column, "to test the bourbon and watch MOVIELAND hand out that magazine's music poll awards—miniature gold record disks—to Dinah Shore, Harry James, Frank Sinatra, Spike Jones. (The fifth award went to Major Glenn Miller, missing since December over the English Channel, and was accepted by his wife in the East.)

"Every name in Hollywood was there," reported the Hollywood Citizen News. And some of the enthusiastic scribes (thank you, boys 'n' gals of radio and press!) are still deep in argument . . . they were all "seeing stars," that afternoon at the Mocambo, but the argument which comes to us is: Were there really forty-five stars collected all in one party-place, at one time, and all for the one purpose of adding (Continued on page 69)
1. Swing Band King Harry James and Maureen O'Hara. 
2. Jess Barker and Maureen. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hutton. 
4. Sheila Ryan, Don "Red" Barry, Helen Tolbot, Dale Evans. 
YOUR passport to Hollywood fame was the pin-up portrait of yourself that you sent to 21 Royal Canadian Air Force bombardiers while you were at Paramount. You will always have them to thank for submitting it back to Hollywood two years later when producer Walter Wanger announced his nation-wide search for “The Most Beautiful Girl.” You will always remember that it was this unexpectedly considerate and coincidental gesture that suddenly made your new world take shape. You are Yvonne DeCarlo.

You sleep in a knotty-pine bedroom, the croaking of the frogs is your good-night music, and you are invariably wakened by the singing of your next-door neighbor Susanna Foster.
And some like 'em sweet. Okay, she can fill that bill, too.

Hank Daniels, her fiancé. Husband now?

The RCAF pin-up girl; "Solome" because they asked it.
You have yet to reach your 21st birthday. You love the smell of a fresh gardenia, the sight of an approaching friend, and the taste of cold water when you're thirsty.

You have an atrocious and apparently quite incurable habit of mislaying small things like glasses, coins, keys. You were ten years old when you wrote your own plays, built and painted your own scenery, and insisted on your little playmates' paying a penny to see the show. You always had a full house.

You count among your numerous talents the art of writing readable poetry, and at the ripe old age of eleven examples of your work were published in Canadian newspapers. Your mother, with whom you live in a charming rented house in the Valley, has always hoped that one day you would be a great dancer.

You were deeply moved at the kindness of the crew at the end of your first picture when they all stood in line for you to autograph pictures of yourself. You were still going to King Edward's High School in Vancouver when you took dancing to please your mother, and became active in dramatics to please yourself.

You have often said that of all the men in the world whom you would like most to meet, first on your list is the Russian modern composer Stravinsky.

You wear size 7 gloves, 5 1/2 shoes, and large 12 or small 14 dresses. You can't abide the sight or sound of giggly women.

You remember gratefully that following your graduation you were able to study dancing at June Roper's B. C. School of Dancing, the famous school that has taught so many stars of the Ballet Russe. You worked as hard then as you do now—usually dancing six hours a day, and practicing far into the night.

You have a violent dislike for too hot weather, football crowds, sweet potatoes and very social parties. Yvonne attributes the wind in the trees, the whistle of a departing train, and a symphony orchestra tuning up. You always dream about everyone you meet within forty-eight hours after meeting them. You have very long, pale and soft hands, and used them unsparring to caress the tiger in Walter Wanger's Universal picture, "Night in Paradise"—to the tense and fearful amazement of everyone on the set.

You found that even doing as well as you were with your dancing, in those early days, still you wanted to be an actress—so you spent all the time you could with the Vancouver Little Theatre and participated in church plays. You'll always remember as one of your most thrilling childhood memories being one of the church choir that sang for the King and Queen of England.

You can't eat too much ice cream. You have no use whatsoever for jitterbugging, and men who talk too much about too little. Your first professional appearance was as a featured dancer at the Palomar Theatre Restaurant in Vancouver. You were able to add to your experience by appearing at the Orpheum and Beacon Theatres there.

You hope that when complete success finally comes to you, you will never get over the thrill of reading a new script, seeing those first rushes, and giving newspaper interviews.

You have often confessed that you would like to be a successful opera singer. You enjoy the presence, no matter how fleeting, of producer Walter Wanger, actor Turhan Bey, director Robert Siodmak, and musician Victor Young. You are never tired of repeating again and again that you would like nothing better than to have a successful motion picture and theatrical career terminated by a successful marriage.

Your pet diversion is to drive along in your car, waving and yelling at complete strangers.

You studied and worked harder than ever when your Paramount contract was not renewed, and the quick fruits of your determination to succeed was the exciting and exacting role in "Salome, Where She Danced." Your most exciting moment was (Continued on page 77)
Van Johnson is in uniform again, cinematically speaking—as an Air Corps Major in “Thrill of a Romance.” His sailor was so sensational in “Two Girls and a . . .” that M-G-M is planning a sequence, with the very same cast.
EVERYTHING'S cleared with Sidney—not the Sidney you think, but the little wistful Sidney who was sorrow's own child on the screen for so long that her name automatically suggested tears and poverty. No up and coming movie fan ever thought of attending one of Sylvia Sidney's pictures without a pocketful of out-sized handkerchiefs to cry into; and she was so darned sweet and appealing, and always getting such a lousy deal. Attractive, too, even with those dowdy clothes and straggly hair-do's. And how that little girl could act! Made you want to get up there and choke the big lugs that were always making life so tough for her.

Then, as time went on, and Sylvia kept suffering and suffering and getting nowhere with it, you kind of gave her up as a hopeless job, and looked for merrier faces.

Well, if you thought Sylvia's suffering was getting monotonous, you should hear what she thought. As the old song goes, it "dragged and dragged and dragged her down" till she picked up and left "moom pitchers" flat—not only once but several times. (Continued on page 66)

Escape from the prison of same, sad roles was what Sylvia Sidney needed, if she was to try a come-back in Hollywood—and nobody knew that better than the little gal herself.
NEW
DEAL
for
sidney
About the hottest thing on a typewriter in New York just now is a mild-mannered, conservative young man named Earl Wilson, whose syndicated "Saloon Editor's" column (night club, to you) about the "Booze Beat" and the "Booze Who" of Gotham night life has put new pep in a sadly worn and hackneyed field of journalism.

In the last eighteen months this Rockford, Ohio, farm lad, who used to call himself "Scoop" Wilson when he was sports' columnist in Piqua, Ohio, has stepped from the ranks of the good, run-of-the-mill feature writers, who are about forty cents a dozen in New York, into the self-tailored shoes of a national celebrity dragging down important money, courted by syndicate chiefs, magazine, book and movie editors.

Earl Wilson hasn't been to Hollywood, but from his spot in New York he has had a chance to meet and interview practically all of the stars. His approach is uniformly irreverent.

Earl hasn't any unprinted anecdotes about movie stars and himself. "If I had, they'd have been published long ago," he says. "It takes a lot of stories to fill six columns a week." And it takes a lot of leg work too. For example, he struggled out of bed early one day to run up to visit Tallulah Bankhead in her Westchester home. It was in his column on this interview that Earl printed Miss Bankhead's
Exposure to the Earl Wilson pen means taking a chance on some pretty frank ribbing, but the Hollywood stars seem to love it—usually come back for more

By Joseph Israels, II

blast at Lillian Hellman, the playwright of “The Little Foxes,” in which Miss Bankhead starred on the stage. (Bette Davis played the lead on the screen.) This quote has started a brisk counterplay of mots and insults between authors and actors from New York to Hollywood: “I think she (Miss Hellman) is just a dreary bore,” Tallulah told Earl. “She writes like an angel, but she’s a dreary bore as spinach is a dreary bore. I say she’s spinach.”

A full column, which appeared to be a risque interview with Linda Darnell as she posed prettily in bed in a revealing negligee, finished off with the revelation that Earl had been in New York and Miss Darnell in Palm Springs, with the interviewing and boudoir descriptions arranged entirely by phone.

During a visit to her family home in Hartford, Katharine Hepburn told Earl that the home town folks, spotting her pedalling furiously around on her bicycle clad in brief white shorts, were gossiping that she wasn’t wearing anything at all.

Earl said his b.w. (beautiful wife) had insisted he find out whether Katharine actually says “rally.” “She rally doesn’t,” was Earl’s report. “It’s between rally and rilly.”

Hepburn, noted for distaste for the press, was very cordial to Wilson. The only time she showed any indignation was when Earl (Continued on page 74)
To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring... even after swimming, crying or perspiring, use "Dark-Eyes". This indelible darkener never runs, smarts or smudges. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks... thus ending daily eye make-up bother. CAUTION: Use only as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of "Dark-Eyes" today!

• $1.00 (plus tax) at leading drug and department stores. If your favorite dealer does not yet carry "Dark-Eyes", mail coupon today!

"Dark-Eyes", Dept. P-5
218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4
I enclose $1.20 (tax included) for regular size package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.
Check shades □ Black □ Brown

Name
Address
Town
State
YOU KNOW, of course, who Bill Demarest is. He distinguished himself as Papa Kochenlocker in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," and he was the Marine Sergeant in "Hail the Conquering Hero."

To date, he has appeared in eight Preston Sturges pictures. Right now, he's groaning beneath the burden of a beard—considered essential equipment for his role with Gary Cooper in a Chaparejos Cantata, called "Along Came Jones."

But these are all the screen Demarest. The real Demarest—his personality in private life, we mean—is that of a humorous man who has looked a long time for something he didn't really expect to find, after all: a perfect wife. And unlike Diogenes, Bill's search was rewarded.

One night in 1937, he was having a singleton dinner (he had, by that time, cancelled out as bad lantern work his previous marriage), when it occurred to him that he should see the opening of the Los Angeles run of "Tobacco Road." (Continued on page 52)

THE SENTIMENTAL SERGEANT

Sarcastic, suspicious—even slapstick at times—but that's the Bill Demarest you know on the screen. In private life he's quite another guy.
Vivian Blaine
SCANNING photo stills from motion pictures made since the old Fox company came into existence—in February, 1915, with headquarters at 130 West 46th Street in New York, and studios at Fort Lee, N. J.—is like delving into the archives of history. The history of movie-making—of the industry born just before the first World War, and still in its infancy when the newsreel came into existence to report that war to the American public.

Charting—even to hit the highlights of—thirty years of movie history (with congratulations to 20th Century-Fox on their 30th anniversary) becomes, therefore, a presumptuous undertaking, on the part of any writer who's not a qualified historian. Approaching the assignment with all due respect, but without allowing time to grow sage and old while the research notes accumulate, is to acknowledge that the story won't be complete. Which it isn't—giving just the merest mention to all the important technical changes; the introduction of the close-up, of sound and color. The faces on the screen have changed, too (new stars have "been born", and...
1934—Pat Patterson models a late afternoon ensemble.

1933 (Marian Nixon)—sound movies and sensible styles.

1930—Janet Gaynor, star of "Sunny Side Up," Remember?

SCREEN STYLES

(continued)
... and there's been progress through changes in story treatment for full-length productions, and the timely features and shorts, the art directions—and the costumes.

But see how we lead immediately into fashions? "Fashion is spinach," well-known American designer once declared. But to any historian—and more particularly, to the historian of the picture industry—it's the key.

For the style trends are the markers, the chapter heads of what's to be selected as indicative of any given period; the footnotes, appendix and general outline of any such record-in-review.

Theda Bara was one of the first—the first star for Fox and the first screen "Vamp." (The picture was titled "A Fool There Was"; but it was a film based on the old Kipling poem, "The Vampire.")

Other stars of that time—only they were called Vamps (for reasons just explained), and sirens: Gladys Brockwell, who entered movies via the Drama, and June Caprice, a golden-haired blonde; followed in quick succession by stage favorites like Bertha Kalish and Valeska Suratt, then Virginia Pearson and Evelyn Nesbitt.

Fashion in those latter "teens" became a word for anything that glorified over-ornamentation. Paris had made its bid for supremacy for many years before World War I, with names like Paquin, Poiret and Lanvin figuring so importantly as to make it seem that "the source of style" and the Rue de la Paix were synonymous... except that there was competition threatening from London, meanwhile, with Lady Duff Gordon (the famous Lucille) (Continued on page 70)
FROM corpse to star in 90 minutes is quite a record—even for a Texan! But Zachary Scott made it in his film debut for Warners' "The Mask of Dimitrios."

Scott, as the evil and sinister Dimitrios, slithered his way in and out of scattered scenes of the mystery thriller, creating a sensational characterization—to the delight of Warner execs hard-pressed for star material, and being quite the handsomest heart-stopper in ages—to the delight of feminine audiences.

Gals remembered that Errol Flynn started his screen career in the role of a corpse, too. Well, it must be, they said, that this guy Scott's corpse was obviously bigger and better! And if they had anything to do with it, Mr. Flynn had better look to his crown over there at Warner Bros.

So in all fairness to such staunch supporters of Mr. Scott—and to those who will shortly be joining their ranks when said terrific young man is seen opposite Joan Crawford in "Mildred Pierce," it might be well to give out with a little inside dope on the guy himself.

Zach Scott is six feet one, and all Texan. So you can bank on plenty broad shoulders and but-narrow hips. What's more, that nifty torso can stay put—and always straight—while at the same (Continued on page 64)
Zach Scott—a corpse in the role that made him a star; a farmer in "Hold Autumn in Your Hand"; leading man in "Mildred Pierce"
Chief Musician Claude Thornhill plays for appreciative audience of G.I.'s in South Pacific.

Words of Music

Woody Herman after 6 wks. of N.Y. p.a.'s.
WELL, income taxes are paid, the March winds have gone, and the April showers are here. But perk a bit, we've got lots of good music news for you.

Hal McIntyre is planning an extended overseas tour with his band. He and his musicians have gone through the U.S.O. clearing house of shots, fingerprints, etc., and are only waiting for an O.K. Several name leaders have wanted to play the war theatres, but the big difficulty is transportation. Taking a whole band involves instruments, libraries, etc.

Artie Shaw is another who wants to make an oceanic jump. But he wants to go to Russia. When he was in the Navy, Shaw played the South Pacific area for two years. He has always been interested in the Russian people, and he feels that by playing for the fighting U.S.S.R. he can help cement American good will. Artie has already started negotiations with our State Department and has signed several men for the trip, including Roy Eldridge.

Claude Thornhill, who has a chief musician's rating with the Navy, is touring the South Pacific with an all service show. Besides his band, the unit contains Ensign Dennis Day, former tenor on the Jack Benny show; ventriloquist Tommy Riggs (Betty Lou) and former picture star Jackie Cooper. Leonard Vannerson, Martha Tilton's husband and Tommy Dorsey's manager in civilian days, is directing the show. (Continued on page 73)
Dear Jane:

I have wanted to be a nurse ever since I can remember, but last year I had to quit school because of my health, and the doctor says it will be another year or longer before I will be entirely well. I can remember, but last year I had to go into the Navy feeling mad at them. Please help me if you can, as I sure need someone to tell me what to do.

Bud

Dear Georgia:

Wanting to be a nurse at this time is a wonderful thing. With the Government calling for volunteers and student nurses, I know of no better way for a girl to fulfill her patriotic duty. She is not only helping in the war effort, but is also building up a well paying career for herself in the post war period. I feel so strongly on this that I would urge all girls who can do so to volunteer now, but in your case, I suggest that you devote your energies to building up your health, for good health is one of the necessary requirements. Follow your doctor’s orders now, and when he says you are well enough, take up your nursing course.

Best of luck.

JANE WYMAN

Dear Jane:

Most of your requests for advice seem to come from girls, but they aren't the only ones who have troubles! I'm seventeen years of age, and am going into the Navy in a few months, but my parents still consider me . . . well, a baby. They won't let me out of the house after dark, they open my mail, and just want to keep me to themselves all the time. I realize this is probably because I am an only child, but I don't think it is right. They've always been very good to me, and I love them, but this is beginning to bother me quite a lot. I don't want to have a chance, he was sent overseas. I put off telling him because I felt it would be better to wait until he came back.

Now he is back, but under different circumstances. He was wounded in action and had to have his left arm amputated. I feel that it is my duty to stick by him now, but am afraid that if I marry Ted, I will never be happy with him because I'm in love with Dale.

Should I sacrifice my happiness, and the happiness of the man I love, for Ted’s happiness?

Denise

Dear Denise:

I have given much thought to your problem, for it is one that is going to come up many times in these unsettled days when emotions are colored by war hysteria.

Poor Ted, he is in for a hurt regardless of what course you take. If you tell him that you cannot marry him because of your love for someone else, it will be a quick, deep hurt; whereas, if you marry him under the circumstances, without telling him, he will be hurt time and time again when you will be unable to hide your feelings.

I cannot advise you what to do, but this suggestion has occurred to me. Why not talk to him, telling him frankly what has happened. Be sure you let him know that it occurred before he was wounded, so he won't believe the loss of his arm influenced your decision. You can tell him that you are still willing to keep your promise. But I think he will feel he cannot let you make such a sacrifice, and will be the magnanimous one in releasing you. Thus it will be he who breaks the bond, and the knowledge that he has acted in a noble and generous fashion will do much to salve his hurt.

Best of luck to you.

JANE WYMAN

(Continued on page 89)

FIVE YEARS AGO: Hollywood said Ann Sheridan and George Brent would never marry . . . Charles Boyer out of French army, back in California . . . Joan Crawford dating Lee Bowman . . . Vivian Leigh and Robert Donat received Oscars (for “Gone With The Wind” and “Goodbye, Mr. Chips”) . . . Ginger Rogers sued Lew Ayres for divorce, and planned to marry Howard Hughes . . . pleasant influence on clothes started by Dolores Del Rio, who wore authentic Mexican dress to Hollywood party . . . “My Son, My Son” best picture of the month, with Madeleine Carroll and Brian Aherne . . . Lana Turner married Artie Shaw, which coupling left Greg Bautzer and Betty Grable carrying torches . . . Nassau the fashionable spot for vacationers . . . Rudy Vallee going with Pat Dane . . . After Orson Welles had delayed making a picture for more than a year, his physician informed him he was allergic to motion picture film . . . Alice Faye sued Tony Martin for divorce . . . Vic Mature a newcomer to films . . . Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne "happiest couple in Hollywood" . . . Bette Davis decided she’d play only "young" roles in the future.

TEN YEARS AGO: Dick Powell dating Olivia de Havilland, but very serious about Mary Brian . . . Peter Lorre begins career in American films . . . Dr. Joel Pressman interested in his patient, Claudette Colbert . . . California taxes so high, the industry threatening to move whole business to another state . . . Ray Milland and Merle Oberon newcomers to screen . . . Irene Hervey broke up with Robert Taylor, whereupon Bob started dating Jean Parker . . . Edna Best expecting Herbert Marshall to come back to England for keeps . . . Francho Toney sending gardenias and red roses to Joan Crawford every morning . . . the congregation of a church in Hopedale, Ohio, was praying for the soul of Clark Gable. They said, “He’s a good boy gone wrong in Hollywood” . . . Charles Boyer took country by storm after “Private Worlds” with Claudette Colbert . . . Jackie Cooper wanted uniform so badly he decided to go to West Point . . . Colbert and Gable won Academy Awards for “It Happened One Night”; Many people thought the Oscar should have gone to Bette Davis for her performance in “Of Human Bondage” . . . Brian Aherne dating Marlene Dietrich . . . Best picture of the month, “Cavalier Richelieu” with George Arliss.
He went to the ticket office as casually as a man wandering into a dime store, and said, "One please," slapping down the necessary spinach for a second row seat. The box office magnet gave him a Look, saying down his nose that the house had been sold out for weeks.

"I'd like to turn in this extra ticket," said a voice over Bill's shoulder. The speaker was, doubtless, an average citizen, but afterward Bill wished he had studied the gentleman more closely, because there is a chance he was Fate—on a bender.

Not until Bill awakened in the morning did he realize that he hadn't learned the girl's name, nor had he told her how he was billed. He decided grimly that he would probably get stood up; when he drove to the address which he remembered, he would probably find no one at home. He had learned, during the drive to the girls' apartment, that they had just arrived from Utah, that they knew little about Hollywood, and that neither of them was working. It would be practically impossible to find the girl again if she didn't keep their date.

She was waiting in front of the apartment building when he arrived, so Bill took care of the identity question in a hurry. She turned out to be Lucille Thayer. "Pretty name," said Bill.

"I think Demarest is a nice name," she replied. A proper attitude for a prospective wife—not that Bill was thinking so far in advance at the time.

They enjoyed dinner at the Derby. Several celebrities came in, and Lucille was impressed by Bill's yarns about them. After dinner Bill said, "It's all right outside. I'd like to have you meet my five wire-haired dachshunds. I have a Filipino boy out at my house—he'll be there, too."

The dachshunds took a running leap at Miss Thayer and expressed their unqualified approval with juicy pink tongues. She liked them, too. "Tell you what," suggested Bill, warming up to his campaign, "Why don't you come out here Sunday for dinner? I'll have the boy cook up something special. Bring your family," he said as an after-thought, having remembered Lucille's sister. She had said, "Oh, no," she said levelly. "I was thinking of trifles. Like, for instance, Bill's current inclination to pass a hospital at a sedate rate of ten miles an hour. If some Rube Goldberghian person should in- 

After final curtain, Bill asked the girls if they were driving. No, they didn't keep their date.

During intermission he casually followed the two girls to the lobby and was quick to light their cigarettes. "A little embarrassed?" he asked the girl who had been sitting next him.

"Oh, no," she said levelly. "I was just looking at my program."

During the second and third acts she spent more time staring at her program than she did taking note of the activities and dialogue on the stage. After final curtain, Bill asked the girls if they were driving. No, they said, they were going to take the street car; whereupon Mr. Sir Walter Demarest said, "Could I spread my old car over the puddles for you?" He could—what's more, he did.

And as they were saying good- night, he asked his seatmate, "How would you like to have dinner with me tomorrow night at the Derby?"

"She said she would enjoy it, thank you.

So, on Sunday, Lucille arrived for dinner with her family, consisting of not one, but FOUR sisters. For two years, the Demarests had strongly resembled Charlie McCarthy with his lower- jaw string broken. The boy in the kitchen went into a mathematical tizzy in an attempt to stretch 3 salads and 3 squabs to serve 7 persons.

Bill began to see great advantages in marriage to a girl with such a large and beautiful family: there would be no dialogues and no house hold in which one could expect a series of sisters as revolving guests. Promptly, Bill started romantic proceedings, which consisted partly in picking up the quartet andSun- days with him, and partly in taking Lucille everywhere worthwhile in Hollywood. Sundays were a little rugged as the dachshunds sometimes got a little cross.

That other nights were delightful, though, because Lucille gave him her undivided interest.

And so, on August 30, 1938, Lucille Thayer became Mrs. William Dem- arnest in Prescott, Arizona. After remaining in Bill's bachelor quarters for two years, the Demarests found a larger house in the hills above Hollywood, and Lucille had wanted ever since he could remember: a real home. Furnished early American style, too.

Marriage, a mighty institution, is composed of a large number of trifles. Like, for instance, Bill's current inclination to pass a hospital at a sedate rate of ten miles an hour. If some Rube Goldberghian person should in- 

After a trip to Utah, during which time Lucille spent more hours curled up in bed than she did visiting, Bill drove her straight to a Los Angeles hospital. He stood by while she was given a spinal anesthetic, and observed the entire operation. In the midst of the surgery, Lucille said to the doctor, who was wearing glasses, "If you should break a pair and break it, do you have a substitute?"

The doctor said he did. The operation proceeded. Successfully.

The Demarest financial arrangements are indications of enlightened living. Bill pays all the monthly accounts, insurance, taxes, bonds; what is left is spending money is divided evenly between the partners. That way, Lucille gets what amounts to a somebody-or-other's hat, she can. It's her money, so I keep my mouth shut. Likewise, if I emerge from a day at the races somewhat less Morgenthau than I was the day before, well—that's my hard luck, and I get domestic sympathy instead of heckling."

Bill figures that Lucille earns her
show that Lucille turned to her husband, at the end of their joint skit, and said with serene confidence, "Now, I want to tell a joke."


It turned out to be a honey—a knick-knack she had picked up at Red Cross meeting. No one laughed harder at the quip than Bill, who now-springs it first during their act, if he has a chance. He expects, momentarily, a wifely topper to this trick. We'll let you know.

Not only does Lucille take a vital interest in Bill's status as a comedian, she also devotes herself to the completion of his coin collection. For one thing, Bill collects American pennies. There are several (the 1909 series) that are extremely rare. Bearing this in mind, Lucille wrote to her father, who is a merchant in Utah, asking him to save his pennies so that, when she went north to visit, she could examine them. Upon arrival, many months later, she found a tinkling assembly of 8000 pennies.

At first opportunity she set to work with magnifying glass and deft fingers. Two weeks later, with weary eyes and a pair of hands stiff and shaking from miser's cramp, Mrs. Demarest turned over the final coin. In all that search, she had found not even ONE rare vintage penny.

She came home and told Bill the story, saying that the only exciting copper left on earth was Dick Tracy. A few days later she made a purchase in the Broadway Department store, corner of Vine and Hollywood, and was given three pennies in change. Each one went directly into Bill's collection. All very rare.

The Demarests also collect rare pewter. On their radio they have a marching line of mugs, picked up in small shops from New York to San Diego. These mugs are graduated in size from the smallest, about an inch high, to a towering beer stein about a foot tall. Whenever Bill is sent out of town on personal appearances, bond tours, or location trips, he may be found at some time during his travels, peering through the wares of some antique shop. This side of Papa Kochenlocker's personality has puzzled a good many of the storekeepers.

In every well-managed household there should be one pet controversy to keep the atmosphere spicy. The Demarests have a difference of opinion: Lucille insists that the best breakfast dish on earth is one of her cream waffles, topped with maple syrup and garnished with a side of ham. The sentimental sergeant disagrees; you've never lived, he avows, until you have come face to face with a double order of his French pancakes.

"I married her," he says, wearing an expression reminiscent of the woe-begone features of a scolded St. Bernard, "thinking she didn't know how to cook. And what do I get? A competitor. A waffle-maker with no respect for pancakes. It should teach a man, never, never to attend a theatre alone."

At which point he laughs and Lucille laugh, and the room seems to be filled with that pleasant, indefinable element—happiness.

THE END
Charlie Chaplin and wife Oona O'Neill watch a match at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. Is the British-born actor an undesirable alien? That's the question in Washington.

While we are at it, though, we may as well admit that there have been unpleasant murmurs in gossip columns here and there about Helmut before last New Year's Eve. But these were vague rumors and the really knowing people in Hollywood put them down simply to the malicious sniping which is always expected to be aimed at so young and attractive a man who has risen so swiftly to prominence strictly under his own power.

No doubt he has made some errors of judgment. It would be strange if he hadn't, when you consider his circumstances. Remember that in the past very few years he has (1) escaped miraculously from the Nazis (2) learned to speak almost perfect English and has become an American citizen (3) has attended an American Holiday "in the State Salvage Committee can help your community establish and make effective a "Paper Holiday." They are being conducted with great success by towns and cities the country over. Suggest it to the merchants you buy from, and your local municipal authorities.

Carry Victory in Your Basket!

Every time you go to the store and carry your purchase home unwrapped, you help bring Victory just so much nearer — help get our boys back home just so much sooner.

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Paper that wraps and protects more than 700,000 different war items. Paper that goes into containers for blood plasma collected by the Red Cross. Paper to make vests for airmen who fight in sub-zero temperatures. Paper for V-Mail envelopes for our fighting men. These are a few of the vital roles that paper plays in the war program.

Remember — Paper is War Power
Use Less Paper — Save All WastePaper

This advertisement contributed by this publication and prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.
As we go to press, a joint statement announces another parting of the ways.

He has faced the necessity of adjusting himself to so many abrupt changes, many of them deeply emotional experiences, that it is surprising that he has retained as clear a perspective as he has.

No one has taken a picture career more seriously or has worked harder at it than has Helmut. It is simply incredible to imagine that he would jeopardize it carelessly or thoughtlessly. He cares about it too intensely.

He admits that sometimes when he is studying a part or trying to write (he nurtures an ambition to become an author) the four narrow walls have a tendency to "close in on him." He yearns occasionally for a hill or a meadow or some wide space where he might gaze at the sky or the sea . . . and breathe. But there is a gas shortage, and the wide open spaces won't come to him. So he endures his narrow walls.

When he first came to Hollywood, excited at his new experience, trying to gain emotional equilibrium after the break-up of his marriage, he went often to night clubs and other gay spots. Now that he is getting some roles which require hard work and concentration, he finds that he cannot do as much of this as before, nor does he feel the same need of it.

"Anyhow," he says, "I never did go to those places as often as the papers said I did. You know, they used to call me a 'wolf' all the time. I know that they must exaggerate their stories to make them interesting, just as I must exaggerate a character on the screen to make him interesting. So it was natural that when I went two or three times to night clubs, the papers said it was five times. Of course, I suppose that if I hadn't gone at all, they might have said it was only twice. But I'd have been having a dull time of it, wouldn't I?"

"But I know something now which I hadn't realized before. I used to think my job was just to make nice, convincing faces on the screen, to do a good job of acting. I thought my private life was my own affair. Now I knew that those faces we make aren't enough to do for the money we get. There is something more. It isn't just ability—talent—that gets you a break in pictures. It's a combination of many things, and there's always a large slice of luck, just plain luck, involved.

"The pay is out of proportion for what you do before the camera. The other thing you are paid for is to be a public figure, a sort of symbol. For that nice salary you agree, tacitly, to allow the public the privilege of judging you, of speculating about you, of invading your privacy. In a strange sort of way, the public whom you almost never see owns you. If they love you very much, they'll probably forgive you if you disappoint them once. If you are a very great star, with years of success behind you, they may forgive you even more than that. But . . . they may not. There's no reason, really, why they should!"

It's a rather eerie and unsettling picture that Helmut paints of an actor as the chattel of unseen thousands of affectionate, critical, watching people! He probably has something there, at that. "Look at the sharp watch which is kept on the President and the members of his family, for the slightest flaw in behavior," he pointed out.

"And their public life is only incidental to the other things about them that are important. Ours is our whole career!"

If you were to see Helmut when he is amusing himself—and that is how
THE MAY ISSUE OF PAGEANT

“BED WITHOUT BOREDOM”

Are twin beds responsible for America’s high divorce rate? Or are they, as the Rev. John Haymes Holmes states “a sign of the emancipation of women from debasing subjection to men?” PAGEANT has made a survey of opinion on the double bed versus twin beds. It’s a feature everyone—whether married or contemplating marriage—should read.

Book Digest: “CAPTAIN from CASTILE”

A condensation of a best-seller in the “Anthony Adverse” class. Here is the stirring tale of the conquest of Mexico—a historical romance in which a young Castilian gallant sought his fortune across the seas. Youth and love and war are the ingredients which make this one of the most exciting tales ever written.

May PAGEANT brings you page after page of exciting features . . . full-color pictures . . . a Playground of games, puzzles and fun . . . plus a self-analysis test on “Are You Happy?” . . . It’s a great issue of a great magazine—one that everyone will be talking about for weeks to come. Buy it . . . read it . . . pass it along to your friends.

Hollywood gossips ordinarily see him—you might conclude, as they have, that he is a light-hearted, attractive young man with engaging continental manners and a mind whole-heartedly concerned with the price of imported caviar and the impact of a pretty woman on a room full of people. And you would be wrong.

Actually, he is a hard working man. His swift mastery of English would prove that. I’ve heard people toss him obscure and unusual English phrases, just for fun, but I haven’t heard him muff one yet. He enjoys serious books, serious music and serious discussions, although he admits cheerfully that he is “still learning about most of those things.”

His best friends—people he most enjoys—are people who are not connected with pictures, people he met as students at the University, professional people, lawyers, doctors. He once hoped to study medicine, himself, and he has never lost his interest in that profession.

He likes small parties . . . “six or eight people, with stimulating conversation” . . . and he admits that he still enjoys a night club in the company of an attractive woman. But large Hollywood parties appall him. “Everyone is bored and everyone is trying to pretend he isn’t. It takes a pretty good actor to get away with it.”

He doesn’t like parlor games very much, but he is addicted to chess in a big way. He and Humphrey Bogart discovered each other—and chess—when they were working in “Passage to Marseilles.” Afterward, when they were in different pictures, they pressured the communications department of the studio when each set up his little board in his dressing room and insisted upon phoning the other one about the next move . . . in a running game which lasted for weeks.

He is afraid of becoming one of those Hollywood citizens who reads the gossip columns, looking for mention of himself, before he reads the headlines about the war. He wants to do a play in New York, if Warners will release him long enough, “just to make that perspective secure.” He has a play in mind.

But most of all, he wants to work out a pattern of living which will make it certain that he won’t make any more deplorable “mistakes.”

“If you learn to know yourself and your weaknesses,” he thinks, “you can anticipate possible situations. Not all your errors get into the papers, after all! Perhaps you’ve made a bad investment, taken a job without considering it, though you trusted a ‘friend’ before you knew him long enough to judge him . . . or perhaps it’s a triviality like buying an impractical suit of clothes or a present for someone which you realize, too late, he could not possibly want or need.

“Well! If you have any intelligence, you’ll use these mistakes to prevent future ones. You’ll try consciously and determinedly to plan your life so that these things won’t happen to you twice.

“That goes double for any special weaknesses you discover in your own character!”

Personally, I think that Helmut means all this. Impulse and bad luck seem to have dogged him. I think he’s really out to defeat these two jinxes.
was exactly two years ago. Now, she's a full twelve months ahead of her schedule and her name is known to every movie fan in this country, while in other parts of the hemisphere she rates with such contemporaries as Greer Garson, Betty Grable and Katharine Hepburn in popularity.

The girl who started in her film career as the movie colony's greatest paradox has now become an amazing legend. As a newcomer, Maria was often scorned and laughed at for using a technique that was not only unorthodox in motion picture circles but entirely unheard of even by veterans of the business. Yet today, many of the same producers and directors who refused to take her seriously at the outset of her career point her out as the most noteworthy example of Hollywood success.

Maria's technique and method is simple—so simple that it astonds you. "If I want anything," she explains, "first I ask myself if I want it very badly. If the answer is 'yes,' then I simply make up my mind to get it. But I get it by working hard and keeping my eyes glued to my goal.

"You see, some years ago I read a little line in a book that I have never forgotten. Today, I have those words framed and whenever I feel myself becoming discouraged, I always look at that single sentence. That alone gives me new hope. It's like a shot in the arm."

The sentence Maria is referring to is: "It is far better to make an attempt and fail than fail to make the attempt."

Even in her love life, Maria's motto has held up admirably. "I'll never forget the night I made up my mind that Jean Pierre Aumont had all the qualities of the man I wanted to marry. He was handsome. He was charming. He was intelligent, courageous and interesting. Of course, I was in love with him from the first time I saw him, but I didn't realize it.

"It was at a party that Universal gave for me at the Sherry Netherlands that I felt sure I was in love. Jean Pierre was standing at the other end of the room talking to a magazine writer. There were many pretty women present, but few of them had ever heard of him. He had been in this country only a short while and had only made two pictures, "Cross of Lorraine" and "Assignment in Brittany." I just walked over and joined in the conversation. Knowing that Jean Pierre was a Frenchman and having lived in France myself, I acted like a lady of his native land would act. I spoke French to him. I emphasized my femininity, knowing well that that's what Frenchmen like. It worked beautifully.

"For the next few weeks, Jean Pierre saw no other woman but me. By the time I returned to Hollywood, he was there. Our romance continued, and we were engaged and married in July of last year. Shortly after, he joined the Free French forces and left for overseas. He was the first Frenchman to land during the invasion of Southern France, an honor..."
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Gives a Tiny Tint
and...
Removes this dull film

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GOLDEN GLINT

Maria Montez frequently receives photos from Jean Pierre Aumont. This is one token at the time of the Italian campaign. (See the Bay of Naples?) He's since gone to France.

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Prevent that hard—tired—drawn look
by wearing OCULENS—the restful sun-
glasses that banish unsightly "squint-
winkles" and that help give your eyes
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Oculens. CLEAN VISION SUNGLASSES

that he is very proud of having. He
is brave, too. Three times he has been
decorated. Three times, he has been
promoted.

When Maria's romance with her
Jean Pierre first came to the attention
of New York columnists, there
were those who predicted it would
never last. They said Maria was too
volatile a person, too much concerned
with her own career and too am-
bitious to allow marriage or love to
jeopardize her career. Those self-
appointed prognosticators were all
wrong.

"I knew Maria back in the first flush
of her career, when she was not only
working hard toward a successful
career but fighting for it. Her tech-
nique was amazing. Even in the film
colony, she made eyes lift in
surprise every time she walked into
the Universal commissary. To those
who were sitting there it was far
better than any floor show they ever
witnessed. Her gowns and hats were
inconceivable. Maria knew it. But
she wanted attention. She was con-
centrating upon getting it, and she
got far more than she anticipated.
She was sufficiently fearless to say
things that left her listeners speech-
less. Hollywood wasn't accustomed
to the straightforward statements that
issued from her lips. It couldn't un-
stand an actress who said, "I am go-
ing to be successful. I am going to
be a great star." Newspapers and
magazine writers were never ap-
proached by a Hollywood player who
even before she appeared in a single
film said, "When are you going to
write a story about me? I have a
great deal to tell the public!"

Yes, Maria was that kind of a girl.
She still is. There's neither sham
nor pretense about her. If she wants
anything, she'll get it. Nothing will
stop her. At the moment, she is
launching forth on her second three
year plan. This time, however, those
who might have been inclined to
pooh-pooh are perking up and pay-
ing attention to what she has to say:
"Now, I am through with trying to
attract attention. Now I am con-
centrating exclusively on being an
actress. I want to be a good actress
—a great actress."

And when Maria makes an utter-
ance of this kind, she is saying what
she means. Being one of those amaz-
ingly tireless people who gives the
impression of being charged with a
continual current of energy, she is
seldom content doing one thing at
a time. "No woman today," she ex-
plains vivaciously, "whose husband
is away fighting in a war for freedom
should sit around and wait. She should
keep busy—do many things. She
should help in the war effort. She
should try to improve herself men-
tally. She should groom herself to
be more attractive, so when her hus-
band returns he won't be disap-
pointed. In this way, she will have
no time to be sad, and she will
have many things to write to her
husband.

"I write to Jean Pierre every day. Sometimes several times a day. But
it is something I love to do. Just like I love to write. Now I am writing
a book—a love story. A great love story. And I am studying, too. I al-
ways study. But now I am studying because Pierre and I have post war
plans of our own. We are going to
do a play together in France. We will
be there for six months working to-
gether. Also, I am studying music.
Always, always, I study. No person
can ever know too much."

When Maria included in her men-
tion of her post-war plans that she
was also contemplating raising a
family, the reaction was immediate.
The news spread like wildfire to the
infants' establishments, and next
morning she was barraged with
samples of layettes, photographs of
baby carriages, bassinets and even
maternity gowns. Sadly Maria re-
turned them all.

"When the time comes," she ex-
plained, "I shall riot keep it a secret.
Everybody will know. Motherhood
is something to be proud of—some-
thing every woman wants to ex-
perience."

Standing at the tip of the cine-
matic heap today because of her
singleness of purpose and her driving
desire to succeed, Maria brings the
realization to the fore that she would
have been successful at anything she
undertook. If she had not elected to
be an actress, she would have made
an excellent advertising executive.
If she wanted to produce pictures, she
would easily have excelled in that
field.

Even now Maria is more than an
actress. She's a mighty smart busi-
ness woman. She's thoroughly fami-
lar with every phase of the motion
picture industry from the story end
to the selling field. She will read a script and make suggestions for changes. She will give the director valuable tips on how certain scenes should be played to secure the best results. She will deluge the Publicity Department at Universal with ideas for handling the publicity on a picture. She herself is one of the favorite people of the press because of her complete cooperation and her utter frankness in answering the questions of interviewers. And she makes no bones about the fact that she welcomes publicity. "Without it," she says frankly, "an actress is lost."

At the completion of a picture, Maria will often indicate a knowledge of the time of the year best to release it as well as the cities that should see the picture first. Today the lovely actress knows all the branch managers of the Universal offices throughout the country by name. When she sees them after a year's absence, she will inquire about their individual families and will discuss bits of information that is imparted when last they saw her. She knows all the salesmen throughout the country as well as a great many of the theatre owners. And above all, Maria makes it her business to be interested and well-informed about all the happenings in the great industry. It means her career. And she knows that by familiarizing herself with all the details and business angles, she is helping herself.

After returning from her trips throughout the country, she will discuss percentages and averages on pictures, grosses and receipts. She will discuss with studio executives how much money her pictures have earned at certain theatres; and if they have fallen short or exceeded the mark, she immediately sets forth with a theory. Maria Montez is one actress who is far from being a problem. On the contrary, she is a project—a project her employers are proud of having.

Included in her elaborate three-year plan, she mentions doing a play with Alexander Knox whose recent work in the title role of Twentieth Century-Fox' "Wilson" has catapulted him into the limelight of leading actors. According to Maria, Orson Welles is writing the play and she will have the leading feminine role.

She is already preparing herself for this by studying dramatics with one of the country's outstanding teachers. Even on a recent trip to the East, Maria made sure that her coach accompanied her. She does not lose a single moment for she feels the stage of the flowing draperies is over. Now she wants to do stories about earthy men and women—preferably men and women of today with problems that are real and meaningful. However in the inner recesses of her mind is a strong wish to do a great love story; one that is simple and charming and in the style of "Smilin' Thru."

With the completion of her first three-year plan, the sultry actress feels she no longer needs to depend upon her lovely legs or glamorous curves. But this does not mean that she's going to shroud her figure from public gaze altogether. "That," says Maria Montez, "would be like putting a Mother Hubbard on Venus de Milo."

The End

Are you in the know?

What's best for keeping metal earrings bright?

- Colorless nail polish
- Ammonio and water
- Elbow grease

They'll be all a-glitter indefinitely—if you treat those metal earbobs to a thin coating of colorless nail polish. It's tops as a safeguard against tarnish. At and Kotex time, remember that now there's a new safeguard for your personal daintiness.

Yes! Now a deodorant is locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on.

A king-size teen looks smoothest if she's—

- Wedged to flat heeled shoes
- A frilly dilly
- Posture-perfect

Are you a glamazon? Be proud of it! "Flats" are fine, but higher heels are flatteners. Shun frilly clothes. And never be a stoop droop . . . you'll look smoothest if you're posture-perfect. Poise comes too when you rout the little cares of problem days—with Kotex. Unlike thick, stubby pads, Kotex has patented, flat tapered ends that don't cause revealing lines. And that special safety center gives you plus protection.

Now—a deodorant in every Kotex napkin

If your friend doesn't introduce you—

- Should you just stand there
- Walk slowly on
- Feel offended

When pal Julie stops to talk with friends of hers in a public place—introductions aren't necessary. It's awkward merely to stand by. Walk slowly on. Knowing what to do can be such a comfort! So too, at "those" times, knowing your napkins can bring real comfort—the unfailing kind you get from Kotex. Far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, the softness of Kotex stays faithfully yours. Yes, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg.
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HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE Overglo
BY WESTMORE

FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . WESTMORE’S SENSATIONAL
NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

OVERGLO has a lanolin and oil base . . . Does not give an artificial masked appearance . . .
Overglo effectively hides tiny wrinkles, lines, and minor blemishes . . . Goes on evenly—does not streak. Easy fingertip application—no sponge or cotton needed . . . Gives you a flawless looking complexion and a fresh, well-groomed appearance for the day without constant repowdering . . .
Overglo comes in six flattering skin-tinted shades . . . One bottle lasts for months. $1.50 plus tax.

NEW . . . ONE-SHADE . . . OVERGLO FACE POWDER
A make-up discovery! Practically colorless—permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with youthful beauty. A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. $1. plus tax.

PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

because not many people knew Gloria. "John’s an intellectual," they said. And so, despite her incredibly lovely face, is Gloria. "John’s a conversationalist, and he enjoys the company of a girl who is vivid, articulate, and witty," they said. Just so is Gloria, who kept a group at the Alan Ladd party—where she first met John—roaring with laughter at her anecdotes.

Just three months after this original meeting, John and Gloria were married—in December, to be vaguely exact—in the Bella Vista Community Church, Beverly Hills. Gloria wore a street dress of ice blue satin, a diminutive black hat covered with huge blue roses, and she carried white orchids. John wore the conventional navy blue—a suit tailored without thought of marriage, but for reasons of necessity. (Honorably discharged from the Army, and what did he find? That while he was in service, his entire wardrobe had been snatched!)

After the ceremony, the newlywed Paynes pooled their A tickets and drove to Palm Springs for their honeymoon. And don’t tell MGM this, please, because the news is confidential—Gloria may give up her career! It depends, of course, upon a good many things, but one of them is that John firmly believes a marriage has much better chance of success if there is only one career in the family.

Perhaps this would be a good place in which to blast a popular misconception of what constitutes normal existence for a Hollywood actor. To judge from the quaint rumors one hears on the subject in Ailing, Illinois, and Silicosis, Kentucky, the life of the average H. M. (Hollywood male, married or otherwise) is a sybaritic (i. e., plushy) succession of trips to the tailor, dalliances upon a night club dance floor, and workouts on the table of a Swedish masseur. Nothing could be farther from the truth. At least in John’s case.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we call your attention to the character standing at the bottom of a six-foot ditch, manicuring the earth with pickaxe and shovel. What is the man doing? The man is digging a channel six feet deep and twenty-three yards long which is to be used as conduit for a water pipe. The man is wearing a pair of very tired work shoes with hobnailed soles two inches thick, and a pair of levis of practically no color except ‘dobe stain. From waist upward he is a mass of muscle, mahogany brown from sun and hard work. This man is not a member of Ditch-diggers’ Local No. 98777; his union card reads “Screen Actors’ Guild.”

John dug this ditch because the new house he bought in Brentwood happened to need some additional plumbing.

There’s a story, too, about how he acquired that house, in manner direct and resultful. He set out on foot one day to scout the terrain. When he saw a piece of property that appealed to him, he simply walked up to the door, rang, and asked the person who answered if the house happened to be for sale. A good many stand-by houses—
holders said “No”; eventually John placed his question to a charming elderly man who admitted that he and his wife had been planning to return to their original home back east. Yes, they would be glad to sell at a reasonable, uninflated price.

As soon as these Samaritans moved out, John surveyed the premises and decided upon some alterations. (This was still in his before-marriage period, remember; when such things required no consulting with the missus.)

The first thing he did was to investigate nearby lumber yards in search of redwood paneling; he finally located 1500 feet and bought the lot. This was installed on two walls in the living room, from floor to waist height (John’s waist), and was used to cover the other two walls entirely. One of these walls was fitted with shelves, floor to ceiling, to receive John’s extensive library. The other wall was interrupted by a generous stone fireplace. Once the paneling was installed, John had it stained a deep, glowing burgundy.

Next, the earnest householder set out to buy carpeting. At this point there will be a brief pause for comradely groans from all who have recently tried to buy floor covering. After plenty of searching, John found a mill end of jade green broadloom big enough to do the trick. The next purchase was a few odd rolls of imported tweed wallpaper, of no use to anyone but an enterprising householder with better than half his wall space already paneled.

And then furniture. Impossible to get, you say? Not if you have ingenuity and a sterling friendship with a competent man who builds to your specifications from second-hand springs, fumigated stuffing and odd lots of beautiful crash and chintz. John picked up some old wing chairs and had the wing sections cut down so that the proportions were better, the lines more interesting. Then he had some cast-off leather lounge chairs widened, deepened and upholstered in dark green broadcloth. These he placed on either side of the fireplace.

Does that living room come to life in your mind’s eye? Deep burgundy paneling, a glowing fireplace, a green rug, tweed wallpaper, big roomy green chairs scattered about? See Omar Khayyam.

The living room opens upon a bricked courtyard, in the center of which stands a magnificently lacy pepper tree. Next summer, when more equipment is available, the Paynes will furnish this airy patio

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At any store which sells toilet goods

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Stronger Grip
Won’t Slip Out

with garden furniture, and build a barbecue at one end. Rare spot for wiener bakes and steak fries.

In the dining room, there is an item of furniture that fetches ecstatic cries from all visiting guests, both male and female. It is a huge (6 feet in diameter) dining table, painted country-barn red. In the center is installed a rotating Lazy Mary. Dinners are served family style on the Lazy Mary; then everyone helps himself. Under this system, you’ll note, the partaking of food and the indulgence in sparkling conversation can proceed without the annoyance of those olives being passed fourteen times.

The bedroom consists mainly of acres and acres of bed. This imposing sack is six feet wide and almost nine feet long. It would cause Rube Goldberg to resign as a novice inventor if he could see it, because of its system of built-in comforts. Viz: within handy reach there is a telephone, a radio, an electric razor, a shaving mirror, a shelf of books, a clock, and a memo pad that John consults every morning so that he can providently plan his day. This bed headboard, with its series of drawers, recesses and cupboard, is upholstered in beige leather.

Miss Julia Payne, John’s 4½-year-old daughter, was privileged to choose the color scheme for her suite. She selected a white wallpaper on which was printed a single long-stemmed rose at random. Her rug was green, and she selected dimity cross curtains with wide ruffles. In feminine replica of the living room plan, she asked to have one end of her bedroom paneled in knotty pine, so her amused father obliged.

This home, with its occupants (Julie, her nurse, the cook, the family cat named Smoky, the family dog called Lady, and the newlyweds named Payne) is usually referred to by John, because of the gender of all but the master, as Payne’s Harem.

John called at the studio one afternoon and was passing the time of day in one of the publicity offices. "Just came from the vet’s," he said. "I took Lady down to have his ears taped properly. The vet said Lady was getting along fine—what a dog!"

"Just a minute," said John’s listener. "I thought Lady was a female."

"Sure he is. But I’m surrounded by the weaker sex, and—since I’ve always regarded The Dog en masse as a male institution—Lady is going to be called he."

There is one additional item in the Payne household always designated by the masculine pronoun: Julie’s piggy bank. As soon as Julie was old enough to understand that money was not without, John started her financial training. At regular intervals he secured a roll of shiny new nickels from the bank and tucked them away in a safe place. Then he established small duties for the young tycoon. If she picked up all her toys at night and put them away properly, she was paid one shiny nickel. This coin was placed in a bisque pig. When, after several months, the pig was stuffed, the Paynes, father and daughter, had a pig-smashing party, salvaged the coins, and deposited them in an account in Julie’s name.

Currently Julie has come to understand that pass book. She knows that proceeds from punctured pigs are duly noted there, and that war bonds are bought when enough pigs have given their all.

Sometimes Pop Payne pays through the nose. Not so long ago he backed the ear into the driveway, washed it, then whirled and supplied her with a soft cloth and indicated the left rear fender. "You make that shine," he suggested. Julie’s small head bobbed in compliance; she set her small jaw and went to work.

After fifteen or twenty minutes, John worked his way back to the Julie department. And counted ten before he spoke. At some time during her elbow exercising, Julie had dropped her polishing cloth into a very goopy puddle. Unperturbed, she had continued her job with mud as a lubricant.

Well, she got her nickel—and John got writer’s cramp. Did you know that John studied journalism at Columbia University and has sold poetry to any number of nationally-

Martha Vickers ("The Big Sleep" may make her a star), and LeRoy Prinz, dance director at Warner Bros.—with a Jap Samurai sword and a Hari-Kari knife captured in the Pacific.
circulated publications? This fact would probably never have come to light if someone hadn't chanced across the verses while doing magazine research. When asked about his success, John looked into the middle distance with the expression of a man who wonders whether he can get away with swearing that he has a double. Not until he was reminded that Kipling, Vachel Lindsay, Robert Service were rugged characters did he admit that at times he, too, has tried to dream up a word to rhyme with orange.

John's reading is voluminous. Recently he completed "Native Son," "Forever Amber," "Leave Her To Heaven," and a James M. Cain trilogy.

One of John's favorite bits of literature is "My Little Boy," consisting of a series of sketches published in Woolcott's Reader.

In addition to his love for and creation of poetry, John has another state secret: he is addicted to the use of Swiss pine bath essence in a hot bath after a day of digging ditches. It is wonderful for muscular aches and pains . . . and it smells better than liniment.

Although John realized that he used the pine oil generously, it seemed to him that violent evaporation must be taking place. The liquid disappeared faster than a Christmas bonus. Not being a suspicious man but knowing something of the habits of womankind, he approaches his daughter.

"Me—use your pine bath oil?" she repeated his question, lifting both eyebrows and her voice. "Goodness, no. I have my bubble bath, you know." Beneath her father's dubious eye, she recalled an emergency. "Well, I may have used it now and then—in a pinch," she amended.

The pinch continued. It became a squeeze play. So, among Julie's Christmas gifts was a quart of pine bath oil. And don't tell Julie, but a tall, dark shadow sneaked into her bathroom one night recently. Hereafter, she had better watch the liquid level in her bathtub.

As soon as John had made his Brentwood home livable, he embarked upon a new strong-arm venture. He bought a lot at the beach near Malibu, consisting of 700 feet of ocean front and, an inland depth of 650 feet, and an elevation at highest point of 30 feet. The ink wasn't dry on his deed before John was back in Hollywood, John Payne wouldn't usually, with four walls and a roof, this would represent a week-end hideaway around, Payne will get by.

"No one need tell me what an overweight woman thinks about!" says Mrs. Sullenger. "I know all the tortures of buying a size 40 dress. I know the misery of refusing invitations because of being ashamed of my appearance. Not so long ago, I was wallowing in self-pity, with only one remaining grain of resolution: I would try the DuBarry Success Course.

"In ten weeks from the time I started, I lost 25 pounds and got back the waistline I had as a girl. Then I bought a new suit—size 14!"

"But no words and no pictures can express how it feels to look into the mirror and see reflected a shining, radiant face—to feel that all of life is still before you, and to know that you have the energy, the courage—yes, and the beauty to enjoy it."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that you could be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course can help you.

It shows you how to follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. The plan is intensively practical. It fits into your daily life. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to bring your weight and body proportions to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use makeup for glamour, look better, feel better—be at your best for wartime living.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this famous Course can do for you?
WOMEN in your '40's

Do these symptoms betray your age?

Often many women between the ages of 50 and 55 are shocked to realize they are in the class commonly known as "middle-age" with its annoying symptoms which so often betray their age.

So if you suffer from hot flashes, feel weak, tired, nervous, restless, a bit blue at times — all due to the functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women — try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This great medicine helps nature and that's the kind that make you ask, "Do you play the piano?"

He has a wonderful sense of humor. Look at the time he did in "Dreamy." He was a bit of an optimist, and he refused to get discouraged because of something that had come his way. He was not a man of the world, but what he was was a good actor, and he knew how to make people laugh. And as if the eyes weren't enough, he was able to go ahead and be blessed with the longest, thickest lashes in Hollywood. It isn't fair (meant to be a pun) that they might have come in handy during some of those Texas dust storms, when Zack was riding the range punching cattle.

And a nose. What can one say about Zaks nose? He had it all, the body shape, the eyes, and the rest. And if the eyes weren't enough, he was also blessed with a great deal to do with the casting of the John Barrymore part one of these days — when they get around to doing "Goodnight, Sweet Prince." (My own private prediction is that Mr. Zachary Scott stands the best chance of getting this prize acting plum. And he has a nose.) But then, there are we said enough? Sure, it's everything to be desired.

He has long, thin hands — sensitive but strong — the kind that make you ask, "Do you play the piano?"

He's a very sympathetic guy and his charm is not only doubled, but increased. (Of Dimitrios.) Zack wasn't on call for work that day, but he came on scene. Where did he deliver the line, he had himself carried in by Sidney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre and plopped at her feet. Before Faye could get out with a double take, Zack said, "May I introduce my pall bearers, Madame?"

Zack drives a midget sedan that is lost on a dirt road imbedded with rocks just right for cutting your tires to ribbons. This isn't Zack's fault. It has something to do with the number of people who makes you mad just the same. That is, until you enter the Scott home. Then you gasp with awe and wonder. It's the Scott charm that does it. And the Scott charm is not only double, but tripled in that home. For you see, Zachary is married to a lovely and intelligent young woman, formerly miss named Waverly, who is now eight years old and takes after her parents.

But to get Mr. Scott settled in his home in the Hollywood hills, and up to date, perhaps a little backtracking is in order at this point.

Zack was born in Austin, Texas, Feb. 21, 1914, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Z. T. Scott. He attended the public schools of his home city, but was more interested in collecting dogs. Zack loved dogs — still does. (He has more dogs than most kids have marbles. And they were all foundlings, except one — a Boston Bull named Tuffy, the only dog he ever bought.)

When Zack was four years old, he appeared as Charlie Chaplin in a neighborhood vaudeville. (Chaplin was his hero.) This little acting stint started something ticking inside the youthful Scott that burst like a time bomb when he was exactly 14. He showed his parents that he was going to be an actor.

Fond parents, however, decided he was a little too young to go on the stage, and convinced him that an education wasn't anything he couldn't learn. He became a darned good cook! "Only trouble was," says Zack, "my cooking was a little monotonous then. You see, I discovered that when cooking for the Knights of Columbus at night, it makes the big pot that's the interesting one and the easy one. I was busier than a switch engine, making stews from morning till night."

Zack drives a midget sedan that can practically crawl under a Scotty. It's a B.M.W., which he calls "My Country 'Tis" because it's seen a lot of service — and it gets 35 miles to a gallon of gas! (He's not so dumb!) "The car is a hangover from my boyhood days," remarks Zack. "I always wanted a small car. Sometimes I would try to get into one. But that's if I didn't have my adaptable Texas legs!"

Scotty Lox, the pin that does away with the old "bulldoze," when I should have said "bulldog" — thanks to him!"

Being in the saddle all day long became second nature, and a first love to Zack. But riding wasn't the only thing he learned.

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Zack lives in a charming, comfortably furnished home in West Hollywood. You don't often get lost on a dirt road imbedded with rocks just right for cutting your tires to ribbons. This isn't Zack's fault. It has something to do with the number of people that make you mad just the same. That is, until you enter the Scott home. Then you gasp with awe and wonder. It's the Scott charm that does it. And the Scott charm is not only doubled, but tripled in that home. For you see, Zachary is married to a lovely and intelligent young woman, formerly miss named Waverly, who is now eight years old and takes after her parents.

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strutted in parts ranging from juveniles to old men.

Moreover, it was in college that he met "the girl who had everything." (That's probably why he stole Elaine Anderson away from his best friend. What guy wouldn't?)

Nevertheless, after three years of college, Scott set off for New Orleans and hopped a cotton freighter bound for Hull, England, there to set the world on fire, or at least an English stage.

The latter, Zack did by dint of being a dogged Texan, getting up in an English part in four days, and claiming to be an Australian. His first role was juvenile lead in "The Outsider." And, as he says, "I was type cast!"

Being a Texan, he got his man—one Gerrard Neville, of the English Repertory Company, who could dish out parts as easily as the Government collects a withholding tax.

He played on the British stage for a year and a half. But between plays, Zack was having himself a fine time seeing Germany, France, Belgium, Switzerland, etc. Until he was grabbed off a train at Innsbruck—skiis and all—by a couple of S.S. men on the German side of the Italian frontier who thought it would be a pious idea for him to sit in his hotel until notified by the German police. (It seems that a chap by the name of Dolfuss had been assassinated.)

It was plain these Gestapo embryos had never met up with a Texan: before the Nazis could say "Heil Hitler," Zack was flying over the Alps, absorbed in the beauty of the lovely green valleys below.

The incident, however, had a slightly sobering effect, and Zack found himself returning to the good old U.S.A. and the girl in Texas who had the reins on his heart.

On his 21st birthday, he married Miss Anderson, in Dallas. The young couple, very much in love and both career-minded toward acting, set out forthwith for New York.

"You know what?" asks Zack, and immediately answers his own query. "We didn't take anyone or anything by storm but ourselves. For a year we were engaged in the non-lucrative profession of proving we could live on love. The theatre went its merry way, unmindful of the Scott dream-children."

So back to Texas they went. Zack reentered the University, from which he graduated in 1938. Between studies, he sandwiched in directing an Austin little theatre, some oil rigging, laboratory work in a refining company, and driving for his physician-father on night calls—all fairly remunerative occupations.

Then, with money in their jeans, the young Zachary Scotts hit New York again, ready to take another crack at the stage. But once more the aspiring thespians were set back on their resilient heels. After a year and a half of Broadway's cold shoulder, they decided that a pair of well-soled shoes looked better to them than a part in a play.

"So Elaine gave up her acting ambitions," says Zack, "and subsequently started as assistant stage manager and office helper with the Theatre Guild. I thought the two of us could horn in on the job, but she insisted that one of us had to be an actor. I was elected."

Zack did summer stock for a couple of years. Elaine paid the grocery bills. And they were more in love with each other than ever.

"Elaine is far from bitter about that turn of events," Zack comments, "because she adored stage managing. And as you know, she eventually stage-managed 'Oklahoma' and wound up being one of the top two in her field."

Zack himself graduated from summer stock after three years, and landed a part on Broadway in the "Circle of Chalk." In 1942, he was prominently cast in "The Damask Cheek," which closed suddenly because of the illness of Flora Robson. Over the week-end, he found a part in "This Rock," starring Billie Burke, and this flopped. But the fabulous Texan was now on the move and in the groove. Next he landed the male lead in "Those Endearing Young Charms." The play was a hit. Scott was a hit. And a guy in the audience,
name of Jack L. Warner, was no dope. He immediately signed Zack to a Warner contract.

Presto! Mr. Zachary Scott was a screen actor in Hollywood and hotter'n a depot stove!

And at home with Elaine, who is a whizz with a needle and equality as good with a pair of reins; and Waverly, who runs her shoes down at the heels and falls off her bike like any other kid—Scott's life is complete.

The Scotts love to entertain—informally, with a few guests. "Because," says Zack, "we not only like intimate gatherings best, but our home is too small for anything else.

Zack is tremendously loyal to his friends. His closest are the Gregory Pecks and the William Princes—and Beulah Bondi, whom he practically carries around on a pillow, and about whom Elaine says, "She's the only other woman I worry about."

At home Zack can cook to his heart's content. But a far cry from ranch chow is his "a deux" dinner, the mention of which is Elaine's cue to send Waverly off for the evening with the housekeeper. It starts off with a glorified salad—a slice of melba toast, a slice of tomato, a big gob of mashed avocado, a big gob of cottage cheese topped off with mayonnaise: all on a lettuce leaf. Then comes a squab stuffed with wild rice (which he must get from Frank Morgan, who has two sacks stashed away) and almonds, augmented with French string beans. Last—and get this—chocolate ice cream with a spoonful of creme de menthe over it. And demi tasse.

Zack loves to dance, especially the square dance. He is an avid gin rummy and blackjack player. He gets a kick out of listening to opera, but collects Charles Trenet records like "Grandfather, You've Forgotten Your Horse." His favorite color is green, but he never wears it. He dislikes people with pretenses, but finds that Hollywood has fewer of such than he expected.

And, if you're not a glamour goon, take heart. Zack says that he sees so much perfection in Hollywood that he begins to miss freckles, a crooked nose, or eyebrows that stop a little too short. "Such things," he says, "help you create a personality."

The End

Sylvia Sidney
(Continued from Page 36)

"I'd get so I just couldn't take any more of it," she recalls. "It got me down mentally, always being on the wrong side of the tracks or the law, always fighting something or somebody, dirty gangsters, dirty politics, the dirty rich. Then I had to wear those awful clothes, with my hair either stringy or in buns. I played slaves and weeping widows and inmates of women's prisons, and in one picture, my entire wardrobe consisted of a prison uniform which I wore for ten weeks. Well, you know what that would do to any woman— the same dress, eight hours a day, every day for ten weeks. You shudder at the thought; and you feel so bedraggled you get so you don't even want to take a bath!"

Sylvia talks about these harrowing memories now with giggles and twinkle eyes.

It might even surprise you to hear that she loves to do comedy, though she'd rather do it on the stage than on the screen, because she loves to hear the laughter of the audience.

"I get positively drunk on laughter," she says. "I used to stay in the wings off-stage and just gurgle over it. When you work on a sound stage and you miss that. There's something sort of weird and chilling about playing a funny scene and hearing no response or at best, only a faint giggle here and there from the crew. It scares me."

"I did play in three comedies on the screen," she says, "but that did no good against that long list of tear jerkers. I was trapped. What really hurt was that whenever a good part came up in one of the more glamorous opuses, and my name was mentioned for it, somebody would always say, 'Oh, Sylvia would be good—but she can't wear clothes!'"

Well, those wiseacres who thought Sylvia couldn't wear clothes are going to have another think coming her way in "Blood on the Sun" with Jimmy Cagney. She plays a beautiful and seductive Eurasian girl in this story (which takes place in Japan about 1929) and gets herself involved in some very fancy spy and/or counterspy work which will have you guessing. In the course of her duties, she pals around with people like Premier Baron Gichi Tanaka, General Tojo, and Admiral Yama-moto, who at that time and in that country were roosting on top of the social ladder. However you may feel about that, the old boys liked their playmates merry, and Sylvia obliges in a wardrobe by a new designer named Michael Wolfle that will make designer George W. Henley and Givenchy's old wolf call, while the girls drool with envy.

Yes, Sylvia is definitely on the sexy side this time, and you can see at a glance that far from needing protection against a crook and wicked world, she can take care of herself anywhere.

Nothing pleases her more than to be with her brothers. She takes the most feminine and "tragic" interest in this turn of conversation, and will explain delightfully, "Oh, do you think I can wear clothes? That crack to the contrary was the unkindest cut of all, and it still rankles.
During her first years in Hollywood, Sylvia gained quite a reputation for being the stormy petrel of the town, which she admits quite frankly that she earned. “I believe a petrel is supposed to be the herald of a storm,” she says. “Well, I guess I was both the herald and the storm.”

Besides her constant fight to get out of drab roles, she used to fight about a great many other things, too. When asked if she thinks Hollywood has changed, or if she herself has changed, she replies with disarming frankness, “I’ve changed. The trouble was with me. I was too young to handle the opportunities and success that came to me, for one thing. I do think I had a legitimate right to complain about being typed, but I didn’t know how to do it effectively.

“I think when you’re very young, it’s important to have smart people to advise you, particularly how to complain. I didn’t have anyone to tell me, and I didn’t know how. I’d just walk into somebody’s office and go ‘Yaaah!’ If I had had good advice or better judgment, I could have handled the situation better.

“The whole thing about working on either stage or screen is not to get to playing the same character year after year. All you have to do is look at actors who do it. They get that dead look in their eyes. They lose their spontaneity, get hollow inside, so that if they finally do try to branch out, they go flat.

“You can’t say whose fault it is when an actor gets typed. Sometimes it’s the producer’s idea to hold an actor to a characterization he does particularly well, if the public likes him in it. But sometimes it’s the actor’s fault. Actors don’t always know what’s best for them.

“As for all those objections I used to have, I think if you had pin me down, I wouldn’t have been able to tell you just what was wrong. I took things too seriously, was much too intense about my work, and I just would not compromise about anything.

“I had an awful sense of insecurity because I felt such a terrific lack of ability. I was terrified that I might give a bad performance, or even do one line badly. My husband (Luther Adler) used to say, ‘You can’t afford not to give a bad performance now and then.’ I couldn’t understand this, because I believed I couldn’t afford to give a bad performance.

“Now I think it’s important to do it, and I often give a bad performance. Sometimes it will only be a line that’s bad, or a scene; sometimes the whole performance. Even if nobody notices, or comments on it, I know it’s bad, because I know inside of me how it should be and where I’ve missed. But that’s how to learn, how to improve.

“It’s a little difficult to imagine Sylvia’s giving a bad performance, for she’s always been one of our better actresses. She developed the urge to act very young, appeared with little theatre productions in her early teens, and was soon invited to enter the Theatre Guild school, for which hundreds, only the most talented are chosen. There she distinguished herself to the point of being selected for the lead in her graduation play, ‘Prunella,’ directed by Winthrop Ames, and two months later got her first professional engagement. The play ran only two weeks, but there were other offers in...
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Beginner Earns $1,819.00

Today I received a check for $1,819.00 for a story, which I sold for $3. The other day I counted up just how much I made per word, and, as a result, I gathered up $1,620.00. Not bad for a beginner, is it?—Mrs. L. L. Gray, 575 E. McHenry Ave., Stanford, Texas.

Sylvia was a bright little girl, with a marked aptitude for literature, but her delicate health made it necessary for her to remain at home. She spent her time reading, writing, and studying, and rarely went out of the house except to visit her uncle, who was a well-known author.

One day, while Sylvie was reading a book about life in the South, she came across a passage that caught her attention. It was about a little girl who had a dream of becoming a writer. Sylvie was inspired by the story and decided to write her own book.

She worked hard, writing every day, even when she was sick. She wrote about her life, her family, and her dreams. She wrote about the beauty of the countryside, the kindness of her friends, and the love of her family.

After many months of hard work, Sylvie's book was published. It was a huge success, and she became a well-known author. She continued to write for the rest of her life, and her books were read by millions of people around the world.

Sylvia's husband, Luther Adler, is in the east. She admits they have separated, but says she has no plans for divorce at the moment. For the present, at least, everything is status quo. She's seen about with Fletcher Martin, the artist, and they appear to be very good friends. She has taken to start romantic rumors in Hollywood. But Sylvia insists she has no matrimonial plans.

Meaningfully, she and Jody live in a charming little house high on a hillside above Sunset Boulevard, with a magnificent view overlooking the city, and on clear days, the ocean. Birdie, a devoted servant, watches over them from New York, looks after Jody, and carries for Sylvia while Sylvia's working. They live graciously but simply, getting a great deal of fun out of the smallest details of daily life.

"Everything seems so much less complex now than it used to," she said. "It's all a matter of growing up. For the present, at least, everything is status quo. She's seen about with Fletcher Martin, the artist, and they appear to be very good friends. She has taken to start romantic rumors in Hollywood. But Sylvia insists she has no matrimonial plans.

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MOVIELAND GIVES A PARTY
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

their congratulations to all the many nice things being said to and about the guests of honor?

Well, you can take our cameraman's word for it (poor Bill Dudus, he was wishing for a shutter-box that could stutter fast like an automatic machine gun!) . . . there were forty-five celebrities on hand; fact is, many more than that!

The first to arrive was Faye Emerson; not only was she about an hour early of the scheduled tee-off time, but she was a day in advance. Telephoning Movieland's Hollywood office, she said plaintively, "I'm here at Mocambo, but nothing seems to be happening. Where is everybody?" Said Western Editor Jane Wilkie, "Getting opening. Where is everybody?" Said movieland's Hollywood office, "Sonny Tufts received and receipted for Frank Sinatra's award, in the absence of The Voice, who had just left for New Jersey after having been 4'-Fed by his Draft Board again. Everyone tried to get Sonny to sing "Accentuate the Positive," or some such chune, but he said he didn't want the Award to be transferred at such a late date. (He has been kid-turning out badly, she couldn't come to the party. Hmm. You see?)"

Maria Montez had been invited to bring her three delightful sisters. When she arrived with only two and was closely questioned, she said simply, "Well, my sister wanted to wear her hair in a new way, so I volunteered to cut it. She said that if it turned out badly, she couldn't come to the party. Hmm. You see?"

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Almost-Didn't-Get-There-Guest was Jimmie Cardwell, who telephoned MOVIELAND's office late the afternoon of the party day, and confessed that he had been ripped out of bed that morning by Western Union, who sought to deliver his telegraphic invitation shortly before dawn. He said "Uhuh-Oh—No—Thank you, and hung up. At about four p.m., he began to wonder what he had agreed to do. He was glad it was nothing more crucial than attending a really super party.

The End

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In Short Weeks—
new loveliness, new confidence in your charm!
dressing many of the stage luminaries.

Motion pictures, at this time, were awash in their swaddling clothes. And we daresay it might have been ditto for the stars who appeared in those pictures—for there were as yet no big studios with big budgets for en-gagement of aesthetically aware and stylishly-attired performers. But no, they bought their own, from local shops. Indeed, many of the extras of those early days were known as "dress extras," and on the busiest days, they were able to buy and stock and pass on a sizable wardrobe depending on the number of jobs offered them. For period extravaganzas, exceptions were made; costumes were frequently rented from theatrical supply firms like Eaves and Brooks.

Checking up on the styles worn by players in those waning teens, The War Period, we note that the Miss America of the day felt bewildered (but how could she?) in an ankle length suit, with a jacket reaching to her knees, and a bow. She was also showing a fondness for bigger—the-better fox stove, complete with the animal's head, claws and tail. Her hat literally "sat" on her head, and she and all the girls of a tilt; and when she visited her milliner it was for a "made to order" draped silk turban with a veil and a "millerie" handkerchief of silk and straw, transparently lacy and ornamented with feathers or ribbon binding. With a brim? Then it was medium-wide; but hardly noticeable. Eyes had already been trained. Hat that had been high, oh-so-high, like a coachman's.

Pur of every natural variety (and some unknown to any of Nature's little animals, though bands of pink and skunk rated most popularly) was used as dress trimming, even on the cheeriest of afternoons: frocks and evening gowns. Silk was still obtainable in those days—in spite of the war—and there was a plentiful use of taffeta, georgette crépe and crépe de chine. And there was a zipper in the anterior for dinner dress adornment.

Toward the end of the period, came the long tunic and the hobble skirt.

With the early twenties, Paris came back into its own. Silk and lace industries began to thrive, and the shrewd and knowing French couturiers, busy as before preparing seasons showing for their wealthy, style-conscious European and American customers, had just begun to cast their eyes covetously in the direction of a new market—American ready-to-wear. The girl who was blessed with a slim waist and curves in the right spots naturally rebelled against the sack-line dress and the cloche that fell almost to her heels. Even the flaxennest of girls, with their boyishly bobbed hair (of which Madge Bellamy, in "Sandy," was a shining example), wanted to show off their trim figures. Short skirts passed muster, they admitted, for they showed their shapely thighs and trim ankles—but fashion be hanged if they weren't going to show their waistlines, too. dress movement created quite a stir, for it was the first departure from the static straight skirt. The pencil-slim back. Lelong's new dress had added fullness with flowing inserts in the front of the skirt. And meanwhile other designers, not to be outdone, had added all sorts of original ideas, all smart and revolutionary, until slowly but surely the short skirt reached such ridiculous (we think) heights that it became a thing of laughter instead of beauty. And while skirts ascended, waistslines descended—so that the original "boyish" mode became a "little girl" fashion mode. It turned out to be all right after all.
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For your hair—like your face—needs a note of color to look its loveliest.

No matter what color hair you have, you can give it fresh sparkle and achieve a smart new color effect with Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse! You can enrich the natural hair color...give it a "warmer" tone or a "cooler" hue...even blend little gray streaks in with the original shade! A color chart on the back of the package shows which of the 12 Marchand shades will give the effect you desire.

After your shampoo, dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Gone is all soap film! Your hair is glorious with shining new color...softer and more manageable, too!

Marchand's Rinse goes on and washes off as easily as facial make-up. Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—it's absolutely harmless.

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LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY
225 W. Wabash Ave., Dept. 45
Chicago 1, Ill.

"Fox Movietone Follies," released in 1929, featuring Sue Carol, Dixie Lee, Sharon Lynn and Lola Lane.

Many of the designers who created the screen fashions during the eventful thirties have since opened their own fashion salons, where they turn out sports clothes, tailleurs and evening clothes that vie with the French couturiers for being "the first and the best." In the annals of modern fashion there will always be a place for inspired designers like Rose Herbert, Travis Benton, Bonnie Cashin, Yvonne Wood, Russell Patterson, Charles LeMaire, Gwen Wakeling, Royer, Rita Kaufman, Horescal, Dolly Tree, Sophie Wachner and Bernard Newman—men and women who have created some of the beautiful daytime and evening dresses and period costumes for such pictures as "George White's Scandals," "Bottoms Up," "Stand Up and Cheer," "Metropolitan," "One in a Million," "Wings of the Morning," "Second Honeymoon," "Lillian Russell, My Gal Sal," "Coney Island," "Wilson" — and now, "Diamond Horseshoe."

Today, more than ever, the American designer has to show a lot of ingenuity, working under wartime handicaps—with governmental regulations restricting the amount of yardage used, with substitutes for old-time fabrics which were formerly used with no thought of economy. Yet they've produced gowns and costumes as colorful and attractive as ever.

Since the early thirties, fashion has become truly universal in scope. It is difficult to analyze the subtle changes which have taken place. Skirts are a little shorter today than they were then; the almost over-padded shoulder which developed to be a caricature of the original Schiaparelli tailleur has been appropriately modified.

Today's conception of fashion is to select from the vast number of existing designs and to discard all those not best-suited to the wearer's looks and personality, with accent on figure.

Naturally, we can expect a further revolution when World War II comes to an end. We will have a greater wealth of fabrics to draw upon, and no O.P.A. regulations will be necessary then to keep skirt lengths of one pattern. Of one thing you can be sure, however: the designing genius of Hollywood and New York will continue to be an exponentially influential one: because these designers of today are young, abreast with the times and international in thought and in approach. Their ideas will reflect the world of tomorrow, at the same time drawing from the experience of today and yesterday for the inspiration so necessary to true creative talent. A Nettie Rosenstein, who could look back to the times of "Jane Eyre" and "Wilson," and create such thoroughly modern collections based on costumes shown in those pictures, is a fine example of this thoroughness of designing.

A Celia Chapman, who was inspired by the motion picture costumes of "Pin Up Girl" and "Diamond Horseshoe" to create a wearable, charming modern line is another...and there are still others creating clothes to be worn by Miss Modern America.

THE END
WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Decca:

Records may come and records may go, but we always have records by Crosby. This month there are four sides by Bing. The first two, with John Scott Trotter's orchestra, are “More and More” and “Strange Music.” On the second coupling, Bing has the occasion to play solo, with the organ, the Ken Darby singers, and the music of Victor Young. It’s “Just A Prayer Away” and “My Mother's Waltz.”

Guy Lombardo also does double duty this month. Number one is “Poor Little Rhode Island” and “Oh! Mytule,” both novelty tunes, and number two is “Easter” and “Easter Sunday On The Prairie.”

The Delta Rhythm Boys, one of the best of the singing groups, are accompanied by the Gulf Coast Five on “Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good To You” and “There's a Devil In Me.”

In the jive department, here's Jimmie Lunceford's orchestra doing “I'm Gonna See My Baby” and “That Ole Devil Called Love.” The latter tune was written especially for her by the composer of “Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall.”

The Delta Rhythm Boys, one of the best of the singing groups, are accompanied by the Gulf Coast Five on “Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good To You” and “There's a Devil In Me.”

Billie Holiday, a favorite singer among musicians, has a terrific duet with Teddy Wilson on his hit “I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry,” sung by Rose Blane.

The big Calypso hit, “Rum and Coca-Cola” is done by Abe Lyman's orchestra. Fred Astaire is heard on wax for the first time in ages on “This Heart Of Mine,” from his picture, “Ziegfeld Follies” and “If Swing Goes, I Go.”

Another fine gentleman, Louis Armstrong, has two swell sides in “I Wonder” and “Jodie Man.” Louis does both vocals in his usual wonderful style, and “I Wonder” seems to be some of that good Armstrong trumpet.

Fred Astaire is heard on wax for the first time in ages on “This Heart Of Mine,” from his picture, “Ziegfeld Follies” and “If Swing Goes, I Go.”

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Glover's preparations—Glover's Mange Medicine, famous see feel and Overnight—you'll the difference! One complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today I ant, sparklingly high-lighted, with loveliness, no application will convince you! Glover's famous trial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one com¬ matter what style hair-do you like best. Try —Send Coupon for all three products TRIAL SIZE

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INALOUS.

GLOVERS
The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

EARL WILSON
(Continued from page 39)

suggested that Dietrich had done more than she to make women's pants popular. "Oh, I wore pants long before she did," said Katharine. "It's a terrible disease, pants. Actually, I think people stare at me in a dress, but I suppose they stare just as much in pants. For five weeks, the column disclosed that Miss Hepburn has freckles all over, even on her tummy.

A Wilson essay on Joan Fontaine recently appeared in a major women's magazine. International Pictures had kicked Miss Fontaine "square on her derriere" for tricking him into buying her $575 worth of hats after "Frenchman's Creek" had been completed.

Wilson's wordage that has captivated his readers, and the point of view that is the envy of journalistic colleagues, grows from an inquiring personality, but from the sheer craftsmanship of a lifelong writer accustomed to perform well on any assignment the editor might hand out Earl hired, especially, or the strange jive-talk of a hep musician is the product of sweat and pain and hours over the tired typewriter in the late, pulsating hours of early dawn when the following newspaper headline of an afternoon newspaper stares him grimly in the face.

In Rockford, Ohio—population 1,100—where Wilson did his first newspaper work, he found his best idea that he was headed for a grind of three to nine night clubs a night in New York. He did set out in cold blood to become a reporter, starting at the age of twelve with prolific, but unpaid, contributions of local items to the Rockford Weekly Press. "In a town like that anybody who could put words on paper was priceless to the editor," Wilson reminisces. "I enjoyed seeing the stuff in print so much that it never occurred to me of getting paid. I guess the editor never thought of it either. He did let me sit around the office and read Editor and Publisher. I considered that a very great privilege. In it I gobbled up a raft of too-early knowledge of the great big wonderful newspaper world and decided that was for me."

Later he landed a job as a college sports correspondent, then a political reporting job for a news syndicate and finally he was offered a $45-a-week rewrite job on the New York Post.

That was May, 1934. The money didn't go very far in New York. But like most aspiring reporters Earl was glad to be in the really big, big time. He didn't go very far in New York. But like most aspiring reporters Earl was glad to be in the really big, big time. He didn't go very far in New York. But like most aspiring reporters Earl was glad to be in the really big, big time. He didn't go very far in New York. But like most aspiring reporters Earl was glad to be in the really big, big time. He didn't go very far in New York. But like most aspiring reporters Earl was glad to be in the really big, big time. He didn't go very far in New York. But like most aspiring reporters Earl was glad to be in the really big, big time. He didn't go very far in New York. But like most aspiring reporters Earl was glad to be in the really big, big time. He didn't go very far in New York. But like most aspiring reporters Earl was glad to be in the really big, big time. He didn't go very far in New York. 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Joyce Reynolds married Lt. Robt. Lewis in Jan., at Westwood Community Church.

boy and a poor girl and love in depressing Greenwich Village rooms. Earl had a room in an ancient walk-up flat building on Washington Square. His cubbyhole was one of seven on a long corridor. The other tenants were just colorless people he nodded to in the hall. Except for a good looking girl named Rosemary Lyons who lived at the other end. They were both lonely, and it was natural that they should dine together occasionally in Village dumps.

Rosemary knew the thing was serious when Earl presented her with a sumptuous electric alarm clock one Christmas. When he left the house early mornings, he had been in the habit of setting his own alarm clock and placing it at Rosemary's door to awaken her a couple of hours later. The electric clock cost real money and soon they were married. The ceremony took place during Rosemary's lunch hour from her job as secretary to a department store executive. She went right on working as there was neither time nor money for a honeymoon.

Nowadays, the Wilson menage, in a comfortable old-fashioned apartment just above the theatrical district, consists of "Slugger," or Earl Lyons Wilson, their thirteen-months-old son, Mrs. Rosella Lyons, who is Rosemary's widowed mother, and the devoted pal of both Wilsons, and "Empress," a little white dog with a lovable disposition.

The Wilson afternoon usually progresses with Earl going out on a pre-arranged interview with such sterling column material as, say, Marlene Dietrich.

Not all of these people are handled in the column with what they or their press agents would consider kid gloves. Yet Earl reports he has not as yet, collected a single really mad interviewee, a libel suit, or been barred from any saloon. When he reported Carole Landis to be bow-legged, she greeted him enthusiastically in a night club lobby and hiked up her skirts to show that the latter rumor was true. When he said Lady Mendel stood on her head to clear her brain, she loved it.

Wilson has developed to a high degree one of the most vicious weapons available to a trained reporter. That is to let the victim hang himself with his own words. He attributes

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The End
Diana in "The Robe." 

...life itself. 

...of a career and, incidentally, out of the picture industry as a whole should be done's and don't of any young, striving and gracious exponent of the right role you would like to play most is actress Marjorie Rambeau, and the girl with a mind very much of your 

...studio chores, see too much of actresses that you talk violently and endlessly about...and chocolate sundaes and liquorice drops. 

...dinner, and in-between you go for a high hill overlooking the surrounding California townships. 

...is bringing your horse to a stop on a long-standing and unalterable preference for violets, and any flower that conveys a message—such as yellow, white and red roses. You prefer going to the opera to any other form of entertainment. 

...You count among your truest friends are Susanna Foster and Helen Walker, and whose one bad ankle, and your wrist measures 5 1/2". 

...DeCarlo Middleton. 

...is Yvonne DeCarlo, grateful to ride alone, and your biggest thrill is intimate phone conversations. You habit is eavesdropping on your most 

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Hair OFF Face

NOW SHADES

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Aristocratic Art Needle

Bread and Raisin Bread

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happen. After spending most of the
time she was accustomed to, there was
little or no indication, until the notices
were alone up there so much of the
time; Pres had to stay in town, when
he was making a picture.
Anyway, the news is now that “the
Posters are separating”—after nine-

teen years.

But while Trudy may have regretted
moving to Twin Oaks, Stephanie has
loved it—right from the start. Stephanie is
Pres’ six-year-old adopted daughter, a pint-sized little
piece but every inch a live-wire.

Stephanie is definitely an outdoor
girl. She can ride like a cowboy. Pres
spent months teaching her, and now
she rides all over the ranch, on her
pony.

She started to school last fall. The
only school near the ranch is a one-

room affair with only one teacher.

And that’s where Stephanie went.

“I think it’ll do Stevie a lot of good
to go to a real country school,” Pres
said at the time. “She’ll learn the
three R’s there, for one thing, and
that’s important.”

Stephanie has several playmates;
children who live at Twin Oaks. She
has already attracted the special at-
tention of one little boy—Billy, who
is the cook’s son. Billy has even said
he wants to marry Stephanie. But for
a rather unromantic reason—he adores
Pres, and wants to be able to say he
has a movie star for a father-in-law.

He may also be influenced by the fact
that Pres is a member of a mountain
posse set up by Sheriff Biscualuz in
Los Angeles county. Pres is on call
day and night, in case there’s any
trouble in the mountains. And to Billy,
that makes him a sort of Superman
with a horse.

Actually, though, he’s a land-lover.

“It’s aorny line, maybe,” he said to
me one day, “but when I say, ‘This
Land is Mine,’ I get a lift I can
scarcely explain. I remember the
most unbearable pride I felt, the day
I paid off the mortgage. I wanted to
shout, or something.

“This is it, I said to myself then...
and that’s how it is. I can go into
Hollywood and make pictures, I can
travel when I want to, after the war;
I can do a lot of things that are
pleasant, profitable, interesting. But
it’s only here—at Twin Oaks—that I’m
really at home.”

THE END
INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Mexican straw to British Chelsea) must not be moved, veiled, nor disposed of. Her bracelets, hanging from the bed posts, should not be relegated to closets.

Said the decorator, "Perhaps we'd better postpone our alterations until Miss Taylor's taste has become more stabilized."

Said Elizabeth with a straight face, "Isn't that the trouble now?"

ROUND TWO:
If you are faithful to this column, it may be that you will remember an item that appeared in "Inside Hollywood" two months ago. This item had to do with the experience of Betty Grable in an eastern hotel. Because this writer was not furnished with the exact location (Miss Grable herself didn't remember where the incident occurred when she told me about the affair), the name of the town was not given.

The issue had not been on the stands for many days before our columnist began to dodge like Alice in Wonderland before a shower of cards. Mr. Henry W. Clune, syndicated columnist in the ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT & CHRONICLE, revealed that Rochester, New York, was presumed to be the city in question, and most energetically gave his version of Pafaire Grable. He sent me a copy, like many, of his readers. The postman on my beat, an observant gentleman, said kiddingly one morning, "I notice that your boy friend has been transferred to Rochester and he sure is keeping the postal service in funds."

I said—er—yes, that was it—er—approximately.

But don't misinterpret the letters were not, for the most part, love letters. Most of them were pretty mad because I had referred to Rochester as a "small town." MAY I HEREBY APOLOGIZE TO ALL RESIDENTS OF ROCHESTER FOR ANY SLIGHT, HOWEVER UNINTENDED, THAT MAY HAVE APPEARED CONTAINED IN THE REPORT? ROCHESTER IS, TO JUDGE FROM MY MAIL ALONE, A HUGE CITY FILLED WITH ARTICULATE CITIZENS WHO ARE FAIR Game.

At present it would appear that I have developed at least three permanent friends from among the readers. Mr. Clune himself, who has two sons in the Pacific; a good scout named Bob Bullock, Jr., and a servant gentleman, said kiddingly one morning, "I notice that your boy friend has been transferred to Rochester and he sure is keeping the postal service in funds."

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I said—er—yes, that was it—er—approximately.
A year ago Mrs. Fay Hofferek of Krum, Texas, weighed 261 pounds. . . . had resigned herself to being fat, uncomfortable and left out of things. Today, thanks to Josephine Lowman’s amazing health routine, Mrs. Hofferek is trim and graceful . . . 100 pounds are gone and in their place is physical charm and loveliness and a new vitality that is the envy of her friends.

**WHAT ABOUT YOU? Josephine Lowman CAN Help You**

Yes, Josephine Lowman CAN help you just as she has helped thousands of others. You can lose the 15, 25, 35 pounds or more you’re away from figure beauty; you can achieve the grace and poise of a truly beautiful woman. And it’s so EASY and INEXPENSIVE that you can’t afford not to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Lowman’s successful home students! Write today for her FREE booklet that will show you YOUR way to beauty.

---

**REPLICA PEARL EARRINGS GIVEN**

To make new friends, these Iridescent Replica Pearls set in screw type Earrings are given with your order for both the necklace and bracelet. Be first to enjoy wearing them. Send today and accept these Earrings as our get-acquainted gift.

Enjoy wearing a gorgeous replica of an expensive pearl necklace and matching two-row bracelet—all without risking a penny. Send for both the necklace and bracelet and accept them on ten days’ trial. Stone-refunded if you return them, but YOU ARE TO KEEP THE EARRINGS as our get-acquainted gift, in any event.

**SEND NO MONEY**

When your package arrives you pay the postman only $2.95 each for Necklace and Bracelet plus mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax. Write today!

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**BUY MORE WAR BONDS!**

Exquisite One-of-a-Kind Replica Rings are made from actual movie stars. Send in Money and photo postcard with name for plus size. Per postcard only $0.35 plus postage, insured and paid extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guarantee. Write today!

**PICTURE RING**

Direct from Hollywood

**MOVIE STAR PHOTOS & PIN UPS**

Hollywood Screen Exchange
Box 1150—Dept. 3
Hollywood, 28, Calif., U.S.A.

---

**PICTURE RING $1.**

You'll just adore this beautiful Hollywood ensemble. Exciting personalized facial ring designed with YOUR OWN initial creates a sensation! Charming earrings have large double loops that lend distinction to your ears. Choice of 50 realistic looking birthstones. Great gift for Mom or Grandma! Glows in the Dark. Enchanting by day—by night. Stone with glow in YELLOW GOLD is utterly captivating!

**SEND NO MONEY—10 day trial**

Money back guarantee. Pay postman only $0.35 plus postage, insured and paid extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guaranteed. Send photo and remittance today.

**PORTRAIT RING CO.,** Dept. 8-12, Cincinnati, O.

---

**ALAN LADD**

---

Betty and Bracken; it was a party given at Ciro’s following Eddie’s first NBC broadcast.

stands before Mr. O’Shea appeared to have become the delicatessen’s expert of Hollywood. A good many persons informed him that Veal a la Killarney had appeared on their tables with the success of saleable shamrocks on St. Patrick’s day. And one collector of recipes offered to trade her long-kept culinary secrets for Kevin’s qustatory club-car military neighbor, this is the lyric she was to sing to him:

_I HAVE A PLAN FOR MY MAN_ by June Haver

Now you’ve seen Minnie from New Guinea
And Ginny from Sardiny
You had me in tears
About a gal in Algiers
I’ve been savin’ my love ration
When you were in Australia
You should get a big surprise:
And I don’t have to ask ya
Now you’ve seen Minnie from New Guinea
All the letters that I mailed ya
Your Ginny from Sardiny
And your Nan from Iran,
I’ve been makin’ some post-war plans:
And you went on a spree
While I was sittin’ knittin’
’Cause it’ll have to stop
About a gal in Algiers
You had a kitten in New Britain
While I was sittin’ knittin’
You went on a spree
Go on and blow your top
While you’re across the foam
And while you’re across the foam,
And your Nan from Iran,
While I was sittin’ knittin’
Yes, Josephine Lowman CAN help you just as she has helped thousands of others. You can lose the 15, 25, 35 pounds or more you’re away from figure beauty; you can achieve the grace and poise of a truly beautiful woman. And it’s so EASY and INEXPENSIVE that you can’t afford not to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Lowman’s successful home students! Write today for her FREE booklet that will show you YOUR way to beauty.

---

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You’ll just adore this beautiful Hollywood ensemble. Exciting personalized facial ring designed with YOUR OWN initial creates a sensation! Charming earrings have large double loops that lend distinction to your ears. Choice of 50 realistic looking birthstones. Great gift for Mom or Grandma! Glows in the Dark. Enchanting by day—by night. Stone with glow in YELLOW GOLD is utterly captivating!

**SEND NO MONEY—10 day trial**

Money back guarantee. Pay postman only $0.35 plus postage, insured and paid extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guaranteed. Send photo and remittance today.

**PORTRAIT RING CO.,** Dept. 8-12, Cincinnati, O.
Who was always givin' in to ya. 'Cause after all is said and done You know that I'm the only one for you. Now I know that a little French, I can make spaghetti too. I can speak like British women—Sure, I can make an Irish stew. What more do you want What more can a woman do? I've been savin' my love ration I'll be the League of Nations to you.

(5) EXTRA DIVIDEND: Chet Lauck, Jr. (aged 5) has his own herd of twenty registered cows on his father's ranch near Las Vegas. His father (Lum of Lum & Abner) has agreed to board his son's herd free of charge, but in return is to receive any bull calves that are born. When the first new calf arrived recently, Chet restrained his enthusiasm until an important point had been settled. "Is it," he wanted to know, "a boy cow or is it a mite?"

DISC DILLY: A fanatical band of Sinatra fans has long made it a habit to record his programs as they come over the air. Not so long ago, enthusiastic wavers got the treat of their lives. At the close of his broadcast, Frank said softly into the mike, "Happy Birthday, Son!" This illegal offer has made recordings of that evening's program collectors' items.

SMALL WORLD DEPARTMENT: Jinx Falkenburg, Marguerite Chapman, and Gayle Gilford (of Columbia) were returning by air, from a camp tour when they were grounded in a railroad junction because of impossible flying weather. Jinx was put on the next train out—a streamliner—but Marguerite and Gayle landed 24 hours later on an item of transportation that made the celebrated Slow Train Through Arkansas seem a V2. It was 100% chaircar, cold, dirty, and packed with irate passengers. There was, however, a diner.

When a two-hour wait in line, the girls were seated at a table already occupied by two weary army privates, one of the boys favored Marguerite with an analytical eye. "You're Marguerite Chapman, aren't you?" he demanded.

She admitted the charge.

"Well, will you kindly tell me what a girl like you is doing on this pain train? You're ruinin' my morale by destroying my illusions about actresses," he said solemnly.

February bride Ann Shirley and her husband, Producer Adrian Scott; married in Los Angeles.

GIVE HIM THIS MASSIVE INSIGNIA Ring

For men in the Service

ONLY

$3.74

Send No Money—10 day trial! Money back guarantee if not delighted. This给人的 "きっかけ" sign comes in heavy solid sterling silver—sized to fit either hand. Massive Insignia rings will thrill you. Comes in lovely gift box."

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL. St. Louis, Mo.

New Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades LIGHTER SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo removes that yellowish tinge from haircaps—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Intensively removes the dyes, dandruff film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children's hair. Blondex is sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

REMOVE HAIR without razor, liquid paste or powder 25c

Baby Touch Hair Remover is the modern way to remove hair from the arms, legs and face. No chemical—no odor. Use like a powder puff. Women prefer it because it is so convenient to use, and costs so little. Try it—if you don't like it better than any other method just return it to us. Your money will be promptly refunded. At drug and department store or send 25c for one or $1.00 for box of the Baby Touch Pads. Baby Touch Mittens (Two sides) 25c each, 3 for $1.00.

BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO.

3750 Lindell Blvd. : : : St. Louis 8, Mo.

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS

Enjoy Your Work! Fascinating positions in hotels as Hostess, Executive Housekeeper, Manager, Social or Food Director. Grade school education plus Lewis Training qualifies you. Lewis National Placement Service Free of extra charge. One student writes: "Offered three positions by Lewis Hotel Training School."

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL. Ste. DL-9301, Washington 7, D. C.

14 Karat Gold Bridal Pair

Set with 14 Genuine Diamonds!

$785 Each

10 for $1,000

BARGAIN SALE! To get more customers, we offer new guaranteed 14K Solid Genuine chip diamond matched Bridal Pair. The emerald-cut ring (center design) is set with 14 genuine diamonds in exquisite mounting of gold hearts, emblem of eternal love. The wedding band matches the emerald-cut ring, deeply set with 14 genuine diamonds. Genuine diamond dangle rings will thrill you. Comes in lovely gift box.

WHITTEN GUARANTEED WITH EVERY RING

Want to be sure? Ask for your 14K Solid Genuine chip diamond Bridal Pair. FREE with order, we pay all charges. YOU SAVE 25c. Order today. Guarantee: If not pleased return ring within 10 days for full refund. Name and address and ring size. State color desired. 30 Church St., Dept. M-552, New York 7, N. Y.

GOLD STERLING

for yellow or white 14K. A color effect.

ONLY

$3.74

Send No Money—10 day trial! Money back guarantee if not delighted. This给人的 "きっかけ" sign comes in heavy solid sterling silver—sized to fit either hand. Overnight delivery. To receive your beautiful enlargement send snapshot, order today! Guarantee: If not pleased return ring within 10 days for full refund. Name and address and ring size. State color desired. 30 Church St., Dept. M-552, New York 7, N. Y.

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Just to get acquainted we will send you a beautiful 5x7 inch professional photo for mail or C.O.D. Charge 50c or 75c. A genuine introductory offer by one of the most reliable fine art studios in the State of Illinois. Offer limited. Rush your order now. FREE! EXTRA SPECIAL! Promptly upon receipt of your order we will send you an extra copy of negative. To receive your beautiful enlargement send snapshot, order today! Guarantee: If not pleased return ring within 10 days for full refund. Name and address and ring size. State color desired. 30 Church St., Dept. M-552, New York 7, N. Y.

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COSTUME PIN

Beads, beads, beads—chic earrings lend glamour to your ears. Colors: blue, white, red, green, wine, yellow. SUPPLY limited.

SEND NO MONEY—10 day trial! Money back guarantee if not delighted. This给人的 "きっかけ" sign comes in heavy solid sterling silver—sized to fit either hand. Charming pin designed with beads in various combinations. Beautiful gold color finish. Add a pop of color to your profile pin or negative. Order today! Guarantee: If not pleased return ring within 10 days for full refund. Name and address and ring size. State color desired. 30 Church St., Dept. M-552, New York 7, N. Y.

GREAT AMERICAN SALES CO.

55 E. Washington St., Dept. 104

Chicago 2, Ill.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys are in need of attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day. But in 15 cases of backache and filter disease kidneys don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headache and diarrhea. Frequent or scanty passages with hard or loose stools. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headache and diarrhea. Frequent or scanty passages with hard or loose stools. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headache and diarrhea. Frequent or scanty passages with hard or loose stools. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headache and diarrhea. Frequent or scanty passages with hard or loose stools.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They

February bride Ann Shirley and her husband, Producer Adrian Scott; married in Los Angeles.
FRIGID FUN:

Don't let anyone tell you that it doesn't get cold in California. There are times when the grassy green banks are covered with dawn frost, and when the great sound stages are northern caves breathing invisible blizzards. Came a day like that on the Selznick set for "Guest Wife." (This title is about to be changed.) The picture stars Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and Dick Foran.

Miss Colbert shivered and shook inside her wool suit. She huddled in her dressing room before a small but valiant electric heater.

There came a knock at the door and one of the studio workman asked solicitously, "Would you like some ice cream—the vendor just came on the set?"

"N-N-No, thank you," shuddered Miss Colbert.

Twenty seconds later a second studio employee inquired gravely whether Miss Colbert would like an ice cream soda. By that time the Colbert teeth were rattling nicely as she said no. Forty seconds later the wardrobe girl tapped and delivered a message: there was ice cream to be had.

After four additional callers had arrived, each suggesting a gustatory chill, Miss Colbert grew suspicious and opened the door narrowly in order to survey the scene. Sure enough, at the far end of the set, flailing his arms across his chest, was Mr. Ameche. He was buttonholing all innocent passersby and sending them over to the Colbert dressing room with assorted Eskimo pie messages.

The ribbing, always a major pastime on any picture in which Mr. Ameche is cast, was well started.

LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN, BABE:

Recently, Lana Turner has been awakened on several occasions by what she presumed was the stealthy sound of prowlers around her canyon home. She took up the matter with Whitey Hendry, head of Metro's police department. Whitey made a suggestion.

Now, on Metro's back lot, astonished workmen are occasionally treated to the sight of Lana pointing a pistol at a nearby target and scoring frequently enough to make it feasible for all prowlers to arrive hereafter accompanied by a full symphony orchestra. This will demonstrate the prowlers' admiration without subjecting him to perforation.

GLAMORIZE YOUR OUTFIT with the year's finestest, most original jewelry accessory.

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Hand-Made to Order Personalized with ANY FIRST NAME

Its striking styling will add a dash of Grace to that new outfit, jacket, coat or to your new car. The hilt and blade actually suit. The hilt and blade actually suit. The hilt and blade actually suit. The hilt and blade actually suit. The hilt and blade actually suit. The hilt and blade actually suit.

FREE EARRINGS! with every purchase of ON GUARD. You'll admire these small bits designed to match the SWORD PIN.

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SEND NO MONEY
Pay postman $3.95 plus tax and small postage fee on delivery.

MAIL COUPON TODAY
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Name desired is... 
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FREE 25 Beautiful NAME CARDS...

JUST TO GET ACQUAINTED WE WILL PRINT 25 BEAUTIFUL NAME CARDS WITH YOUR OWN FULL NAME ON EACH CARD, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE!

As a special introductory offer, the reliable Western Stationery Company who has hundreds of thousands of satisfied customers, will print—absolutely FREE of charge or obligation—your own full name on 25 fine-quality beautiful name cards. Or, you may have TWO sets of 25 cards each, one with your name, the second with another name! Limit of two sets of name cards to one person! Please enclose 10c per set for handling and mailing.

As a special introductory offer, the reliable Western Stationery Company who has hundreds of thousands of satisfied customers, will print—absolutely FREE of charge or obligation—your own full name on 25 fine-quality beautiful name cards. Or, you may have TWO sets of 25 cards each, one with your name, the second with another name! Limit of two sets of name cards to one person! Please enclose 10c per set for handling and mailing.

If you are not entirely satisfied, the amount sent for handling and mailing will be cheerfully refunded, and you keep the FREE Cards with our compliments! Fill out coupon below. Own your own printed name cards! It's the latest!

WESTERN STATIONERY COMPANY
Dept. 220-CE
Topeka, Kansas

FRE E CARDS COUPON!

WESTERN STATIONERY COMPANY, Dept. 220-CE, Topeka, Kansas.

I want ( Circle ) or ( ) two sets of printed name cards. Please print my name on cards.

Handling and Mailing Charge of 10c for each set of Personal Name Cards is enclosed. 

City. State.

Pays HOSPITAL and SURGICAL Bills for the Whole Family

Costs Only 3c a Day for Adults

Only 1½c a Day for Children

It's here! The new Family Hospital and Surgical Expense Policy you need and want! This policy insures whole family—mother, father, children, anyone from 3 months to 65 years. No medical examination. Pays up to $15,000 hospital and surgical bills for EACH and EVERY person insured. Pays up to $100.00 doctor's fees for operations. Pays up to $50.00 for operating room, medicines, ambulance, etc. Covers sickness, accidents, operations, childbirth, female disorders and many other disabilities not covered by other policies. You select your own doctor and hospital. This full-coverage Family Hospital and Surgical Policy issued DIRECT to you at special family rates by big, strong company with over $3,000,000,000 in assets. Investigate! Send no money, but mail coupon below quick for full details—sent FREE. No agent will call on you. Act today!

STERLING INSURANCE CO.
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Send me FREE INSPECTION Offer of LOW-COST Family Hospitalization Plan.

Name. Address.
City. State.

Handing and Mailing will be cheerfully re-
NEW PICTURE GUIDE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

SALTY O'Rourke (Paramount) is Alan Ladd, a slick racetrack operator risking his all to be able to repay a debt of 20 grand to a crooked, gun-toting bookie (Bruce Cabot).

Given just 30 days to raise the money, or else, and aided by his trainer-sidekick (William Demarest), Salty hires a jockey named Johnny Cate (Stanley Clements), and his troubles really start, when Johnny falls in love with a pretty young schoolmarm (Gail Russell).

It's Ladd's picture, but what a boy Stanley Clements!

Billy Rose's Diamond Horse Shoes (20th Century-Fox) rates raves for "eye and ear" appeal, being a star-studded Technicolor musical extravaganza—avec Betty Grable (her first picture since the birth of her daughter, Victoria James; and that's neither affirming nor denying the rumor that the little one is on Mr. Stork's list for a young family)

The setting (as you could guess for yourself) is the famous New York niterie owned and operated by the fabulous Billy Rose. Dick Haymes is a young medical student with a yen to follow in papa's footsteps—literally... (footsteps are left behind), you might say in this case, because "Papa" William Gaxton is Alan Ladd, a slick racetrack operator (Paramount) risking his all to be able to repay a debt of 20 grand to a crooked, gun-toting bookie (Bruce Cabot).

Diaphragm rings enjoy wearing... once again... the bloom and vitality of a youthful skin.

DORLE HORMOCREME does this because it contains liberal amounts of the hormones of science—ESTROGENIC HORMONES.

These ESTROGENIC HORMONES... (Young skin ingredients) are absorbed through the skin and serve to replace the natural hormones which began to diminish gradually in the twenties. Only application helps the skin on face, throat and hands to become firm, fresh, and radiant. The beautifying effect is not just superficial but ACTUAL for nature itself is being aided. Desired results are observed within 30 days. ORDER TODAY. Take advantage of the introduction. $3.00 (tax included) for 30 day supply. (Reg. $5.00.) Shipped Postpaid. Money back guarantee.

Send $2.98 with order and we pay all charges. If you are not satisfied, return this booklet. Your own personal guarantee...

FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE

THIN WOMEN! Men Adore a Full Shapely Figure!

Amazing "Glamor-Figue" Formulal Helps You Gain Safely! Easily! More Quickly! Shaking up all America by a glamorous figure with appealing curves, charming charm. At last, living women can now take advantage of the secret

RICH ES 実現<br>NEW 10 DAY TRIAL SEND NO MONEY! Don't send a cent. Try the special "Glamor-Figue" Formulal at our expense for 10 days and see for yourself. If not satisfied, just return the bottle and ask your money back.

FREE DOCTOR'S WEIGHT GAINING PLAN to be used with "Glamor-Figue" Formulal of your own order now! Just deposit with postman on delivery, one pill to be taken twice a day. A free book, "How to Increase Your Weight", is yours gratis with every order. You'll be more than delighted! FREE SAMPLES, 21 West 45th St., Dept. C-129, N. Y. C.

SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks at Home

Famous Speedwriting system, no signs or symbols. Easy to learn—easy to write and transcribe. Fast preparation for a job. Surprisingly, low cost. 100,000 taught by method in less than 5 years. Used in leading offices and Civil Service. Write for free booklet to

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LOVELY INITIAL RING or RAYON HOSIERY GIVEN with any order. Get lovely initial quill patterns. Send No Money. Pay postage only for 98c plus postage. Pay postage only $1 plus postage.

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SEVEN SIMULATED DIAMONDS

The Newest "ARTEX" Creation

This beautiful multi-diamond (simulated) ring features a flashing, brilliant, center gem approximately 1 1/4 karat in size, with dazzling rep features a flashing, brilliant, center gem approximately 1 1/2 karat in size, with dazzling rep

FREE C.O.D. ENLARGEMENT

Just deposit with postman on delivery, one photo enlargement for 10c. Pay postage only 98c plus postage. Pay postage only $1 plus postage. FREE C.O.D. ENLARGEMENT.

Buy 2 for $1.69. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not complete satisfaction. Delay is just money; remember: "WHEN YOU WRITE...;colorful, gorgeous designs. Excellent quality. Bright, large, fast color, new prints.

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Famous Speedwriting system, no signs or symbols. Easy to learn—easy to write and transcribe. Fast preparation for a job. Surprisingly, low cost. 100,000 taught by method in less than 5 years. Used in leading offices and Civil Service. Write for free booklet to

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The Newest "ARTEX" Creation

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BEDSIDE MANNER (United Artists) — And need more be said, when we explain that Ruth Hussey is Dr. Hedy Fredericks? "Doc" Charles Ruggles is her uncle, John Carroll is an engineer-pilot who keeps his distance from lady doctors with "opinions against," until he's injured in a crash landing, finds out a thing or three about "the bedside manner," and comes love.

Cast as three Marines, Joel McGinnis, John James and Frank Jenkins are in there punching for laughs, and Ann Rutherford, Claudia Drake and Renee Godfrey are "something added" for the fem quota.

KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY (M-G-M) is a theme with a team, so old and so familiar, except that it's Lana Turner and Laraine Day (instead of the Lowe-McGlen combo) exchanging the "sez you, sez me" lines. Susan Peters refires for the scrappers, who go battling all through their WAC basic training, and then on to officers' school ... with more of the same. All well and good, as a recruiting effort—but such effort!
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IDENTITY UNKNOWN (Republic)—Richard Arlen, an American soldier amnesia victim, is believed to be the sole survivor of a group of four men who'd been trapped in enemy territory. Disemboweled by the war and decides to visit the relatives of his late wife.

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ESCAPE IN THE FOG (Columbia), would of course be set in—San Francisco. With Nilla Foch as the pretty Navy nurse who comes up with key clues for solving a mystery plot by a "stolen message," by drawing how it all happened, and warning the handsome hero (William Wright). When the complications set in and the chase begins, Konstantine Shayne figures as the German spy villain, masquerading as a clock repairer.

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THE NAUGHTY NINETIES (Universal) has Bud Abbott and Lou Costello finding their fun and wreaking their havoc, on a river showboat. Henry Travers is the Captain, duped into letting his boat be turned into a gambling ship, and Rita Johnson is the designing woman; Lois Collier, the Captain's pretty daughter, and Alan Curtis, her comely sweetheart.

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EARRINGS AS OUR GIFT.

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THE POWER OF THE WHISTLER (Columbia) is a mystery based on the popular radio series, with Richard Dix playing the role of a homicidal maniac escaped from a mental institution, and suffering a temporary lapse of memory. Janis Carter figures as the girl in the case, Jeff Donnell and Loren Tindall have the second leads.

New low-cost "buy-by-mail" Budget Plan enables you to get Life Insurance backed by 50 years of Unaffiliated Reserve, to suit your pocketbook! You don't have to pay more than you can afford for the protection. Policy provides full benefits for as little as $6 a week! 10c a week pays double benefits; 15c pays triple benefits, etc. So economical, so easy to own, you and every member of the family can afford an individual Pioneer Life Insurance Policy—NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION! No agent's call. Get complete details FREE! Write today.

CHINA'S LITTLE DEVILS (Monogram) could better be titled "China's brave little warriors." It's the story of war orphans turned raiders, banded together at Harry Carey's missionary school and stealing into the Japanese camps at night, often capturing valuable supplies. Little Butch (Ducky L. Louis) leads the gang in imitation of his hero, Flying Tiger Big Butch Dooley (Paul Kelly).

Produced by one-time screen leading man Grant Withers, and he collaborated on the screen script.

SONG OF THE SARONG (Universal) sends that funny man Bill Gargan off to a Pacific Isle, where except for the interludes of Nancy Kelly (avac sarong) he'd be where he wants to be—on a stake as a pearl pilferer. With Eddie Quillan and Fuzzy Knight, and an oh-so-attractive newcomer, George Dolenz.

ATLANTIC ADVENTURE (Crown Film Unit, released through Para.)—A powerful, if sometimes grim, feature-length documentary produced for the British Ministry of Information. Two years in the making, and filmed in Technicolor, it's a tribute to the humor and courage of "the average fighting man." Indeed, it is those men—not professional actors merely playing roles; men facing death at sea in an open lifeboat.

Did you know that with just a flick of the dial you can tune in on five stirring confessions each week?

Straight from the pages of Real Story Magazine come the poignant problems of everyday people—problems which you or your friends may be facing at this very moment. For instance, what do you think Young Bride who lives in your neighborhood? Is it perfectly obvious that she's money-mad and that she's trying to instill the same ambition into her husband? Will he sell her a scheme or break her heart?

Well, you may not find your actual neighbors among the subjects of Real Life, but you'll meet someone who's struggling with a similar conflict. Her way of solving it can't fail to hold you spellbound.

If you enjoy these dramatizations well spiced with human interest and human emotions, make this program a listening habit! You'll find it on your local Mutual Network, on WOR, or on your local Mutual Network Station, on Monday, Thursday, and Sunday, at 9:15 to 9:30 P.M., EWT.
Dear Carol:

Many people have had to face this problem of Marriage Vs. Career, and it can only be solved by mutual understanding. However, you must decide what comes first in your life, and if it is marriage, then you must be prepared to accede to your husband's wish.

This problem may be worked out satisfactorily, allowing for both a career and marriage, providing the wife never lets marriage suffer as a result. Perhaps you can convince your fiancé that this will be your definite plan, and then try it for six months. However, promise him that you will be willing to go on your career if this does not work out happily, and abide by your promise.

Others have done this, and there is no reason why you can not, providing you both cooperate and maintain a complete understanding of the issues involved.

Let me know how this plan works out.

Sincerely,
JANE WYMAN

Dear Jerry:

There is a preparation which was invented by a girl who had just such a mark as yours on the side of her face. It is a preparation to cover that mark. It is called DERMOCOL. The name is self-explanatory, and I think you will find it a relief to you.

JANE WYMAN

Dear Susan:

I am all for this idea as I love to write letters anyway, but my mother thinks that I should write to boys I don't know.

Sincerely,
JANE WYMAN

Dear Teen-agers:

I would suggest that you organize your Teen-Club again, and meet twice a month, or often if you like, at the home of one of your members.

You can dance to records, play games, serve refreshments, and really have a good time. In order to interest your parents, why don't you appoint the father and mother of the member at whose home you meet, as co-host and co-hostess, and let them help plan the evening's fun.

I would also suggest that you add a serious objective to your good times by pledging yourselves to buy a certain amount of war stamps—and although you probably consider yourselves too old to gather the money, etc., you can organize some of your younger brothers and sisters into teams to gather metals, paper and scrap, and have Outcome to see which team will lead. If you teen-agers would organize for such a purpose, you could make a tremendous contribution to the war effort.

And don't worry, when the boys see what fun you are having, they will not want to be left out of it.

JANE WYMAN
10 DAYS' TRIAL
Yes, wear this CRUISER SLACK SUIT at my RISK. If you, too, are not completely satisfied in every way, return in 10 days and your full purchase price will be refunded.—BONNIE GAYE

Glamorous Hollywood started the slack suit craze. And no wonder... slack suits bring new comfort and ultra-smart appearance for your leisure hours, sports and street wear.

READY FOR EVERYTHING! New! Beautifully tailored with glamour-plus. Exclusively styled from crisp, fine quality, all season material that really dislikes being coddled. Belted shirred-back jacket hugs waistline cozily . . . trim pleated slacks, with real pockets, give that "slim as a reed" look. Perky shoulders, smart, distinctive lines . . . deft masculine tailoring in a tantalizing feminine slack suit that men admire—women envy. Wear it the year around and feel confident you’re the best dressed slack suit gal in town! An original by Bonnie Gaye. Sizes 12 through 20 and biggest of all surprises it’s only $8.95 plus postage.

SEND NO MONEY— Check size and color choice and mail coupon today. On arrival send $8.95 through postman plus C. O. D. postage. Wear, compare. If a 10-day trial doesn’t prove you’ve discovered the best buy ever, please return for full refund.

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Send new Cruiser Slack Suit. I’ll give postman $8.95 plus postage on arrival with understanding I may return purchase if not satisfied in 10 days for full refund.

(Mark 1st and 2nd choice color selections and state size)

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Circle Size: 12 14 16 18 20

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STATE

NOTE: Order 2 Slack Suits for $17.80 plus postage. Interchanging jackets and slacks makes 4 color combinations... Check here.
Here's the Mascara that makes lashes look naturally dark, longer and more luxuriant. Cake, Cream form. Black, Brown, Blue.

The smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil with fine point that forms expressive, gracefully tapered brows. Black, Brown.

Misty Eyeshadow to accent the color and highlights of your eyes. Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.

The eyes he adores—glowing with loveliness on her wedding day! Silently she vows to keep them radiant, always. She knows she can depend on the magic of soft Maybelline Eye Make-up. And so can you. For truly enchanting charm, always use Maybelline—the world's favorite Eye Make-up.

AT ALL DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND TEN CENT STORES

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BUY ANOTHER BOND!
Back the Victory!
Invest in the Peace!
leaves your hair so lustrous,
yet so easy to manage... only
Drene with Hair Conditioner!

Make a Date with Glamour! Right away... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. ✓ Extra Luster... up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls luster, robs your hair of glamour! Drene is different! It leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam.
✓ Such manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing... due to the fact that the new improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner!
✓ Complete removal of dandruff, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Fashion News for the June Bride

three stunning head dresses...three appropriate hair-dos!

On this page, Norma Richter... lovely New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"... models three stunning, new bridal head dresses and shows you an appropriate hair-do for each. (Above) An exquisite head dress of orange blossoms and pearls, shaped like the brim of a bonnet. Here Norma's hair-do is suitably demure, but smart... the front held close to the head, the back in a soft page-boy roll. The shining beauty of her hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which Norma always uses. She knows no other shampoo leaves her hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

All bridal head dresses on this page by John Frederics famous New York hat designers

For the informal wedding, this adorable coronet of pink carnations, held on with narrow satin ribbon, tied under the head at back. With this head dress, Norma's bewitching hair-do (with its Empress Eugenie look) is simply perfect! Bewitching, too, is Norma's shining smooth hair, shampooed in Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

Pale pastel shades are now good taste, even for formal weddings. This head dress is just a simple bandeau of tulle, to which the veil is attached. Norma's lovely hair swept up at back, forms a duchess of shining waves. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for that wondrous, lustrous smoothness. No other shampoo gives such thrilling results!
Are you in the know?

Leg make-up looks best if you—
- Use a depilatory
- Choose a stocking shade
- Apply it evenly

It takes more than a light-going-over to make those gams whistle-worthy. It takes the three answers given above. De-fuzz your legs. Choose a stocking shade that matches your suntan. Apply it evenly. Cosmetic "hose" are so comfortable, seems they're here to stay. So, too, is the comfort you get from Kotex—for Kotex stays soft while wearing. That's why there's such a difference between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex doesn't bunch up... its softness stays and stays!

For a slick permanment, which is a "must"?
- A skilled operator
- A cold wave
- A machine wave

Frizzy flub—or dream girl? That depends largely on the skill of your operator. Let her decide the right type of wave for your hair-texture. Slick grooming requires infinite care. And guard your daintiness with care... especially at "certain" times.

Now there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed into each pad—not merely dusted on. No extra charge for this new Kotex "extra" that aids your charm, your confidence.

Is this little beach belle—
- Playing patty-cake
- Dive balmy
- Collar-bone conscious

No, she's not "tetch..." just collar-bone conscious... and if you have a lean-and-hollow-look around the base of your neck, try: Standing erect, arms out (as shown), elbows stiff. Swing arms backward, forward—touching finger tips. This also banishes shoulder-blade problems. And to banish problem-day worries—choose Kotex, because the special safety center of Kotex gives you plus protection by keeping moisture from the sides of the pad... helps safeguard your secret.

If you're stymied with a show-off, should you—
- Try to reform him
- Go smilin' through
- Make with the icicles

Why attempt to freeze or reform him? Be smart and go smilin' through his clowning. It can be fun—and he'll tell the world you're wonderful! Learning to laugh in a trying situation helps build self-confidence. That goes for trying days, too... when you laugh off "tell tale outline" fears with the patented, flat tapered ends of Kotex. So unlike thick, stubby napkins, those flat pressed ends don't show revealing lines. Kotex keeps you confident!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

Now—a DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin

There are several kinds of laughs. The smile, the chuckle, the quirk of amusement—

None of these goes with the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn film—"Without Love". We’re talking about the Abdominal Upheaval—the kind of laugh that gets a half-nelson on your midriff and rolls you around in your seat.

The handkerchief-stuffed-in-the-mouth kind of laughter.

"Without Love" is sensationally funny. And personal and warm.

This columnist saw the picture four times before writing this. We laugh in the same places each time.

Spencer was never immenser. Katharine attempts to woo, but his attitude is that it can’t Hepburn here.

The picture is much better than that.

Donald Ogden Stewart has adapted Philip Barry’s play with a fresh approach and a free hand. He has introduced a sleep-walking motif.

Spence sleep-walks at first and Katie sleep-walks right back at him. It’s a sleep-walkie-talkie.

Lawrence Weingarten, who is awfully good at producing this sort of clever fare for M-G-M, is up to his old tricks.

Harold Bucquet, the director, deserves a bouquet for his excellent job.

The picture has one of the greatest casts ever. In addition to Tracy and Hepburn, there’s, to begin with, Lucille Ball, a star on her own, who lives up to her reputation.

Keenan Wynn never was funnier. Then there are Carl Esmond, Patricia Morison, Felix Bressart—and and and—and.

It started during Easter at the Radio City Music Hall in New York and is still running. It’s a long run picture.

Changing the subject, how many of you have seen "The Picture of Dorian Gray", the most unusual film of the year?

This production based on Oscar Wilde’s absurdly tinted drama is causing a great deal of talk. It is so superbly produced, so different in theme from conventional fare. We think you ought to see “Dorian”.

M-G-M has many wonderful offerings on the way. You might look for “The Clock”, “Son of Lassie”, "The Valley of Decision", "Thrill of a Romance", and "Ziegfeld Follies".

Still roaring. —Leo

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HELEN LIMKE, Western Editor
BOB BECKER, Art Editor
BILL DUDAS, Staff Photographer


MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
She WAS A BASHFUL BRIDE!

He WALKED IN HIS SLEEP!

HILARIOUS M.G.M. STAR-HIT!

SPENCER TRACY • KATHARINE HEPBURN

Without Love

with LUCILLE BALL

KEENAN WYNN • CARL ESMOND • PATRICIA MORISON • FELIX DRESSART

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry

Directed by HAROLD S. BUCQUET • Produced by LAWRENCE A. WEINGARTEN • An M.G.M Picture

Oh, Mr. Tracy!
Oh, K-K-K-Katy!
Bing Crosby had never seen "Going My Way," until a week before the Academy Award festivities were scheduled to take place at Grauman's Chinese. So he and Dixie decided that, since the picture was so much discussed, perhaps they should really see it.

You top that in modesty if you can—which you can't, says my last ten dollars.

They went to a neighborhood theatre, named The Elite, and there found a queue. So they took their patient places and waited for seats. During the forty-five minutes they moved slowly along in line, not one person recognized the Crosbys.

But... the night of the Award Show, the bleachers, constructed for the occasion at the entrance to the Chinese, screamed as one voice when Bing and Dixie drove up. Bing was wearing a brown business suit, a sport shirt, a red, yellow and green tie, and a yellow sport scarf. This ensemble provoked one of Bob Hope's best sallies (he was MC during the evening.) "This affair is informal," cracked Bob. "We have only had to send Bing home twice... to get on his shoes."

You have undoubtedly read explicit reports on the awards, but just to keep your scrapbook complete, here is the box score in simplified form:

GOING MY WAY snagged seven Oscars, to wit:
Best Motion Picture of the year.
Best Performance By An Actor In a Supporting Role—Barry Fitzgerald, who said, "I don't have anything to say except that I'm grateful."
Best Achievement In Directing—won by Leo McCarey.
Best Original Motion Picture Story, also won by Mr. McCarey.
Best Written Screenplay, won by Frank Butler and Frank Cavett.
Best Original Song—"Swinging On A Star," music by James Van Heusen, lyrics by Johnny Burke.
Best Performance By An Actor—The Great Bing. This was a sort of second-hand triumph for Bob Hope, too. When he first emerged on the stage, he glared at the audience, then said that he was happy to be allowed to preside at the Award affair again this year... that he was anxious to see what excuses they would give him this time. Then, giving a long woebegone look at the representative of Price, Waterhouse & Company, Bob observed that he was positive that the counting was accurate and honest... because they had returned his check that morning. He added that he had just received a note from the Chamber of Commerce, requesting him thereafter to refer to Price, Waterhouse & Company as Price, Sunporch & Company. As you can see, Bob was in rare form.

When Bing acknowledged his award, he said that this only confirmed his opinion that opportunity was widespread in these United States, when "a broken down crooner like myself can be taken by the hand by a director like Leo McCarey and led through a picture to an Academy Award." He added, "Now if someone will only get me a horse that will win the Kentucky Derby!"

As Bing, making a kidding pass at Bob, left the stage, Bob cracked, "No wonder he won—he's got six votes in his own family!"

Then, heaving the profound sigh of the van-
That Fighting
LADD
You Love
Is Gunning For
Trouble Again!

Hollywood's most meteoric Star Sensation in his first rough, tough and terrific role since his screen return... falling for a girl with stars in her eyes while he tames a man-killing horse and a lady-killing tough guy!

Alan Ladd and Gail Russell in "SALTY O’ROURKE"

with William Demarest
Bruce Cabot - Spring Byington
and Stanley Clements
Directed by Raoul Walsh

The riotous roughneck of "Going My Way" as the smartest little jockey who ever booted home a winner!

The Miracle Man of "Morgan's Creek" has a new "Conquering Hero" to hail!

THE THRILLS OF BIG TIME RACING YOU CAN'T SEE NOW!
Original Story and Screen Play by Milton Holmes
Your ring, the symbol of your perfect love should be perfect, too! Select a Bluebird Diamond and be sure—they’re guaranteed perfect!

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FREE—Know your diamonds. Send for new informative FREE booklet, "The Book That Lovers Love." It explains all you’ve wondered about judging a diamond’s color, brilliance and perfection. Supply limited. Mail coupon to be sure of getting yours.

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Continued from page 6

Darryl Zanuck’s great picture, “Wilson,” romped home with six awards, as follows:
- Best Original Screen Play—by Lamarr Trotti.
- Best Achievement In Cinematography—by Leon Shamroy. (When Bob announced this award, he said, “You know what a Cinematographer is—a cinematic redcap; they’ve taken care of plenty of bags for me.”)
- Best Interior Decoration For Color Films—Ward Inhen and Thomas Little.
- Best Sound Recording—E. H. Hanson.
- Best Film Editing—Barbara McLean. Miss McLean, incidentally, was the only feminine technician (among three girl nominees, and the other two were interior decorators) to win an award. Although all the winners were thrilled, I can well imagine that her delight was the greatest of the evening.
- Best Art Direction—S. P. Percival and John Meehan.
- Best Direction—George Cukor.

Dewey felt.”

Charles Coburn, last year’s Male Supporting Role Award winner, made the presentation to Barry Fitzgerald, and said jocularly, “I want you to know that, if I weren’t Charles Coburn, I’d like to be Barry Fitzgerald.”

Margaret O’Brien, the first child actress to win the Award since the junior days of Shirley Temple, was awarded an Oscarette for outstanding performance. Bob picked her up and held her high so that the microphone would catch her sweet, high treble. “I don’t know what to say except ‘Thank You,’ ” she announced, beaming upon Bob. To the audience Bob said, “She’s just ad libbing until she thinks of a really good line . . . hmmm . . . now I know what happens to people who work in pictures with you.”

Bob has, by this time, given Margaret so many different awards that they are old friends. “Look, honey,” he said with an adoring look, “why don’t you hurry and grow up?”

Margaret O’Brien’s film career started in ’42; she’s made 9 pictures, all MGM but one.

Bob Hope received a plaque for outstanding 1944 achievements; presented by W. Wanger.
NEW HONORS FOR THE SCREEN'S MOST HONORED ACTRESS!

IN HER HEART OF HEARTS SHE KNEW SHE COULD NEVER HOLD HIM.

WARNER BROS. BRING ANOTHER GREAT PLAY TO THE SCREEN!

"The Corn is Green"

A LOVE THAT RIPENED TOO FAST!

Directed by Irving Rapper

with John Dall • Joan Lorring • Nigel Bruce • Rhys Williams • Irving Rapper

Produced by Jack Chertok • Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Frank Cavett • From the Stage Play by Emlyn Williams • Produced by Herman Shumlin • Music by Max Steiner
Why worry in public?

USE TAMPAX

What a satisfaction it is—especially in the season of summery attire—to know there is not a belt, a pin or a pad that can bulge or show through on "those days" of the month! For Tampax is worn internally and cannot cause even a ridge or wrinkle. Furthermore, it produces no odor... So you see Tampax is truly a great modern improvement and a help to social and business poise!

From a scientific standpoint Tampax has a fine history. Invented and perfected by a doctor, its principle is that of "internal absorption." Compared with external pads, Tampax has only about one-seventh their bulk. Yet it is extremely absorbent, because it is made throughout of pure, long-fiber surgical cotton. Tampax comes in individual applicators for easy and dainty insertion.


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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

In addition to these awards, acclaim was also given to:

THE FIGHTING LADY, for distinctive achievement in documentary production;
WHO'S WHO IN ANIMAL LAND, a one-reel subject;
I WON'T PLAY, a two-reel subject in which Dane Clark was outstanding;
MOUSE TROUBLE, a cartoon short made by MGM. After awarding the plaque for this cartoon, Bob said reminiscently, "So Mr. Quimby got his award for 'Mouse Trouble.' Wonder why he gave me such a searching look?"

COVER GIRL for the best achievement in sound recording;
THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO for best achievement in special effects;

GASLIGHT for best achievement in art direction (remember the foggy streets, the forbidding clock on the stair landing, the victorian, cluttered rooms?);
COVER GIRL for the best scoring of a musical;
SINCE YOU WENT AWAY for the best music score written for a dramatic picture;
LAURA for the best black-and-white cinematography. (WILSON won this award in the color division, so this was a department triumph for 20th Century.)

Although this statement may seem odd to those of you living away from Hollywood, the fact remains that Academy Award affairs have, in the past, been something of a bore. The same cannot be said of this year's program. Mark Sandrich, who died a week before his hard work reached consummation.

"Among those present"... the Paramount delegation: Joan Caulfield, Andre de Toth and Veronica Lake, in the order named. Veronica's at work now in "The Blue Dahlia.

Shirley Temple was escorted by Guy Madison, the sailor lad who was such a hit in S.Y.W.A.
THE BIGGEST
ENTERTAINMENT
THRILL OF THE YEAR!

Flaming with thrills, adventure and romance...

The exciting saga of the West's most colorful days... when men fought and gambled for a woman's eager heart. And a spectacular climax such as the screen has never known!

JOHN WAYNE
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FLAME OF BARBARY COAST

featuring
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
with WILLIAM FRAWLEY
VIRGINIA GREY and RUSSELL HICKS
JACK NORTON • PAUL FIX
MANAR KIPPER

A REPUBLIC PICTURE
had suggested that a photo-montage be made of the pictures included under each category. This was done with stimulating effect. For instance, before the Award for Distinctive Achievement in Documentary Production was announced, we saw brief, indicative shots from THE FIGHTING LADY (remember the faces of the navy fliers waiting in the Ready Room, remember the down-barrel shots of tropical islands under bombardment?), from RESISTING ENEMY INTERROGATION, from NEW AMERICANS, from ARTURO TOSCANINI, and from THE MARINES AT TARAWA. In this division, THE FIGHTING LADY won the feature-length award, and THE MARINES AT TARAWA won the short subject award. General Smith, a lean, grim-faced man, accepted the award "in the names of those men who died in that action."

Before the evening was over, we saw quite a bit of GOING MY WAY for a second time (or fourth or fiftieth, if you are a real fan), as well as many feet from WILSON.

A word about the human politics of Academy Awards for the four acting awards. Although these awards should be given entirely for merit, there is always a certain human consideration in the balloting. Last year, when the race was between Ingrid Bergman and Jennifer Jones, those who had the right to cast a vote were saying, "Jones may never again be awarded a part as terrific as 'Bernadette', whereas Bergman is certain to be given a series of dynamic parts. She has 'Gaslight' coming up, and if that isn't quite good enough for an Oscar, she has finished 'Saratoga Trunk' which is certain to be Academy calibre." You see how it works?

This year there were many who felt that Alexander Knox' portrayal of WILSON was artistry of the most impressive sort, just as Bing's young priest in GOING MY WAY was superb characterization. It would have been almost impossible to decide between them—BUT, again came the forecast of the future. Bing specializes in comedy, so the chances are that never again will he have a role impressive enough to merit Academy consideration. However, Alexander Knox is undoubtedly one of the most gifted, most versatile, and most drama-worthy of our young actors; in future, he will enact dozens of parts of consequence, and for one or two of them, he will win the Oscar.

Check us on this next year, kids.

* * *

VITAL STATISTICS:
Loretta Young, who is described by Gary Cooper in his forthcoming picture "Along Came Jones" as "absolutely lovely," will again become a mother—in the lalL In the household at present there is adopted Judy, 9, and Christopher, 1. Loretta has told friends that she plans to have six children.

As this informative epic goes to press, Jimmie Dunn is scurrying frantically up and down the hills of Hollywood, trying to find a house or an apartment or a king-sized piano box in which to set up housekeeping with his bride, Edna Hush. Interesting highlights on this marriage are that Jimmie and his new wife knew one another many years before, and were considered by their friends to be altar-bound. However, he came to Hollywood and Miss Rush remained in the East, marrying and winning radio success for herself. Also, bridesmaid at the wedding was Betty Smith, writer of the book, "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" which—as a screen play—has given Jimmie a revitalized career.

Red Skelton Dood It—married Georgia Davis, starlet under contract to Metro. When reporters asked Red where he met his wife he said he won her in a raffle, was promptly reprimanded by The Little Woman, and an-
Her sister said...
"Get off that stage."
Her boyfriend got himself in a rage...
When this little girlie started pleasin'... Those fanatic—fans with her...

"I'm Only Teasin'"

"Delightfully Dangerous"

Songs!
"Once Upon A Song"
"I'm Only Teasin'"
"In A Shower Of Stars"
"Through Your Eyes To Your Heart"

Music by Morton Gould
Lyrics by Edward Heyman.

JANE POWELL • RALPH BELLAMY • CONSTANCE MOORE • MORTON GOULD AND HIS ORCHESTRA
and ARTHUR TREACHER • LOUISE BEAVERS • RUTH TOBEY • Produced by CHARLES R. ROGERS • Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN
Screen Play by WALTER DeLEON and ARTHUR PHILLIPS • Based on a story by IRVING PHILLIPS, EDWARD VERDIER and FRANK TASHLIN
Associate Producers: JOSEPH S. TUSHINSKY • Original Music and Arrangements by MORTON GOULD • Musical numbers staged by ERNST MATRAY
Released thru United Artists
BLUE BOOTIES:
When The Bub, whose legal tag is James Craig, Jr., learned that he was about to become the senior child in his family, he assumed that the newcomer was to be a brother. "What will you call your new brother then?" asked James, Sr.
"Bob," said The Bub without an instant's hesitation.
So Bob Craig is now safely installed in his nursery, and The Bub has been telling school friends, "I've got a new baby. I've given him all my old clothes. And he looks exactly like me."

The Keenan Wynn newcomer also proved to be a second son, and was named Tracy Keenan Wynn in honor of his godfather, Spencer Tracy. The older Wynn son, EDMOND Keenan, is now 4.

PUTTING POP ON ICE:
Nine years ago Tom Drake and Christopher Curtis were members of the same summer stock company in Poughkeepsie, but Chris was wearing bands on his teeth at the time and she seemed far too juvenile for the mature consideration of Mr. Drake, 3½ years her senior. He patronized her, gave her good advice (even assuring her it was a mistake when she married another man) and never forgot her.

Her marriage produced a dream child named Christopher, also—and ended in divorce.

So Tom and Christopher renewed their friendship, discovered that it had probably always been love, and rushed to Las Vegas, Nevada, and were married recently.

During the months in which Tom had been a frequent visitor in Christopher's home, he was addressed—in Chris' presence—as "Mr. Drake" by Christopher, Jr. The little lady preferred to call him Tom, and did so in private moments.

When the two Christophers moved into Tom's quarters as part of a family, Junior Chris was told, "Now you must call Mr. Drake, Daddy."

Chris regarded her new father with a chilly eye. "Awww, why did you have to marry him?" she wanted to know. "Just when I was getting around to calling him Tom' in front of everyone."

TWO OF A KIND
In the hospital waiting room there strode to and fro three miserable men. One was tall and brawny, one was taller and brawnier, and one was Jess Barker. The men, in the manner of the male of the species under such circumstances, began to describe, first their sufferings, then their anticipations. One of the men was apparently a former athlete, currently engaged in trucking. He said that he came from a long family of husky men, that his wife was a singleton female in a family of boys—he was expecting a son.

The second man had much the same idea. Jess, the quiet type, just swallowed hard and said he hoped Susan was getting along all right. He said he felt pretty useless.

In a few moments the nurse inserted a smiling face. "You have a lovely baby daughter, and your wife is doing fine," she said to the first man.

A few moments later she returned a second time. To the second man she announced, "And you have a wonderful baby daughter."

By common consent, the two relieved fathers kept watch with Jess. The nurse hurried, passed through the room to say, "The first one is a boy, Mr. Barker."

She was back twenty minutes later. "And the second one is a boy, too."

Mr. Barker took his two friends out to buy them a drink. Tactfully, he directed the conversation toward a discussion of ice hockey and spring baseball training.

NO HABLO EL ESPANOL:
Merchant Seaman Richard Jaeckel had never seen "Wing And A Prayer," so—when his ship happened to put into port at Rio de Janeiro and local theatre marquees announced that picture as the current attraction, Dick chuckled to himself and thought, "Get me! Seeing this picture in South America." Once inside the theatre his complacency dissolved; the picture had been dubbed in Spanish, of which Dick understands not a word. Furthermore, the South American who had dubbed Dick's voice spoke in a thunderous baritone.

Dick's beautiful mother has been appearing most successfully in a Hollywood Little Theatre (the Playtime) in a brittle comedy entitled "Let's Marry."
The fabulous, fascinating saga of a love men tried for...the Woman they died for—when a fable of flesh and flame came to life 100 years ago!

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HOLLYWOOD'S "PIN-UP GIRL" SLACK SUIT 

PATTI BRILL Appearing in "Pan-Americana" 

AT UNITED ARTISTS: 

YOUNG WIDOW is the Hunt Stromberg production starring that young grass widow, Ida Lupino, and her grass widower, Louis Hayward. There is no better proof of the civilizing charm of these two delightful people than the fact that they are having a glorious time making this picture together. Marie McDonald (The Body) and Spring Byington are also in the cast.

DEUEL IN THE SUN is the pictorialization of Niven Bush's great novel. Stars are Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Gregory Peck, Lionel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Scott McRae and Steve Dunhill.

AT MGM:

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF, in Technicolor, will soon finish and set free Fred Astaire, Lucille Bremer, Frank Morgan, Leon Ames, Mildred Natwick and Mary Nash. EARLY TO WED, in Technicolor, has been threatened from time to time with a title change, but so far remains as-is. Lucille Ball, Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn (his motorcycle accident wasn't serious, luckily), it happened in almost the same spot, two years to the month after Van Johnson's near-fatal accident), Carlos Ramirez, Cecil Kellaway, and Paul Harvey make up the cast. Incidentally, those who talked to Esther Williams at the Academy Award affair could understand how she came by her magnificent skin and general beauty: she inherited them from her mother, who was Esther's guest on the Academy occasion.

THE HARVEY GIRLS, in Technicolor, is in its second month, with Judy Garland, Angela Lansbury, John Hodiak, Edward Arnold, Ray Bolger, Virginia O'Brien, Selena Royle, and Marjorie Main.

DANGEROUS PARTNERS, with James Craig, Signe Hasso, Edmund Gwenn, and Felix Bressart is new on the Metro slate. More about this one later.

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE will undoubtedly be one of the most important pictures of the year. The script has been developed from the novel by William L. White; it is being directed by Commander John Ford, and its cast is notable: Lt. Commander Robert Montgomery, John Wayne, Ward Bond, Captain Jack Holt, Leon Ames, and Robert Barrat.

AT 20TH CENTURY FOX:

THE DOLLY SISTERS, in Technicolor, will soon wind up the chores of Betty Grable (look for her to accompany Harry James on tour this summer, if her health permits), John Payne, June Haver, S. Z. Sakall, Reginald Gardiner, Frank Latimore (watch his work—he's a newie and a goodie), Trudy Marshall and Sig Ruman.

JUNIOR MISS is a comedy of mixed-up affairs based upon Sally Benson's brilliant stories. Remember that Sally Benson wrote the stories on which "Meet Me In St. Louis" was based, and anticipate another dilly. Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn, Michael Dunn, Mona Freeman (remember her work in "Together Again"), Stanley Prager and Connie Gilchrist make up the cast.

DRAGONWYCK is keeping Gene Tierney, Bill Eythe, Vincent Price, Anne Revere, Walter Huston, Spring Byington and Ruth Ford busy. One afternoon this week your reporter was rambling down a Beverly Hills street and met Gene, her dog Butch, and Vincent Price in full studio make-up, also out for a tour. The strike had temporarily expelled them from the set, so they were out shopping for...
Melisse says

Hold on to your men, girls...here comes

Joan Fontaine

And does that girl have what it takes to snare the boys as she plays Susan—a divine man-trap in her first gay, romantic comedy. "Slick trick" Susan uses a different line for each one—and they all work, but beautifully.

You'd think she didn't know anything when she meets George Brent. So wide-eyed and innocent (you know—the sweet sixteen act that makes men so protective)!

Glamour Girls! Take a lesson in dazzle from Susan. When she puts on the "allure" for Don DeFore she leads him on a conga that ends up you know where!

Some men, like Dennis O'Keefe, take women seriously! So Susan puts on glasses and takes up a good book—and she can write her own story from there on!

Walter Abel was the hard-to-get kind—until Susan used her "Society Siren" line—and how that lured him—is another lesson in how to get your man!

Joan Fontaine

George Brent

in

HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION

"The Affairs of Susan"

Dennis O'Keefe

Don DeFore

Rita Johnson - Walter Abel

Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER

A Paramount Picture
“WELL" absorbs adapts comfortably so much faster/to individual needs.
COTTON insorber so much more • Meds’ "SAFETY-WELL" applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!
Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use.

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FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

- Meds' "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more so much faster!
- Meds' fine soft COTTON insorber adapts comfortably to individual needs.

AT WARNERS:

SHADOW OF A WOMAN is keeping Andrea King, William Prince, Helmut Dantine, and Monte Blue busy. Everyone at Warners is raving about this Andrea King, using vocal italics and eyebrow exclamation points because of her work in "Hotel Berlin".

STOLEN LIFE, Bette Davis’ first producing effort, is moving along nicely. In this picture, Bette wears no period costumes, no Gay Nineties hats nor hair-dos; she strongly looks like herself. Mrs. Mark Clark, visiting the set, met Bette and observed in happy surprise, "So this is the way you REALLY look!" It pleased Bette tremendously. Glenn Ford, Walter Brennan, Charlie Ruggles and Dane Clark make up the fast moving backstage.


UNIVERSAL:

NIGHT IN PARADISE is the Walter Wanger Technicolor picture in its third month of shooting. Merle Oberon, Turhan Bey, Thomas Gomez, Gale Sondergaard, and Jerome Cowan are the players.

LADY ON A TRAIN is the Leslie Charteris thriller with Deanna Durbin, Ralph Bellamy, David Bruce, Edward Everett Horton, Allen Jenkins, Dan Duryea (wasn’t he a fiend like kids playing hookey), Bette Davis for extra protection, and no Gay Nineties hats nor hair-dos; she strongly looks like herself. Mrs. Mark Clark, visiting the set, met Bette and observed in happy surprise, "So this is the way you REALLY look!" It pleased Bette tremendously. Glenn Ford, Walter Brennan, Charlie Ruggles and Dane Clark make up the fast moving backstage.

AT COLUMBIA:

OVER 21 is the film version of Ruth Gordon’s drawing room comedy-drama with roles enacted by Irene Dunne, Alexander Knox, Charles Coburn, Jeff Donnell.

KISS AND TELL is now in its second month of production. Shirley Temple down came with a cold and no one knew exactly which one of the Kiss Boys in the picture was responsible. Jerome Courtland, Walter Abel, Darryl Hickman, and Scott Elliott have had no colds to date.

MONOGRAM:

HERE COMES TROUBLE is a confused little comedy through which

Dottie Lamour and Arturo de Cordova (new but nice) in "A Medal for Benny" (Paro.).

are romping Billy Gilbert, Shemp Howard, Maxie Rosenbloom, Carlyle Blackwell Jr. and Patsy Moran.

AT REPUBLIC:

THE TIGER WOMAN has Kane Richmond over. He is handsome, able, talented. Why he isn’t starring in big "A" productions is one of the mysteries of Hollywood. A few ardent fans should adopt him and take his career to heart.

YOU CAME ALONG is a heart-twiseter with Robert Cummings as a returned flier who has a rare blood disease that condemns him to death; Elizabeth Scott, (a brilliant newcomer) is the girl who loves him and marries him. The flier’s buddies are handsome Charles Drake (who looks like a P-38 pilot) and Don De Fore, who was so good as one of the four suitors in "The Affairs of Susan."

OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP is the very welcome sequel to our HEARTS WERE GROWING UP with the same delicious cast of characters, Gail Russell, Diana Lynn, James Brown, Bill Edwards, aided and abetted by Brian Donlevy, Bill Demarest, and Byron Barr.

AT PARAMOUNT:

THE AMOROUS GHOST is a script written by Jerry Cady and John Tucker Battle, two very able story tellers, and with a cast consisting of Pat O’Brien, Adolphe Menjou, Fredric March, Edward Everett Horton, Allen Jenkins, Dan Duryea (wasn’t he a fiend like kids playing hookey), and Jerome Courtland, Walter Abel, Darryl Hickman, and Scott Elliott have had no colds to date.

THE TIGER WOMAN has Kane Richmond, Adele Mara, and Cy Kendall at work. I wish you kids would look Kane Richmond over. He is handsome, able, talented. Why he isn’t starring in big "A" productions is one of the mysteries of Hollywood. A few ardent fans should adopt him and take his career to heart.

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The image contains a text that describes various products and their features, along with some movie reviews and updates on film production. The text is written in a conversational tone and includes product promotions and entertainment news.
 Maneuvers... in the war of love!

In every sky battle he'd gotten his man. Now he's out to get his woman... but the furlough is a front where the female is a super-strategist!

★

ROBERT YOUNG as a winged wolf, spoiled by too many moonlight romances!

LARaine DAY who'd rather be a "date" with a future than a girl with a past!

in

THOSE Endearing YOUNG CHARMS

with

ANN HARDING • MARC CRAMER
ANNE JEFFREYS • GLENN VERNON
and introducing BILL WILLIAMS

Directed by LEWIS ALLEN • Produced by BERT GRANET
Screen Play by Jerome Chodorov

RKO Radio Pictures
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Size: 32 34 36 38 (Please circle size)

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SPELLBOUND
A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
Screen Play by Ben Hecht • Released thru. United Artists
“Before, I was
SELF-CONSCIOUS,
on the ‘plump’ side. My
hair-do was wrong. My
‘Photo-Revise’ (center)
told me how I
should look,” says Mona Des-
mond, Santa
Monica, Cal.

“NOW I’m
SELF-CONFIDENT,
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Course really does deliver
all it promises.”

“Powers Girl” Creator
Offers YOU, too,
new charm, loveliness
A “MODEL” FIGURE

Worried about your beauty
and figure problems? Let the
Powers Home Course teach
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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? (20th
Century-Fox) — Scouts’ Honor, if we
told you, you wouldn’t believe it!
Fred MacMurray is a regretting-it
and wishing-he-weren’t 4F; in love
with a gal named Lucilla (June
Haver), who’s a flighty little thing,
and loved by another gal named Sally
(Joan Leslie), who isn’t flighty at all.
Why do nice boys always fall for the
wrong girls, when it would seem just
as easy to hand out their love where
it’s appreciated and given back?

Anyway, MacMurray is a little
mixed up about all of that, and there’s
the story; thinking to clean up an old
lamp he finds in a pile of junk turned
in as metal for the scrap drive, he
rubes the darned thing, and up pops
Aladdin’s No. 1 little helper.
But of course, the three wishes! One that puts “our Bill” in uniform—but by some strange trick of timing, the uniform of George Washington’s Colonial Army; a second that sets him aboard the Santa Maria—the Nina and the Pinta traveling right along side; and the third, which pops him over to New Amsterdam, vintage the 17th century.

**THE CORN IS GREEN** (Warner Bros.), with Bette Davis in the role Ethel Barrymore played on the stage, and with John Dall making his screen debut as Morgan Evans, Joan Loring as “the bad little piece,” Bessie Watty. Nigel Bruce, Rhys Williams, Rosalind Ivan and Mildred Dunnock fill out the listing for a cast that’s extraordinarily all-just-right.

With all due respect to the theehah-tah, this seems a triumph chalked up on the side of the screen as a “best medium.” The point of what-price-education is made more impressively, the simple story-with-significance of the English schoolmistress (Bette Davis), and her determined struggle to bring knowledge and enlightenment to a Welsh mining town, is told with greater effect.

**THE AFFAIRS OF SUSAN** (Hal Wallis Production, released by Paramount)—is the gayly defined tale of how one woman (Joan Fontaine) appears to three separate men. The story accumulates via flash-backs, as each of the three relates his amour to a fourth candidate, who’s about to marry the gal.

George Brent is a play producer—he met her first, when she was a naive child of a girl, frank and honest even in situations where the truth wasn’t exactly tactful. Fact is, it was embarrassing!

Don DeFore (and by the way, here’s a newcomer who’ll bear watching!) loved her when she was more on to the ways—and the wiles—of the world. He was a rich lumberman from the West, succeeded in turn by

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(Continued on page 75)
The Dry Cleaning

Is packed with performances that show the way to new hair beauty. There's an unusual twist to this story. Read all about it!!!

The Characters

Are two of filmdom's loveliest and most versatile lovelies. They are distinctly different. Tierney is slightly on the sultry side! Haver, fluffy and fragile-looking.

They are very much alike—both of them tremendously talented. Both of them beautiful and beautifully groomed.

We give you then, Miss Gene Tierney, of 20th Century's "A Bell For Adano" and Miss June Haver, of the same studio's "Where Do We Go From Here."

We suggest you pay particular attention to the performance they outline on this page.

The Plot

Hinges on hair—any kind of hair in any kind of weather—especially during the summer season when sun aggravates dryness or heat aggravates oiliness.

It starts by solving the mystery of cleansing dry brittle locks (the kind blondes so often have) as frequently as is necessary. Another complication arises when the question of oil besets a brunette. Unfavorable working conditions, unavailability of beauty shops and last-minute dates add tension and suspense. A problem picture, really.

The Action

It's early evening and a beautiful but bad-tempered girl faces the mirror with a disgruntled frown. Threads of grime, not silver, are doing uncomplimentary things to her golden tresses.

Flashback! You see the same damsel in distress just three days before. She is in the midst of a shampoo, from which she emerges, spic and span, on her way to work at the war plant.

Fade-out. She's back at the mirror again. Suddenly her expression changes. She remembers that precious box of dry shampoo powder. Out it comes and with deft fingers, she dry cleans her hair from dull drabness to lively lustre in a mere matter of ten minutes.

How? By drawing powder along each strand of hair from roots to tips; by wiping away all the soiled shampoo powder; by brushing vigorously for a prettier polish.

Now the second part of the story unfolds as we watch a busy housewife bend over a boiling kettle of consomme. Chilled later, yes, but look at that steam now.

Impatiently, this brown-haired beauty brushes back a loose and limp-with-oil lock from her forehead. She glances at the clock, turns off the gas, and marches to her shelf of beauty supplies. You guessed it! She takes down the dry shampoo powder and goes to work—this time on her hair.

The happy ending of this well-planned plot presents two very well-groomed young ladies. The blonde is dancing with her beau. The tip of his chin touches her fragrant cap of curls. The beaming brunette smiles a greeting to her home-com ing husband. And he, in turn, kisses her smooth unfurrowed forehead under its shining immaculate crown.

The Highlights

Are noticeable immediately. Do away with dirt and there's a delightful difference in any girl's hair. Do it in as little time as it takes to dry shampoo and the difference seems miraculous.

The highlights are intensified, not only by the cleansing action of such a beauty balm, but by its stimulation. Tug each strand a bit as you cleanse it and the scalp circulation is considerably pep ped up. Brush briskly for beauty and hair takes on a special kind of shine. More stimulating activity—more gleam and glow.

The Moral

Should mean much to any girl. Never let it be said that your hair is in a state where nothing can be done. If your shampoo schedule is a regular weekly one—if you scrub thoroughly and rinse well—and if your coiffure still collapses in oily or dirty disorder right in the middle of the week—learn the dry shampoo method. It's a spur of the moment pickup. It's a good alternate for water and lather if hair is dried by over-exposure to sun. It's mid-week magic for an oil or perspiration soaked scalp.
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Dick HAYMES

Billy Rose's DIAMOND HORSESHOE
in Technicolor

with PHIL SILVERS · WILLIAM GAXTON · BEATRICE KAY · CARMEN CAVALLARO

Directed and Written for the Screen by GEORGE SEATON * Produced by WILLIAM PELBERG
Suggested by a Play Produced by Charles L. Wagner and Written by John Kenyon Nicholson
Songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren.
Lizabeth Scott, tall and tawny blonde recruit from the face and figure trade, born Sept. 29th, 1922 (the place: Scranton, Pa.) . . . Elizabeth, of course, is her real name. She dropped the initial letter for theatrical effect, when she was a stock player on the New York subway circuit. Turned movie star overnight, and now playing her first leading role opposite Robert Cummings in “You Came Along” (Para.) . . . she understudied for Tallulah Bankhead in “Skin of Our Teeth,” and came the night when Miss Bankhead couldn’t go on. The New York critics gave enthusiastic nods of approval to Lisabeth’s handling of the part—her “big break” had come, she had arrived! And there’s every reason to believe that Hal Wallis has launched another “important discovery.” She’s an intense young woman, determined to act—and acting like it.
HERE IS YOUR ERNIE PYLE

When, through one of those strange quirks of army life, Captain Burgess Meredith found himself placed on inactive status and assigned to portray Ernie Pyle in "The Story of G.I. Joe," it was one of the largest orders he had ever been handed.

This was more than an important screen role. It was a responsibility to do right by Ernie Pyle, who's not only endeared himself to millions in this country through his writings, but has inspired a love that's akin to worship among those thousands of G.I.'s overseas, whose lives he's shared and translated into print for the folks back home.

Soldiers everywhere began writing suggestions to Producer Lester Cowan, and one thing they all insisted upon was that the actor who played Pyle must get personally acquainted with him first.

They needn't have worried. When Meredith was chosen for the role, that was his first thought, too.

Meredith and Pyle had met a few times before, but only casually. By the time the script was finished, Pyle was back in this country, resting up at his home in Albuquerque, New Mexico. So Meredith took himself over there and spent two weeks as his guest.

"I don't study a person for little mannerisms, like the way his lips move or the way he blinks his eyes," says Meredith. "I wanted to get at what really makes him tick—his point of view, his reactions, reasons, motives, opinions, etc. Most of the time I was there, we sat around the house talking about this, that, and everything. We'd take long walks sometimes during the day, and sit up late at night, talking over a drink.

"Well, the first thing you find out about Ernie Pyle is that he isn't much different from the G.I. He is a G.I. at heart."

And Captain Meredith is in a position to know about that. He started out as a G.I. himself, having enlisted as a private in February, 1942.

"Pyle's not a great intellectual, and it isn't a big frolic for him over there. It's anguish, just as it's anguish for everybody.

"Another thing people never seem to realize is that Pyle doesn't like this job he's doing. When he's a soldier, slogging around in the mud, he hates it as much as anybody. He gripes and bellyaches about things, just as the boys do. He hates dirt and disorder and discomfort. He's a man that likes (Continued on page 78)
Look-alikes. Pyle and Meredith, really do!
Joan Caulfield, the 22-year-old girl from New Jersey who scored a hit in Broadway's "Kiss and Tell," makes her film bow in "Miss Susie Slagle"—and everyone in the know predicts it will make her a star.

Joan Caulfield

She's what Paramount describes as "All-American." Clear blue eyes, soft golden hair, satiny pink and white skin, and a slimly feminine figure; likes sloppy joe sweaters, all the sports.
It's a bit difficult to tell you about Joan Caulfield and make her sound real, because she is so completely the antithesis of everything you expect.

For instance, she is 22 (practically an old lady, by Hollywood standards!) and has a solid New York hit, "Kiss and Tell"—under her 23-inch belt—yet there is a genuine girlish quality of eagerness, excitement, and unsureness about her that you find in high school seniors about to graduate. She is more than amply blessed with a Dresden doll beauty, but in her great zest and zing for life she seems entirely unaware of it—or at least inclined to discount its importance. And despite her fame and rapidly rising fortune, her Broadway success and the brilliant start she has made in Hollywood, she still is a wholesome, normal American girl who giggles at jokes, gets a bang out of dates, and doesn't "impress" her family worth a darn!

I was sold on Joan half an hour after first meeting her and watching her beat her brains—and her feet—out in learning to dance so that she might have a chance at the dancing role opposite Paul Draper in the forthcoming "Blue Skies," with Bing Crosby. It takes grit to work that hard for nothing more than a chance. You'll be sold on her too, I'm sure, after seeing her in her first picture, "Miss Susie Slagle," opposite Sonny Tufts. All of her charm and personality comes through with a bang. Besides which, she also proves she can act.

No wonder Paramount is doing nip-ups about having her under contract. They've got something in Joan that is neither "too little nor too late," from top man to messenger girl they know it! Best of all, her potentialities obviously have barely been scratched; it is not at all audacious to predict that within a year Joan will have earned a top place among the top stars of the movies.

Refreshingly enough, the story of Joan's road to success is not one of those dreary tales of heartbreak, coffee-and-doughnuts, and try, try again. In fact it was so absurdly free from the usual hardships and disappointments as to be almost unbelievable. Or at least proof that Fate isn't always an old sourpuss, hellbent on making things tough to test one's determination. The breaks were with her, all the way.

Take her background, for example. She was born in Orange, New Jersey, where her successful businessman (Continued on page 67)
All of a sudden a guy named Dana Andrews comes

H e's rugged, six feet tall, with brown hair and eyes, and a marvelous crooked grin. He falls for a girl named "Laura" and there's publicity; there's talk. There's a personal appearance tour with frenzied mobs of fans grabbing his coat and tie. There's a fan problem to be reckoned with as mail pours in by the sackful.

Dana Andrews is a star. All of a sudden, he's "in."
A guy named Dana Andrews comes along who's had a
along, there are a million swoony sighs, he's a star—but it wasn't as easy as all that!

Purpose in his life... family and career. So he has a wife named Mary Todd, who used to be an actress but she gave it up for him. "Which," Dana will explain with little urging, "is the best possible set-up for marriage in Hollywood. Pictures are a crazy sort of business. They're demanding. They require a rigid concentration. A layman, or woman, would have a hard time getting used to such a life."

But Mary? She understands what Dana's up against. She understands it when he stewes about a part. She can talk with him about his work, intelligently, helpfully. And that's important to an actor... talking about his work. And, wryly, Dana says, "She can criticize me, too!"

Dana's got a boy named David, son of his first wife who died some years ago. And Dana would have you look for non-existent gray in his hair because David is eleven years old. He's got (Continued on page 60)
Some of her best friends are ghosts! Geraldine Fitzgerald has a reputation for finding lost objects, hearing odd voices, and doing the unexpected.
FRIEND, asked to describe the personality of Geraldine Fitzgerald, once said, “She’s the sort of girl you’d expect to find living in the great house at the corner. . . the house that’s supposed to be haunted in a friendly, merry sort of way. She’s eminently sensible and genuine, as you would expect her father’s daughter to be; although she is beautifully at home in gossamer and velvet, she is equally comfortable in blouses and skirts, flat heels and heavy wool knee-high stockings. Her heavy, reddish hair falls in soft, thick bundles about her somewhat freckled face. Her accent is enchanting. (And intriguing, too, is the other side of her nature—like the other side of the moon. She’s otherworldly, pixie-ish and misty.) Remember the stories about fairies’ garments sometimes found in a woods—constructed of the finest of white linen, but still the property of problematical beings? Well, that’s Fitzgerald: of durable though dainty texture, and completely elfin.”

Such a description would normally be suspect of exaggeration, but this particular speaker has proof, and witnesses. Cases can be cited.  

(Continued on page 64)
I. Tailored to suit John Hodiak. Sam Winter is head studio Fashions for Gents man on the 20th Century-Fox lot; most of his assignments for Hodiak, however, have been uniforms ("Sunday Dinner for a Soldier" and "Bell for Adano.").

2. Watching the day's rushes, probably of scenes shot for "The Harvey Girls"—MGM, with Judy Garland and Preston Foster.

3. The oiler in "Lifeboat," the gambler in "Maise Goes to Reno," the puzzled husband in "Marriage Is a Private Affair." Ask him about the role he'd like to play next and the answer is, "A gangster, sinister, cruel, hard-bailed."

4. On the "Early to Wed" set with Esther Williams—her next picture.

5. His Plymouth temporarily in the shop for repairs, Hodiak drives to work in a buggy that's borrowed.

6. With Angelo Lansbury, one of the "Harvey Girls."

7. At Macombo, with Anne Baxter and the newlywed Andre de Toth.
I REMEMBER
The stump of a tree in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, on my way to school. It looked like a crouching bear. I was six and I believed it was a bear, waiting to spring out and tear me to pieces. I was terrified of it and used to walk blocks out of my way so as to avoid it.

My mother singing in her kitchen. She usually sang Polish songs—she came from Poland—or the Ukrainian airs my father had taught her. Remembering that, I can smell her freshly baked bread, the soup that always simmered on her stove, the odd spices she used, and the wonderful aroma of whatever fruit she was preserving...

Watching my father take part in the Russian plays put on in our parish in Hamtramck, Detroit, where we moved when I was eight. It wasn't a large stage but it seemed enormous to me when I was given child roles. I would stand in the wings, waiting to go on, stiff with stage fright, my hands icy... until my cue came.

I LIKE
Poker, shashlik, driving in the rain, basketball, dreaming with my eyes open.

I DISLIKE
Liver, gladhanders, people who keep fussing about something that's already over, suspense.

I HAVE NEVER
Seen a horse race or been interested in race tracks; Cared for night clubs; Been married.

I DON'T REMEMBER
When I didn't love music, any kind—popular, classic, jazz, swing, symphonic—it doesn't matter. I choose it according to my mood.

I WISH
I could play an instrument. One (Continued on page 88)
IN A CLASS BY HERSELF—
Gracie Fields

By LESLIE TRAINE

The audience laughed and clapped, clapped and laughed; they roared: "Gracie!" and stamped their feet. Gracie Fields, out of breath with so much singing and dancing, made a final bow and somersaulted off the stage.

The leading lady of another act on the bill was addressing a group of chorus girls who had been watching Gracie from the wings. "That Gracie—" she was saying, "she's nobody. She goes about pickin' the brains of her betters, she does. She can't think up an act for herself, she can't!"

"G'arn, yer jealous, that's what!" grinned one of the chorus girls. They all romped away laughing. But to Gracie the sour comment rang true. "It hit me where I lived," she told me. "All of a sudden I saw that she was right. I did imitations of popular star turns, sang other people's songs. I might have been clever, but I wasn't original. That girl did me a big favor. I made up my mind then that I wouldn't be just a funny shadow of somebody else. I'd be different." She screwed up her mouth and narrowed her eyes, thoughtfully. "I went about learning a bit from this one and a bit from that one. I tried to make real people I'd met just a little funnier than they were. I've been called on occasion 'the One and Only Gracie,' but as a matter of fact I'm a combination of a lot of folks I've known through the years, plus a little extra of my own."

The star of "Molly, Bless Her!" and "Holy Matrimony" sat by her green-tiled swimming-pool looking very smart in a trim dark suit and French felt hat, not at all the plump and ruddy Gracie (Continued on page 57).
Grade Fields began her theatrical training at the age of six. Each week she attended the local theatre to watch the stars, then mimic their acts.

She became the highest paid and most beloved star of England's stage and screen, but Grade never neglected the domestic arts. She's a grand cook, too.

Grade's first home, in Capri, is a war casualty now. "But Santa Monica is just as lovely," says milady; she lives there with husband Monty Banks.

A chow, a gray kitten, love birds, chickens, and a bowl of goldfish are Gracie's pets. Her favorites? The fish. "Because," she says, "they never talk back."

She attributes versatility in song interpretation to a jealous musical comedy tenor. He gave her worst songs, but she rewrote words, invented funny gestures.

"Molly and Me" is Gracie's second American-made movie, but she's not new to filmdom. "Sally in Our Alley" started her movie career in 1931—in England.

Gracie came to America to "rest" after serious illness. But now, with two pics to her credit, she's planning an Australian and New Zealand tour in June.
STEALING the glamour boys' stuff out Hollywood way is a little hungry looking guy with a voice like a wistful whisper and a knack of making make-believe seem real. Having racked himself up a comfortable fortune in the past fifteen years, writing hit songs like "Stardust," he's now out to hit the high spots in a new career—acting.

By this time you'll have seen his name in the main titles of Warners' "To Have And Have Not", as Cricket,—the derelict piano player with the roving eyes and haunting voice—and in RKO's "Johnny Angel", as Celestial O'Brien—the taxi driver with a cupid complex.

So you'll know what we mean when we start raving about one Hoagland Carmichael!

That man Hoagy at forty-three is one of those utterly charming guys who knocks you clear out by not realizing he's charming. He's that way in real life, and his easy charm picks up on the screen. And it's six, two, and even he's going to ride straight to stardom on that ticket.

Slight of build, about five feet three inches tall, Hoagy weighs about 130 pounds—a tough 130 pounds, kept wiry and lean by constant workouts on the tennis court. He has brown hair and brown eyes, and a slim long face with rather severe features, with a Noel Coward-ish quality of handsomeness. Most of all, he has an awareness that makes other people very much aware of him.

To Mrs. Howard Hawks, wife of the director of To HAHN, goes the responsibility for Hoagy's current metamorphosis (Continued on page 73)
HOAGY!
LEE BOWMAN is a streamlined, modern cavalier—Hollywood's answer to the days when knighthood was in flower. Handsome and dashing, but courteous, thoughtful and kind; sophisticated without the sting.

You can easily picture Lee's putting down his cloak for you to step on. Except that you feel he would have steered you around the puddle in the first place; that with his customary forethought, he'd have drawn up a blueprint of it and penciled in a detour. But if plans went afoul... then the cloak. But assuredly!

Meeting Bowman for the first time, he hits you dead center—always perfectly groomed, his lithe physique usually in tweeds, his dark good looks highlighted by large hazel eyes that are kind and twinkling yet have a forever ember kind of look.

You feel that he's sincerely interested in knowing you. For there's none of the blase business about Bowman. He genuinely likes people... which explains why he seldom turns down any invitations to parties, gatherings of any kind.

He loves to study types and characteristics of the species, general and the specific.

There's nothing temperamental about the Columbia star. At the studio, he's always placidly unruffled, always cooperative, never stalls, and always keeps appointments.

He's very popular with all studio personnel. Particularly with the "Little Joes." Because of an extraordinary memory that lets him call them all by first names. You'll find him going down the line in the morning, from the time he enters the studio gate till he arrives on the sound stage: "Hi ya', Bill"... "How does it go, Joe"... or, "Say, Tom, what do you hear from the kid overseas?"

Never irritable, he has a fast wit that's saved many a
He's a romantic guy, "Beau" Bowman.

Just like the fellow you always dreamed would come riding up on

a prancing white horse
situation. None of the crazy comedy stuff. No practical
gags, but a well-bred sense of humor that makes just
being around him, and talking with him, great fun.

He talks about his wife, Helene; his step-daughter, also
Helene; and his baby son, Lucien Lee Bowman III. And
he pulls out a red leather series of picture frames that
unreels like a picture postcard folder, showing 16-
months-old Lucien Lee (more commonly known as
"Beau") on his tummy . . . his back . . . on one side . . .
Gypsy Rose Lee-ed. Everything but in make-up for
Hamlet.

Then he draws forth a fat brown alligator wallet to see
if there are any more pictures he's missed. Lee's a per¬
petual "junk toter" and carries so much stuff around
with him, most of it in this wallet which bulges like
a brief case and holds everything but a last year's
world almanac.

Meanwhile he's chewing on a handsome silver and
black cigarette holder, which is sometimes with cigarette
... more often not. Helene bought it for him while they
were in New York recently (when Lee was there making
a series of public appearances and radio shots, in con-
nection with "Tonight and Every Night"). Now, be¬
cause he keeps it in his mouth almost constantly, Helene
says she's "almost sorry" she gave it to him . . . "because
the darned thing has almost changed his whole per¬
sonality. He looks so stern and business-like, and he isn't
you know!"

Bowman's pet ambitions outside of acting are, in order
of their appearance: writing and painting. He's written
three short stories in the past few years, has sent them
off promptly, and editors have returned them the same
way. He describes himself as the kind of writer who
gets dazzling beginnings and brilliant endings, with
nothing in between.

"Right now I'm working on a perfectly wonderful
opening for a mystery," he tells you, "about a woman
taxi driver—really something! I'm going zipping along,
and then boom! There I am, stuck in the middle. It
would make a swell movie, too.

"I can't understand it. The boy and girl practically
flow into each other's arms. But what they talk about
flies out the window. Maybe I should write the begin¬
ning and end, and paint in the middle," he laughs.
He's not only an expert victory gardener, but is on the employee list of a local airplane plant!

His urge to paint really originated in his wife's mind, after Helene read a magazine article to the effect that "It's FUN to get out and paint!" Tra la la. So she decided to buy Lee some paints for Christmas, and let him see for herself.

His first subject was the family garage. And though he'd never painted anything beyond a small cut with iodine, he has had utmost confidence. "I can do anything," he says, "until I lay an egg in it."

This is Lee's motto, and one that's really stood by him during discouraging years in Hollywood—that he can do anything until they prove he can't.

It all started with a young dancer friend of his, during those first hectic days in New York when they were attending a dancing school operated by one of the Condos Brothers. One day Lee was approached by an agent who'd caught his dancing (which is more than pictures have) and wanted him to go to Rio de Janeiro to star in a big club.

"Do you think you can handle it?" the agent asked. Lee was a little unsure and said hesitantly, "I don't know . . ."

"Don't ever say that!" the dancer girlfriend scolded afterward. "Say you can do ANYTHING. Let them tell you you can't!"

Though he didn't go to Rio, that motto has seen Lee through some tough decisions, since he left his home in Cincinnati to try his luck in the field of drama.

Born the son of two Southerners, Lee Bowman Sr. and Elizabeth Brunson Bowman, who moved to Ohio and made a comfortable living in real estate, Lee has one sister, Rowena, who became a not-too-successful Broadway actress.

Lee was still in high school then. Ask him now if his sister's career had anything to do with his going to Broadway, and he says that if he'd thought twice about her career he'd never have had the nerve to go.

He studied law at the University of Cincinnati, but decided against a legal career when his friends who graduated from law school couldn't get jobs. He quit right then and there, and headed for New York and the American Academy of Dramatic Art.

Actually he never did "starve on Broadway." As he says (reasonably enough), (Continued on page 82)
Laraine Day—her story, which has a moral, being told at an important climax in her life; her home, because it seems to reflect that "new self"

By KATE HOLLIDAY

As inevitable as four times out of five—or six or seven—stardom changes people for the worst. Nice gals and nice guys see their names in lights and suddenly decide they are important.

But it doesn't always happen. And come to think of it, the stars who remain stars are usually swell. It's the Cinderellas and the Prince Charmings who get the big-shot complexes.

Sometimes, too, stardom is an education for a player. It changes him, or her—yes, distinctly for the better. And that's what happened to Laraine Day.

Laraine admits it. She says now that she was a pretty dismal character, a few years ago. I wouldn't go as far as to say that, but confidentially—I do see a difference!

Laraine, you remember, was “discovered” by an agent named Marty Martyn, in a Little Theater in Long Beach, Calif. Marty took her to MGM, where she signed a contract. MGM put her in a series of pictures having to do with a guy named Kildare. She played a nurse. She played a nurse for so long, in fact, that she finally rebelled. Loud and long, she yelled (through Marty) that she wanted to do something else, please. So finally, the studio killed her off—dramatically speaking, that is.

Then followed a period during which the moguls of Culver City sent scripts to Laraine, she read them, and she sent them back. One messenger boy became old in the service of his studio, traipsing up and down the hills between MGM and the Day menage. The answer to this...
Red and white theme for 12-foot dining circle.

The French style walnut buffet hides a radio-phonograph.

Closet space was problem; French cabinets, the answer.

The beamed ceiling is of antiqued redwood; cabinets are natural walnut.

Narrow hall becomes writing room.
was that the scripts were, in the parlance of the trade, lousy. At least they weren't suited to Laraine's talents, and she wanted nothing to do with them.

But at long last—and again, principally through Marty Martyn—Miss Day got the break she had been looking for. She was borrowed by RKO to play opposite Cary Grant in "Mr. Lucky." And from that moment both the Day career and Miss Day herself have bloomed.

She went on to do "The Story of Dr. Wassell," with Gary Cooper, "Bridge By Mistake" (again at RKO), "Keep Your Powder Dry," with Lana Turner and Susan Peters, and back to RKO for "Those Endearing Young Charms." All of which adds up to making her "one of the hottest actresses in town;" both from the box-office and the personal standpoint, she's strictly Grade-A.

I review all this ancient history because I think it all has a bearing on "The New Day." It points up the changes, chief of which, as Laraine herself says, is: "I became tolerant for the first time in my life."

"When I first got into pictures," Laraine goes on to explain, "and first began meeting a lot of people, I lived my way. If someone didn't do as I did, I skipped him. If someone failed to react to something just as I would have reacted, I decided that I (Continued on page 85)"
NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH
Different in every role she’s ever played ... and to quote the lady herself, "Not one of them is the real Jennifer Jones!"

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY

"NEVER serious be, nor true,
And your wish will come to you—
And if that makes you happy, kid,
You’ll be the first it ever did."

And for proof of what Dorothy Parker claims, in such a negative sort of way, probably there’s no better example than one Jennifer Jones—who is serious (about things that are important, I mean), and whose motto could very well be "The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the..."

Well, you know the rest.

Fact is, she’s such a little truth-teller herself, is Jennifer, that she can’t imagine why anyone should ever want to tell anything not strictly the truth. No, not even when it’s a publicity story. And let’s admit it—publicity stories are sometimes a little exaggerated, because people who write them have somehow or other acquired the idea that every good story has to be exaggerated. That when people tell amusing tales, you know they never happened quite that way; they must be built up or they won’t be funny.

When such stories are suggested to Jennifer, however, she objects, "But I won’t be true! Wouldn’t you rather print the truth?"

I know several little patches of truth about Jennifer...

The other day her hairdresser, who is expecting the stork while her husband is on duty overseas, had a slight accident on the lot. "I’m perfectly all right," she insisted, after she had picked herself up. The tendency of busy people is to believe that any person is all right if she says so; only Jennifer wasn’t satisfied.

"You go right over to the hospital for X-rays," she insisted, "you can’t take chances with babies." Further, she called both doctor and hospital and made herself responsible for the expense.

That patch goes right along with the next one. Jennifer’s stand-in was taken ill suddenly and rushed to an emergency hospital. It was the star who remembered to call the girl’s mother to tell her. "Please don’t worry," she pleaded, "he’s a wonderful doctor, she’s sure to get well. And I’ll pay for the operation." Which she quietly did.

Jennifer was made up for her role as halfbreed in “Duel In The Sun,” when I saw her. Her sunlit brown hair fell in a windblown mane; her eyes were sometimes clear amber, sometimes velvet brown; the full blouse of her black peasant dress kept falling down over one luscious shoulder; straw sandals encased her restless feet.

While she waited for Gregory Peck to change for another clothes test with her before the cameras, she worked herself into her role. She didn’t know anyone was watching, but I doubt if she would have cared. She practised walking with a sliding step, weaving just a little; she mounted and descended a short flight of steps, moving with the grace of a cat or a panther; she handled her full (Continued on page 70).
WHAT the stars do on the screen is called movie business, what they do on their own time is their own business. But what are they really like, what relaxation do they seek after “a hard day at the studio?” Well, it’s like this—some do and some don’t. Some like sports, some go into private-life hibernation between picture assignments, some make the rounds of the popular Hollywood nitespots, some go to movies—yet even! And there are others, like we say, who don’t do any of “all this and that,” as here listed. But this much is sure . . . the Hollywood younger set goes for parties.

It can be an informal evening, with just a few friends dropping in . . . or a larger guestfall, “admittance by invitation only” . . . or a Sunday brunch gathering, or an al fresco supper with weiners roasted on the backyard grill. Ann Rutherford’s was a “make your own hat” party. Different, original, laughs-every-minute!

So you’re going to have a party! You want to be a clever hostess (what’s Elsa Maxwell got that you can’t get!)—it just takes a little ingenuity.

You’ve visited the local dime-stores (imagine Ann shopping anywhere but at the May Co.) Here are the fixings for what looks like a gay time.

Any actor can compete for a Hollywood Oscar. But a Harvey-with-moustache? That was the originality prize awarded Bracken.

Bob Hutton is the shy type, they say. Says who, and who’re they? We offer this photo evidence as how not to represent a typical wallflower, mole.

To illustrate, and we’re positive there’s nothing negative about this bridal creation designed and modeled by . . . oh, you guess?
Okay, it's a silly question—but that's the point! People have fun being crazy, and there was nobody at this party but people.

The gang's all here, all hatted for the finale: seated, Sheila Ryan and the hostess; kneeling, Frances Rafferty, Jeanne Crain, Ruth Hussey, Bonita Granville, Alexis Smith, Fred De Cordova; standing, Paul Brooks, Eddie Bracken, S. Crane, Craig Stevens.

Parents with pictures . . . it'll happen every time! Capt. and Mrs. Robert Longnecker (on the screen her name is Ruth Hussey) proudly exhibit latest snaps of their 7-months-old baby son.
GREETINGS, boys and girls. Get Spring off your minds for a few minutes, and trip along with me and find out what's cooking on the musical stove.

Benny Goodman has a big band again. And high time. When Benny had agency trouble last year he decided to break up his orchestra and just make occasional guest appearances on radio as a soloist. Then Billy Rose came along with a good offer for the “Seven Lively Arts” show. So Goodman organized a sextet, went into the musical comedy with star billing and received rave notices from the tough New York critics. But you know Benny—he's the restless type. So he left the show in March and reorganized a large band which he built around his sextet. And he has two new vocalists, Bob Hayden and Jane Harvey. At the moment, Benny's plans aren't too definite, but I think it's a safe bet that he'll swing around the country playing theatres and one-nighters.

Billie Rogers has joined Jerry Wald's orchestra. Besides holding down a berth in the trumpet section, Billie will also handle some of the vocals. She had plenty of headaches with her own band, so she decided to hold off on being a lady orchestra leader until after the war.
Her husband, Jack Archer, is also on the Wald payroll as band manager.

It looks like Tommy Dorsey's male vocalist problems have finally straightened out, in the person of Stuart Foster, who used to sing with Guy Lombardo. I never paid much attention to Stuart when he was with the Lombardo band, but I must say that he did impress me when I heard him with Tommy.

The brothers Dorsey are very happy over a deal which they recently signed with Producer Charles Rogers. They will co-star in a big budget musical to be called "My Brother Leads A Band." It will be a story about the lives and careers of Jimmy and Tommy, to go into production some time this summer. From what Tommy told me about the proposed script, it should turn out to be a sensation. Maybe this picture will be the one, finally, to show musicians as they really are. And hey, Mr. Rogers—inasmuch as you're the producer, how about signing some of the great musicians and singers who have worked with Jimmy and Tommy through the years and have had a lot to do with the success of both bands?

CROONERS' CORNER:

Frankie Boy has mapped out a strenuous schedule for himself before he goes overseas in June or July to sing for the G.I.'s. In addition to his radio show, he will make many camp and hospital appearances in this country, record several new tunes, and will speak before various organizations and schools on the subjects of juvenile delinquency and racial intolerance. Frank is very sincere about wanting to speak before the younger members of our population. He says he is so sick of hearing all the talk about anti-this and anti-that, and he feels he can be of some help in the fight against intolerance.

You can chalk up the Dick Haymes' marital difficulties to that old story, career trouble. Mrs. Haymes, who was Joanne Marshall, before her marriage to Dick, wants to accept one of the many film offers she has had, but Richard says no. At this writing, I know they are not planning a divorce, but people change their minds rapidly in Hollywood. However, I for one think they will straighten everything out, because they are really in love and are both crazy about their two adorable children. Incidentally, I met Dick's mother, Marguerite Haymes, recently in New York. She is charming and most attractive and looks young enough to be a sister to the Haymes boys. Mrs. Haymes is a well-known vocal teacher and has just published a book called "Make The Most Of Your Voice." She told me that when she first began teaching (Continued on page 58).
Dear Miss Wyman:
I am coming to you with a very serious problem. I have fallen in love with Van Johnson. I cry myself to sleep every night, I have fallen down in my school grades, and my parents say they are going to take me to a doctor unless I stop acting this way. I have tried to talk myself out of this, but still love him. Can you help me?

Dear Deborah:
If you will stop and consider your situation, you will realize that you are in love, not with the real Van Johnson, but with an imaginary person, there is the greatest possibility that if you met him, you would find that he is not at all like the person you think you love. In fact, you might not like him at all.

To love someone—really—you must know him. Your personalities must agree and you must have a community of interests. The fact that you like his looks, or are impressed with his popularity, does not mean a thing. Why don't you take a common-sense viewpoint of this situation? Forget your imaginary love, and take an interest in someone you really know.

Sincerely,
JANE WYMAN

Dear Miss Wyman:
I am now a senior in high school, and have never been dated nor attended any of the school functions, because I am six feet five inches tall. The boys just look upon me as a nice, but tall, girl. I imagine that I'm attractive enough, and have tried to wear clothes to offset my height, but to no avail.

From one woman to another, can you help me?

Marion

Dear Miss Wyman:
I am eighteen and in love with a boy two years older. My folks disapprove of our going together because of his nationality. He is of German descent, and his sister, who doesn't like me, has been telling his folks a lot of lies which they believe, as they do not like me either. Neither my boy friend nor I has done anything for which they should dislike us. In fact, we have done everything to make them like us, but it doesn't do any good.

My problem is: Should we marry, knowing the resentment of our parents? Please help us.

Best of luck,
JANE WYMAN

Dear Deborah:
If you will stop and consider your situation, you will realize that you are in love, not with the real Van Johnson, but with an imaginary person, there is the greatest possibility that if you met him, you would find that he is not at all like the person you think you love. In fact, you might not like him at all.

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Best of luck,
JANE WYMAN
of the screen. "That was conceit, not ambition, mind ye. Bless you, it was me mother had the ambition! I've none. I just want to fumble about me own home and keep a little busy. I always had to have a place to go to, a bit of a ten-house when I'm old," she lapsed into Lancaster dialect. "It must be just big enough so I can do everything meself if I can't get help. I'd like it down by the ocean below me little spot I'd ever seen. ... Now I've seen Santa Monica, California and we have this little place in Capri. Me husband. Monty Banks, says I'm nuts, but I think I'm right. Being just a little busy is good for the old.

The first house me ever owned was in Capri. I had to get all me family settled; this one and that one had to have a home or a little business; but finally I got money together to buy a place for me to end me days, and when I saw Capri I knew I'd found what I wanted. It was the loveliest spot I'd ever seen.... Now I've seen so much, so much, and so much. Even the walk to the beach is almost the same.

"To get back to Capri: Trouble was I couldn't seem to get me tongue around the word, and I'd say to a carpenter: 'Build me a little something over here, will ye?' and I'd go away for a bit. When I got back, I'd find he'd built me a little something else. Only one place in the world I'd thought I'd better be finding a man who could speak the language. About then a girl from California come along and married the Mayor of Capri. And she's a small talker. She told me what she said to meself. I realized I hadn't much chance of marrying any other man in Capri, not being there long enough, so it was a miracle when I met Monty Banks and we got married. But it's the same town. Can you sing her songs?" And Monty sang: "Yes, Ma. I've got down pat. I know all she knows." I knew everything in those days. Trouble was I had to prove it when I got 'ome. Me mother had all the neighborhood in to hear me. I wasn't like that. I kept tellin' her how good me singing was and that was me downfall. 'If you're so good, miss,' she said, 'out ye go on a solo turn.'"

War brought an end to pleasant sojourns in Capri. The Red Cross occupied Gracie's home after the Allies fell back from Italy. A sea mine blew up nearby. Now the place, what's left of it, is boarded up awaiting peace.

"Gracie Stansfield" is the name on the birth records of Rochdale, Lancaster, England. Gracie was sent to the local theater with instructions to watch the stars, learn their songs and come home and imitate them. If she couldn't get around the words of a song or hadn't caught an actor's mannerisms at one performance, Gracie had to use her wits to get a second look. There was no second chance. She stood in front of the door and waited, hoping for the doorman to look the other way, then slip past him and hide in the wings. Sometimes a friendly musician would smuggle the child into the theater, but if Gracie missed that one, she missed the next one too, only to be curtly told to stick to imitations. Whether he liked it or not, however, the manager had her for a pupil. For Gracie from the back of the dark theater, "The Poor Lads are Often So Ill," the first new routine, practicing silently with her fingers and later trying out steps in her room. Mastering enough for a short dance, Gracie did it as a second chorus for six, her songs and brought down the house. That ended her revival engagement.

By the time she was twelve, she was one of Clara Cotterald's Dainty Dancers, touring England, and so it was a miracle when I met Monty Banks. Italian is his own tongue and so it was a miracle when I met Monty Banks. It was about to set out for Santa Barbara's hospitals and rehabilitation centers.

"The poor lads are often so ill they don't want to listen to me," she said. "Sometimes I say to the nurses: 'Surely this one won't care to be bothered with me,' but they always urge me to go in. He can't laugh, but he'll like to tell me what he says to his parents. The day we met, she was singing in eight army camps a day. She toured hospitals, camps and factories bucking up British morale. Seaside revues, the first entertainer to travel to France—but she came back from this tour on a stretcher.

After Dunkirk, Gracie toured this country, entertaining wounded men, working without salary and paying the expenses of accompanist and secretary. She still gives benefits for war charities and makes regular hospital tours. The day we met, she was about to set out for Santa Barbara's hospitals and rehabilitation centers.

"If I was the Queen, I could just raise a couple fingers to signal, or maybe only smilin', and they'd be pleased. But no, I'm Gracie. If I did that, they'd say: 'Look at her, she's gone stuffy, that Gracie. Oo does she think she is?' And so I had to dance in the streets and down and yell and go into contortions waving. ..."

On the night of Gracie's last benefit before going to America in 1936 the theater in Dublin, Ireland, was crowded to the eaves. She had been warned that her ship sailed at midnight and she must leave the stage in plenty of time. But the audience kept begging for just one more. Even when...
**Go Western in this swanky Ranch Togs shirt**

*Dale Evans* currently appearing in *Bells of Bonanza*, a Republic Picture.

**WORDS OF MUSIC**

(Continued from page 55)

several years ago, she used Dick and Bob as her guinea pigs. Well, they both did all right with their vocal talents. By the way, Bob has been signed for the romantic lead in the next Abbott and Costello picture for Metro.

Jack Owens, the early morning crooner on the Breakfast Club Show over the Blue Network, has the Hollywood talent scouts after him. Of course James and Andy have been known for a long time, and worked as a voice double for many male stars who couldn’t sing, but he never got a good break. So he left California and went back to Chicago and landed the Breakfast Club spot. Now they want him again. But that’s Hollywood for you, they’ll do it every time.

Andy Russell is hard at work at Paramount on his first movie, “Stork Club,” opposite Betty Hutton. Andy is as reserved as Betty is vivacious, so the combination on film should prove interesting.

When June means around Perry Como will probably be Hollywood bound to make another picture for Twentieth Century-Fox. Here’s hoping he gets to hit the screen in Some-thing For The Boys.” By the way, Perry recently gifted his attractive wife, Roselle, with a gorgeous mink coat. Oh, why can’t I marry a crooner?

**WHAT’S BRISK ON THE DISC**

*Columbia*:

All you Nelson Eddy fans will rejoice with Nelson’s record of “Oh, What A Beautiful Morning,” and “Surrey With The Fringe On Top,” both from “Oklahoma.” Robert Armbuster greets you with Nelson Eddy on the radio.

Benny Goodman has waxed two new sides, “After You’ve Gone,” with his sextet, and “Body and Soul,” with his ten groups.

“We never saw our guests, because the two of us were always bouncing about the kitchen. The thing had become an everlasting picnic. So we said: ‘No more of this!’ And now we entertain only servicemen, who will bounce about the kitchen themselves. Those boys are grand—they wash dishes, mix salads, carry trays and take their napkins at the stove, brie- em!”

Monty is returning to the screen in “A Bell For Adano,” and there are rumors that he may costar in a picture before long. Monty, according to his wife, can do more with his back to the camera than most comedians can do in a close-up.

“Hey! He’s probably the best picture from me,” she said, proudly. “He’s better on the screen than me. I like the stage best, because I can be different every time I go on. It’s exciting working with any kind of a unit, a pianist or orchestra leader, because they never know what I’ll do. I never know, either. Sometimes I start out on an old song I haven’t thought of for years. It’s a toss-up if I can worry through it, but I whisper: ‘Lord, help me remember the words of this thing I’m singing.’”

“And somehow or other, he does!”

**The END**
Nobody can seem to say exactly what Johnny Mercer has. Slightly from pixie—maybe. But at any rate, this Georgia boy is just about the most sensational character to hit the record business in recent years. For Johnny not only sings tunes and writes them, but as president of Capitol Records he supervises all the other recordings the company makes as well.

1. His latest record, 'On the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe' with The Pied Pipers, will be released this month. Insiders say it will cause as much comment—nation-wide—as the assassination of McKinley. If so, it will be the 24th smash hit Capitol has recorded in the three short years of its existence.

2. One reason for Capitol's spectacular success is the fact that the company has its home in Hollywood—the greatest talent pool in the world. But even more important is the musical intuition of Mercer and Buddy De Sylva, chairman of Capitol's board. These two have set a whole new trend in the popular record business.

3. In three years they have picked more young talent such as The King Cole Trio—and lined them up under Capitol's banner—than all the rest of the record firms combined. This, together with the uncanny knack both seem to have for matching talent with tunes, has skyrocketed the young company right up among the old established leaders.
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THEIR'S NO CINDERELLA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

Kathy, who is two and a half, and he's got a baby. The baby turned up at 5:20 one morning last December, which made it hard on a father who earns his living pleasing the eye of the overdressed society crowd to whom close-ups are scheduled for just that day! (Close-ups just don't look so good, if you're falling asleep standing up.)

So when Dana staggered onto the set just that same morning, his emotions were split between his new son, Stephen, and the prospect of the close-ups. But he had underestimated the insight of Director Lewis Milestone.

"Know that scene where you fall asleep behind the stone wall?" Milestone said.

"I heard of it," said Dana.

"Yes, we added it to the script," was the reply. "We're doing it today."

Dana didn't argue. Confused in mind and body, he stumbled behind the wall, which just happened to be well out of sight of the camera; he curled up and fell into a deep sleep. He was awakened only when his snores interfered with the sound track.

He had just been seen at Toluka Lake, crooning distance from Sinatra and on the road to Bob Hope's (when he's home). There was nothing wrong with Dana's old house, as a matter of fact. It's as good as, and one of the bedrooms as the family increased.

Dana's got a garden that he's nuts about and a super job of a camera he's fiend for. He's got a liking for rare roast beef and balls, good talk, eggs, Van Gogh. He's got a liking for the Motion Picture Industry. He's got a fondness for plain water in his whiskey, Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto, and brooding about what's wrong with the Motion Picture Industry. He's got a feeling of responsibility for his fans...especially if they're like Jeanette.

Jeanette lives in Long Beach, California, and she hitchhiked fifty miles to Agoura, where Dana was on location. But she hadn't reckoned with the time it would take to get there and arrive only to find the company finishing for the day. Whereupon, she sat upon a rock and wept. But Dana didn't argue. Confused in mind and body, he stumbled behind the wall, which just happened to be well out of sight of the camera; he curled up and fell into a deep sleep. He was awakened only when his snores interfered with the sound track.

And Dana Andrews...remember? And Dana Andrews...remember?...was discovered working in a gas station.

"I asked a press agent once why they keep repeating that story," Dana says. "It makes good copy," he told me. "People like to read it. Makes them feel they could be one of them, too. Well," Dana goes on, "I don't agree with that idea. Because I believed it myself once, that 'it could happen to you.'"

It was when he was a kid down in Texas. He'd gone to high school in Uvalde and Huntsville and worked his way through Sam Houston College. Then he landed a job as an accountant in Austin.

Well, he'd sit there being an accountant and mumble to himself: "This isn't the life for me. I don't want people to spend days keeping books. I ought to be out in Hollywood piling up all that dodge and gold lined swimming pools!"

So one day, he quit. "I'm going to be an actor," he said. "I'm interested in being an actor. I've been an actor."

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rosy, get-rich-quick, star-over-night kind of dreams... dreams encouraged by 'it could happen to you' stories he had read. Dreams of being a Hollywood Cinderella.

Cinderella? Star over night? Service station attendant crashes pictures? Don't make Dana laugh.

It was nine long, hardworking years before Dana Andrews ever got his face onto the screen, and five more years after that before they made him a star!

“But remember,” he insists, “I was lucky! I keep thinking of all the others, the thousands who are working behind the soda fountains, or in drive-ins... sometimes worse. Because the ‘it could happen to you’ idea is not only unfair to all the actors and actresses who have worked long and hard to become stars (and that includes most of them, if you study the record), but it’s dangerous, too. Because the ‘it could happen to you’ idea is not only unfair to all the actors and actresses who have worked long and hard to become stars (and that includes most of them, if you study the record), but it’s dangerous, too.

He held down any job he could get to keep himself and his family going... service station attendant included! And he went to the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where he learned his business from rock bottom on up, and we mean rock bottom!

“The first show I was in there was Shakespeare’s ‘Antony and Cleopatra,’” Dana says, “I literally carried a spear, and didn’t have one single line in all the five acts.”

Dana studied fencing, diction, history of the theater... all the things that are part of an actor’s training. “And don’t think it doesn’t mean something to be familiar with the plays of Bernard Shaw, say. It’s pretty apt to mean you have an appreciation of good writing,” Dana says. “That’s knowledge that will come in handy if you ever reach the point where you have something to say about your scripts.”

Dana studied singing for six whole years, yet he has never sung professionally. But he doesn’t feel that any of that work is lost. It gave him a very sound idea of how to use his speaking voice, and a deeper appreciation of music in general, besides. But most important of all, he gained self confidence.

“As long as the solid background is there,” he says, “you always have it to fall back on, and nothing can happen to you. You aren’t suddenly going to be wrecked by some part you can’t handle, because you’ve learned what you can do and how to do it.”

This truth was proven when Dana had to make a fight to play lovers. “You’re not a lover,” his bosses told him. “You’re a second lead.”

So Dana lost the girl, in picture after picture, to some other guy. But Dana knew he could play lovers. He knew because he’d done it. He’d played them on the stage. And that gave him the confidence to fight.

The result? Who do you think was right?

And so a guy named Dana Andrews comes along. He’s put in a long apprenticeship, he’s put in years of work. And Willie Wiseguy would have a hard time saying in the face of that: Boy, soft! or What a racket!

So what does Dana say? Just this: “I went to a party last night. Jimmy Durante was there and entertained. I sat and watched him and thought of the years that had gone into making him the great performer he is. I sat there and felt like a rank amateur. If I can only learn that much... if I could ever be such a performer!”

Dana’s face was solemn, his eyes intense. “But there isn’t any Cinderella,” he said. “There just isn’t any easy way!”

He thought a moment. Then suddenly he grinned. “Anyway, Cinderella, herself, put in a pretty long time sitting in the ashes before she ever got to the ball!”

The End

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“Now don’t move, darling—I want to remember you as you naturally are.”
I'M SO MUCH HAPPIER since I discovered this
RIGHT TYPE
Intimate Feminine Hygiene!

Greaseless Suppository Gives Hours of Continuous Medication

Everywhere today this higher type of intimate feminine cleanliness is being enthusiastically received among highly intelligent and exacting women. And it has a decided "extra" advantage:

1. Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories easily inserted, so dainty and convenient to use.

2. Powerfully germicidal yet so safe to delicate tissues.

3. When inserted — Zonitors immediately begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and continue to do so for hours. Yet they are non-irritating, non-poisonous, non-smarting.

4. Zonitors actually destroy odor.

5. They immediately kill every germ they touch. Of course it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, per you can assume — Zonitors kill all reachable living germs and keep them from multiplying.


CONTINUED FROM PAGE 581

The melody was written by David Raskin as part of his musical score for the Twentieth Century-Fox picture of the same name. Literally thousands of people who saw the movie wrote to the studio and asked where they could buy the music, so Raskin got Johnny Mercer to write a lyric, they published the song, and Johnnie Johnston introduced it on his Chesterfield show. Another interesting sidelight on "Laura" — Jerry Wald went to the Roxy Theatre in New York to see the picture, and was so enthralled with the beauty of the music that he decided to use it as his theme.

Decca:

Those jive box boys, The Ink Spots, are present and accounted for with "I Hope To Die If I Told A Lie," and "Maybe It's All For The Best." And with Ella Fitzgerald they do "I'm Beginning To See The Light" and "That's The Way It Is." Jimmy Dorsey has two pretty things in "Twilight Time" and "I Should Care." Teddy Walters sings both songs.

If you like "Run and Coca-Cola" and "It's Too Soon To Know" you'll enjoy a true Calypso version by Wilmuth Houdini and his Royal Calypso Orchestra. There are two sides and ten verses.

Decca seems to have a monopoly on recording the musical scores from the hit Broadway shows. Their latest is "Song of Norway." There are six twelve-inch records, and the artists are Kitty Carlisle, Robert Shafer, Heleno Bliss and Lawrence Brooks. All except Kitty are from the original cast.

Bing "Academy-Award" Crosby's two new ones are "I'll All Of My Life" and "A Friend of Yours." The first song is Irving Berlin's latest composition, and the second is from the picture Bing produced, "The Great John L." John Scott Trotter's orchestra as usual.

Nancy Walker, star of the hit show, "On The Town," has recorded two of the numbers she does in the production, "I Can Cook Too," and "Ya Got Me."" Mary Martin has done two more tunes from the same show, "Lucky To Be Me" and "Lonely Town." Mary is now on the road, touring with "One Touch Of Venus." Roma Rosetta Tharpe shouts out "Two Little Fishes and Five Loaves of Bread" in her revue "Happening Every Day!" in her revue meeting style.

You jazz hounds will love Eddie Condon's "When Your Lover Has Gone" and "Wherever There's Love." The band personnel is much the same as that heard with Eddie on his Blue Network jazz concerts: Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield and Max Kaminsky on trumpet, Jack Teagarden on trombone, Ernie Caceres on baritone sax, Gene Schroeder on piano, Bob Haggart on bass, George Wettling on drums, and Eddie himself on guitar. Bobby Hackett plays a fine trumpet solo on "When Your Lover Has Gone." Lee Wiley sings a wonderful vocal on "Wherever There's Love," and the trombone solo is by Jack Teagarden.

It seems ages since we've heard a record by Deanna Durbin. But at last the world has "Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year," with Edgar Fairchild's orchestra.


"This Heart of Mine" and "Love" both from the M. G. M. picture "Ziegfield Follies," serve as excellent material for Judy Garland's latest platter.

Eddie Heywood and his orchestra have waxed "Begin The Beguine," and "Lover Man." Eddie is one of the most popular pianists in America today, and his arrangement of "Begin The Beguine" is really something.

Victor:

Freddy Martin and his orchestra have recorded "Dream" and "Every Time." Artie Wayne sings "Dream" and "Lover Man." "Every Time." The latter tune was written by the well-known radio maestro, Gordon Jenkins.

Here's Hal McIntyre and his boys with "Sentimental Journey." One as an instrumental, and "I'm Gonna See My Baby," sung by Ruth Gaylor. Allan Jones, who hasn't been on wax since before the recording ban, is back among the fold with "I Dream Of You" and "I'll Walk Alone." It's a ten-inch disc on the Red Seal label. "Carnegie Blues," and "My Heart Sings," with a Joya Sherill vocal, are the tunes chosen by Duke Ellington for his newest. "Carnegie" is an Ellington original, and was first heard as part of the Duke's tone poem, "Black, Brown and Beige."

Charlie Spivak and his orchestra offer "Sweetheart Of All My Dreams," the oldie which was revived in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," and "Yip Yip." "De Hootie, My Baby Said Yes," one of the newer jump ditties. Irene Daye does an excellent job with the lyrics on both.

Capitol:

That jive girl, Ella Mae Morse, jumps in with two novelty things, "Captain Kidd" and "Ya'Retcha," re-
companied by Billy May's orchestra. Billy will be remembered as one of the trumpet mainstays and arranger for Major Glenn Miller's civilian band.

The King Cole Trio has a smooth twosome in "Bring Another Drink" and "If You Can Smile and Say Yes." This second tune is all about ration¬
ing. King Cole sings both sides.

Sing Queen Jo Stafford's new one is one of her very best. She does the Johnny Mercer-Harold Arlen number, "Out Of This World," from the picture of the same name, and "There Is No You," which was written by Hal Hopper, one of the Pied Pipers, and Tom Adair, and was introduced by Frank Sinatra a few months ago. Paul Weston's orchestra and arrange¬ments.

Jam Notes:

Patti Palmer has left Jimmy Dorsey's band to await a visit from Sir Stork. Patti is married to Jerry Lewis, well-known night club comedian. At this writing, Jimmy has made no replace¬ment... Crooner Dick Brown has had his radio contract renewed.

It looks as if Harry James may land the summer replacement show for his present sponsor, Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. Harry is set to play an engage¬ment at the Astor Room in June, so the show will probably air from New York. Betty Grable has arranged her picture schedule so that she can come east with her favorite trumpet player.

Antin O'Day has cut out from the Stan Kenton band and will work as a single. She recently signed a solo recording contract with Capitol... Artie Shaw is back in Hollywood and may do a picture if he can find a script to his liking... Ziggy Talent, who left the Vaughn Monroe band a little over a year ago to go out on his own, is back with his old boss.

It's nice having Ethel Smith and her Latin America ditties back on the Hit Parade, but I still miss Sinatra on that program... Barry Ulanov, editor of Metronome Magazine, is writing a biography of Duke Ellington, which will be published next fall... Horace Heidt is having trouble with his agents and has junked his band, at least for the time being. His trumpet star, Shorty Cherok, is organizing a new band with some of Heidt's men.

Sally Stuart has been ill and is taking a leave of absence from the Sammy Kaye orchestra... Hal McIntyre may be overseas by the time you read this... You characters in the New York area may be interested to know that Jill Warren (Oh! That's me) has a radio show every afternoon over Station WHOM—new records and lots of chit-chat about your favorite musical personalities.

The End

So long for this month. Remember, I'm always interested to hear your views on the column, and I like to get your letters. I'll answer your musical questions to the best of my ability—but please, not too many of them, and DON'T FORGET TO ENCLOSE A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE. Just write Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 1476 Broadway, New York City, 18, New York.
Miss Fitzgerald's solid sense would seem to have been partly native, partly engendered by her father, who is quite a lad on his own record. 

At the formative age of five, Geraldine came down to breakfast one morning (in Dublin, Ireland or Eire) after a fit of weeping was greeted by her male parent. It had long been his habit to shake hands with each of his four children in the morning, during the first ten minutes of the house. It happened to be absent for several hours and at night before they went upstairs to bed.

On this particular morning, Father Fitzgerald shook hands with Geraldine and said, "How are you this morning?"

"I feel pretty well," she began, "a little weak and headache-ish, perhaps."

Her father interrupted, "Never tell anyone who says simply 'How are you?' how your health is. The phrase is used merely as a greeting and indicates no solicitude," he said. In fact, he might regard as lost. As a child she had this. She was lent the consideration for others which would help her to cope with the situation.

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From that day, Geraldine has always answered that particular phrase with a blithe statement of general excellency.

On another occasion, when Geraldine was somewhat older, she and her brothers and sister were awakened at four o'clock in the morning and tersely told that the family bath and one long-ago guest in the house had left discarded clothing heaped in one corner, the rugs in a state of uprising, and several towels in saturated strands over the fixtures. Gesturing majestically, the father said, "I just wanted you to see this. Never, under any circumstance, do I want a child of mine to leave a bathroom in such a shameless state."

And by these and like machinations, worked out by her remarkable dad, Miss Fitzgerald's fanciful personality was lent the consideration for others which would help her to cope with a less imaginative world.

She has an uncanny gift for finding things which other persons, not Geraldine, might regard as lost. As a child she had what seemed to her to be unremarkable ability, to the extent of answering casually questions about the presence of a ghost. It happened. She became one of the few who can bring the depths of a loser's mind the actually known, but forgotten, circumstances of a loss that give clues as to where he has put it. Hers would appear to be the knack of penetrating beneath the surface of another person's mind.

Geraldine is also one of the few persons in The States who has felt the presence of a shot. It happened,
Of course, in Ireland—where such things are commonplace—in her own home in Dublin there are a number of haunted houses. When one wakes up and down the stairways, vaporize in and out of rooms, and generally take a kindly, if misty, interest in the life of the household. At an early age she grew accustomed to the sensation of invisible personalities inhabiting a room.

It was in England that she observed the effect of revenants upon the composure of a young lady. Geraldine and her husband were guests in one of the great houses in England. It is a massive pile of possession, built around a hollow square. Something supernatural activity been that one entire wing of the house has been closed. The current owner emphatically does not believe in ghosts, even when his guests are evicted from the library by an inscrutable, elderly gentleman who dissolves when the owner descends upon him with punishment in mind.

(The elderly gentleman, incidentally, is the owner's deceased grandfather.)

Virginia Welles, “dying to see a ghost” as Miss Fitzgerald says with a twinkle, elected—a when in this historic pile—to occupy a bedroom in the older wing. Geraldine, convinced and not wanting to spend a spooky night, chose a bedroom, with her husband, in the newer portion of the house. It poetically smells of spirits of turpentine to be hospitable to spirits of torment.

Barely thirty minutes of the night had elapsed when rapid footsteps sounded along the corridor, followed by a hurried knocking and Virginia Welles’ breathless question, “Is it all right with you for me to occupy the little sitting room here today?”

Geraldine and her husband said, “Of course. What happened?”

Nothing tangible, really. The room was cold and it was chilly outside of this century. She went to the new portion of the house.

Three minutes later the door—knob turned, the door opened, and no one was standing there. Virginia, attributing this phenomenon to drafts in the century-old door firmly and went on with her preparations for the night. Four minutes after the same inquisitive hand laid hold of the knob, turned it, and opened the door.

Exhilarated by this authentic bit of hocus-pocus, Virginia climbed into bed to read by candlelight, after having turned the page back. “I knew what happened next,” Geraldine said. “Your candle was extinguished by a poem. A very local breeze. The curtains didn’t move. Nothing happened. Nothing happened.”

“Strong local poem put out the light.”

“Y-Y-Yes.” said Virginia. “So I think I shall sleep near you.”

Then there is the case of Geraldine’s friend who finally accepts the logical reason that Agnes is not her name. Agnes, as nearly as Geraldine can diagnose the condition, possesses actual double identity with material possession. This division of personality appears to race place only when Agnes is not physically well in her normal self.

One winter she and her husband were lunching at a wonderful little restaurant when Geraldine said, “Agnes loves good food. We must be sure to tell her about this place.”

“Why, there’s Agnes now,” said the friend, Geraldine turned toward the door. Agnes had entered the room. She looked about, hesitated, then turned slowly and left.

A few days later Geraldine called to see Agnes and found her ill again. “Why didn’t you speak to us when you were in that quaint restaurant the other day? We had just been saying that you should have told us it, when you walked in,” Geraldine said.

Agnes looked bewildered. “I haven’t been out of the house for a week,” she said. “I’ve been much too ill.”

This is the sort of fascinating conversation, based upon fascinating experience, that her friends are accustomed to hearing from Geraldine Fitzgerald. The stories she has to tell are legion, each one more piquant than the last.

Even her hobbies are unique. In the corner of her living room stands a three-panel screen that looks like Ireland’s answer to Salvador Dalí. The screen, of ply-wood, was originally painted a bright blue. Against this background are pasted literally hundreds of scraps of brilliant paper. “That,” explained Miss Fitzgerald, “is my war memorial.”

Her husband, as you already know, is stationed in Eire and she hasn’t seen him for two years, although their letters fly back and forth like souped-up birds. Sometimes, between worry for him and worry for her family, Geraldine can’t sleep. “I don’t take snoring,” she said, “and don’t want to spend a spooky night.”

She clips the uncluttered portions of colorful advertisements from magazines, runs a paste brush over some of colored advertisements from magazines, sets the lithographed mosaic in place. Three panels are fairly well covered at the present time. When all available space is surrealistic with memories of Coty Bodies By Fisher, Harper’s svelte ladies, in segmented sections, Geraldine plans to furnish the surface so that nothing but a panorama of color will smite the eye.

“Then, every time I look at the screen when the war is over, I’ll say to myself, ‘Look, through that I can live through anything’.

Geraldine’s current picture at Warner’s is “Three Strangers”—in itself an authentic bit of fantasy. It tells the story of three dubious characters who buy a sweepstakes ticket, actually win a fortune, and are unable to collect their money. Why they are barred from realizing their frantic ambition constitutes the plot of the story.

Geraldine likes it because it is unique, quaint, a little out of this world. A description which exactly fits the star herself.
GOING TO EXTREMES

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PERSONALIZED WITH YOUR OWN NAME.
EMBROIDERED FREE. Alluring, Soft
Drawstring Neckline...Adjustable...Luscious Shantung Rayon.
COLORS: Aqua...Rose...Gold. SIZES: 32 to 38.
SEND NO MONEY, WE MAIL C.O.D. (or send money
order or Cashier's Check Plus 25c Mailing Fee to
save C.O.D. Charges). Quick Delivery.

Send "YOURS TRULY" Blouse(s) at $4.95,
plus postage) or three for $14.50, with...
...(any single name) embroidered FREE.
Color
Size
Name...
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City...
State...

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FLEA POWDER
Kills Fleas
100% SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

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Prevent that hard—tired—drawn look
by wearing OCEULENS—the restful sun-
glasses that banish unsightly "squint-
wrinkles" and that help give your eyes
the "health-sparkle" that brings admir-
ing comment. For sports & street wear.

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SUNGLASSES

Hair is a handicap when
legs are in the limelight.
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Depilatories are fragrant creams
which you spread thickly over the
hairy area, allow to dry and rinse off,
leaving a satiny surface. Erasers have
a firm way with fuzz too. These gentle
friction pads, rubbed lightly over the
skin in a circular sweep, bring about
"baldness" in nothing flat.

A razor is quick and convenient, too,
but be sure to wipe it and your legs
with antiseptic before you swoop
downward with quick, short strokes.

Another "slick" trick is the rosinous
wax treatment. Some waxes are heated
first; some are not. All are spread over
the hairy surface, allowed to dry and
jerked off in long strips, lifting out the
hair from beneath the skin.

Once your legs are hair-free, keep
them bump and flake-free. Scrub hard
every day at bathtime, using lots of
soapy suds on a stiff brush. Lotion them
lovingly after each immersion. Mas-
sage them magnificently once or twice
in a week with dry skin cream.

There you are—just like Esther!
Shapely, smooth and soft. NOW, for
plamour, a complete pedicure to com-
plete a very pretty picture.
JOAN CAULFIELD
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 311)

father, Henry R. Caulfield, could well afford to send her to the private and parochial schools she attended, and later, Columbia University in New York City. She grew up enjoying the privileges and little luxuries familiar to any moderately well-to-do family, and when in high school she decided she wanted to become an actress, the family may have been amused but they never discouraged her ambition. The only complaints she received numbered exactly two: a general family one concerning her voice lesson exercises practised in the bathroom; and a specific one from her older sister, Mary, who finally objected to Joan’s monopolizing the attention of her—Mary’s—beau when he came a-calling by talking interminably and grandiosely of the “the-a-tuh”, and illustrating some of the picturesque points of the Stanislawsky method. “Ham” was their word for it.

For all they kidded her, however, the entire family was deeply sympathetic with Joan’s aspirations, and was properly and genuinely thrilled at her success in “Kiss and Tell.” The same moral support, in fact, is in evidence today; Mrs. Caulfield is making a home for Joan in Hollywood while Mr. Caulfield and younger sister, Betty, hold the fort in New Jersey. Betty replaced Joan in the “Kiss and Tell” lead, and sister Mary has since married.

Joan made her first semi-professional appearance on the stage in the Columbia University production of “Witch Hunt” staged by the Morningside Players. With it she received her first and only bad notice, a sharp reprimand to the effect that “Miss Caulfield spoke her lines as if they were machine made.” Her critic was a fellow student at the university, and he lived to rue his words. Some time later he himself essayed to play a role in one of the school plays, opposite Joan. It was not a fortuitous move on his part, because the Caulfields, like the elephants, never forget.

“Of course it wasn’t on purpose,” Joan grinned in recollection. “It happened that I fed him the wrong cue lines, and it just happened that I upstaged him. Somehow he kept getting all mixed up!”

Being no dummy, Joan knew she had a good figure and was photogenic as all get-out; snapshots and class pictures had proved that. “Actually I’m not beautiful, I just look beautiful in pictures,” she still insists. Actually she’s all wrong; she both looks beautiful and is beautiful, which doesn’t always happen as a matter of course.

Again being no dummy, Joan realized a little extra money always comes in handy to young ladies in school. Adding the two factors brought the obvious answer of a job as a model. Therefore she went to work during off hours as a Conover model (Start at the top is her motto!) specializing in college girl clothes, size 11. At the end of 18 months she had worked up to the $10 an hour bracket, gained quite a reputation along with other well-known models like Kay Aldridge and Jinx Falkenburg, and had her

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It’s greaseless; won’t stain. Get Noxzema at any drug counter today! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ plus tax.

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Wear this Mandarin Jumper and Bow Blouse at MY RISK. If in 10 days you are not completely satisfied, return for full refund.

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Mama (Betty Grable), Proud Papa Harry James . . . “and baby makes three.” Birthday congratulations are very much in order for one-year-old little Victoria Elizabeth James.
theater, after church. It would add to her prestige and importance, she figured, if an entire company had to wait for her, and everyone would be in a tizzy wondering where she was, and if anything had happened to her.

"Just a minute, Joan," the furious stage manager halted her as she strolled in. Then he assembled the entire company on the stage. Turning to Joan, he said, "You have been deliberately and inexcusably rude to all of these ladies and gentlemen, and you will apologize to them here and now!"

Contritely, and with a new understanding of her personal responsibilities towards the theater and her fellow players, Joan apologized. She was never late again, and to this day makes almost a phobia of being prompt for any and all appointments.

Joan lives a bit more quietly than most of the young actresses her age in Hollywood, possibly because she is so intensely serious about her work as to give it most of her time and attention. She has no steady beau, preferring to play the field in escorts; but she has definite ideas of what she likes and doesn't like. She doesn't like spoiled men who have to be humored and catered to all the time. Disliking overdressed women, she stresses sports clothes in her own wardrobe, and feels most at ease in the simple skirt and sloppy joe sweater ensemble so popular with the late teen-agers. She looks about that age, too, when she wears it.

There is nothing startling about her other tastes. They are, indeed, quite orthodox—and include a liking for tennis, the rhumba, the movies, and Chinese food, especially moo goo gai pen. She sings a little in a voice she describes as a vague cross between soprano and contralto, and her high school French is about what you'd expect. As a fan she is crazy about the Hitchcock type of psychological thriller—dillers, but as an actress she yearns for the Joan Fontaine kind of roles. Among stage actresses, Margaret Sullivan enchants her completely.

There is something startling, however, about the ferocity of her determination to learn to dance so superbly as to qualify as a dancing partner of the great Draper. And therein, I think, lies the key to her character. That she had to start from scratch appalled her, I know, but it did not deter her. Day after day, week after week, she reported (and still is reporting) for a three-hour lesson each morning. Day after day she worked, struggled and sweated under the demanding tutelage of Josephine Earl, the studio dance coach, and the sympathetic help of Joel Friend (who doesn't Paramount do right by him?) who served as her partner. And I, Joan Caulfield, can dance!

"I lost 77 pounds in 6 months!" — says Mrs. Jane Ende of Rock Island, Ill.

"Most women worry when their weight goes up just a few pounds," says Mrs. Jane Ende. "Can you imagine, then, how I felt—watching those scales go up . . . UP . . . UP! until I actually weighed 202. I think my greatest jolt came when I went to buy a dress and had to take a size 44. Right then was when I decided to start the DuBarry Success Course."

The first six weeks she lost 30 pounds. She kept right on and went through her course again and again. Today she weighs just 125—is slim, trim, attractive.

"Life is very different now," she declares. "I look and feel as a young woman of 28 should. I can wear smart, stylish, youthful dresses in size 14 instead of matronly 44. I have the pep and vitality to keep up with and enjoy my two children. And I know that following the DuBarry way, I need never be overweight again."

"It's fun, wonderful fun! Think of it, Joan Caulfield, can dance!"

She, Joan Caulfield, is quite a gal.
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STATE .................................................

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH
(Continued from Page 511)
skirts and gaily colored sash, trying turns, dips and abrupt halts. Utterly absorbed, she stood before her dressing room mirror trying out expressions for the untamed Indian maid of Niven Busch's story. Now, she held her mouth slightly open, revealing the flash of perfect white teeth against her dark make-up; now, her eyes slid to one side; now, she looked up from under drooped eyelids. She was imagining herself into the part of a wanton charmer.

"I'm experimenting," she confessed, when she became aware of me. 'My director, Mr. King Vidor, may have other ideas about this character. We'll develop it and work it out. The grand thing about every part I've done on the screen is that they're all different, and not one is like the real me."

"This girl is a wild creature, very, very sexy, but quite unconscious of her appeal; she's as natural as an animal... She goes wild like an Indian and dances like a savage; she lives and loves with tremendous abandon. Her looks and actions, her walk and her ways are nothing like mine."

"Bernadette was a peasant girl, too, of course, but she was different. She wasn't a nun like the sisters at school, so I didn't try to pattern her on any of those old nuns." Mr. King told me that Bernadette was not a 'holier than thou' sort of person, she was simple and childlike all her life; things happened around her, not to her."

Jennifer doesn't think that Jane in "Since You Went Away" was like Phylis Isley at the same age. (Phylis Isley was Jennifer's name before Mr. Selznick rechristened her.) She speaks of Jane as "so much younger." Jane was seventeen. I suppose half a dozen years does seem a long time at Jennifer's age.

"I wasn't like that at seventeen," she assured me, earnestly, "but none of the girls at home were. When we lived in Garden City, Long Island, I used to see high school girls in their bobby sox, saddle shoes and sweaters, who acted like the girl in the picture. Then, too, Shirley Temple was nearer the age I was playing than I was—she was sixteen—I studied Shirley and her friends; that crush on the older man was real, she admits. We've all had those. Never having been an amnesia victim, Jennifer couldn't have been like Singleton in "Love Letters." She was a girl with no inhibitions and didn't remember anything in her past, all she had was future; she said what she thought, had no reserves, did as she pleased, and was always thoroughly honest, she explained Jennifer. "When I first read the script, it seemed to me that her condition was ideal. I couldn't think why she wanted to remember, she was so right as she was. The script explains that It was fun to do Singleton. I'd like to be as straightforward as she was, always."

Forty miles east of Tucson, Arizona, lies the location site for "Duel In The Sun." Construction of five miles of road and three bridges was necessary to reach it, and a crew of carpenters has been busy erecting a twenty-room ranch house and other sets for the picture.

Jennifer is delighted at the idea of living on the desert. Everything new excites her. She's taking the children, and plans to have them learn to ride while they're there. Robert, Jr., and Michael, small replicas of their father, Robert Walker, can hardly wait. After all, real Westerners ride as soon as they can sit up, and the boys are three and four years old.

Their mother is like another child when she's with them, entering into their games, taking everything they suggest. Jennifer was hurt. "Have you always felt that way?" she asked, tears starting in her velvety eyes.

"Darling, of course I have! I love the kids—you know—but you and I have business together. We can't get anything done when Bobby is hammering over here and Michael is pounding over there, and both of them arerelling about things don't always turn out as she plans. In great agitation, the other morning, she called up a studio friend: 'Michael was naughty last night. He simply wouldn't eat his supper, and it was the right supper for him, all the books say so. Well, he wouldn't touch it, so I made him go to bed. And this morning he has a COLD!'"

Those who have had dinner at Jennifer's when the maids were absent insist that the star can set out a delectable meal, but Jennifer asserts that she positively can't cook. "I can't cook because I don't like to," she said, honestly. "You have to enjoy doing a thing before you're any good at it. But if ever I have a little girl, she'll be taught everything about a house, including how to put meals together. When you're a child you're instinctive; but next day in the midst of a conversation she suddenly said: 'I know what you mean about us. When both the boys and I are in one room it does sound like a great many people.'"

She tries hard to be a good mother, to bring up her boys with proper discipline, but things don't always turn out as she plans. In great agitation, the other morning, she called up a studio friend: 'Michael was naughty last night. He simply wouldn't eat his supper, and it was the right supper for him, all the books say so. Well, he wouldn't touch it, so I made him go to bed. And this morning he has a COLD!'"

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know how it should be done, nobody else ever does it to please you!

When Mrs. Walter Lippman thanked her for her services while she was in Washington, Jennifer looked at her, wide-eyed. "Why I haven't done much!" she replied. "When I joined the nurse's aides, I told them I couldn't keep regular hours, on account of pictures, but I'd serve as often as I could. I sometimes managed to be there three times a week, but not every week. Yes, I've gone on tours and visited hospitals, but that isn't work. The real grind is being on duty day in, day out. My part was fun."

Since she took the early shift at the hospital, most of her duties consisted in giving baths to patients. The first time she was on her own, she was assigned to bathe an old soldier. Her hands shook; she chewed her lip while she endeavored to roll him over so that a clean sheet could be inserted beneath him; she handled the patient as if she thought he'd break.

"Hey," he said at length, "you're new at this, ain't you?"

Jennifer swallowed. "Y-yes, I'm new," she admitted, "but I can do it!"

She meant it when she called her tours fun. In Washington, dressed in her nurse's aide uniform, she visited hospital after hospital, talking to the sick and wounded. When she first entered a ward, the men didn't know she was more than a pretty young aide, and they usually talked unself-consciously with her for some time before the rumor got around that she was a picture star. By that time, they felt they knew her. She didn't try to entertain, as she neither sings nor dances professionally.

A very special social date had been arranged with a prominent Capital hostess one night, and her companion reminded her at five p.m. that she must break away and get dressed for the affair. "Can't we just skip the dinner?" she asked. "This is really important!"

Her approach to life is the young approach. She enjoyed those tours because they were new adventures, no
Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound is effective for functional periodic disturbances, try when due to this cause. It relieves nervous, blue feelings of such days—and also relieves tired, cranky, those dreary trains—those ghastly hours—that awful food—" "Why, it was lovely!" said the surprised Jennifer. Here’s another patch of truth about Jennifer Jones. She “wants to know” now that she’s taking piano lessons again, her interest in music has been awakened. She reads the life of the composer while she listens to his music, trying to understand the man so she can understand what he’s trying to express.

Right now she “wants to know” all about Indian half-breedsw, how they feel and think.

Her home town is proud of her success. "Where," writes her mother, almost weekly, "is that autographed picture for the man at the drugstore? —or the man who used to sell you books?—or your Latin teacher?" Or whoever it is.

To Jennifer, autographing pictures is hard work, because she likes to say just the right thing to each person; sometimes it takes her hours to think of a phrase. She went to Henry Kaiser’s shipyards to attend a ship-lauching not long ago. The shipbuilders sang a song composed for the occasion, called "Smooth Sailing." Jennifer thought it inspiring. When she went back to the studio to select and autograph pictures for the men at the yards, she was days worrying over the best thing to write.

"Good luck—Best always—oh no, Smooth Sailing, how’s that? Or do you think Good luck, God Bless—that’s what my best friend says!" She toiled over them for the better part of a week.

"I had my fortune told once," she observed, twisting a curl around her finger in her favorite manner. "The woman said: 'You'll never be a deep thinker, but you'll live a charmed life.'" She didn’t think she had a charmed life when she was yearning to play Claudia on the screen, and not getting anywhere. She got a test when David Selznick signed her to a contract, but she knew his office didn’t think she was good enough for the role. Rose Franken, as was her custom, invited Jennifer down to her farm for a weekend to coach her for the test. To Rose, Claudia was a blonde, so she suggested that Jennifer lighten her hair.

“Oh no, I couldn’t!” cried Jennifer. "Well, then, let’s cut it. Claudia has short hair."

"Oh no, no! I don’t want it cut. I can’t part with it!" She hugged her head. At the time, she wore her hair something like Lauren Bacall’s, fairly straight with just a soft natural curl, the mass falling over her back and shoulders. Miss Franken insisted, and Jennifer sat before the mirror weeping while they chopped off just a little of her crowning glory and dressed it so that it looked short. She hated it so much that she didn’t care whether she played Claudia or not. That who cares feeling helped her through the test, for though she went home and told Bob that she was terrible, simply terrible, and wasn’t going to see the test, he attended the showing and said: "You’re wonderful!" The test is now said to be so good that it’s shown to screen students as an example.

Jennifer curled up like a kitten on her dressing room couch, still twisting that tortured curl. "I don’t know if I believe in Fate," she pondered. "I haven’t thought deeply enough to know. But I think I must believe in Luck in this town, for directors tell me there’s a frightening lot of talent walking the boulevards now which no one will ever see. Only those who get breaks succeed.... So it must be Luck with me!"

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Editor’s note: Verses at the beginning of this article from “The Lady’s Reward” in THE PORTABLE DOROTHY PARKER. Reprinted by permission of the Viking Press, Inc., New York.

Kay Williams, Leo the Lip Durocher (there are marriage rumors for this pair) dining with Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones (Irene Hervey, remember?) at the Stork in New York.
from scene stealer to scene stealer. A star-discourser of note, Mrs. Hawks was frightened into 'discoverers' Hoagy's playing the part of Actor, playing the part of Hoagy's character. He's been a successful attorney and a noted lawyer. Whenever a gardener comes to work on the garden, he decides to go out and get into the gardener's way. He goes fully equipped, heavy gloves, clippers, shears, and everything.

This day, he wanted to get some sun, so besides the clippers, shears, and gloves, all he wore was a brief pair of shorts and some sandals. He is an enthusiastic amateur gardener, and for a couple of hours he'd been throwing himself heart and soul into the mud around the Carmichael roses. Dejected over the apparent lack of cooperation on the part of the plants to produce blooms, Hoagy came wandering into the house plaintively bellowing for Ruth and brandishing his shears.

Mrs. Hawks took a look, decided perhaps that her visit definitely needed curtailing. Offering Ruth her sympathies, she left hurriedly. But Hoagy had not gone, and his looks and manner had made a strong impression on her. Later, when Mr. Hawks was futilely searching for an actor for the coveted part of Cricket the dissolute piano player in To HAHN, Mrs. H. suggested Hoagy. He could play the piano, she knew, and he could sing—and, she added, he looked the part. Mr. Hawks agreed.

They called Hoagy, only to find he had left for New York on business. A telephone call brought him back for the test, and a contract. Hoagy had made a previous taste of things cinematic in "Topper," when he appeared as a guy who has the happy faculty of throwing himself wholeheartedly into whatever he's doing—whether it's writing a hit song, arguing a law case, acting, or gardening.

As Cricket he was in there pitching opposite some terrific competition in the form of Bogart and Lauren Bacall. Hollywood critics fell out applauding his remarkable combination of filmation and complete naturalness. So Cricket was only the beginning. Once the preview raves were out, the rush was on. One role was enough to convince the guy, and the Case of Doe v. Doe, Incompatibility, got lost in the shuffle. He went north when the Florida bubble burst, playing in dance halls for awhile, then returning to Indianapolis to give law another whirl.

On a trip home to Bloomington, he wrote a new jazz piece, "To HAHN." He was offered a spot with a music publishing company when he graduated, but he was determined to hang on the shingle and get to work breaking wills and marriages. He went south to Miami, Florida, which was then strictly boom town stuff, and did a booming business in courtrooms.

That man Hoagy was born in Bloomington, Indiana, into a home where music was a strong influence. His mother was an excellent pianist and Hoagy played by ear from the first. His father was a prosperous attorney, a business man (he has his own song publishing company), a pianist, and an orchestra leader.

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His first song was published in 1924, "Riverboat Shuffle." He wrote two others soon after, "Boneyard Shuffle" and "Washboard Blues." "Washboard" introduced him to Paul Whiteman, and a close enduring friendship developed. He was offered a spot with a music publishing company when he graduated, but he was determined to hang on the shingle and get to work breaking wills and marriages. He went south to Miami, Florida, which was then strictly boom town stuff, and did a booming business in courtrooms.

But that old rhythm chair had him. He started writing tunes again, began playing a new dance band which turned out to be a paying proposition, source of expense money. He played hot piano with the miraculous gang of hepcats of that time, the Miff Mole, Frankie Trumbauer, the Dorsey and the DeMarcus brothers, and the immortal Bix Biderbecke, a close pal of Hoagy's.

His whole life has been characterized by that sort of tenacity of purpose which brings him success in anything he tries. Not only is he one of the top song writers, but he was for a time a successful attorney, a business man (he has his own song publishing company), a pianist, and an orchestra leader.

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sost Mitchell Parrish to supply lyrics to replace Hoagy's not-too-good ones. For three years the tune got nowhere. Then after musician friends plugged it, and Isham Jones recorded it, it began to catch on.

Hoagy had been working for $12 a week in the Chase National Bank, and for the Strauss Investment Co, which failed, impressing on Hoagy the vagaries of the business world. If life and income were to be uncertain, they might as well be uncertain while you were doing what you wanted to do. The coincidental rise to popularity of "Stardust" with the accompanying royalty checks, was the final point in deciding Hoagy in favor of a composing career.


His own favorite, he believes, is "Little Old Lady." The song he thought should have been a much bigger hit than it was, is "One Morning In May," which was not too well-received.

On a trip to New York, Hoagy doted on a former Italian girlfriend and she brought her kid sister along for the ride. The sister was a model, Ruth Meinardi. The ride continued, but with Ruth and Hoagy alone. They were married in 1936, have two sons, Hoagy Bix (after Bix Biederbecke) and Randy Bob. They live in a lovely rambling home in Beverly Hills.

Among Hoagy's most cherished possessions are a group of small china figurines representing various old-fashioned musicians, which Ruth gave him for a present. Too, he prizes his record collection in which there are many priceless collectors' items, including a first pressing of "Stardust," which was recorded through hoops with Hoagy singing his original lyrics. He has every Bix Biederbecke recording over made.

His Sunday night radio program, "Open House At Hoagy's," is enjoying gratifying popularity. Hoagy sings, reads lines, and discusses his music and his screen roles. In his spare time he is revising a 75,000-word manuscript, "Jazz Band," a book which he has written about his old jazz cronies. He has a keen sense of humor, is witty, restless, and nervous. He has insomnia. His main extravagance is the store. (There is probably some connection.)

Hoagy confounds experts who maintain experience is the sole basis for fine acting. Perhaps the reason is that he is the character instead of acting it.

THE END

GOING, GOING, GONE—WITH TOP HAT:
Alexander Kirkland, Broadway star and recently divorced husband of Gypsy Rose Lee, returned to Hollywood to direct a film of old-world furniture. This announcement was carried in all metropolitan daily Los Angeles papers, of course, and one writing was suggested that the auctioneer placard the beds: "Gypsy Rose Lee Slept Here."

PHOTO: Luella Bates

"Solly—can't you be sensitive about CRAMPS?"

"Each month you take pills so strong they almost knock you out ... or so weak they don't do any good. I wish you'd try Chi-Ches-Ters." Chi-Ches-Ters do more than merely deaden simple menstrual pain. One ingredient tends to help relax muscular tension usually associated with periodic pain. An added iron factor tends to help build up your blood. You usually get best results if you begin taking Chi-Ches-Ters three days before your period. Get a 50¢ box from your druggist today!

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THE CLOCK (M.G.M.) is a fine showcase for “the return of Private Hargrove” —namely Bob Walker —and with Judy Garland as the girlfriend he makes a fine job of being a boxer. He’s been lost from somewhere in the Mid-West, arriving in The Big City for the first time and blinking his eyes at all the tall buildings. It presents an appealing situation, what with the rehearsals in New York on a last 48-hour leave, about to be shipped overseas, and meeting the girl he wants to marry. The trouble is, this pit is as much the most fundamental rule for what makes a good story —being only a situation.

Search as you will, through all the series of overdrawn incidents, and you won’t find what classification as a plot. Perhaps none was intended. Perhaps the purpose was no more than to portray a tender snatch of life from everyday living; but even granting that to be the case, it is overextended. It’s also sentimental, it’s also more-than-some-times-monotonous.

With all due appreciation of the script problem which confronted Director Vincente Minnelli, we say Preston Sturges could have handled the assignment far better; for he’d have improved it by taking a heavy line by compromising naturalism with the high farce of sharp satire ... which might have helped.

IT HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD (Warner Bros.), with Andrea King, Warren Douglas, Charles Drake, John Qualen, William Forrest and Arthur Hohl, is a special featurette based upon the famous Springfield plan.

And what’s that? In Springfield, Mass., there’s a special organized fight for racial tolerance. Children are actually taught to live American democracy, at the Charles Brooking School in Springfield. There’s a dead education in democratic principles, too.

A 20-minute short which will start you thinking, and keep you thinking for a long time afterward!

THOSE ENDURING YOUNG CHARMS (RKO-Radio), is a smart, modern romantic comedy based on the 1944 Broadway hit of the same name. Robert Young is the Air Corps Lt., described as “a smoothie,” who attempts to steal a girl (Laraine Day) away from a youth (Robert Lowery), who’s madly in love with the girl he wants to marry. The trouble is, the girl is torn between loyalty to her royalist brother (George Macready) and her love for the barber. A mild mannered young man (Donna Reed) is always here to be her hero. If you like duels, plumed hats and romance—this one is for you!

THE BULLFIGHTER (20th Century-Fox), returns Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy to the screen, in what threatens to be a quick and final finish for poor Stanley—because enough like a certain Spanish matador to be his double, and that’s the role he’s forced to play.

Stan agrees to being a stand-in for the real matador, having been assured that he’ll never have to go into the ring—the real matador has been delayed in arriving as expected; they tell him; but don’t worry, old boy, he’ll be here in time.

The great day comes, however, and the matador doesn’t—not until it’s almost too late.

SUDAN (Universal) was originally titled “Queen of the Nile,” and we wish some day we could give us one of three good reasons for the switch!

‘Tis about a King’s daughter (María Montez) who vows to avenge her father’s mysterious death, gets herself captured by slaves (all according to the betrayal plot laid by the bad men at court), and rescued ... first, by a couple of friendly thieves (Joh Hall and Andy Devine); later, by Herua (Turhan Bey), legendary leader of a daring band of escaped slaves. And a lot more romantic, colorful nonsense which apparently presupposes that escape-seeking audiences are naive and uncrirical—which they’ll have to be, if they go for this one!

La Montez, however, gives her all —and is always beautiful. She rides a horse, she dances, she jumps around like a female Douglas Fairbanks. Don’t ask for anything more, and you’ll be disappointed.

HOTEL BERLIN (Warner Bros.), based on the Vicki Baum novel, is a story of the Underground at work in Nazi Berlin. If for no other reason—don’t be fooled by that timely setting of the theme—the picture is important and worth seeing, for introducing Andrea King, with Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey, Faye Emerson.

NEW PICTURE GUIDE  (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

COLONEL EFFINGHAM’S RAID (20th Century-Fox)—Charles Coburn is the colonel and his “raid” is more civic-interest political than the title of the picture implies—but executed in a style and spirit that’s “funily ridiculion,” becoming of an officer who, though retired from active duty, will always have the spirit and polish of the service in his blood.

William Eythe is the colonel’s second cousin, a bright young reporter on The Leader; Joan Bennett is the society editor of the same paper—In Fredericksburg, Georgia, where all this takes place.

THE FIGHTING GUARDSMAN (Columbia) is a costume piece based on an Alexandre Dumas novel. Willard Parker is the young nobleman who joins forces with the peasants against the tyranny of Louis XVI (Lloyd Corrigan). His lovely lady (Anita Louise) is torn between loyalty to her royalist brother (George Macready) and her affection for the rebel Parker. A mild mannered young man (Donna Reed) is always here to be her hero. If you like duels, plumed hats and romance—this one is for you!

IT HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD (Warner Bros.), with Andrea King, Warren Douglas, Charles Drake, John Qualen, William Forrest and Arthur Hohl, is a special featurette based upon the famous Springfield plan.

And what’s that? In Springfield, Mass., there’s a special organized fight for racial tolerance. Children are actually taught to live American democracy, at the Charles Brooking School in Springfield. There’s a dead education in democratic principles, too.

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Peter Lorre, Alan Hale, George Coulouris and Henry Daniell (members of the usual Warner Club, we'll call them) are playing "bad in common" so many previous pictures by assorted titles.

It's too easy, portraying all that's wrong with Germany and what should be done about it, just by collecting all the representative types under one Nazi roof. But Vicki Baum was evidently encouraged, by the success of "Grand Hotel," and devised a good formula, so why try a new one?

BELLS OF ROSARITA (Republic) If cowboys get you to the movies—this one will. They've all been rounded up in one fell swoop—Wild Bill Elliott, Allen Lane, Donald Barry, Robert Livingston, Sunset Carson—with Roy Rogers, the reigning King of 'em all, atop "what a horse!" Trigger.

The receipt for a ranch owned by Sue Farnum (Dale Evans) and held by William Ripley (Grant Withers) gives all the boys a chance to strut their stuff in an effort to prove that she's the rightful owner. George "Gabby" Hayes and Adele Mara make for the fun and fill out a fine cast for a Western.

HONEYMOON AHEAD (Universal) marks the return to the screen of Allan Jones. It's a slight story of cops and robbers chasing Orpheus' name. The cops want him for a suspected bank robbery, which was really committed by one of his former cell mates in a ruse to get him back to prison so he can sing for the Blackmore Prison choir. Grace McDonald teams up with the singing sinner for the final kiss; and Jack Oberman (Kuchuk, the devil who commits the robbery in Orpheus' name.

BOSTON BLACKIE BOOKED ON SUSPICION (Columbia)—Chester Morris, in his efforts to uncover the mystery of the counterfeit rare edition owned by his book dealer friend (Lloyd Corrigan), gets tagged for the deed.

"Colonel" Ambrose Morgan (Alan Mowbray of the raised eyebrows), as the uncle of Carol Lambert (Ruth Terry), is a cigarette-puffing "Colonel" who harrasses the owner of the hotel (Isabel Randolph) into taking a shine to him and getting his niece a singing spot with the hotel orchestra. The leader of the band is unsuspecting Robert Livingston. And just as it was in the scriptbandleader gets singer and Mowbray gets a lady. However, the Lovelace (Franklin Pangborn) is a crooked gambler who gets sent up the river for being caught.

If You Can Read English

If cowboys get you to the movies—this one will. They've all been rounded up in one fell swoop—Wild Bill Elliott, Allen Lane, Donald Barry, Robert Livingston, Sunset Carson—with Roy Rogers, the reigning King of 'em all, atop "what a horse!" Trigger.

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YOUR PROBLEM AND MINE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 561)
to give her another chance. I sincerely hope you are able to work this out, for I liked the tone of your letter so much, and am sending you all my best wishes for a happy outcome.

JANE WYMAN

Dear Jane:

My problem is that I have to get along with my in-laws. My husband has been overseas for fifteen months, and every time I visit his parents, they start nagging me, until I have begun to hate them. My husband is an only son, and his mother is jealous of him. He is mine now and I feel I should be treated as his wife. They buy me nice things but there is something more than that that I want—it is for them to let us live our own life.

They live in a small town not far from here and come after me every week-end. I go because my husband wanted me to be with them whenever possible. Do you think I should let things ride as they are until he comes back?

Denise

Dear Denise:

You are afraid, from the tone of your letter, that the jealousy is not entirely confined to your in-laws. There seems to be quite a bit of it in you too. Am I right?

So long as your husband has asked you to be nice to his parents, I think you should try to overlook any unpleasantness for the time being, and do as he has asked you to do. You know, he is a lot of things that he doesn’t particularly like either.

Try to see his parents’ point-of-view, be grateful for the gifts they give you, and let the desire to live your own life wait until your husband returns—for then there will be the two of you to work that problem out successfully. If you determine to be sweet and courteous on your week-end visits, I am sure it will call forth similar treatment of you by his parents.

Jane Wyman

Dear Kay:

I am coming to you with a very difficult problem. The boy whom I loved so dearly has been reported missing in action since then I have been corresponding with a boy in the Navy, with whom I have had only one date, and he has asked me to marry him when he comes home.

But somehow I feel as if the boy who was reported killed will turn up some day. What do you think I should do?

Kay

Dear Kay:

I certainly do not think you should promise the boy in the Navy that you will marry him upon his return, for it is apparent that you do not love him at the present time. Why don’t you write him that you want to continue being friends, but feel you should know him better before making such an important decision?

I am sorry about the boy whom you lost, and understand your feelings. It will take you some time to get adjusted to the situation, but I do not think you should shut yourself away from your friends and activities. Life must go on, you know, and you cannot refuse to face actuality by hiding from it. You are young, with a good life before you, so make the best of it.

Good luck.

Jane Wyman

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HERE IS YOUR ERNIE PYLE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

to be clean and neat. He's always trying to shave, always trying to clean his nails with some little gadget.

"John Steinbeck, who's up in northern California, saw Ernie just before he took off for the South Pacific, and John wrote me 'Poor Ernie's lost again. He has a beard by the tail and he can't let go, though it's cufing him to death.' That's a perfect description of Pyle's attitude. He hates his job, but he can't quit till it's over.

"Incidentally, it was Steinbeck who paid Ernie a great compliment when he said, 'There are two kinds of war—going on—the great ideological, global war we all know about; and then there's another war. There's Ernie Pyle's war.'

"They say Ernie worries about his health, whereas he worries about his health probably less than anybody in the world. Although he admits he has the darnedest health, I never saw him taking a pill.

"When he came to Hollywood and would visit us at our house, the first thing I'd do was put him to bed for an hour to rest, so I could talk to him. He'd alight, but I'd make him lie down anyway. Paulette would throw a cover over him, and he'd say, 'Well, all right, but call me in ten minutes.' We'd just nurse him a little. He'd sleep about an hour and then get up and say, kind of sheepishly, 'Guess I must have dropped off!' Ernie adores Paulette. They were always having a lot of fun, kidding around all the time."

As far as appearance goes, you might not have picked Meredith and Pyle as "lookalikes" by far. But by the time the make-up department got through with Meredith, the resemblance was uncanny. They shaved the top of his head to give him that familiar bald look, pasted a little fringe of white hair around the edge, and when a pipe and portable type-writer had been added, there was nothing to tell the one style—or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Meredithe used to be famous for what people called "that crumpled look," which the Army has taken out of him. But he understands that careless-about-details way of wearing clothes which is characteristic of Pyle. He has that same informal, amiable manner, and even the quality of his voice is similar.

"The Story of G. I. Joe" is the first picture of this war about the foot soldier. Practically every other branch of the service has been in the screen, and this one fulfills General Eisenhower's request for "just a bit of glory for the infantry."

During the shooting of the picture, Ernie Pyle spent considerable time in Hollywood, often visiting the set, where he renewed acquaintance with many actors and soldiers he had known before.

Another welcome visitor to the set was Paulette Goddard. She always called her husband "Curly" on the set, and just to help along with the ribbing, the gang would make a point of calling Captain Meredith "Mr. Goddard" while she was around.

Friends who go out with these two
can always count on a gay evening. They're constantly kidding each other, always belittling, sometimes flirting. Yet there's such a strong undercurrent of good feeling and appreciation for each other's intelligence that the kidding never gets into bickering, as it so easily can with less generous people. You're always conscious of their deep comradeship beneath the surface of amusing banter. Each has a rare capacity for enjoying as well as creating humor, which is why they have so much fun together.

They first met four years ago, when both were in "Second Chorus" with Fred Astaire, and have been good friends ever since.

"I never could see why people were so surprised when we were married," says Meredith. "We had been friends for years. She even managed my farm back east for me while I was away. You have to be pretty good friends to do anything like that for somebody."

Mention of that farm naturally brought up the question of how seriously Meredith takes his farming. He has a slow, drawling way of leading up to a point, then suddenly springing some hilariously funny remark that makes you feel as though you had been tripped and thrown right on your face—but you love it.

"I like to farm," he explained soberly. "Yes, I work at it when I'm there. I raised some peas once that cost slightly less than fifty cents a pod! It was like eating refined gold."

"How about Miss Goddard?"

"Oh, she likes to farm," he said, with a wink and slow grimace. "Yes, she does." Then dropping the sarcasm, "Let me tell you, she's a worse farmer than I am, and you can say that I said it, too! Waldo Peirce, our neighbor back there, asked Paulette once, 'When are you coming back to stroke a colt?' That's all the farming she did."

The Merediths are fond of taking long strolls along the beach near their Santa Monica home. At least, Paulette is. Meredith says it's her idea, and insists it doesn't make an outdoors man of him. He just goes along for the company, as who wouldn't?

Amusing things are always happening to this pair when they go out. There was, for instance, the day when they went down to the amusement pier at the beach, and took along the five children of William Wellman...
“G. I. Joe”)

(They were all having a grand time, when, suddenly, a shadow recognizing them and said snidely, “Well! When did THIS happen?”)

Happy as their life looks, however, it hasn’t been entirely unclouded. The loss of the few months ago was a bitter disappointment to both Paulette and Meredith. But they’re not the kind of people who indulge in self-pity, no matter what happens, and they don’t forget the many good things of life which they have to be thankful for, including Paulette’s quick recovery of her health, this philosophical people, these Merediths.

When asked if knowing and playing the part of Pyle had influenced him in any way, Meredith said, don’t believe no one can change another basically. People don’t change. As far as playing the part goes, if I’d been influenced by every part I’ve played, I’d have taken an awful beating!

“I don’t believe that people influence you as much as that you seek to be influenced by people. You trend towards what you want to be/"

“...people who always impressed me most are writers. Most of my best friends have been writers. Maxwell Anderson, who wrote four plays, was a great friend of mine; others are John Steinbeck, Harold Ross, editor of the New Yorker, John Patrick, who wrote “The Hasty Harvey” in Broadway. In my early days, before I was known at all, among my best friends were Carl Van Doren, Sam Hoffenstein, Charlie MacArthur, Ben Hecht.

The artists Henry Varnum Poor and Waldo Peirce are also friends of mine. I seek the companionship of people who deal in ideas more than in reproductions. In fact, I think all artists—dancers, musicians, actors, etc—are slightly frustrated writers or creators.

(Sounds like the makings of a good actor, I mean there’s nothing wrong with it, but)

“I believe that an actor ought to try not to spend too much time with actors. Not that actors aren’t as good company as anybody else, but because you’re likely to become too self-conscious with actors.

“To illustrate what I mean—there was once a wise man, and to him a young person came and said, ‘I want to become an actor’. And the wise man said, ‘It’s a good idea, but you’re likely to become too self-conscious with actors.

“I don’t believe that people influence you as much as that you seek to be influenced by people. You trend towards what you want to be."

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to be an actor.' 'Oh, no! Never be that, my son. For you will never laugh but you will say, I am laughing. And you will never cry but you will say, I am crying.' "

Meredith delivers these opinions apparently in deafest, and still you somehow wait for that characteristic flourish with the humorous twist—but it doesn't come. He loves nothing better than gab sessions, and frequently gets off classic remarks that make history—like the time when he defined "oomph" as the fourth dimension in sex!

One of his favorite subjects is that nobody should take acting too seriously or stay at it too long. Hollywood's never been too sure whether he's serious, kidding in earnest, or just kidding.

Putting two and two together, from his recent talk, you don't have to be Mr. and Mrs. North to figure out that he wants to be a writer—that is, unless he's kidding. But if you ask him point blank whether that's his aim, he gives you that quizzical grin and says with a slightly mysterious air, "Well I have plans, when the war's over. But I don't like to talk about things as I've done; then I'll tell you this much, though—I don't intend to be an actor forever."

One thing is certain, if Burgess Meredith ever does decide to become a writer, he will not make a loss for something to write about, for he has a wealth of experience, education, and ideas. He crammed more variety into the three years between 1927, when he left Amherst, and 1930, when he was admitted to Eva le Gallienne's Student Repertory Group, than most people get in a lifetime. His jobs have included newspaper writing for newspapers, working in a haberdashery shop, selling vacuum cleaners, acting as a runner on Wall Street, serving in the complaint department of Saks Fifth Avenue, and finally shipping to South America as an ordinary seaman—"I don't mention only the most spectacular."

Throughout his school years, he developed his talents for writing and acting. He took part in school dramatic productions, and also edited his school paper for one year.

In February, 1924, at the age of fifteen, he won the David Brooks Anglo-American Prize Essay Cup for an essay entitled: "The Benefit to Christian Civilization from a Complete Understanding and Friendly Relationship Between the United States of America and the British Empire," which was printed in pamphlet form and distributed to students in English schools. Sounds like a little opus—one thing is certain, if Burgess Meredith ever does decide to become a writer, he will not make a loss for something to write about, for he has a wealth of experience, education, and ideas.

One thing is certain, if Burgess Meredith ever does decide to become a writer, he will not make a loss for something to write about, for he has a wealth of experience, education, and ideas.
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At the party Lee and Helene weren't aware other guests were even there. They just sat and stared at each other. Finally he asked her if she'd marry him when she got back from forgetting him in Honolulu. That didn't seem to make sense. So he said, "What about marrying me tomorrow?" Then, a little later, "What about right now?"

Not wanting to break up the party, they threw their coats out the window and then casually eloped out the door after them. In a pouring rain, they headed for Tia Juana—only to find that there was a three-day marriage law there. But some little Mexican boy told them he had an uncle who was mayor of a nearby Mexican village. "My uncle will marry you, Senor," he said confidently.

Cold, wet, and disappointed, they drove on and were married by the uncle at about 4:30 that morning. The entire ceremony was in Spanish, and Helene says she kept saying "Si...Si" in all the wrong places. She still doesn't know what she promised Lee she'd do, but there wasn't a "No" in the lot.

And whatever it was, it's worked out plenty okay. Their marriage is indeed—oh, most definitely—a heartening picture of happy love life, founded on a warm mutual respect, consideration and a sense of humor.

They live just two blocks from the Pacific—in Santa Monica—in an old-fashioned dark brown shingle house with gables, an old weather vane on top, a bright cheery red front door. It was decidedly a dismal-looking place, when they bought it. Wall paper hanging down in gobby masses; orange floors, and all done inside in sickly light colors that matched the cold fog which sweeps in from the ocean in the afternoons. But Lee loves to work around the house, and Helene is an expert interior decorator; so they plunged into the old place and came up with a warm, charming home that looks a lot like Lee's old home in Cincinnati.

Before they were married, Helene liked very old things and Lee the very new. Everything about him was streamlined, modernistic furnishings, man-about-townish. The Chromium Kid. But now he shares his wife's love of antiques and usually goes her a mile for miles.

If you cling that brass knocker now you'll walk into a charming, colorful home that shows it sees a heap o' livin'. Rooms done in warm green woodwork with green or red print wallpaper, a green divan, and white curtains tied back by red ribbons. A cabinet which holds a rare collection of Delft china. Candles everywhere. Old kerosene lamps on the dining room table. An old English leather hatbox with Helene's knitting needles sticking out and yarns of all colors peeking out. An old spinning wheel that Lee's mother gave them. A backgammon board with two chairs pushed back at just the right angle looking as if the owners might slide in and start rolling just any time.

In addition to the regular members of the Bowman family, the household consists of "Mac," the baby's nurse, Herbert, their cook, and Chesapeake, Hervey Carmichael, a good friend of theirs, thought it would be nice to have a going-away party for Helene and invite Lee just so they'd be together one last time.

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the cat—one of an original eleven.

Baby "Beau," a chubby little fellow with big brown eyes and blond curls, will soon be the cause behind Lee's giving improved performance, when comes the day he casually takes Beau into Beverly Hills to his own barber, Maury, to have those curls cut. They keep putting it off, though, because Beau insists on picking up like Little Lord Fauntleroy; they both tell each other. Then, "Well ... maybe just a little longer."

Living with Lee must be fun. As his wife, she is the most entertaining person in the world. He's a terrific raconteur and tells the most amusing stories you've ever heard."

He likes to talk about clothes they both wear. Likes tweeds and wide belts for himself, and approves of extreme things for Helene. Dark nail polish, black gowns cut distinction (particularly with fancy ankle-strap deals), turbans and extreme hats.

The Bowmans have taken up golf with the same passion they have for tennis, though they're both still slightly bad.

Every Sunday they have a standing golf date with Mr. and Mrs. La Motte Cohu. Mr. Cohu's favorite is a "Black Widow" plant, following which they go to one home or the other and take pot luck together. And until this day Mr. Cohu doesn't know that he's the father of a girl. It's a shock. She's a beautiful, highly polished White Plakatka that can't win. Now, the girl's gold, silver and royal blue, with firm safety catch. Your choice of the following: twenty feet of soft goods. The new苗 by-wire service, Also available: GOLG STAKTEmblems, inscribed "Son killed in action" and "Husband killed in action" or other words due to war conditions. Order today for your boy. Only 3 for $1.00, or 2 for $1.50. Free—no obligation.

We send the man, "let's see ... I guess you can go into the parts office. You can go over there now and start to work, if you like.

So Bowman rolled up his sleeves, took out a trowel and started, as he puts it, "hanging things out." He signed up for a four-hour Victory shift, and his role of handerouter takes priority over any other he plays now. He's on regular call.

Working in the garden is something to him. He puts it, "handing out things." Take off his tweed coat and started, as he put it, "hanging things out." He signed up for a four-hour Victory shift, and his role of handerouter takes priority over any other he plays now. He's on regular call.

Working in the garden is something to him. He puts it, "handing out things." Take off his tweed coat and started, as he put it, "hanging things out." He signed up for a four-hour Victory shift, and his role of handerouter takes priority over any other he plays now. He's on regular call.

But Lee's homework lately has been centered around his painting. Remember that family garage he said was painting? Nobody, including Lee, remarks the particular subject—what with oleanaders, the blue Pacific, and majestically swaying palm trees at his very door.

But Lee was optimistic. "You see," he added, "I could paint it. He could paint anything till he laid an egg in it."

Well, the picture's finished. And the oft-delayed egg has been laid. What with evenings, he bows to his wife and admits it. Like I was saying ... he's a mighty gallant gent.

The End

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didn't need to know that person. In other words, I had my philosophy, my way of thinking of doing, and I thought it was the only way. It worked for me, so I didn't see why I should ever attempt to look at the world from another's standpoint."

At a very early age, you see, Laraine was forcibly taught that she was somehow not the same as other people. It was a difference which stemmed principally from her religion.

Laraine is a Mormon. To be a Mormon, in Utah, is nothing new. But to be a Mormon in Long Beach, or in Hollywood, is to be marked as "different." It sets you apart, though no one has yet given a good reason why.

When Laraine was in the sixth grade, she heard the mother of a...
pened, to be sure, had Laraine stayed in or around Salt Lake. But she didn’t want to be free, she began, as a child, to be self-sufficient, to live within herself, in her own way, according to her own rules. And when she was an adult the habit was so strong, so well-developed that she never considered living any other way.

When she was first at MGM, her best friend told me, Laraine made a practice of going alone and then walking to her dressing room, closing the door and reading until she was called again. When she didn’t have a date on a Saturday night, she stayed home. She wanted to go out with her kind of people, not just anyone, and her kind of people were hard to find. When she was on set, it was usually doing scenes or on breaks; she wasn’t doing them up to her standards. If he didn’t fit, bingo—into the discard.

Then she met Ray Hendricks. He was her kind, and yet he wasn’t. He was a mischief, for one thing, accustomed to being with people who fell into one of two classes: the music-makers, or the music-appreciators. In either case, not what you could call the right kind of people, but proof of the sameness acquired by people for no other reason than that they have something in common.

Ray was also accustomed to going to dives and listening endlessly to some character make with a piano or a clarinet. But he was successful, too, in his own way, he was as self-sufficient as Laraine. He didn’t need her; he didn’t think it was a favor when she said she would go out with him.

But Laraine wanted to go out with him. And that marked the beginning of the change. Instead of wanting everyone to give in to her, she began giving in to everyone. And this is the way she tells it:

“I really didn’t like people, up to then. They had to live by the pattern I set. But with Ray I began meeting a lot of—well, characters. They were his friends and I found I wanted them to be mine. It wasn’t always doing what I wanted, either; sometimes it meant what he wanted—to sit in a jive joint and listen to Coleman Hawkins, for instance; to hear hot music by the hour, hour after hour.

“I found I liked it. I liked the music, the people, and Ray. I decided maybe I’d been missing a great deal. I’d had the feeling of being in a little world by myself, everything was remote from me. Then I crossed over into Ray’s world, the real world, let a little air in, and I knew that I’d been wrong then, and for longer than I cared to admit.”

Cary Grant, too, was a contributor to this breaking down of the Day defenses. For Cary was the same off-screen as on-screen, a typical American, a sort of guy. Working with him (in “Mr. Lucky”), it was impossible for Laraine to sit in her dressing room, with the door and shut between us. Because Cary played scenes on the set. He sang and pounded an upright piano and pulled gags on people. He wouldn’t let anyone be stand-offish, either. He always did scenes with, and for the first time—Laraine became one of the gang.

She liked it; it was fun. And since then, pictures are her more than business; they’re a delight, a duty....
ness full of nice joes. Now, no matter what lot she's on, she is part of the crew.

"Mr. Lucky" was important to her for another reason, too. Given a chance to wear clothes, she made good all that Marty Martyn publicity had claimed with it. And a few years ago, DeMille had been one to say that she would never amount to anything. He ate his words to the tune of a large check on Wednesday. All of this had an effect on Laraine.

"Assurance comes to anyone who really gets a break," she says. "I never was shy, but I never let people get near me. They think I honestly wanted to be near me, to come to my house, to talk to me. And when the studios—who had seemed to want me least of all—started begging Marty to have me sign picture contracts, it couldn't help making me happy. Even though I was a Mormon!" she giggled.

"They thought I had something!"

Laraine Day is serious about her religion; she has the faith and devotion, an intelligent faith. And in many things, Mormonism, she points out, is more liberal than many of the other creeds. For instance, Laraine herself got her first training in Little Theater sponsored by the church.

And anyway, she has a right to believe what she believes. And as I see it, religion is a great faith, a thing to be allowed to figure one way or another in a star's publicity.

But it has ceased to matter, really where Laraine is concerned. Because Day is on just good! And she's one of the happiest, grandest gals you'll ever know—with a charming little house, a charming little husband, and a charming Mrs. M. Morgantha to beam brightly at all comers. She has changed her attitude towards Hollywood, and people in general; and Hollywood has changed its attitude towards her.

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The finest obtainable. In Solid Sterling Silver. The Magnificent Engagement Ring boasts a simulated SOLIDARIA DIAMOND...the size of a diamond. Its very simplicity of design makes its beauty only outstanding. The Wedding Band consists of 7 large brilliant simulated diamonds in a solid sterling silver band. Perfectly designed and tempermental companion to the Engagement Ring. The inspiration for these designs comes from an original set selling for $350.00. We GUARANTEE that these rings are GENUINE STERLING SILVER—not plated silver! Receipt of your picture, print or negative, returned together with your picture.

ART EX CO.

415 Lexington Ave., Dept. W-101, New York 17, N. Y.

Happiness Set $1.98 Each

All simulated diamonds

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ART EX CO.

415 Lexington Ave., Dept. W-101, New York 17, N. Y.
THE NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN SEWING

Edited by SACKSON and FRANCES BLONDIN

Featuring 14 contributors—here from clear instructions for making simple and useful articles to advanced descriptions of the latest garment-making techniques. The encyclopedia is divided into sections covering every aspect of sewing, from basic hand-sewing to more complex machine techniques. It includes instructions for making dresses, shirts, trousers, and other garments, as well as tips for choosing the right fabric and thread. The encyclopedia is a valuable resource for anyone interested in learning more about sewing and garment-making.

SUCCESSFUL WRITING

Edited by Jack Loit

If you have the knack of writing, this book will give you a chance to turn your creative ability to practical use. If you have only average ability and the willingness to work, this book will give you a chance to express yourself in words. It will help you to organize your thoughts and ideas, and to put them in a form that others will understand.

A Practical Guide to

HOW TO DECORATE YOUR OWN HOME

Edited by Margaret and William Martin

This booklet is a summary of the information contained in the book "How to Decorate Your Own Home," and is designed to provide a guide for those who wish to decorate their own homes. The booklet is divided into sections covering different aspects of home decoration, including color schemes, furniture placement, and lighting. It also includes practical tips for selecting and arranging furniture, as well as advice on choosing wallpaper and paint colors.

IT'S FUN TO DRAW!

A Complete Self-Instruction Course & Reference Book With Over 100 "How-to-do" Drawings. For Fuss-Free Sketching.

ONLY $1.00

If You Wear Glasses—
If You'd Like to See Better
GOOD EYES for LIFE
by HENDERSON & ROWELL

Here's amazing: good news for all wearers of glasses and spectacles. A book that shows you how to test your eyes. If you have vision problems, this book is a must. It provides a simple and authoritative guide that shows you how you can test your eyes for accuracy and for sight. It's easy if you have vision problems. It's easy if you follow the advice and ideas given in this book. It's easy if you make up your own mind about how to handle your talk—and
teach yourself to become a good speaker. It's easy if you make up your own mind about how to handle your talk—and
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teach yourself to become a good speaker.

SPECIAL

You Too Can Have A BABY!

by Abner I. Weismann

Only these two books can show you how to be a mother, and how to be a father. Each book contains about 100 pages of practical advice and information, and is written in a clear and concise style. Each book is illustrated with diagrams and illustrations, and is recommended for all parents who wish to learn more about the care and development of their children.

SPECIAL

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE:

If You Send Payment with Order, We Pay All Delivery Charges—If C. O. D., plus few cents.

THE HOME LIKE HOME—

HOUSE-MAKING FOR LADIES AND GIRLS

Edited by Olga Koues

Everything is here—from clear instructions for making simple and useful articles to advanced descriptions of the latest garment-making techniques. The encyclopedia is divided into sections covering every aspect of sewing, from basic hand-sewing to more complex machine techniques. It includes instructions for making dresses, shirts, trousers, and other garments, as well as tips for choosing the right fabric and thread. The encyclopedia is a valuable resource for anyone interested in learning more about sewing and garment-making.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

by DOROTHY DEFFERT

This book is a guide to good manners and social graces, and is designed to help you improve your conversation skills. It includes sections on how to make a good first impression, how to carry on a conversation, and how to avoid Common Errors. The book is written with humor and sympathy. And, because it is written in simple terms, it is easy to understand and use.

IT'S FUN TO BE FIT

An Illustrated Book of Common Sense Exercising by Olga

Just reading this book will make you younger, stronger and better looking. It is filled with practical and effective exercises that are easy to perform while working, resting, playing or traveling. Olga promises that you can-do-it yourself and get immediate results. It includes sections on how to work your body to get maximum results, how to choose the right exercises for your body type, and how to avoid Common Errors. It is written with humor and sympathy. And, because it is written in simple terms, it is easy to understand and use.
I ENJOY
Card tricks—when other people do them.
Surprises—pleasant ones.
Reading...best sellers, history, biographies, autobiographies, mysteries, books about music.
Letters from home, no matter how they are put together.

I WANT
A police dog, a shepherd, just as soon as I have a place to keep him.

I'M PROUD OF
My family. I want them near me and hope to buy a house for them close to Hollywood where they can have some land and a few chickens—they'd never be happy unless they were busy, but...

THE TURNING POINT IN MY LIFE
Was the day I left home. I had a good job—a white-collar job—and my people didn't want me to give it up. I had practically no money. My family advised me earnestly not to go, but I felt I had to take a chance. I've always been thankful that it turned out well, when I could so easily have been wrong.

I'LL NEVER FORGET
The first of August. I call it my anniversary. That was the day I left home and was on my own. It was also the day MGM first showed an interest in me. It was the second of August that we started shooting one of my pictures.

The first Christmas I was away from home. I love Christmas because I get a kick out of giving presents and that year I could afford to send home some really fine gifts.

I NEVER REMEMBER
Fragrances. I remember I say: "That's wonderful—what is it?" I'm likely to be told: "Why, that's the scent you said you liked last week, remember?" And all I can say is: "Oh, yes!"

I LOVE
Food. When it's time to eat, I give it all my attention. I love Christmas because I get a kick out of giving presents and that year, I could afford to send him some really fine gifts.

I WANT TO
Go to China after the war. I like to look at things and dream. An airplane whisks you along so fast, you hardly noticed a thing before sssssss—it's gone. No time to dream. I'd like to go by slow steamer and caravan, just loaf along.

Make pictures in South America, Russia and Alaska, with plenty of time to see the countries, get acquainted with the people and know and enjoy their music.

I BELIEVE
There are two kinds of Luck. One kind is the winning—-jackpot luck, because that's pure chance. The other is the luck that comes because of certain basic dreams. You have held fast to your dream, slaved for it—suddenly it's yours. People say: "You lucky guy, things fall in your lap!" You grin, but you know better.

That "What is mine shall come to me". You can't plan life ahead. Too many things happen to spoil plans. But you can prepare. I knew I wanted to act, but I didn't say: "I'm fishing village in Broom on the screen". When I saw a picture, I'd remember some of the lines—or I got home, I'd try them over, see what I could do with them. I never talked about it, but I kept my ambition in mind.

YET I DOUBT
If you can fight and fight for what you want and always hope to win...FATE has something to do with it...

The End
No Matter What Your Age...

NO NEED NOW TO HAVE

GRAY HAIR

End Gray Hair Handicaps...
Look Years Younger...
Far More Attractive...

Gray hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!"

To end the business and social handicaps of gray hair, all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of the new KOLOR-BAK sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week, to keep your hair looking nice. KOLOR-BAK is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forgot they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it. Decide, today, that you will no longer have gray hair. Get a bottle of the new KOLOR-BAK at your drug or department store without delay.

So Simple, Quick and Easy to Use!

KOLOR-BAK is wonderfully simple and easy to use. No muss; no fuss; no mixing. Takes only a few minutes time while you comb your hair in the regular way. Yes, it's as simple and easy as that, and results must delight you or the makers guarantee your money back.

Makers Guarantee Satisfaction or Money Back
SEE THE POINT!

...KEY TO BETTER PEN PERFORMANCE!

These are the pens and pencils that are going to the men and women in the Services overseas. Quantities available for civilians are very limited, but Sheaffer dealers will take your reservations now.

When you buy a Sheaffer's Lifetime "TRIUMPH" Pen you see what you're getting—the giant cylindrical 14-K Gold point, a thing of functional beauty—larger, with more gold; stronger, smoother writing, longer lasting—precision built in every detail. And it's all visible—on-sight evidence of Sheaffer's fine craftsmanship...and the extra value that spells perfect pen performance. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

VALIANT "TRIUMPH" Lifetime pen, $12.50; pencil, $5; complete set, $17.50. Other sets with 14K gold trim, $35 to $150. Other pens, $2.75 and up. Federal excise taxes additional.

MOVIE LAND

JULY
15 CENTS

SCOOPI The (Katharine) Hepburn I Know...
INTIMATE, EXCLUSIVE STORY by Her Secretary, EMILY PERKINS

AND INTRODUCTIONS TO: ROBERT ALDA, BILLY DE WOLFE,
THE NEW JOAN CRAWFORD, CASS DALEY, JOHN DALL

JUNE ALLYSON
ON APPROVAL

©ci

The illustration below shows how this sophisticated classic with open lapels can be changed into a demurely feminine style with high round neck all through the simple but clever magic of buttons! Actually two jumpers in one!

IT'S SMART! IT'S GAY!
It's Different!

It's a smart gal who takes to jumpers for a trim, Hollywood-born fashion that can be worn everywhere, any time. But it's a smarter gal who owns a chic jumper that can change—presto!—into still another glamorous outfit!

This Jaunty Jumper only

DOUBLE-DUTY!... DOUBLE-BEAUTY!

Completely new is this Jaunty Jumper, gorgeously tailored to flatter your figure in exquisite feminine lines. Completely different because you have two jumpers in one: wear it with the lovely contrasting color lapels opened in classic style...or button-closed into a demurely round neckline! Exclusively fashioned in crisp, fine-quality, all-season material that loves to "take it"! A slenderizing fitted waistband...freedom-giving inverted pleat in the skirt add up to a knockout creation! Wear this sophisticated jumper and win compliments galore from men who admire your smart looks...women who envy your dual personality fashion! An original by Bonnie Gaye. Sizes 12 through 20—and biggest of all surprises it's only $7.98 plus postage.

"BOW BLOUSE"—Tantalizing with its flattering high neck, perky bow, long full sleeves—it's a true complement to your jumper. In lustrous-rich rayon fabric. White only. Sizes 32 to 40. Only $3.98.

SEND NO MONEY—Check size and color choice and mail coupon today. On arrival, pay postman C.O.D. charges. Wear, compare. If a 10 day trial doesn't prove you've discovered the best buys ever, please return for full refund.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!
BONNIE GAYE FASHIONS—Dept. 1-JJ
168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Please send smart 2-WAY JUMPER. I'll pay postman $7.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding I may return purchase for full refund if not satisfied in 10 days.
(Mark 1st and 2nd choice color selections)

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY. ZONE. STATE.
Notes: Order 2 jumpers for only $14.50 plus postage.
Will You Wear This Genuine DIAMOND
SOLITAIRE and WEDDING RING
DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD ON APPROVAL?
Yes You Can Wear Them and PAY ONLY
$100 A WEEK

HOLLYWOOD DIAMOND RING CO., Dept. I-JJ
6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California

SEND NO MONEY

Think of it! On this remarkable offer you actually own this beautiful, flashing genuine diamond ring for only $44.95, tax included. The equally lovely wedding ring is just $9.95, tax included. Together, only $49.50 tax included. Quality at so low a cost it's amazing. Use our easy payment plan . . . just 1/2 down, $1 a week thereafter, Send no money. Fill in the 10 day trial coupon and mail right away. On arrival pay 1/2 of the cost plus C.O.D. postage. (If wedding ring is ordered separately, pay in full on arrival.) Then only $1 a week till fully paid. Payments are due the 1st and 15th of each month, $2 each time. Wear your rings 10 days. If you aren't completely satisfied simply return for full refund. Every diamond is unconditionally guaranteed to be genuine. Supply limited.

Fill out and mail 10 Day Trial Coupon Now!

HOLLYWOOD DIAMOND RING CO., Dept. I-JJ
6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California

THROW TO THE FIERY BRILLIANCE OF DIAMONDS

DIAMOND SOLITAIRE
Genuine Diamond, brilliant-cut, set in exquisite four-leaf clover design mounting of lustrous 14K. Yellow Gold. Unusually lovely, utmost sparkle and dazzling color. $44.95 TAX INCLUDED

WEDDING RING
Beautifully matched Wedding Ring with the four-leaf clover design. Also in rich 14K. Yellow Gold. Makes a perfect set for your perfect love. $9.95 TAX INCLUDED

Extra Special Offer... BOTH

$49.50 TAX INCLUDED

...BALANCE $100 A WEEK

HOLLYWOOD DIAMOND RING CO., Dept. I-JJ
6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California

Send genuine diamond ring or rings as checked below. I will deposit 1/2 down plus C.O.D. postage thru postman on arrival on your guarantee I can return ring or rings in 10 days for any reason whatsoever and you will refund my money.

☐ DIAMOND SOLITAIRE, Total cost, $44.95, tax included. Down payment, $14.98. Balance to be paid 1st and 16th of each month, $2 each time till fully paid.

☐ WEDDING RING, Total cost, $9.95, tax included. Pay in full on arrival.

☐ Both Rings, Total cost, $49.50, tax included. By buying both rings you save $5.40, Down payment $16.50, Balance to be paid 1st and 16th of each month, $2 each time until fully paid.

☐ Check here if you do not wish to use credit plan. We will send rings C.O.D. for full amount and we will pay postage and insurance charges.

Ring Size____________________ (or enclose string that has been tied around finger)

Name of Your Bank________________________

Where Employed (Name of Firm)________________________ Address________________________

To Whom Ring Given (Name)________________________ Address________________________

Please sign name (do not print)________________________

PRINT NAME HERE________________________ ADDRESS________________________

CITY________________________ ZONE________ STATE________

HERE'S HOW TO FIND OUT RING SIZE—Cut out chart below, wrap it tightly around middle joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Be sure to mark it down on Coupon. Or enclose string tied to size of your ring finger.

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HOLLYWOOD DIAMOND RING CO., Dept. I-JJ
6253 Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIFORNIA

Nothing can equal a genuine, flashing diamond ring of lasting brilliance to symbolize your genuine, lasting love. You'll be thrilled with the breath-taking beauty of this genuine diamond ring and matching wedding ring created in glamorous Hollywood ... so rich-looking they might be worn by movie stars ... yet at a price so low it's almost unbelievable! To see the rings once is to cherish them a lifetime. The genuine solitaire diamond will always be precious both in memory and value, fiery loveliness that time can't dim. This sensational offer gives you a value you can't duplicate anywhere with diamonds so scarce and prices so high. The unusual, dainty four-leaf clover design in both rings is symbolic of all the luck and success you desire in your precious love. Rings come in lovely, velvet-lined box. Don't miss this amazing offer. Send for your rings right now . . . wear them on approval for 10 days without risking loss of a cent.

$44.95 TAX INCLUDED

$9.95 TAX INCLUDED

$49.50 TAX INCLUDED

SEND NO MONEY

Think of it! On this remarkable offer you actually own this beautiful, flashing genuine diamond ring for only $44.95, tax included. The equally lovely wedding ring is just $9.95, tax included. Together, only $49.50 tax included. Quality at so low a cost it's amazing. Use our easy payment plan . . . just 1/2 down, $1 a week thereafter, Send no money. Fill in the 10 day trial coupon and mail right away. On arrival pay 1/2 of the cost plus C.O.D. postage. (If wedding ring is ordered separately, pay in full on arrival.) Then only $1 a week till fully paid. Payments are due the 1st and 15th of each month, $2 each time. Wear your rings 10 days. If you aren't completely satisfied simply return for full refund. Every diamond is unconditionally guaranteed to be genuine. Supply limited. Mail coupon.

HERE'S HOW TO FIND OUT RING SIZE—Cut out chart below, wrap it tightly around middle joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Be sure to mark it down on Coupon. Or enclose string tied to size of your ring finger.

HOLLYWOOD DIAMOND RING CO., Dept. I-JJ
6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California

Send genuine diamond ring or rings as checked below. I will deposit 1/2 down plus C.O.D. postage thru postman on arrival on your guarantee I can return ring or rings in 10 days for any reason whatsoever and you will refund my money.

☐ DIAMOND SOLITAIRE, Total cost, $44.95, tax included. Down payment, $14.98. Balance to be paid 1st and 15th of each month, $2 each time until fully paid.

☐ WEDDING RING, Total cost, $9.95, tax included. Pay in full on arrival.

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Name of Your Bank________________________

Where Employed (Name of Firm)________________________ Address________________________

To Whom Ring Given (Name)________________________ Address________________________

Please sign name (do not print)________________________

PRINT NAME HERE________________________ ADDRESS________________________

CITY________________________ ZONE________ STATE________

Think of it! On this remarkable offer you actually own this beautiful, flashing genuine diamond ring for only $44.95, tax included. The equally lovely wedding ring is just $9.95, tax included. Together, only $49.50 tax included. Quality at so low a cost it's amazing. Use our easy payment plan . . . just 1/2 down, $1 a week thereafter, Send no money. Fill in the 10 day trial coupon and mail right away. On arrival pay 1/2 of the cost plus C.O.D. postage. (If wedding ring is ordered separately, pay in full on arrival.) Then only $1 a week till fully paid. Payments are due the 1st and 15th of each month, $2 each time. Wear your rings 10 days. If you aren't completely satisfied simply return for full refund. Every diamond is unconditionally guaranteed to be genuine. Supply limited. Mail coupon.

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To Whom Ring Given (Name)________________________ Address________________________

Please sign name (do not print)________________________

PRINT NAME HERE________________________ ADDRESS________________________

CITY________________________ ZONE________ STATE________
This is a month when a lion goes to the dogs. The dogs being Lassie and Laddie, her canine offspring. Offspring and into a Summer to be made memorable by this attractive M-G-M film, "Son of Lassie".

Those who loved "Lassie Come Home" will respond to this one. The late Eric Knight is not the author, but the new story is based on some of his characters. The story and screen play of "Son of Lassie" were written by Jeanne Bartlett and directed by S. Sylvan Simon. It was produced by Samuel Marx. It has a distinguished cast—Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp, starring. Also June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce, William "Billy" Severn, Leon Ames, Donald Curtis, Nils Asther, Robert Lewis.

It is in Technicolor.

But the great star of the picture is that most exciting of all collies—the beautiful, the adorable, the perfect Lassie.

We are offering an attractive 8" by 10" color portrait of Lassie to those who write to Lassie, Box ML, M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. The painting was done by America's foremost painter of dogs—Paul Bransom.

To cover mailing costs, please send fifteen cents with your request. We suggest that you write fast; the shortage of paper limits the number of prints.

As for the film—to paraphrase an old Scottish Song—"you'll love a Lassie"!

Those who have seen "National Velvet" and "Meet Me in St. Louis", "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and "Without Love", may like to know that there are many more M-G-M hits on the way.

As for current events, it looks like a Metro-Goldwyn May.
BUT IN HER HEART SHE KNEW MARRIAGE WAS NOT FOR THEM!

Her embittered father cursed their romance... a jealous world tried to build a wall between them... time tore at their hearts! But years of denial only sharpened the hunger of their longing!

M-G-M has filmed—faithfully, tenderly, vibrantly—Marcia Davenport's best-selling romantic novel! With the stars that you would have chosen for the famous roles!

GREER GARSON as Mary Rafferty
GREGORY PECK as Paul Scott
DONALD CRISP as William Scott
LIONEL BARRYMORE as Pat Rafferty
PRESTON FOSTER as Jim Brennan
MARSHA HUNT as Constance Scott
GLADYS COOPER as Clarissa Scott
OONAID CRISP as William Scott, Jr.
JESSICA TANDY as Louise Kane

M-G-M presents

THE VALLEY OF DECISION

DONALD CRISP • LIONEL BARRYMORE • PRESTON FOSTER • MARSHA HUNT
Gladys COOPER • Reginald OWEN • Dan DURYEAE • Jessica TANDY • Barbara EVEREST • Marshall THOMPSON
Screen Play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien • Based on the Novel by Marcia Davenport • Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by EDWIN H. KNOFF • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Shirley Temple was dressing to go to a luncheon at Westlake School For Girls. "If you're going to keep your engagement a secret until your 17th birthday," her mother said, "you'll have to leave your ring at home."

Shirley thought it over. She isn't superstitious, but she felt the usual reluctance of a girl in love to remove her engagement ring. "I'll wear my gloves and simply remove the right one only," she decided, thinking that would solve the problem. She should have known her classmates better.

They leapt on that gloved hand with its suspicious bulge, like bobby soxers on Sinatra. They demanded a full explanation and a glimpse of the jewelry.

The ring is a 2 1/2-carat emerald cut diamond, and the donor is Sergeant John G. Agar of the Army Air Forces. Two years ago, when Shirley was 14 and John was 22, they met at a party given by Ann Gallery, daughter of Zasu Pitts, and a neighbor of the Temples. John promptly asked for a date—Shirley's first official date. They have been having dates ever since, when John was in the vicinity of Hollywood.

On the night of April 6, John and Shirley were driving out Sunset Boulevard around nine-thirty. "Look, Red," said John . . . and you may dream up your own proposal from that point because Shirley and John are keeping the precise words a secret.

They have promised not to marry for two years, but certain Hollywood wiseacres who remember that Shirley has made statements that she would like to be married before she is 18, are crocheting place mats with the initials ST and JA entwined.

THAT'S BACALL BROTHER:

By the time you read this, Miss Bacall may well be Mrs. Bogart. Currently she is wearing, on the third finger of her left hand, a gorgeous moss green zircon, set in gold and surrounded by diamonds.

Aside from her romantic life, her great interest at present is in her new cocker spaniel puppy, the daughter of her original pooch. The name of the newcomer in the Bacall household—without further explanation—is "Puddles."

CRADLE ROLL:

It was recently revealed that Ann Rutherford and David May took a little girl last August, when she was but 18 hours old, and are rearing her as their own. This was the best-kept secret since what became of Charley Ross.

Captain Ronald Reagan and his pert brown-eyed wife, Jane, have taken a baby boy to be brought up as a brother to Maureen, their four-year-old daughter. Maureen, gazing upon this new member of the family for the first time, issued a cogent communique about the entire institution of infants. "Well, I guess a person gets used to a baby," she said.

Jack Carson and Kay St. Germain parented a nine-pound nine-ounce daughter to be named Germain. Jack took one long, comprehensive look at his new daughter and sighed.

SPIRITED ADVENTURE:

Hurd Hatfield (his engagement to Virginia Hunter just officially announced) had a contribution to make to a recent discussion of the occult. Seems that when he first went to England, some eight years ago, the castle in which he and a group of earnest young players were to receive their dramatic training, was not far from an authentic haunted ruin. The ruin had, itself, once been a castle, but age and the financial reverses of its owners had reduced it to a mass of wings ending in rubble and towers standing alone against the moon. Yet from its airy corridors and stairways winding to the peopled sky, there were rumored to arise groans and shrieks, the rattling of chains and the howls of the damned.

The group to which Hurd belonged decided to investigate, one spring night. Approach to the vast pile of masonry was through a small woods or private park. Every bush rustled, every tree played tag...
They'll Kill You — with laughter!

It's hit or miss — what happens to Fred MacMurray when he meets kiss-or-kill Bonnie of the Fleagle gang — a hillbilly round-up of characters that puts Tobacco Road in the shade — in a mystery comedy that's murderously funny!

Elany's nuttler than a Christmas fruit cake!

Ben'll smash you, bash you and then he'll crash you!

Bonnie's the pin-up girl of the police department and the only thing that makes sense to Fearless Fred!

FRED MACMURRAY

Maw has bats in the belfry—and coffins in the cellar!

Granmaw gets lit when the lights go out!

Helen Walker • Marjorie Main • Jean Heather

Porter Hall • Peter Whitney • Mabel Paige • Barbara Pepper

A GEORGE MARSHALL PRODUCTION

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • A Paramount Picture
**Vacation anytime-of-the-month!**

Be sure to take a supply of Tampax with you
(Slip it in your purse)

Why not insure your vacation against all those belt-and-pin troubles and inconveniences that are so familiar? The Tampax form of monthly sanitary protection liberates you completely from belts, pins and external pads, and being worn internally, it can cause no chafing, no odor. Just imagine those advantages during hot summer days! You don’t even need to use a sanitary deodorant!

WHILE TRAVELING you will appreciate the compactness of these neat, dainty Tampax, made of pure surgical cotton and each compressed into a patented individual applicator. A whole month’s supply will slip into a purse... Tampax can be changed quickly and disposed of easily and inconspicuously.

WITH VARIOUS COSTUMES you will find Tampax a real comfort and a help to your morale. It causes no bulge or ridge under a sheer evening gown or a 1945 swim suit. You cannot feel Tampax when in place and you can wear it in shower, pool or ocean. Invented by a doctor. Sold at drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

with its own shadow, furtive sounds grieved at the heels of the shivering ghost-breakers. They encountered no bona fide phantoms, no heedless spectres, but their experience was not without a tag line.

The following day one of the students went to a nearby village and quite by accident overheard one villager complaining to the other, “Got precious little sleep last night, that I did, what with beatin’ the bushes all night to maintain the bloomin’ tradition.”

**KAPUT:**

Cupid sustained his first black eye when Marsha Hunt announced her separation from Captain Jerry Hopper. Theirs had been a delicious romance, developed when Jerry met Marsha in 1937 when she was testing at Paramount.

The second blow to the orb of Eros was suffered when Mrs. Ray Milland announced a trial separation from Ray. However, everyone in Hollywood who knows the Millands well is determinedly anticipating a patching up of the trouble. Once before, in 1934, the Millands separated and went through interlocutory decree proceedings, but solved their difficulties, invalidated the first decree, and became parents of Master David in 1940.

Ray Milland is certainly not the easiest man on earth with whom to maintain a home, according to those who have worked with him. He is mercurial, impatient, moody, and a great and concentrated hobbyist. One year he was mad about planes, the next his great enthusiasm was boats. When war broke out and rationing imposed, Ray became the great chicken-raiser of San Fernando Valley. He bought scientific pens, read poultry journals, imported a rooster; the rooster made the morning hideous for Ray when he didn’t have to arise early to work, so Ray tried to soundproof the coop. But he had to leave a small window for purposes of ventilation, so the rooster crowed through this window. Ray sold the rooster, gradually lost interest in fowl.

Then he became an enthusiast about all things Mexican. He bought silver, glassware, Mexican ceremonial garments, sent for posters of bull fights and had his dressing room decked out in a manner most South Of The Border.

Currently he is intensely taken with the subject of ballet dancing. The studio art department has prepared ballet posters and has substituted them for the deposed Mexican art. It is said that, while he was in New York, Mr. Milland took a more personal interest in the ballet.

But those who know and trust Ray are positive that he has never loved any woman excepting Mai, and that he never will. His friends believe that his interest in ballet will follow a trail blazed by discarded chickens and forgotten bull fighters.

**NIGHT FRIGHT:**

Gene Tierney recently moved back to her hillside-canyon home with her daughter, Doris, a nurse and a maid. Because the house seemed strange after the years Gene has been away from it, she trembled on the cliff-edge of sleep for several weeks. Climax came one night when she awakened with the positive persuasion that she had heard a prowler fumbling at one of the living room windows.

Trembling into a robe, she slipped cautiously to the kitchen and extracted a butcher knife from the cutlery drawer. As the sound was repeated in the living room, she screamed in a voice that would have disturbed the peace of Jove, "If you don’t leave this instant, I’m going to shoot, and I’m go-

(Continued on page 88)
Now comes a HUMPHREY BOGART you'd never suspect!

WARNERS bring you suspense, suspicion and man-woman madness — more excitingly than you can possibly imagine!

Co-starring

ALEXIS SMITH · GREENSTREET

"Conflict"

Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
Screen Play by ARTHUR T. HORMAN and DWIGHT TAYLOR · Based on Original Story by Robert Siodmak and Alfred Neumann
Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS
“NAILHEAD JUMPER”

Adele Mara
in
“BELLS OF ROSITA”
A Republic Picture

ORDER BY MAIL DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD

EXCITEMENT FROM HOLLYWOOD!

(Please print name, etc plainly)

NAME ________________________________

ADDRESS ________________________________

CITY ________________________ STATE ________

OTIS SKINNER and EMILY KIMBROUGH
during the ‘20’s when Greenwich Village
was the lair of quaint characters
and a bootlegger had to be a sideline
printer to get variety into his line of
wares.

THE BLUE DAHLIA is a murder mystery, with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, William Bendix, Howard da Silva and Doris Dowling.

AT MGM:

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF is
now in its fourth month of shooting,
thereby keeping out of mischief Fred Astaire, Lucille Bremer, Frank Morgan, Leon Ames, Mildred Natwick and Mary Nash.

THE HARVEY GIRLS is also in its
fourth Technicolor month, with Judy Garland, Angela Lansbury, John Howard, Ray Bolger, Virginia O’Brien, Selena Royle, Marjorie Main, Preston Foster, and Shirley Patterson. Early reports indicate that Angela Lansbury is doing a bang-up job, to wit: the ease with which Margaret O’Brien steals a picture is celebrated in Holly¬wood, a fact that explains the crack made recently in the Metro com¬missary, when Angela strolled in. “There,” said this pundit, “goes the Margaret O’Brien of THE HARVEY GIRLS.”

EARLY TO WED in Technicolor is
now in its third month of production, with Lucille Ball, Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn (who is recovered from his motorcycle acci¬dent), Carole Ramirez, Ceci Kell¬away and Gladys Cooper.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE is a
light comedy romance with Robert Walker, June Allyson, Audrey Totter, Hume Cronyn, and Eddie Anderson. As you probably know, each motion picture—while in production—is public¬ized by one person in the praise department. Dorothy Hass, well known
(Continued on page 86)

(Continued on page 86)

AT COLUMBIA:

THE BANDIT OF SHERWOOD
FOREST is the current title for a
story previously called “The Son Of
Robin Hood,” starring Cornel Wilde, Anita Louise, Edgar Buchanan, George Macready, and Jill Esmond. A group of girls entered Brittingham’s for
luncheon one noon and one of them
noticed Cornel at a nearby table. His
hair was curled, he wore doublet and
hose in the Sherwood Forest tradition,
topped by a tweed coat of his own for
purposes of being as inconspicuous as possible on the street. “Look,” whispered the bright-eyed girl, “there’s Chopin!”

“So it is,” answered one of the
other girls. “I didn’t recognize him
without his piano.”

RUSTY stars Ted Donaldson, Con¬
rad Nagel, and Margaret Lindsay. Marg¬
aret Lindsay is the pretty dark-eyed girl who tried to break into pic¬tures at the height of the British
vogue. She had no luck at all until she
adopted an Oxford accent, learned to
wear a monocle and tweeds, and
announced her birthplace as the north
of England. She was signed at once.

OUTLAWS OF THE ROCKIES is
the new pistol-packing-package for
Charles Starrett, Tex Hardin, Carole
Mathews, and George Chesbro.

AT PARAMOUNT:

OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING
UP is in its second month of produc¬
tion, with Brian Donlevy, Gail Russell, Diana Lynn, James Brown, Bill Ed¬
wards, Bill Demarest and Byron Barr.
It is a sequel to OUR HEARTS WERE
YOUNG AND GAY, and elucidates the
further adventures of Cornelia

Foster, and Shirley Patterson. Early
reports indicate that Angela Lansbury is doing a bang-up job, to wit: the ease with which Margaret O’Brien steals a picture is celebrated in Holly¬wood, a fact that explains the crack made recently in the Metro com¬missary, when Angela strolled in. “There,” said this pundit, “goes the Margaret O’Brien of THE HARVEY GIRLS.”

Two-tone harmony... glamour-plus tailor¬ing! Smart nailhead trim. Two-toned idea, slenderizing waistband make you look slim as a reel! Sizes 10 to 18, $7.98, plus postage.

Send no money. We mail C. O. D. or send C. O. D. charges by enclosing check or money order plus 25c mailing charge.

Buy with confidence from Hollywood’s
top-rated mail-order fashion house.

If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly refund your money!

PROMPT DELIVERY!

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 958

(Note: One year ago at this time there were 46 pictures in production. This year, because of the strike, there are 30.)
UNFORGETTABLE SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT

The real-life story behind the story of YOUR G. I. JOE!
It’s Ernie Pyle’s human slant on the war . . .

Lester Cowan presents

ERNEST PYLE’S

"STORY OF G.I. JOE"

starring

BURGESS MEREDITH
as ERNIE PYLE

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

SUSPENSE . . . Brave Men!
Those foot-weary, fun-loving
G. I. Joe’s.

ACTION . . . As only your
G. I. Joe’s in the infantry
know it!

Drama . . . Soul-stirring! As
human as the beating of your
own heart!

EXCITEMENT . . . Gallant
heroes in the greatest adven-
ture of their lives!

COURAGE . . . Youngsters!
Using every skill they can
master to stay alive!

SENTIMENT . . . Filmed with
truth and fidelity. A heart tug
in every scene!

HILARITY . . . Undimmed by
the dust, fear and the mud of
battle!

THRILLS . . . More sensational
— more dramatic because
they’re real!

Directed by
WILLIAM A. WELLMAN
FALLING HAIR

with massage
ANN RUTHERFORD

Dandruff, Annoying Scalp Excessive Falling with massage, for Mange Medicine, "Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton with FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton with FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Your hair will be Lovelier with Glover's

with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

GLOVER'S 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this overnight 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous! Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try all three of the famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton with FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

1. " . . . Had Four Sons"
2. "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"
3. "Irish Eyes . . . Smiling"
5. "Irish Eyes . . . Smiling"
7. "Irish Eyes . . . Smiling"
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29. "Irish Eyes . . . Smiling"
31. "Irish Eyes . . . Smiling"
32. "The Fighting . . ." 41. Doctor in "Experiment"
33. "Irish Eyes . . . Smiling"
34. "The Fighting . . ." 41. Doctor in "Experiment"
35. "Irish Eyes . . . Smiling"
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89. "The Fighting . . ." 41. Doctor in "Experiment"
90. "The Fighting . . ." 41. Doctor in "Experiment"

(For Solution See Page 90)
The story of the singing vagabond and the Sultan's daughter... in glowing Technicolor!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents:

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS
in Technicolor

EVELYN KEYES, PHIL SILVERS, JERGENS
and CORNEL WILDE

Screen Play by Wilfrid M. Pettit,
Richard English, Jack Henley
Produced by SAMUEL BISCHOFF
Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN

SPECTACULAR SLAVE GIRL AUCTIONS!
LUSCIOUS DANCING GIRLS!
THE SULTAN'S HAREM!

THE GIANT WHO PERFORMS MIRACLES!
**Hit Parade Jumper**

**Promp Delivery from Hollywood**

Demure, gay and definitely leading the parade in smartness. The eye-catching detail of contrasting side stripes, belt and shoulder motif set it apart. Kick pleat in front and back for fullness. The fabric...linen finish, Rayon-reinforced-cotton in White, Lime, Aqua or Melon with contrasting side stripes. Sizes 10 to 20. $8.95 plus handling and mailing costs.

**CLASSIC**, open-throat **BLOUSE** of Rayon. Notched lapels. White, Maize, Light Green, Baby Pink. $3.98 plus handling and mailing costs.

**SEND NO MONEY** Mail coupon and pay postman an arrival! Yes! On approval for 30-days' trial—money refunded if not delighted. Order by mail from Hollywood for guaranteed satisfaction.

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**JANNE OF HOLLYWOOD**

Dept. 4-HP, Hollywood Blvd., at Normandie, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send "Hit Parade" Jumper—

- White □ Lime □ Aqua □ Melon (Mark 1st or 2nd)
- Size 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 (circle size).

Send Blouse—

- White □ Maize □ Green □ Pink
- Size 32, 34, 36, 38 (circle size).

Name...

Address...

City... State...

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**Movieland's New Picture Guide**

**THRILL OF A ROMANCE (M-G-M)** classifies as "all this and Van Johnson, too!" And on the level, it's not disappointing in any department.

With Esther Williams turning in a smooth, finished dramatic performance as the pretty young bride left waiting at the honeymoon, married to a "business before pleasure" rising executive (Carleton G. Young) who must dash off to complete an important bigdeal, she gives swimming lessons to war-hero Major Thomas Milvaine (Van Johnson, but of course). Comes love—and pleasant hours at a Technicolorful mountain resort where there's beautiful scenery, and sympathetic understanding and final solution cooperation from Mr. Nils Knudsen, opera singer (Lauritz Melchior).

On the musical side, it's a well-balanced menu of Tommy Dorsey, Melchior, and Jerry Scott—small boy with a big voice—that's big news and terrific! Selections range from operatic favorites to popular ballads, with the semi-classical sandwiched sometimes in between.

Pact is, this formula is fine and superfine; as neat a job of combining music spots with a story situation as you've ever seen. And giving Frances Gifford a chance for coming into her screen-break own makes the whole thing just about perfect.

**MURDER, HE SAYS** (Paramount)—and here's one picture calculated to make you die laughing. The setting: hillbilly. The action: reminiscent of the Keystone Cops days. Special effects: out of this world.

Fred MacMurray is the Trotter Poll man (just one pace behind the Gal-lup) becomes embroiled with the Fleagle family and their efforts to locate a stolen bank cache. Grandma Fleagle, before passing on, gives the secret—in code—to Fred. He's to take it to Bonnie (temporarily detained in the State penitentiary), says Grandma, "because the money belongs to her. She stole it." But the rest of the Fleagle clan have other ideas, and by hook, crook, and a little softening up of the skull process try to wrestle the code from Fred.

Mysterious intruders, secret pas-sageways, and a deadly poison that gives its victims a beautiful glow in the dark make the picture slapstick and corny—but really a riot of fun if you're in the right mood. Helen Walker, Marjorie Main, Jean Heather, Peter Whitney, and Mabel Paige deserve special mention. And of course, Fred MacMurray is the perfect befuddled, but win-through-against-odd odds Trotter man.

**WONDER MAN (Samuel Goldwyn)**—That man's here again! And this time he's twice as good—because he's twins.

Danny Kaye is Edwin Dingle, book-worm. He's also Buzzy Bellew, entertainer and twin brother of Dingle. But Bellew "knows too much" to live long. When he's murdered one night, he begins getting Dingle into difficulties by jumping in and out of his body, willy-nilly. This causes no end of trouble with Virginia Mayo, Dingle's sweetheart, and Vera-Ellen, Bellew's fiancée. It also makes for a rather precarious existence for Dingle, since the villains (Allen Jenkins, Edward Brophy, and Steve Cochran) are still trying to bump off Bellew. Of course, he's Dingle, not Bellew. But how are they to know?

Danny doesn't have much opportunity to show off his dancing (pos-sibly because he seriously injured his ankle on set during the first few days of shooting), but his songs and fast patter are as super as only Danny Kaye can make them. Vera-Ellen has a solo dance number in which she's shown to advantage, and Virginia Mayo is as lovely to look at as always.

**VALLEY OF DECISION (M-G-M)** brings a new Greer Garson to the screen as the young, intelligent, and utterly be-guiling extra maid in Marcia Daven-port's best-selling novel. No wrinkles and no gray hair wigg this time—but a fresh and lively Greer Garson you've never seen before.

And starring with her is Gregory Peck, handling his role, as the eldest son in one of Pittsburgh's first families, sympathetically and with restrained emotion.

The picture, running two hours, gives us only a portion of the novel but the screen play is well knit and complete. Excellently cast are Donald Crisp as Peck's father and owner of the town's largest steel mill, Lionel Barrymore as his embittered ex-

(Continued on page 76)
How Could It Be Anything Else But GREAT...

Because its story comes from the pen of the great John Steinbeck, in collaboration with Jack Wagner—Because its script was written by the man who helped put all the delightful, deep-down heart-appeal in "Going My Way"—Frank Butler—Because, like Barry Fitzgerald, in "Going My Way," J. Carrol Naish makes screen history, in a brilliant new supporting role....

Because two great stars grow greater in brilliant dramatic performances—And because it has a theme as unusual, a story as tenderly moving as "Going My Way," how could it be anything else but GREAT!

Paramount presents

Dorothy LAMOUR and Arturo deCORDOVA

"A MEDAL for BENNY"

From the story by JOHN STEINBECK and Jack Wagner

with J. CARROL NAISH • Mikhail Rasumny • Fernando Alvarado

Frank McHugh • Directed by IRVING PICHEL
Screen Play by Frank Butler
BEAUTY on the beach should be unbleached. If, like starlet Mona Freeman, featured in Paramount's "Out of This World," your sun sorties are limited by a busy life, you must follow the rules for unroasted loveliness. Never venture out into the elements without protecting your sensitive skin with an application of suntan oil or lotion. Time your tanning and take it in small doses. Renew your sunburn preventive frequently—always after every dip. Supplement sunning preparations with nightly applications of soothing emollient skin creams.

WORKING all day in warm weather? That calls for special wiles. Keep your skin coated with fragrant talcum, says Mona. The perfect pick-up during the day is a dash of toilet water on wrists, forearms, and the nape of the neck. Make-up will last longer and look lovelier if you apply it over a powder base. When oil or moisture appear on the surface, blot them away with a cotton pad which has been wrung out of cooling skin freshener. This leaves the basic color of make-up undisturbed, ready for an added fluff of powder.

A DATE after dark? Then dress up with dazzle! Mona makes the most of her toast-toned tan and emphasizes it with deeper, darker powder. For the super sparkle that matches her sequins, she adds eye shadow and an extra coat of mascara. She makes magic with her mouth by brushing on a film of real red lipstick—a true red that stays bright under night lights. To set off barer, briefer dance frocks, she tends neck, arms and shoulders with tender care. Finally, she touches a favorite, flowery perfume behind her ears and back of her hairline.
Now, you can see battling Jimmy in the mightiest fight of his career — beating the Japs at their own jiu-jitsu game!
HERE'S THE MIRACLE MUSICAL AS BIG, AS NEW, AS DIFFERENT AS ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED! ALL ON THE SCREEN! AND YOU'RE NOT DREAMING!

"A cross-century girl-hunt with Fred, G. Washington, C. Columbus and the U.S. Marines hot on the trail of joyous Joan and luscious June! ... Laugh at its Gags! Marvel at its Magnificence! Thrill to its Romance! Sing its Songs! ... There's Never Been Anything Like It Before! The Funniest Picture Ever Set to Music!

Fred MacMurray
Joan Leslie
June Haver

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?" IN TECHNICOLOR!

GENE SHELDON · ANTHONY QUINN · CARLOS RAMIREZ · ALAN MOWBRAY
FORTUNIO BONONOVA · HERMAN BING · HOWARD FREEMAN
Directed by GREGORY RATOFF · Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG · Screen Play by MORRIE RYSKIND
Story by MORRIE RYSKIND and SIG HERZIG · Lyrics and Music by Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill · Dances Staged by Fanchon
John Dall

No flash in the pan here, but a steady serious young actor, who's after getting more meaty parts like the one Warners' gave him as the begrimed, untutored Morgan Evans in "The Corn Is Green." A native New Yorker, who studied engineering at Columbia Univ., his past includes six years of stock, the part of Quizz West in "Eve of St. Mark," which gave him his toehold for a Warner contract, the completely lovable soldier in "Dear Ruth"—and in the realm of things to come—back to Hollywood in a part in "Humoresque." He won't be typed because he's already proved he can be a Welsh miner and do a complete about-face with a harum-scarum role. On the statistical side: He's one inch over the 6 ft. mark, one year more than a quarter of a century old—and he's one young actor who's hit his stride in one picture.
Miss-Adventure BARI

In this world there are those who are born with poise, those who achieve poise, and some who have poise thrust upon them. There are others whose every move is poison.

Some there are who are fortune’s darlings: hating oysters, yet being served with same at a banquet, do they get sick? They do not. They find a pearl. Having to go horseback riding at a house party, they are thrown from a horse. Do they suffer broken bones? They do not. They incur minor bruises, fall in love with the handsome doctor who attends them, and live happily ever after. Having lost a maid and thus being forced to do their own laundering, do they get dishpan hands? They do not. They think of a slogan for laundry soap and win a lifetime endowment.

Yes, there are individuals like that. But Miss Lynn Bari arises at this point to announce that she is not one of such. She is poisoned by oysters, kicked by horses, and skidded (Continued on page 63)

She’s the Angel of Adversity, the Duchess of Dire Happenings; Lynn proves conclusively that a girl’s best friend is her insurance agent
LATIN FROM MANHATTAN

Out N. Hollywood way—sportsman de Cordova's ranch is a reality!
ACK in 1917, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks
sold bonds for World War I on the steps of the Public
Library in New York. Assisting them as a minor
salesman was a dark-haired, dark-eyed representative
from Public School No. 9.
That was Arturo Garcia's first contact with Hollywood.
Arturo Garcia is now Arturo de Cordova. And since his
performance opposite Joan Fontaine in Paramount's
"Frenchman's Creek," Arturo— with the assistance of the
studio's publicity department—is being hailed as the latest
of a long line of Latin screen lovers.
But be warned! The first guy who calls him that to his
face is likely to get punched right in the nose. And Arturo
packs a hefty wallop. He was, at one time, the leading inter-
colleagite heavyweight in the Argentine, with a bevy of
professional managers pleading with him to turn his atten-
tion to the ring as a serious profession.
Arturo explained it all over a luncheon at his house in the
San Fernando Valley. It was an odd lunch, to start with.
There were no enchiladas, no frijoles, no Spanish rice or
fried beans, despite Arturo's Mexican birth and ancestry.
We had ham and eggs.
"It is," said Arturo with an amiable grin, "my favorite
dish. I am Mexican, and I am proud of it. We are a
proud people. But also we can like ham and eggs, no?"
Yes, definitely. They were good ham and eggs, prepared
by Arturo's own hands.
"It is this 'great lover' stuff that bothers me," said Arturo.
He not only likes American dishes, he likes Americans and
American slang. "Somebody says we should make de Cor-
dova the 'great lover' in the Valentino tradition. I say, how
can I be the great lover, when the rules and regulations of
the American screen prevent it? Someone is always saying
you don't do this, you can't do that.
"They want that I should be another Valentino. Even if
I could—I couldn't! I cannot do what Valentino did. Now,
they have the laws, the Hayes Office."
Arturo's black eyes snapped and his tanned arms waved
in voluble Latin-American gestures.
"In Mexico," he stated, "we are allowed more freedom
to express ourselves. Too, each family has its own censor.
It is the father. He goes to the theatre with his wife and
his daughters, and if he thinks the picture is objectionable,
or in bad taste, he lets them out.
Arturo shook his head sadly. "Imagine! No kissing of
the ears! People hear about me as the 'great lover' and go
to the picture and say, 'For goodness sakes, who ever told
that big ham he is the great lover?'"
"It is not my fault," said Arturo. He really isn't upset
because he wasn't allowed to kiss Miss Fontaine's lovely
ear. It is only that he is a perfectionist at heart and wants
everything to be perfect.
He was one of Europe's finest soccer players. He was
one of the Argentine's best amateur heavyweight boxers.
He was Mexico's top sports announcer before he became an
actor. Everything he has done. (Continued on page 90)

By RALPH HUSTON
Hey! Hey! Charleston—
with Morge Reynolds. He
did 5 yrs. in London vodvil.
Something new under the Hollywood sun!
By name, he's Billy DeWolfe; by reputation, he's crazy like a fox—but by heck, he's got what it takes and it "takes good"

The name is Billy DeWolfe—a young man with an engaging personality, an impish sense of humor, an extraordinary talent for doing devastating impressions of his fellow human beings, and a fine flare for freshly different screen comedy as proved in his one released picture, "Dixie."

In case you have forgotten "Dixie," you soon will have a chance to refresh your memory of Billy in "Miss Susie Slagle" and "Duffy's Tavern." He scores solidly in both.

The long lapse between "Dixie" and "Duffy's" is easily explained: he was working for Uncle Sam for $76 a month as a petty officer 3/c at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, during (Continued on page 59)
Her crinkly smile and froggy throat, plus a wholesome fresh personality, burst upon us in "Two Girls and a Sailor."

A happy girl? Yes—but with a sense of responsibility that holds her spirit down. She's full of contradictions, and you'd know what's meant if you knew—June Allyson!

Swimming put her on her feet long ago!

Lives in an apt. on Wilshire Blvd.
June Allyson doesn’t know what makes her a fine actress. Indeed, she doesn’t even think she is a fine actress. ‘When I reach that point, producers will start saying: ‘Oh, yes, June Allyson, but—’ And people will begin staying away from my pictures in droves,” June said, with that funny little smile which is already causing the hearts of G.I. Joes to turn over with the thump of an exploding mortar shell.

Perhaps it is this very unawareness of her own potentialities which is helping to send June skittering up to the rarefied atmosphere on the peaks where the stars burn most luminously. In some manner she has retained a round-eyed wonder that the gods should have tapped her on the shoulder in a race where so many are called but so few, so very few, are chosen. “It’s like hearing a lovely song come out of the ether on my car radio,” she said. “I still don’t believe it.”

But believing it or not, June isn’t afraid of playing the hand which life has dealt her, and playing it for all it’s worth. She doesn’t know much about poker, but if she suddenly found herself in a high-stake game with four aces, her own hard inner core of common sense would indubitably tell (Continued on page 54)
DESPITE his name, William ("Destination Tokyo") Prince was a pauper for so long it almost became a habit. But with a morale-building gal behind him, and with his own stubborn pursuit of his goal, he finally made the grade, thereby satisfying his fans, his studio and, incidentally, himself.

It's always a pleasant kind of shock to meet Bill face to face. Tall, brown-haired, with a gentle look about his not-quite-handsome face, he still never fails to set you right back on your pretty pink heels when he lets that baritone voice of his boom out of his definitely tenor face.

But the boyish phizz is flagrantly misleading. For ten years Bill's been a benedict; and he loves it. He tells you all about his wife and hauls out snapshots of Jeremy (3½) and Liza Jane (8 months) at the slightest drop of a hint.

As a matter of record, if Dorothy (wife) Prince hadn't been around, Bill would have unhitched his wagon from that mess of stardust that surrounds every stage-struck guy, and might have wound up as an unsung and unloved (Continued on page 72)
"It was a tough fight, Ma—"
But Bill Prince would never admit that he was licked, and the truth of it is: he never was...
PAL'S PUPPETOONS

Manipulation of stops on exact scale trumpet requires a helping hand from studio animator.

"A-S-P-E-R! Jasper! Come here at once!" It's Jasper's mammy calling, but Jasper doesn't hear. Already he's listening to that prevaricating Scarecrow who will undoubtedly lead him into a peck of trouble. His big brown eyes will roll round in his head, and his body quiver with fright, but George Pal will see to it that he gets back to his mammy unharmed.

For Jasper is George Pal's pet puppet—the studio star—and he must live for another picture. He's that lovable little urchin you saw in "Jasper's Paradise," "Hotlip Jasper," "Jasper Goes Hunting," and many other Technicolor puppetoons.

But if you've wondered, as we have, how these riots of color with the delightful musical backgrounds came to be, how they're actually made—then lend an ear, chillun, for here's the dope on Pal.

Puppetoons are just what the title suggests—performing puppets that look like cartoons, with the added reality of the third dimension.

To understand how Jasper came to be born, we have to go back to a city in Prague several years ago when George Pal demonstrated the old saying that "necessity is the mother of invention." Shortly before our Prague incident, Hungarian-born Pal had been living and working in Berlin, as the supervisor of animated production for UFA (largest cartoon company in Europe). The Gestapo, however, didn't like the unsympathetic look that flashed across Pal's face when the Nazi cause was mentioned, and gave him an animated invitation to leave the country.

This, George did, but quick. Arriving in Prague, he set himself up in the animated cartoon business. But in all Czechoslovakia, he couldn't find a cartoon camera. And a cartoonist without his camera is like a play without a cast.

Wandering through the Prague museum one day, he suddenly conceived the idea of using three-dimensional models instead of drawings, so that he could do his shooting with an ordinary camera. No sooner thought than done, George Pal went to work on his first models—cigarettes (they were plentiful then). Later, he began using wooden dummies. But by this time, the Nazis were feeling their wild oats and Pal began moving from country to country, just ahead of the German hordes. Thanks to Hitler, he finally came to Hollywood and Paramount Studios.

Pal's Puppetoons cost about $25,000 apiece to produce, and thousands of man-and-woman hours go into the making of each picture. A seven to ten-minute short requires around 9,000 individual wooden figures and some 12,000 exposures.

The first step in making a puppetoon is the sound track—the dialogue and musical background. When this is completed, the animation is fitted to the track.

The figure and clothing of a particu-
"Jasper's Minstrels"—carving must be perfect.

lar puppet are worked out on paper, then colored cartoons are made and filmed to test the flow of movement. When this is satisfactory, a corps of woodcarvers go to work.

Unlike a Punch and Judy show, Pal's figures are not manipulated on strings. Instead, the action is accomplished by carving a series of puppets in the different positions needed for a certain action, placing them one after another on a miniature set, and photographing the scenes at the rate of one a minute. Sometimes as many as twenty-four separate puppets are made to illustrate a single action. For instance, if you see Jasper taking a stroll, a different figure is carved for each movement of his body. In order to make the action flow smoothly, carving and coloring must be perfect.

Pal's studios are veritable Santa Claus workshops. Scores of men and women are busy at lathes and with carving tools, forming the little people, animals, automobiles, trucks, jeeps, and other figures. It is precision work, incredibly painstaking.

The "performers" work on actual miniature sets, complete to the last detail. About the studio are varied scenes, such as a Swiss Alpine village, a Bowery tenement district, London's Mulberry Street, a futuristic air-

"Hatful of Dreams"—arms are often detachable.

port with a model of a huge rocket plane of eras to come, and an Egyptian oasis with a caravan crossing the desert.

Musical backgrounds play an important part in the puppetoons. They range from symphony orchestras to pure, unadulterated corn as only Spike Jones and His City Slickers can dish out ("Cocktails for Two" being a mighty fine "for example").

Colors, too, are Pal's important assets—the brighter the better, and he uses them lavishly.

Spread of the puppets' popularity has jumped production to the point that now three pictures are simultaneously in production. Also in preparation is a world of tomorrow series in which inhabitants of other planets, stream-lined rocket ships, underwater cities, and other Jules Verne-like fantasies will be developed.

Who knows? The unpredictable Pal may some day create synthetic Lana Turners and Alan Ladds out of his ersatz material!

But the next something special—and this is really news (fact is, the idea is still only partially developed, and what we're telling you here is scooped up as advance infor-

A simple blink may require fifteen heads.
NEW LEADING MAN FOR DEANNA
Remember the handsome blond lieutenant whom Deanna Durbin planned to marry in "Can't Help Singing?" That was David Bruce. He lost the girl in that picture—but Universal is making it up to him, all right, all right. In "Salome—Where She Danced" he wins Wottagirl Yvonne De Carlo, in competition with four other men. And as if that weren't enough, he has the inside track on Deanna Durbin's heart in her latest picture, "Lady on a Train."

When a fellow starts winning the girl in "A" pictures, it's a sure sign that he's ticketed as an important white hope at a studio. When the girl is the studio's most important feminine star (Deanna Durbin, in this case) you can bet money on it.

So it's time to stop, look at and listen to—David Bruce! That's no hardship. Dave is tall (6 feet 1½ inches) blonde and blue eyed. He has a wonderful sense of humor and an excellent disposition.

He was born Marden McBrook, in Kankakee, Ill., which is also the birthplace of Fred MacMurray. They never met in Kankakee, as Fred claims he spent only about six hours there after his birth. However, they've met since in Hollywood.

David was the second of four children. His father, manager of a restaurant, was (Continued on page 66)
WHEN did I first meet Katharine Hepburn? It was in 1932. Oh yes, I remember it well. Except that the incident I remember wasn't exactly an official introduction.

It was at RKO, on the set of "Bill of Divorcement." “I should think you’d have better sense than to do a thing like that,” I said disapprovingly to the young, red-headed girl who, to escape the stuffy stale-air of the sound stage, had strolled outside and was lying across the nearest grillwork, getting the full blast of the ventilating system.

She gave me a quick, wry smile—but said nothing—and I went on about my business, which was that of wardrobe researcher and supervisor.

In my professional capacity, I was on the set frequently after that first encounter. And one day Miss Hepburn asked a studio employe, “Who is that (Continued on page 56)
They're friends, and the portrait Rivera did of Paulette Goddard is world-famous.

Mexico, the "Hollywood" of Latin America . . . so-called because to the film folk it's more than a land of guitars and story-book caballeros; it's their special retreat

By JAMES SCOTT
BEFORE a certain little madman set all the world aflame, Hollywood's hard-working players thought nothing of running over to Paris for a few weeks of much-needed recreation and relaxation. But when that was no longer possible, they scouted around for playgrounds nearer home and made full use of Arrowhead Lake, Palm Springs, Santa Barbara and Del Monte. Though gayety at these places was at a minimum, and the acute gasoline shortage soon made even them inaccessible.

It remained for Jinx Falkenburg, however, to venture a little farther afield and rediscover the land of guitars, romance and manana.

Her trips to Mexico increased in regularity and awakened the curiosity of other players. Gossip whispered that Jinx had found a heart interest on the other side of the Rio Grande. They completely overlooked the fact that below the border lay a fertile land rich in romance and music and beauty, lush in the enchantment of old world ways—an anaesthesia from the current strife of the world.

Curiosity ran rampant in the movie capital. Jinx' frequent visits to our nearest Latin neighbors inspired others to follow suit. When Paulette Goddard made her widely heralded sojourn and came back with her portrait done by the great Rivera, the feeling of curiosity was definitely overcome. If Paulette, with her exacting standards, could find Mexico amusing, the place must be "all as advertised."

Errol Flynn became a regular commuter between California and Acapulco—lured by the swimming and fishing and boating, among other things. He discovered, too, that our Mexican neighbors are simple people; he liked their charm and warmth and graciousness.

Ann Sheridan found Mexico City a treasure-trove for shopping; that she could get a gown at Royer's Towne Shop which evoked "ah's" and "oh's" from the Adrians, the Rene Huberts and the Bonnie Cashins. She found silver trinkets that were skillfully executed by master craftsmen. She found that in Mexico there was still laughter and fun and a respectful admiration whenever her trim figure stepped out on the Paseo de la Reforma for a morning walk down the wide, tree-lined avenue punctuated by its imposing statues.

Joan Fontaine, relaxing from the strain of a severe schedule of picture-making, found the altitude to be like a warm anodyne. But she also discovered a hat designer who could concoct a striking creation from a dust feather and a wisp of veiling. She learned that Henri de Chatillon, well-known in Paris before the Nazis marched in, was borrowing from native Mexican arts for his business of smart hat-making. It was this gifted young man who got the idea of smartly adapting the lowly sombrero for the well-groomed woman.

The steady stream of visiting stars accumulated to greater and greater numbers. It seemed incredible, but Hollywood had discovered a playground—a second Paris—practically in its own backyard. With vacations becoming a matter of necessity, during these difficult times, a player can now leave Hollywood in the morning and be in Mexico the same evening.

When Rita Hayworth made her first trip to the other side of the Rio Grande, she found a new world waiting and welcome cheerfully written on the faces of (Continued on page 62)
Robert Alda is no overnight actor who drove trucks or washed windows until a talent scout happened by. His story is refreshing, inspiring—not of success alone, but of his devotion to things beyond the material world. He tells that story, with sincerity, humility and conviction.

"SURE, I realize what a big break I got—being introduced on the screen in a $3,000,000 picture, and playing the lead at that! It is certainly the realization of my dreams, after twelve years in show business—in everything from burlesque to nightclub routines—but it’s not the most important thing that has ever happened to me and I can’t pretend that it is!"

This is Robert Alda speaking, the actor who was chosen to play the coveted role of George Gershwin in the Warner Brothers’ all-out musical picture of the year, “Rhapsody in Blue.” This tall, dark and handsome newcomer to Hollywood who, at first glance, will remind you of Cary Grant, but after five minutes of his surefire personality and special brand of easy Latin charm will remind you of no one except Robert Alda.

He was attempting to explain his nonchalant attitude toward Hollywood, which many deemed completely unsuited to a newcomer. You may think that his attitude about this “plum” that was dropped into his lap (a part over which many a top actor spent sleepless nights) is casual, to (Continued on page 81)
Cass tried to hide buck teeth at first public appearance, but an
good advice changed her mind.

YOU saw her in five Paramount pictures: "The Fleet's In," "Ridin' High," "Star Spangled Rhythm,"
"Out Of This World," and "Duffy's Tavern." Any
Thursday night that you dial the Maxwell House
Coffee Time, you will hear her exchanging banter
with Frank Morgan, and bringing down the house
with her songs.

She is important to every ambitious girl in the
world because CASS DALEY proves conclusively that
to win a high and lasting place in the entertainment
field, a girl must have just three things: talent, a con-
suming determination to win, and ONE person who
believes wholeheartedly in her ability.

You have handicaps, you say? Tell that to Cass.
She has buck teeth which she has converted into a
comedy asset. She nearly lost a leg because of a sled-
ding accident, and to this day she carries frightening
scars. Cass ignores them. She was so financially
 Strait-jacketed at the beginning of her career that
she worked in stocking mills, knitting mills, et cetera.

But today she is not only an internationally famous
entertainer, but one of the sweetest, most delightful
girls in the world. The story goes like this:

Cass was born Catherine Daley, in Philadelphia, the
daughter of Bill Daley, who—after 41 years of service
—is still working as a street-car conductor. He will
undoubtedly carry this magazine around with him on
his route and show it to everyone who pays fare or
proffers a pass. As a matter of fact, there are currently
a good many local individuals who take Bill's car un-
necessarily, simply because they like to quiz Bill about
one of Philly's more famous citizens.

Cass grew up thin, wiry, and dark-haired. She dis-
covered, as soon as adolescence brought mirrors into
her life, that she was no beauty. Greatest handicap
was her teeth, which—although small and square—
protruded and were widely spaced. She tried to
conceal this beauty bane by (Continued on page 82)
That a career is where you make it; there are no such things as handicaps
LUCKY JIM

Maybe Luck hands them the key to a door
they've been hammering on, but Jim Brown
contends no actor can depend on lucky breaks

"THE WAY I figure," Jim Brown said, smiling across
our luncheon table, "you can't lean on Luck. You
get your chance and it's up to you to go through
with it. You're on your own.
"Whenever friends of mine come to Paramount
Studios to make tests, I buzz along and try to tell them
what I've learned. My name isn't so big that what I
have to say seems awfully important, and maybe some
of them think I have a nerve to open my mouth—but
I can't shut up.
"'Look,' I say, 'everything depends on your first
screen test. Maybe you won't get a second chance, so
make the most of this one. Work hard. Don't slide over
any scene thinking: "Oh well, (Continued on page 69)"
GONE WITH THE GLAMOUR

Joan as you remember her from previous roles. Right, as a mother: with Christine, S.
FOR some years, the Joan Crawford you saw on the screen was a sultry beauty with heavy lashes, luscious lips and broad Adrian shoulders, a glamorous creature wearing expensive garments and moving with a panther’s grace. A little earlier, the screen Joan had seemed a restless, reckless, dancing daughter, a younger, swifter-moving, more flamboyant edition of the woman she was to become.

When she signed with Warner Brothers, producers who did not know her personally expected to meet the Joan they remembered from her films.

“We’re bringing Miss Crawford to see you,” read a memorandum on office desks. Producer Jerry Wald glanced at the memo and pushed it aside. “So what?” was his mental attitude. Wald doesn’t care for what he terms the fluffy type of picture and takes no interest in glamour girls. But when a studio envoy ushered the star through his doorway, he did a double-take. The quiet, business-like young woman who came in, met him and left without wasting his time or hers, took hold of his imagination. He began to search for stories for her, for the actress—Joan he felt that no one really knew.

“Years ago,” he told me, “I had read James Cain’s story, ‘Double Indemnity,’ saw possibilities in it, but couldn’t get anyone else interested. After Paramount made a hit with that picture, I began to campaign for Cain’s ‘Mildred Pierce’; again no one agreed with me and I dropped it.”

Joan as Mildred Pierce intrigued him, and when he heard she was having difficulty finding a suitable story, he called on her.

“I have a book for you, Joan,” he said. “Nobody likes it—the Hays’ Office won’t pass it—I stand alone in caring for it, but I see a great character there. I don’t want you to bother reading the book unless you think you could have confidence in me, because you’ll have to believe in me before you can do it.”

Joan had read hundreds of scripts in her increasingly desperate hunt for a picture. When she turned to page one, she wasn’t especially hopeful. But as she read on she became absorbed, and before she reached the last page she knew her search was ended.

To play the role, they agreed, Joan must dispense with the false eyelashes. (Continued on page 74)

Has Joan Crawford really changed, and does her “Mildred Pierce” role mean the start of something new? At any rate, it’s a turning point

By LESLIE TRAINE

Mrs. Philip Terry, alias Joan Crawford, movie star.

No help? Crawford was her own cook, nurse and maid!

Here’s love! And no shame about holding hands in public.

45
Cute Connie Haines takes in a little of that California sunshine.

4 Polks in a pod—Vernon, Elva, Lucyann and Gordon Polk.

Jill with the Duke at his opening in N. Y.
HI, BOYS AND GIRLS! In spite of June being the romance month, I trust you’re not too busy with Cupid to devote a little attention to music news. And there’s lots of it this time.

We’re going to be minus the talents of some of our music makers for the summer months while they trek overseas to entertain the G.I.’s.

Bing Crosby is planning a second U.S.O. tour, this time to the South Pacific. Dinah Shore will probably take The Groaner’s place on the Kraft Music Hall for a few weeks. Frank Sinatra is also going to take his special brand of croon to the fighting fronts; in fact he may be overseas by the time you read this. (Can’t you just see the WACS sighing and swooning?)

Dick Haymes is another who wants to make the jump. And Martha Tilton will do a repeat with the Jack Benny troupe, probably to the European area. Jack especially requested Martha because she made such a hit with the troops in the Pacific last summer.

HOLLYWOOD STUFF:

Alice Faye is finally going to make a picture for Twentieth Century-Fox. Alice didn’t want to do any more musicals and held out for a good dramatic role. She’ll be starred in “Fallen Angel,” and won’t warble a single note in the picture. Bruce Cabot will be her leading man.

Bob Haymes has changed his name to Bob Stanton, in order not to be confused with brother Dick. Columbia loaned Bob to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the singing lead in “Abbott and Costello" (Continued on page 51)
Dear Jane:

I have a problem which I would like for you to solve for me if you can. My wife says that the allotment which she gets from me while in the service is not enough to support her from one month to another. What must I do, give her a divorce, or still continue to love her, or what?

Harold

Dear Harold:

You have me a bit concerned by giving me the responsibility of telling you whether you should continue to love your wife or to give her a divorce. I did not know that love could be turned on and off like water in a faucet by someone merely telling you whether to love or not. But seriously, there are many wives in the same situation as yours, and they have obtained a position to make the extra money they need. There is such a scarcity of women workers in the war industries that I think you would get a position, and in that way, she would be helping the war effort as well as helping herself. Why don't you suggest that to her?

Sincerely,
JANE WYMAN

Dear Miss Wyman:

I've been married for 8 years, I married when I was 15 and my husband was 29. He is settled down now and has been for a long time. But I'm not satisfied with his way of life. I'm still young and would like to have a little fun out of life. I go anywhere I please, but my husband doesn't go along. I don't love my husband enough to be contented just sitting at home. He comes in at five, eats supper, bathes and shaves, then listens to the radio. If I try to get a word in, it's just like talking to my two cats. I hope you can help me.

Lottie

Dear Lottie:

Your husband may be settled down, but it isn't. I am sure, from age, as you intimate, for he is only 37 years old. It is probably because he is tired from a hard day's work, and needs the quiet and peace of home. Why don't you have a talk with him, and see if you cannot reach an agreement to go out some place once a week or so. In the meantime, you have your days in which you can visit your friends, go to parties and picture shows for relaxation. You might also invite friends in to dinner every once in a while. That would start social contacts and bring return invitations which your husband would probably enjoy. Might I also add that if you would store up some interesting things each day to tell your husband, you might be competition for that radio? It often happens that wives want to pour out their troubles of the day on their husbands when they come home, and that isn't particularly interesting—so find some entertaining news to talk about and see if that doesn't work.

Yours truly,
JANE WYMAN

Dear Jane Wyman:

I am in my second term at High School, and study three or four hours a night, and then on tests, I pass with a 75 or 80. I dread going back to school on Mondays. I not that I don't like school, but I hate the feeling that I am going to fail that week. Lately I went to see a picture, "National Velvet," and sat through it three times. Just thinking how nice it would be to live as they did in the picture. When I walked out, I felt I was going back to a boring life.

Please write and tell me that nobody really lives as they lived in the picture, and that everybody has their struggles in this dizzy world. In that way I could feel that it was just a dream, and everyone lives the same as I do.

Harold

Let Jane Wyman help solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California
Ten years ago today
Fredric March wore chains in "Les Misérables." Today he's helping the fight for freedom as Major Joppolo in the play, "A Bell for Adonc.

ONE YEAR AGO: Judy Garland was dating Peter Lawford... Alexis Smith declared she and Craig Stevens wouldn't marry until end of war... "Gaslight" and "The Hitler Gang" competed for title of best picture of the month... Ray Milland returned suspended from Metro after he eloped with Rita Hayworth... Ava Gardner dating Howard Hughes... Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles announced expected baby... Elise Knox and Tommy Harmon married... Clark Gable expected to marry Kay Williams any day.

FIVE YEARS AGO: Hedy Lamarr-Gene Markey divorce rumored, and Hollywood was afraid adopted Jamie would be sent back to orphanage... Dottie Lamour going with Robert Preston... Frances Farmer broke up with Clifford Odets... Bob Stack and Judy Garland dated four nights in a row... Rita Hayworth with natural black hair... Tom Lewis found Loretta Young... Mary Martin married Richard Halliday... Paramount story editor... Lana Turner from overseas jaunt... Veronica Lake and Paul Nesse were a steady two... Linda Darnell was working four hours a day at St. John's Hospital to relieve nurse shortage... Ava Gardner dating Howard Hughes... Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles announced expected baby... Elise Knox and Tommy Harmon married... Clark Gable expected to marry Kay Williams any day.

TEN YEARS AGO: After Ann Sothern turned him down, Maurice Chevalier left Hollywood for Paris... co-workers of Garbo forbidden to speak of her after working hours... America wondering if Charlie Chaplin could make a comeback... "Becky Sharp" first three-dimensional Technicolor film; experts predicting that within two years black and white pictures would be obsolete... Laurel and Hardy team split, made up again... Junior Durkin and Jackie Coogan's father killed in auto accident... Von Sternberg told Dietrich she would no longer direct her pictures; Hollywood wondered if Marlene could stay in the spotlight without his support... Nelson Eddy heartthrob of feminine half of nation... Arthur Freed a songsmith at M-G-M... Lorenz Hart and Dorothy Fields an item... Myrna Loy disappeared without notice into the mountains while making "Masquerade" and the little Viennese actress Luise Rainer was given her first film role to substitute for Myrna... Buddy Rogers and mother visit Mary Pickford at Pickfair... Elyse Knox expected baby... Wallisbet Greiner married Fredric March... Ramon Novarro producing own pictures.

(Continued on page 50)
Those Glamorous NEWCOMERS

Oculens ground and polished sunglasses are eye savers with style. Like regular specs, you can choose them to suit your type. Continental is a heavy tortoise frame that's fine for the fragile, thin-faced girl. The round-faced sunworshiper might choose Captivators, saucy upturned lenses that cut plump lines. Aviatrix is designed for the square or oblong face, while a lucky lass with an oval outline might take to the Sportser. From $2 up.

From technicolor to you! That's the story of Westmore's new Overgo shade, Peach Bluff. If your skin is darker than average, a little too sallow or a little too ruddy, this is the tint that can tone it up or down a bit and give a peaches and cream coloring. Four dots, spread evenly, will do a fine cover-up job for freckles and tiny blemishes. $1.50.

Campana now has a lipstick. And this Solitair lipstick has a new and different twist in its shiny black metal case. The point is—the point is lip-shaped, planned that way because so many women wear their lipsticks down to one side in a smoothly slanting curve. In six clear shades, it's $1.

With all the pinks prevailing, Tayton offers Pink Dynamite, a brilliant fuchsia-full shade that acts as an accent for tanned or pale-toned skin. This pretty pink is far from pastel. Instead, it's a deep and glowing color that keeps its courage under bright sunlight or gala nightlight. The all-metal container is $1.

For beauty on the bronze side, there's a new Yardley face powder. Rose Tan, they tell us, is something different.

A neat, new cold wave kit has just been introduced. It's Beauty Time, complete and compact, holding all you need for a home permanent. 74c.

A liquid diet to delight the skin! Krashé Facial Oil No. 89 is a rich and fragrant cleanser, a light but active lubricant or powder base. $1.25.

Pond's points with pride to a new cake foundation, Make-up Pat. This base was formulated to solve several basic problems so it's a sheer filmy veiling that goes on easily and lasts lingeringly. $1.25.

I am very much in love with my first husband—true, we had a misunderstanding and separated, and then just for spite, I married my second husband. Now my first husband wants me to come back to him. He is my child's father, and I feel we could raise my daughter to much better advantage if we were together again.

My second husband is going with his cousin, and I don't like it. I am expecting trouble when he comes back, so please tell me what you think I should do.

Martha

Dear Martha:
You certainly have yourself in a bad situation, the usual result of acting out of spite. If your second husband were a good husband to you and a kind father to your little girl, I would say—even though you did marry him out of spite—that you should stick to your bargain and be a good wife to him.

But, if, as you say, he is being untrue to you, the important thing to consider is the welfare of your child. You should do what is to her best interest.

Again I say—and I want you to be very sure that you are right about your second husband's unfaithfulness—if he is untrue to you, you might write him telling him you know of his actions with his cousin. Point out to him that you feel, under these circumstances, a home with him would be no place in which to rear your daughter, and that you want a separation.

To ask for a separation from a man overseas fighting for his country, purely for your own selfish ends, is a cruel thing to do. But if things are as you represent them to be, he may be as glad as you to have a parting of the ways. The welfare of your little girl, and your own conscience, should guide you in this matter.

Best wishes,

JANE WYMAN

Dear Jane:
I am almost fifteen and so miserable—for I have two broken, twisted fingers on my right hand. I rarely show them, especially when there are boys around. Although I am not bad looking, I am so afraid of showing them. Should I be?

Millicent

Dear Millicent:
When one is self-conscious of a handi¬
ap such as yours, and makes an effort to hide it, usually it results in attracting even more attention to it. Those fingers do no detract one bit from your personality or character, and I am sure that the friends who know and love you do not even notice them.

Do not let this assume such an im¬
potence in your eyes that it will mar your happiness. Just act natural about it, and if it will make you feel more comfortable, clasps your right hand loosely clasped, but do not make an issue of "trying to hide."

 Wonderful results are being accom¬
plished by plastic surgery. Perhaps if you consult a good surgeon, something could be done to straighten the fingers.

Best of luck,

Jane Wyman
in Hollywood," and when he returns to his home lot they have big plans for him.

The cutting room gossip at R.K.O. has it that Gene Krupa is sensational in "George White's Scandals." George White wants Gene for a Broadway musical next fall, but Krupa's Chicago draft board has placed him in 1A, and he may get the call even before he has a chance to play his Capitol Theatre date in New York.

Lots of studios have been bidding for Johnnie Johnston, including Paramount, where he was once on the payroll. Johnnie has signed his name to a Metro contract, and his first picture is scheduled to be "You Are Beautiful," with Gloria De Haven, June Albion, and Jimmy Durante. The picture will probably not start until Fall, and in the meantime, Johnnie will do his Capitol theatre dates only a few more personal appearances.

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Incidentally, Frances may not return for. The broadcast will come from Sanborn summer program. Spike will be the stars of the Chase and Sanford and Son summer, starting on June 9. The program will probably originate from the Pabst Blue Ribbon show for the New York, at least while Harry plays his orchestra for a half-hour program. Johnnie will do his Capitol theatre shows, and Spike will do a few more personal appearances.

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JAM NOTES:

"Major Glenn Miller Day" will be observed nationally in leading motion picture theatres on June 5, in conjunction with the Seventh War Loan Drive. Still no news from Glenn, but everyone is hoping Jimmy Dorsey's new vocalist is Jean Cromwell. Though this is her first job with a name band, Jean has worked with various big bands throughout the South. Jimmy has also hired Nita Rosa to sing Latin American tunes. Buddy Schutz has left the band because of illness. His doctor ordered him to take a long vacation, which will forego movies for a while in favor of radio. She landed the singing spot on the "Romance, Rhythm and Ripley" program over C.B.S. .

Bing Freeman, famous tenor saxophonist, is touring the Aleutian Islands with an all G.I. musical show. Anita Ellis has taken a vacation from her musical work show to spend two months in Texas with her husband, who has returned to the States after twenty-one months overseas. Randy Brooks is very happy over the success of his last double record, "Put Another Chair At The Table" and "I Wish." This is the boys' favorite. Their album has sold over fifty thousand copies. Helen Forrest has been signed to wax a series of albums. She will appear on a theatre tour, but will return to New York each Sunday for the radio program over the Blue Network, all the way. Margaret O'Brien was recently contracted by Capitol Records for a vocal spot in the new Paramount film, YOU CAME ALONG . . . When Tommy Dorsey signed to emcee the "Music America Loves Best" air show, he was kept busy denying rumors that he was breaking up his band. T.D. is on a theatre tour, but will return to New York each Sunday for the program. Margaret O'Brien was recently contracted, by Capitol Records to wax a series of albums. She will do dramatic skits and special material aimed at the sub-bobby-sox age. The baby Bernhardt is sporting a charm bracelet which was given to her by her little boy, Frank Sinatra. The bracelet is inscribed, "To A Lovely Little Girl And A Fine Actress."
Most spectacular results in this field recently have been racked up by Capitol Records. This young company is only 3 years old. Yet it has lined up more new talent than all other record companies combined. Andy Russell (left) and Paul Weston are just two in addition to Hutton. Others below.

One of the reasons for Capitol's success is the fact that the company is located in Hollywood—talent pool of the world. But even more important is the musical intuition of Johnny Mercer, Capitol's president, and Buddy De Sylva, chairman of the board. These two have an uncanny knack for spotting talent and matching it with proper tunes.

Third reason is the technical skill of Capitol's recording engineers. You can demonstrate this yourself by playing several different makes of records at the same volume on a phonograph. The Capitol records will sound stronger and clearer.

Proof of the pudding: Capitol has turned out 23 smash hits in 3 short years and skyrocketed right up among the old, established leaders in the popular record field.

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There are 65 million females in the United States. But only one of them sings like Betty Hutton. No one paid any attention to her, as a recording artist, until Capitol anticipated her talents and went out on the limb to present her—for the first time—on wax.

23 SMASH HITS IN 3 YEARS

Accentuate The Positive • The Trolley Song • I'll Walk Alone • G.I. Jive • Candy Dream • I Should Care • Amor • Strip Polka • Cow Cow Boogie • Mr. Five by Five • Swinging on a Star • I Lost My Sugar in Salt Lake City • I Dream of You • Besame Mucho • Straighten Up and Fly Right • Shoo-Shoo Baby • His Rocking Horse Ran Away • And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine • Long Ago and Far Away • Elks' Parade • That Old Black Magic • My Ideal

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SMARTEST OF THE SEASON

The TOPPER FROM CALIFORNIA

You'll be the hit of your last minute Christmas party with this adorable little thing called the TOPPER. It's a Fashion Gal, a reel of fashion, a must for every young woman.

This Sweater's the Thing!
California's latest rage. Sleeveless all-wool pullover sweater, deep V neck, extra wide knitted waistband. Choice of seven luscious California colors — see $10.95 coupon below. Only...

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Hollywood 26, Calif.

JUNE MOODS
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

All right," I said, "make up your mind. What do you really want?"

"What do I want?" she asked musingly. "I want to do a piece with passionate sincerity and utter conviction. I want to interpret a character with such intensity that I'll break my own heart doing it." She stood up suddenly and stretched her arms above her head. "That's what I want. That's what I want more than anything in the world."

I laughed. "You don't have to put on an act for me, kid. After all—in that bathrobe and those pajamas—"

She flopped down on the couch and said quite seriously, "It's difficult to have to spoil everything!"

But it wasn't an act. She meant it with all the strength of her single-track young mind. She thinks about other channels into which her talents might have been directed, but she always comes back to her present burning desire—to be the best actress in Hollywood.

Talking to June when she is happy—which is nearly always—and hearing her laughter spill into the room like bright, golden coins, one is tempted to believe that behind that incredibly expressive, pixyish little face there lives no memory of the hard road over which she has traveled. But that would be a mistake. "See those checks?" she said, indicating a scatter of yellow printed forms lying on a low table. "Each one of them is signed with my heart's blood. Oh, it isn't that. I like to spend money and give beautiful presents to people I love. And nothing gives me quite the feeling of a warm, inner glow as when I have helped someone when the going is tough. But I can look back to the time when a dollar bill was as big as a three sheet poster—and believe me, there wasn't anything warm or comforting in those times. And they could come again. I suppose that everyone who didn't have a fairy godmother leading the way over the first steep pitch of a career has the same memories. Look at him." She picked up a copy of the New Yorker and pointed to a profile article about Somerset Maugham. "Life certainly wasn't a bowl of cherries for Maugham. Not many people in the world are strong enough to pay the price he paid."

If paying the price is a through-ticket on the success highway, June Allyson is already well along on her journey. She is dedicated to the belief that if you want something, all you have to do is work hard and then make up your mind whether the article is worth it. Good times, lovely clothes, interesting friends, all had a price. "I'm just beginning to understand what that look means and to wonder about it. Maybe an artistic success isn't worth something. Maybe a woman's normal life, being married and having children, is better. I don't know."
mean is that I've got to have something driving me. Every time I look at one of my pictures I think: 'Oh, you could have done better—lots better.' If I ever reach the point where I can look at my work complacently then I'll know producers are about ready to lift their eyebrows when my name comes up. And I don't want that to happen."

I had, it appeared, found June in a serious mood, a facet of that mercurial young lady's character that she rarely permits a visitor to see. It has often been said that the ability to laugh is a gift bestowed upon Man by a benign providence to help him bear the burdens which might otherwise become insupportable. If this is true, June has been singularly blessed. Laughter with her is usually as spontaneous and illuminating as a bursting star-shell. It geysers up from within her and comes out a husky, warm, infectious sound that would start a grin on the face of Anthony Comstock himself. It spills into the room and fills it with light and color. She loves zany stories and the eager, anticipatory expressions which flit across her mobile young face would make a first rate raconteur of the dullest fellow. Her response to humor is as instantaneous as an electric current when a switch is thrown. And by a blessed grace, she can laugh best at herself.

"Once when I was posing for fashion pictures," she said, "I fell into a pool and ruined my career as a model. It served me right, too, because I'd been looking at my reflection in the water and thinking I was beautiful. Oh, what a mess I was!" She laughed ruefully as the picture flooded back into her mind. Then she added soberly: "It might be a good idea if I'd keep on falling into figurative pools, if I ever get to thinking I'm too important."

Laughter with June is as necessary as the California sunshine which she has come to love. She laughs with the grips or the waitress in the commissary or with Joe Pasternak, her producer. But she never laughs at anyone. She remembers too clearly the old times in New York when for days on end she didn't have the courage to smile. It is this memory which now and again, as she talks, prints a certain somberness on her young face.

Having compassion for others less fortunate than she, June is able to look at life realistically. Knowing that existence in her world is a battle, she has acquired a fine and discriminating feeling of drama. Early in her career, she made up her mind that if she was to achieve her goal it must be through the interpretation of human emotions. In New York she had sung in small parts, but she knew even then that her voice would never win the laurels she coveted. "I made a try at singing in 'Two Girls and a Sailor,'" she said, "but I felt pretty sure in my own mind that it didn't come off very well. Oh, I can put a song over—but my voice will never be anything to cheer about. So, when 'Music for Millions' came along I really went to work. Please don't think I'm conceited enough to believe I exhausted the possibilities of the part. I know I didn't. But I gave it the best I had at that time. If I were to do it over again now I think I could do a better job. That's the one hopeful thing I keep before my eyes all the time—the thought that some day I really may become a good actress."

Currently June is working in a picture called "Her Highness and the Bellboy." After that will come "Brighton Beach," and then either "Peg O' My Heart" or another "Two Girls and a Sailor" thing. In between times, she's soaking up everything of Maugham's she can get her hands on. "I like Maugham," she says, "because he hasn't any illusions and because he handles women with a scalpel. He knows all our weaknesses and portrays them pitilessly. He's a pretty good warning. The thing to do is to try to be the kind of girl he doesn't seem to know."

What worries June more than anything at the moment is time in its flight. "Here I am twenty-one," she said tragically, "and I've only got my feet started on the journey I've got to travel. Pretty soon I'll be an old woman and my work not half done."

"Do you think you can wedge in a little date at the altar somewhere along the way?" I asked.

"Maybe—sometime," she said dreamily. "Just now it doesn't seem too important."

A few moments later the buzzer sounded and the Naval Lieutenant came in. He was very spit and polish, and very handsome. June fled—but in twenty minutes she was back, and I gathered a quick impression that if the Navy is pretty important so also is June Allyson, especially to the Navy.

The End

"They say he drinks only Pepsi-Cola."
woman with the blonde hair?"

Then, having learned my name, she made it a point to speak to me each time she saw me, and later asked that I be permanently assigned to her picture.

Forgive me for beginning this story with a personal experience, but the incident serves perfectly to illustrate an important character: she likes and respects people who speak their minds honestly, forthrightly and on the moment. There are two things that she cannot abide: self-shallying and artificiality.

I know that Katharine had a good deal of adverse publicity when she first came to Hollywood, yet I think the causes may be understood. She is a terse, straightforward person; she says what she thinks in the simplest possible manner. This habit, which is purely the result of concise thinking and definite tastes, is sometimes construed as abruptness. During those early days a hairdresser once completed what she felt was a beautiful coiffure, then turned Katharine to the mirror to view the handiwork.

Katharine took in the full effect on the instant. "It won't do," she said. "I don't like it." The girl was accustomed to the temporizing answer of "Well, that may be a very lovely arrangement on someone else, but somehow on me it seems—well, I don't just know, but I think it just doesn't make the strand..."

This is the manner of many actresses, but Katharine would have considered that time-wasting. She said, "I think you'd better think and wait for a constructive suggestion instead," and she burst into tears and rushed from the dressing room. She asked to be removed from the picture, a wish that was granted. When the affair was reported to Katharine, upon the arrival of a new hairdresser, she was amazed. She had rounded out her offense and was completely nonplussed that offense had been taken.

A writer, anxious to do an analytical story on Katharine, once asked me to remember every witchy thing Katharine had ever done. I tried to think of something really disagreeable, because I agree with Katharine that I have a right to tell because it feels—and I agree with her—that need to be done.

I think that if we recombine this production, there are dozens of things did instead of other persons in New York and Hollywood, but if I did that, Katharine would never forgive me. She feels—and I agree with her—that nothing is so great that she has done other persons in New York and Hollywood.

If I were asked to state Katharine's outstanding characteristic, aside from her great dramatic talent and crafts- manship, I would say instantly that it is her love of walking. How that girl loves to walk! Her admiration of the good conduct of doing business may be a very lovely arrangement on someone else, but somehow on me it seems—well, I don't just know, but I think it just doesn't make the strand..."

"You're going, and that's settled," she said, "and I'm going to give you your traveling case."

"You're going, and that's settled," she said. "And I'm going to give you your traveling case!"

I'm going to give you your traveling case."

Then, having learned my name, she swung her long legs over without the least trouble, while I stood on the opposite side, wailing that I'd never be able to make it.

I think that, in some previous incarnation, she was a wandering troubadour. This was fine, for her, because it is her love of walking.

"Don't be silly. I'll get you over," she said. "I'll get you over," she said, "all business."

She had had her chauffeur drive us out into the hillsides in her spare time. I had not been home for nine years, I had made reservations to go home to England to visit my relatives. I had made my arrangements with Katharine, thinking that she would be between pictures (I had become her secretary by that time) so she wouldn't need me as a stenographer, and had made my arrangements with Katharine, thinking that she would be between pictures (I had become her secretary by that time) so she wouldn't need me as a stenographer.

I have been striding along the crest of a rather high hill, and the fence marked the railroad right-of-way. Katharine climbed the wire and swung her long legs over without the least trouble, while I stood on the opposite side, wailing that I'd never be able to make it.

The "get you over," she said, "all business."

She gave me instructions, so I hauled myself up. Just as I straddled the top wires, catching the bars nicely in my hands, I came puffing up the grade. It was moving slowly enough to afford the delighted
Ingrid Bergman, Ronald Colman and James Cagney were among the many movieland stars who took part in the President Roosevelt Memorial broadcast from Hollywood.
As directed on the label. Try it.

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THE END
that interim; a job he was forced to forfeit last May when the Navy medics said a firm "Out!" How¬ever much their verdict disappointed Billy, though, it was good news both to Hollywood and the nurses at the hospital where he spent the last five months of his service; his irrepressible antics undoubtedly were good for the morale of his fellow patients, but they played havoc on the nerves of the hospital staff.

There was the night, for example, when one of the middle-aged and primly proper nurses came walking down the dimly-lit ward where Billy was housed. Rounding a turn, she came face to face with a monstrous creature, arms upraised and face contorted in a horrible grimace. Her blood-curdling screams, as she raced down the dimly-lit ward where Billy was housed. Rounding a turn, she came face to face with a monstrous creature, arms upraised and face contorted in a horrible grimace. Her blood-curdling screams, as she raced down the dimly-lit ward where Billy was housed. Rounding a turn, she came face to face with a monstrous creature, arms upraised and face contorted in a horrible grimace. Her blood-curdling screams, as she raced down the dimly-lit ward where Billy was housed. Rounding a turn, she came face to face with a monstrous creature, arms upraised and face contorted in a horrible grimace. Her blood-curdling screams, as she raced down the dimly-lit ward where Billy was housed. 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interest in the theater, Billy got a job as usher and sweeper-outer at the local vaudeville-movie theater in his spare time after school for 50 cents an hour. For actual services rendered, he was overpaid; patrons had to find their own seats while he watched the show, and invariably he was in the wings watching rehearsals when he should have been pushing a broom in the lobby. By watching the acrobatic dancing acts in particular, and imitating their routines on the mat in the school gymnasium, he soon had worked out an eccentric dance routine of his own.

About this time, too, he began to take an active interest in the Methodist church near his home. When he became the leader of the church's Christian Endeavor society, Mr. and Mrs. Jones were sure he was headed for the ministry.

"Frankly, it was only the ham coming out in me," Billy now admits. "I loved to stand up there on the rostrum with everybody watching me and give out with the gestures. The other fellows used to read their speeches, but I always memorized mine so I could strut up and down like a young Hamlet!"

He was practising his dance routine at the theater one Sunday when he was spotted by the manager of one of the acts, Jimmy Connors's Band, who mistook him for one of the acts. The coming week's bill. Reluctantly Billy confessed he was only an usher. The band signed him anyway, and $7.50 a week Bill Jones became $50 a week Billy DeWolfe. The new name was donated by the theater manager, who saw no future for an actor called Bill Jones.

When the band completed its tour in New York, Billy organized a dancing trio with two girls which was billed as DeWolfe, Metcalfe, and Ford. The act played the New York Hippodrome and was seen there by a famous vaudeville impresario from England, who offered them four weeks billing in London. The four weeks stretched into five years for Billy. He was making a hit, and more important to him, he was having fun; so when the girls became homesick and insisted upon returning to the United States, Billy revamped the act into a single and continued on his way.

"I like to have fun, no matter what I'm doing," Billy explains. "In fact, I've got to have fun or I don't do it. There's no point in it." Fun to Billy, however, doesn't necessarily mean laughs; it means personal enjoyment of his work, and a certain gay spirit which has kept him from taking himself too seriously. He has less conceit, in proportion to his talent, than I think he was the 'Hollywood type,' Billy finally made a test for 20th-Fox, the first company to have approached him.
The test—long since disappeared and probably into somebody’s private film library—was a riot. Believing he didn’t stand a dog’s chance in the movies, Billy proceeded to kid the pants off Hollywood, its people and its customs, in a deliciously funny and informal monologue.

“Making a test is silly anyway,” he chattered on. “Why waste all this time and money when it will be stuck away on some shelf and no one will look at it, maybe for years, maybe forever? Everybody knows what happens to Hollywood tests.” And curiously enough, he was right—for that’s usually how it is.

Rather than make their own expensive test of him, Paramount borrowed the 20th-Fox test for a quick look-see, and then burned up the wires getting in touch with Billy’s agent.

“Has Fox signed DeWolfe yet?” they asked.

“Nope,” the agent answered.

“But are you sure he isn’t under contract to them?” Paramount persisted.

“Sure I’m sure!” the agent answered.

They haven’t even looked at the test yet!”

Billy signed with Paramount. That was in 1941. Under the terms of the contract Billy’s agent had the right to approve or refuse roles for him. For 18 months the studio submitted little numbers like “Are You a Mason,” and for 18 months the agent fired them back.

Meanwhile Billy continued to make financial hay at the Rainbow Room. Finally the role of Mr. Bones, the minstrel man partner of Crosby in “Dixie,” was offered, and Billy called it a deal. Enroute to Hollywood, however, he stopped in Chicago to fulfill a commitment at the Empire Room in the famous Palmer House.

Greeting him in Hollywood, Paramount’s boss man, B. G. DeSylva, immediately launched into an enthusiastic account of the studio’s plans for one Billy DeWolfe. The second lead in “Dixie,” and after that, bigger and better things.

“In fact,” said DeSylva, “we’re really going to shoot the works on you! Already have a lot of things under way. Yes sir, the works!”

Billy gulped. “I guess I better tell you then that I’m in the Navy,” he stammered.

“I’m in the Navy?” DeSylva screamed. “When? I thought you were 1B. How did it happen?”

“I enlisted while I was in Chicago, and I have to report as soon as I’ve finished ‘Dixie.’”

He had gone down to the post office to buy some stamps and mail a letter, it seems. Somehow he found himself in a line of men waiting to sign up for the Navy (the recruiting office was in the post office) and decided he wanted “in” too. So he stayed in line.

When the Navy said “Out!” last May, Billy took a month’s rest in Maine, played a couple of night club engagements to pick up a little quick change (he hadn’t exactly fattened on $76 a month in lieu of $1500 a week), and journeyed once more to Hollywood to continue on his Paramount contract. Now that he has finished a comedy role in “Susie Slagle” and a spot in “Duffy’s Tavern,” he is slated to do a comedy part in “Our Hearts Were Growing Up.” Offered his choice of two roles in the

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The look that says plain as day, “Ah, food—bring it on!” Mothers who serve Gerber’s get to know that look very well. Because, Gerber’s is famous for:

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Many babies, your doctor will tell you, need extra iron after the age of three months or more. Both Gerber’s Cereal Food and Gerber’s Strained Oatmeal have generous amounts of added iron and Vitamin B1. Serve both cereals—variety helps baby eat better. Both cereals are pre-cooked—just add milk or formula, hot or cold, and serve.

Gerber's Baby Foods

Free sample Address: Gerber Products Company, Dept-MT, 75, Fremont, Michigan

My baby is now ______ months old, please send me samples of Gerber’s Cereal Food and Gerber’s Strained Oatmeal.

Name__________________________

Address________________________ City and State________________________
Bob DeLong is out of Pins today. We're making more now, but still with a window bang.

He may be a greenhorn on "Dixie") and her hus-

reasons, including her friendly and dancing fame. And he still is

dancing lessons every week definitely

Staggered him, for instance, when he

has handed out, Hollywood has rocked

Christmas party with Dorothy La-

mourn (whom he calls the swellest gal

in Hollywood for good and sufficient

reasons). The trouble was, I was always

Merry Christmas!' at this time of

'momentarily in it. Holbrook and Bob Orson Welles re-

Pemberton asked, before DeWolfe would be free?

"I don't know," he said honestly.

"You would have been perfect for the lead in this play.

The play turned out to be "Harvey"

—the sensational smash hit now wow-

ing Broadway.

Billy probably never won a Beautiful Baby contest, and he's no killer-

diller for looks now. Close to six feet
tall, he weighs a solid 180 pounds,

which he is trying to shave to around 170.

Rather round of face piece at the

sharp brown eyes, a black mustache,

and black hair.

Handsome or no, however, he has

a world of charm, an outer, friendly manner, and a great knack for droll

conversation which invariably makes

him the center of attention in a crowd.

Home is a bachelor apartment in

which there is no telephone (he's hop-

ing, of course, like everyone else) and

he drives a light green convertible
coupe. His heart currently (and for

the past two years) belongs to Arnell, an actress-singer, and he may

be married by the time you read this.

Then again, he may not. Past ro-

mances in London, Paris, Budapest et al proved him none too reliable in

this department.

"The trouble was, I was always traveling," he explains it, "and I'd

lose touch because I never write

letters."

Simple, what? When he does

marry, however, I'll bet it will be for

keeps.

In payment for some of the jolts he has

handed out, Hollywood has rocked

Billy a couple of times, he admits. It

staggered him, for instance, when he discovered that a recent studio order

that everyone on the lot must take

dancing lessons every week definitely

included him, despite his background

of dancing fame. And he still is

shaking his head over last Christmas
eve.

Enroute home rather late from a

Christmas party with Dorothy Lam-

mour (whom he calls the swellest gal

in Hollywood for good and sufficient

reasons, including her friendly and perspicacious help when he was a

greenhorn on "Dixie") and his hus-

band, their car ran out of gas. The

three stood on the street, discussing

what to do and how to move the car,

when suddenly a window was raised to

the house across the way.

"Merry Christmas!" a woman called

out.

Billy was amazed. "How charming,

how perfectly lovely," he called back.

"Where else in the world would you

find a complete stranger calling "Merry Christmas!" at this time of

night? Truly, Hollywood is an extra-

ordinary place!"

"And SHUT UP!" the woman added

with a window bang.

As Billy said, can you imagine?

The End
Minuit, Sans Souci, El Patio, Casanova and Morocco—but Ciro's is still the social gathering spot of Mexico. It is open twenty-four hours a day, and no curfew. Before Ciro's, entertainment was always confined to the home. Now one can see Mexico's aristocracy, the political figures and Hollywood's stars, directors, and producers rubbing shoulders in the beige rooms of Ciro's. On the walls, nudes with huge white vases of calla lilies, carrying out the motif of the now world-famous Rivera murals.

When Ciro's successfully brought the Mexican-theater concept to Hollywood and San Diego, it was the land of tomorrow. People from east and west will fly to Acapulco by plane. It will be the place seven and a half hours from Hollywood. It will be warmer than one. After the war, it will be the place where people from east and west will come to relax and play. It will really be the land of tomorrow.

The End

It all began when Lynn was too small to recognize the malicious hand of a practical-joking Fate, busily setting booby traps for her embarrassment.

At age six, she was scheduled to wear paper wings and a long white dress at a Christmas program. So accosted, she was to sing "0 Little Town Of Bethlehem" in front of the curtain, thus introducing the Sunday School pageant. The day before her debut as a featured singer, Miss Bari shed both her central incisors (front teeth to youse who haven't seen your dentist twice a year). As the letter "s" and the diphthong "th" are most difficult to pronounce under such a circumstance, and as "Town of Bethlehem" is noted for the two lines reading, "How still we see thee lie, Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, the silent stars go by," Miss Bari had her linguistic problems.

However, fortified by the snowiness of her robes and the impressive wingspread of her shoulder gear, she marched out on the platform and thronged her thong with the sweethearth and thinthery. Thlowly—er, that is, slowly the curtain began to roll up as it was cranked by an eager Christmas worker in the rear. And as it rolled, it caught the hem of Lynn's angelic robe and inexorably wound it, too. As her clothing began to creep upward, Lynn crossed one foot over the other, exasperated with the continually applied pressure on the floating garment to hold it down about her gradually-being-revealed form, and continued to thing luthily. A horrified—Sunday School teacher, watching from the wings, managed to halt the ascent of the curtain just as it was threatening to twirl a levitated Miss Bari heavenward in the most spectacular aerial stunt since Little Eva was wafted to Heaven, two performances a day. Ingratiated by the thunderous laughter and applause that had followed the song, Lynn continued to think luthily. At length, retiring into the wings, Miss Bari told a contemporary, "That's funny. I still don't think I think the very word." Years later, she was still of the opinion—despite her very handsome set of permanent teeth—when she was asked to appear on a radio program in behalf of the Naval Aid Auxiliary. All she had to do, she was assured, was to wear her blue uniform, arrive at the broadcasting station at the proper time, deliver a plea for funds and depart with a sensation of having fulfilled a patriotic duty. Miss Lynn, happy to be of assistance, followed all directions. But when she walked upon the stage—beyond which sat a huge and eager audience—she learned that her appeal was to be delivered just before a quiz program. "And," jubilated the announcer triumphantly, "Miss Bari will be our final contestant."

Miss Bari secretly prayed to be seized with something as dire as it was temporary. She thought of fainting, of developing an attack of galloping hiccoughs. But before she could perfect any subterfuge, she found herself before a microphone. "We are ignominiously across bathroom floors by innocent cakes of soap.

Why FIBS are "quilted"

Here is another feature fastidious women appreciate. Fibs are "quilted" to prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes. The quilting also contributes directly to your comfort . . . keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

Why FIBS are so easy to use?

No other tampon is quilted! Why FIBS are "quilted"

Here is another feature fastidious women appreciate. Fibs are "quilted" to prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes. The quilting also contributes directly to your comfort . . . keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS!*
How YOU, too—
In 7 Short Weeks—
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If you are unhappy about your figure, your face, your personality—take heart!
Right at home, through Powers Training, you discover your own hidden loveliness. Simple design "su¬
sors" in figure control, makeup, styling, until you make the whole course exciting. The cost? No more than a party dress!

NOW, a "Model" figure. She says: "Now Johnny calls me beautiful...and we're engaged!"

Miss Bari, engaged—by Powers Training!

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Get this Free Booklet

Including Your Confidential Questionnaire

Miss Bari, engaged—by Powers Training!

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Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course, including free, illustrated booklet.

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Street ____________________________
City & Zone ________________________
State ____________________________

Occupation ________________________
Age ____________________________
distinctly her own. Secure in this thought, Lynn selected an exceedingly smart outfit.

Several days later, she and one of her best friends—Virginia Gilmore—went shopping for hats. Each had a swatch of material from the suit she was planning to wear to the fete. But, since each dealt with a different person in the same millinery, neither saw the swatch the other was attempting to match.

Came the day of the affair, and Lynn joined Virginia to attend. They were gowned exactly alike. Same material, same design, same color scheme. Only their hats were different—yet they, too, conformed to the general color scheme.

Laughing, the girls went to the party as twins, telling all inquiring guests that individualism in dress was passe; the new trend was regimentation.

Some months later the girls met in New York for luncheon—each still wearing her celebrated suit. By that time, however, Lynn had decided that she didn't much like her hat—that the style Virginia had chosen would have been better. Virginia, ditto. So they swapped hats.

Nearly everyone has a story to tell about his encounter with a stubborn waiter. Lynn is no exception. She and her husband, Sid Luft, were having dinner at Chez Roland (a small club on Roosevelt Highway) one evening when Lynn decided that she wanted to play the juke box, a formidable affair at this particular spot. She cadged a fistful of nickels from her husband and assailed the juke. After tinkering with it for a few moments, she came to the conclusion that it needed a master hand to mesh the gears; so she stopped a passing waiter.

"Can you play this for me?" she asked, sweetly, appealingly.

"What you want to play?" demanded the man.

"Accentuate The Positive," reported Miss Bari.

The waiter shook his head sorrowfully. "You not want that seely stuff," he protested. "You play something nice like 'Viennese Waltz.' So!" And taking the nickel from Miss Bari's hand, the waiter pressed the lever of his choice, touched a secret throttle somewhere in the back of the machine, and out swept—the 'Viennese Waltz!'

Somewhat nonplussed, Lynn sat down. "I thought you were going to play . . ." Sid started to say.

"Next time," promised Lynn, not caring to go into the matter.

During the hour she was there, Lynn didn't play 'Accentuate The Positive.' She did play—by proxy—every sweet selection on the card.

But however weird her luck in other things has been, Lynn Bari's career is leaping forward on rabbits' feet. She is currently working in "Captain Eddie," the story of Eddie Rickenbacker. She portrays Mrs. Rickenbacker, a plum part, to be followed by even juicier roles. Of course this doesn't mean that Lynn has permanently shed her gremlins. They are merely having a sabbatical leave. As soon as they return to the job, we'll report to you.

THE END
really a frustrated lawyer. For that reason he didn’t try to make David follow in his footsteps and become a restaurant proprietor.

“Running a restaurant,” he said categorically, “is the widest business in the world. The trouble is that the customers take away what you sell them. A good business is one in which your customers don’t take anything away. Like a roller-skating rink— you lend them skates, charge them 35 cents, and at the end of the evening you get your skates back.”

Mr. McBroom also approved of law as a profession for a lawyer, you don’t give anything away—not even advice. Mr. McBroom, need we add, is Scotch.

David himself had other ambitions. While he was attending high school he dreamed of being an orchestra leader. He played violin and led the high school band. His idol was Herbie Kaye, and that is the name that would be around with a band all over the country, as Herbie did, was wonderful.

“But I’ve discovered since,” says David, “that being a band leader is no cinch. It’s really full of hard work and plenty of headaches.”

By the time Dave was ready for college, he had more than a suspicion that he wanted to act. His father was still bound and determined that David was to become a lawyer. But David enrolled at the Northwestern University School of Speech.

“Why a school of speech,” his father wanted to know. “Why not law school?”

“Every lawyer,” argued David, “must be able to make a good speech.”

And so he pulled the wool over his dad’s eyes. . . for a while.

By the time he was in his senior year, he was in charge of many plays, and was so busy in the dramatic society, that the wool slipped from papa’s eyes. However, one day when Mr. McBroom and the minister of the Methodist Church had dinner together, Mr. McBroom became reconciled to the fact that David was headed for a career as an actor. The Methodist minister had seen some of David’s performances.

“You and I, my boy,” he said, “are each accomplishing some good, each in our own way. You are making people laugh and I am trying to save their souls. Both jobs are important.”

Another important event happened in David’s senior year—although at the time he didn’t realize how important it was. He met the girl who was later to be his inspiration, his romantic ideas. At the end of the year, he and Cynthia parted. He began traveling all over the country with stock companies, and Cynthia traveled everywhere, teaching school. Each year they exchanged birthday cards. But they thought of each other just casually, as friends do, not romantically, as sweethearts do.

After his graduation, David went to New York to try to get on the stage. He started with a capital of $65, and his fare. In New York he roomed on Sixth Avenue for $3.50 a week. He became assistant and theatrical producer in town. But actors were a dime a dozen then—particularly actors whose experience was as long as they were old. None of the producers was impressed. Finally, David was down to his last nickel.

“What followed,” he says, “sounds like the phonyest of stories, but it’s true. I was rejected; I was a-wastin’ and a-wastin’, while Papa’s eyes were on my back. However, one day when I was a-sneezing, I got a slight cough, so I spent my last nickel for cough drops, and lived on those for three days. This was just a few days before Thanksgiving. At the end of three days, the Railway Express bundle arrived from my mother, containing roast duck, corned beef hash, candy and other Thanksgiving delicacies. I put Papa’s eyes. I got a new lease on life. Then I got a job playing the piano for my dinners, in a restaurant on Sixth Avenue.

But after that, David began to work as a page boy at NBC for the magnificent sum of $15 a week. And then came a letter from Paramount. While he had still been at college, Oliver Hinsdell, then a talent scout with Paramount, had seen him act in a college play, and had sent his photograph and an enthusiastic report to the studio. But studios are sometimes notoriously slow about making up their minds. So time had been a-wastin’ and a-wastin’, while Paramount delayed. I was not in a hurry, and I had no cinch. It’s really full of hard work and plenty of headaches.”

By the end of the year, he was a leading man.
to New York.

So New York again, and again David didn't get nearer Broadway than running the elevator in the Nora Bayes theatre. He did whatever work he could to keep body and soul alive. He even sold fertilizer on Long Island.

But in New York there was a young, lovely girl named Phyllis Isley. She, too, had acting ambitions. She told David she was starting a stock company in Oklahoma and asked him, "Will you be my leading man?"

Of course he said yes... even today, who can refuse Jennifer Jones? (Oh yes—didn't you remember? Phyllis Isley is Jennifer's real name.)

"We toured all summer in Oklahoma," David explains, "and everything happened on that tour. Once the villain was supposed to shoot, with me as the target, and Phyllis was supposed to rush in to protect me. Naturally, when the gun goes off, the gal gets shot. We had to find some way to make it look as if blood had spurted from Phyllis' arm. 'What'll I use to make it look that way?' she asked me. I got some rouge and cold cream and placed them where they'd be handy when needed, so that she could quickly apply the rouge to her arm. After the shot was fired, the blood would appear to spread from the wound.

"But one day the cylinder fell out of the villain's gun and it wouldn't go off. Jennifer already had the rouge on her arm, and when she came out, apparently bleeding, the audience howled."

On the company's closing night in Tulsa, David had chills and fever. When the curtain rang down on the third act, he passed out. The doctor diagnosed it as malaria.

For several weeks he was very ill. Then he received an invitation to join the Peninsula Players, a company in Wisconsin which he had helped found during his college days. Although the salary was only $20 a week plus his food and board (he'd received about $45 a week with Jennifer Jones' company) he accepted the offer. When he arrived in Wisconsin, he heard that a Hollywood actress was going to join the company.

"She'll probably be a stinker," the other actors said. "You know the way those Hollywood people are. She'll probably upstage all of us."

But came the day. Came the girl, Jacqueline Wells (now known as Julie Bishop). She didn't upstage anyone. She was swell. Came friendship. She was David's leading lady in "The Circle." Convinced that he could act, she said so. She also added, "Why don't you try Hollywood?"

Came the reply, "Yuk, yuk, yuk, I've been there! No thanks!"

"Well, anyway," said Jacqueline, "why don't you come to Hollywood to visit me? And if you wish, while you're there I'll introduce you to my agent."

So David went out to Hollywood again—only this time, he had to pay his own fare. Consequently he travelled by bus. "There's an art to traveling comfortably on a Greyhound bus," he says. "There is only one seat in a bus you can lie down in, and I appropriated that seat. Of course on a crowded bus in wartime, my little plan wouldn't work. You'd be lucky to get any seat. But in those days there were plenty of empty seats, so no one minded my luggage and coat on the back seat—which by a not so
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Again Leading Lady smashes the headlines with “Sunshine Rhythm.” Smooth as your favorite Juke Box tune, bright as Summer Sunshine, “Swing out” ahead of the crowd in this original creation by Lucille Lane of Hollywood. The “Down-Beck” skirt is terrifically different. Three “Juke-Box” pleats front and back. Tricky “narrow-thin” pleats running from stitched waistband accentuate the positive streamlined flare. Crush resisting rayon. Trim-fit waistline. What value at $4.99! Order on 5-day shopping comparison. Return without cost if you don’t agree this is America’s finest skirt value. The Serenade Blouse is a perfect complement, Mannish tailored with the exclusive Bobby Bone long wing collar. Fashioned from expensive material, originated in men’s fine shirts. Smart pearl buttons, tricky cigarette pocket, unique stitching. Set the style headlines with “Sunshine Rhythm…” Even more exciting when you see them than these sketches from actual stock.

This was a matter that had to be remedied right away, so David took Cynthia to a little club in Orinda, California, bought a bottle of champagne, and said, “This Navy refused to take up my option. I was to have been in the Marine Corps, but they wouldn’t have me either. Then I tried Universal—and they let me in.”

Meanwhile, he and Cynthia had married. At first she continued teaching at Scripps College; and when David had some free time he would drive to Claremont, when she had some free time she would drive to Hollywood.

But such an arrangement is never more than temporarily satisfactory, so last December Cynthia resigned. When they were first married, Cynthia knew very little about cooking. At her wedding, a friend called her into a private room and said, “I have a wonderful wedding gift for you. Here’s a recipe you can buy. It’s a family recipe and you must memorize it. Repeat after me…”

She lost fifteen pounds for the sake of “Salome, Where She Danced.” At first Wanger tested him for the role of the heavy, the Prussian officer Von Bohlen; later played by Albert Dekker. David took out a book on dialects and studied Prussian diction. In that role, Wanger got the idea of casting him as a young American, instead.

But Wanger was worried. “You’re supposed to be a kid of 19 in this, and you look 105. You’ve got too much stuff around the chin, too much extra. Can you lose 15 pounds in two weeks?”

“I can do it in ten days,” said Dave. And believe it or not, he did.

Cynthia was very pleased. When she saw him in his Confederate uniform she was more pleased, for her heart is still that of a normal Southern girl. She had some color pictures of David taken in his Confederate uniform and sent them to her mother, to show her what a handsome Southerner David might have made—if he’d been born in the South instead of in Illinois.

“Yes,” says David happily, “we’re both nuts. We’ve really only just begun to fight the Civil War all over again. We also argue over whether it’s possible for two people, both of whom have blue eyes with colors that are any other color. I say that our children will have to be blue-eyed. Cynthia disagrees. There’s just one way to settle the argument. And you can bet on it—war!”

THE END
they'll make allowances. We have to test without the right wardrobe or the right sets, with some stooge reading the other parts—they can't expect a lot. They do expect a lot and they don't make allowances. They think it's pretty darn white of them to give you your chance—and it is!"

The man who taught Jim, that is Bill Russell, now directing "Our Hearts Were Growing Up," in which the quartet of young players who gained fame in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" are repeating their former roles.

Mr. Russell was Paramount coach at the time, and he had two days in which to get Jim ready for his first test. According to Jim, his contract was all Bill Russell's doing. The young Texan entered the coach's studio, tense and worried. In no time flat he'd learned to work his role in such easy fashion that the result on the screen, though attained the hard way, seemed gay and spontaneous.

"He taught me to like acting," confided Jim. "Anyone can do a better job if he likes what he's doing. When I was a kid, my father wanted me to learn a trade and get a job, the quicker the better. But any job I knew about looked deadly dull. My father's idea was that I should go into the oil business—Texas is full of opportunities in the oil fields—and he thought I was wasting time dressing rooms.

When in the fourth round Jim was put away his cane and came to the elimination, the earnest young man's gaze followed the bronzed young Texan through the games, and when in the fourth round Jim was eliminated, the earnest young man put on his cane and came to the dressing rooms.

"I am Henry Willson, agent. I can arrange a screen test for you."

"HAVE YOU any idea what it means to be 65 pounds lighter? To me it means a freedom from worry and weariness such as I hadn't known in years. It means buying a size 14 dress instead of a 44—with a wider selection, smarter styles, lower prices and no alterations. It means hearing my husband say it's a thrill just to walk down the street with me. It means that my housework, a tedious burden before, is now done easily and quickly.

"As soon as I started my DuBarry Success Course at home, things began to happen. The first week I lost 7 pounds, then 3 pounds every week until I had gone from 187 to 122.

"Friends remark on the improved appearance of my skin, the styling of my hair, my skill in make-up. My doctor approved the plan and was amazed at my progress each time I went for a check-up. He tells me that I now have a school-girl figure.

"Yes, this is what the DuBarry Success Course has meant to me. I'd gladly have paid five times its cost."

"ever thought of trying the movies?"

Jim laughed, thinking it was a gag, and said he rather planned to tour with Garwood Van's orchestra as first vocalist. (He had already filled engagements with the band in Oklahoma City and Houston.)

“I am Henry Willson, agent. I can arrange a screen test for you.”
Prevent that hard—tired—drawn look by wearing OCULENS—the restful sun-glasses that banish unattractively "squint-wrinkles" and that help give your eyes the "health-bauble" that brings admiring comment. For sports & street wear.

Eliminate Sun-Squint, Sun-Blur, and Sun-Clare without Masking Clear Vision and True Color Values. Choose the OCULENS Style that will frame your eyes most attractively—at your favorite stores.

FOOT RELIEF

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, a New Soothing Foot Plaster. Easily Cut to Any Size, Shape

Jim can't remember what he replied to that, but he tried to explain that he had never acted in his life, that there wasn't the remotest chance of his being any good. Besides, he had promised to go back to Baylor for another term, motive tennis.

The agent pointed out that the screen offers greater opportunities than coming from singing with a band or playing in tennis tournaments. Imperturbably, he demolished all Jim's arguments, and next thing he knew, the young athlete found himself engaged to make a test for Paramount.

That was when he met Bill Russell. The studio liked the test. Jim was simple and gave the "Jim Brown" type to return to Baylor for a short term.

"Go in for dramatics while you're down there," advised his agent. "You never know when and anything you do will help."

Jim said: "Okay!" and promptly forgot the advice given. No one at Baylor thought of Lefty Brown as an actor. The girl who had come, the moment suggested that he come to the auditorium with her while she tested for a part in the college play.

And what Lefty longed in the burst of the half row, half asleep, the director called: "You—down there! Want to read a part?"

Jim took his feet off the chair arm, gasped and returned a startled "Not me!"

But ten minutes later, when the girl came up on the stage for her test, the director said: "Let's have a little cooperation around here. You couldn't make a part of the man's part while this young lady tests."

Jim came up, obligingly, and read the long scene through.

"Okay!" said the director. "Rehearsal eight o'clock tomorrow night!"

"Hey—not me!" cried the bewildered Jim.

"Yes, you—you're in," repeated the director. And he was.

"It was a period play," recalled the actor. "I had to wear sideburns and a mustache in order to get off the most frightful lines. The only way I could imagine doing it was to 'ham it up', and I did. We didn't rehearse with the scenery yet, and opening night I found myself wearing a high collar so tight I couldn't turn my head, a pair of tight pants that made it dangerous to bend, and an enormous hat. In my entire scene, I had to pop up out of a cella-ray that was made for a fellow half my size. When I made my first entrance for this scene, the cellar wouldn't admit all of me; I caught my pants on something and fell the seat, so I tried to keep back view away from the audience. In our elope-
mement scene, I had to pop up out of a cella-ray that was made for a fellow half my size. When I made my first entrance for this scene, the cella-ray wouldn't admit all of me; I caught my pants on something and felt the seat, so I tried to keep back view away from the audience. I all struck me as being so comical that I couldn't get my face straight. Besides that, my big hat hit an obstruction and crashed down on my nose. I never expected to live to the curtain."

Next day, Texas' gift to Hollywood read the newspaper notice. "As an actor, Lefty Brown is still a fine tennis player," was the consensus of opinion.

The episode served to reach Jim that he wasn't ready for stardom. He sweated through a few roles without setting the Hollywoods on fire. He hadn't been at Paramount very long, however, before he caught the attention of John Farrow, then getting ready to make "Wake Island."

The director stopped at Jim's table one noon. "I think I can use you," he said.

The company assembled on a desert spot near the Indian, California, where sand storms blew night and day, dust and grit was in the food, the beds and everything they touched. Jim sat and sat, and sat some more. "No lines for you yet," the assistant answered his daily query. After two weeks, Jim went to Mr. Farrow and asked if he could go home now.

"Oh yes, you!" said Mr. Farrow, as if he'd just remembered there was such a person. "Sure, go home... Or you can do a one-line speech tomorrow, if you like!"

Jim went home, feeling as if a particularly brilliant bubble had burst.

"I was disappointed, inclined to grouch about this experience and think myself abused," he confessed with a grin. "Which just shows you there's a reason for everything, if you have the patience to wait. Time went on, my hair grew out in a regular Texas thatch, standing up thick and dark and stiff. Henry Willson looked at it one night and said in his quiet way: 'Warners are looking for a guy with hair like that for "Air Force". And the next thing I knew I was in that picture!'

It was Jim's performance as Tex in "Air Force" that set the maiden heart of America to throbbing. He continued the process in "Corvette K-255." But by that time the heart-beats of one girl were all that mattered.

Jim was dashing about tennis courts, winning honors and earning his way through school, Jim had not been blind to the charms of girls, especially nice ones. He liked to take them out with them and have fun. All the time, though, he had a Dream Girl. He knew how she would look, how she would walk and even

"Get your hair cut like mine, very short, and report to my assistant."

Jim rushed to the barber, who practically shaved off his waving brown locks. The young actor was appalled at the result; his handsome, never too large, looked pitifully small atop his long, lean six-foot-two.

"That part I'm getting," he told his reflection, "had better be worth it?"

He wasn't important enough to ask to read the script. Anyway, all they had at that date was twenty pages. The story was written as they went along.

Economic! Economical! Splendid for preventing blisters. Soothes and protects the sore caused by shoe friction and pressure. When used on feet or plaster—velvety-soft, cushioning. New Soothing Foot Plaster. For sports & street wear.

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, a New Soothing Foot Plaster. Easily Cut to Any Size, Shape
plained of earache when he got home, 

When he was playing football at 

he's sure they are safe and all right 

stories!" 

flesh and blood, and beautiful—yes, 

You'll see her soon in "Kiss and Tell" (Col.). 

ear. It hurt considerably and he com¬ 

again. 

necks, frightful cuts or double-pneu¬ 

mental eyes see them with broken 

of light stuff. But I'd also like to get 

made, over his third cup of coffee, 

brother, Billy Joe, who is on his way 

outside. 

"Talking about earache," Jim re¬ 

remarked, over his third cup of coffee, 

"when we were making 'Objective 

Burns,' I had a bout of it. Redwing, an Indian actor, said he'd 

show me a cure. He took a piece of 

cotton, wound it on a small stick, lit 
it with a sulphur match, let it burn 

the charred cotton into my ear. The 

warmth entered the aching ear and 

the pain left. Indian magic, they 
call it!" 

The young actor declares he's as 

tiny as the next Texan, but no one 

would gather so from his lively pro¬ 

gram. He's working in "Our Hearts 

Were Growing Up," helping Verna 

with household problems, spending 

hours with his young daughters, play¬ 

ing tennis when he can find a spare 

minute, preparing earnestly for 

the future. Right now the latter ac¬ 
tivity takes the form of making song 

records. 

"These Boy-Meets-Girl pictures are 

all right," he explained. "No film 
schedule would be good without them, 

and I'm delighted to play my share 

of light stuff. But I'd also like to get 

my teeth into some tough roles—Alan 

Ladd parts—and take a fling at mu¬ 

sical pictures. I can hardly go around 

calling myself a band when Paramount signed me. 

My mother and father used to sing 

a melody. I was just about to go with 

a band when Paramount signed me. 

Whatever I do after your shampoo can mean 

the difference between drab-looking hair and 
tresses that are truly your crowning glory! 

Follow your regular soap-and-water routine 

with Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse. Just 
dissolve the Rinse in warm water and brush 
or pour it through your hair. See how quickly 
it lifts the soap film, how it brings your hair to 
"life," makes it softer and easier to manage! 

With Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse, you 
can brighten the natural color of your hair . . . 
give it a "warmer" or "cooler" tone . . . even blend little gray streaks in with the original 
shade. No matter what color hair you have, a 
chart on the package will tell you which of the 12 beautiful Marchand shades will give you 
the effect you want. 

Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse is not a 
bleach—not a permanent dye. Absolutely 
harmless, it rinses on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up.

The End
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HOLLYWOOD MAID

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo shades lighter SAFELY

utured from page 28

THE PRINCE WAS A PAUPER

photographer back in Nicholas (pop. 500), New York, where he was born some thirty years ago.

But Dorothy was around, and whenever the Princes' luck got fouled up behind the 8 ball, Dorothy sold a little more of her inherited stock to tide them over the too-frequent meatless Tuesdays, or Wednesdays, or Thursdays.

The whole thing started way back in Bill's high school days, when glamour was brought into his erstwhile dumpy life via the rantings of Walter Roberts, his public-speaking teacher. Roberts had tried the boards back in 1917 as a soldier entertainer with Elsie Janis, and he'd been through the larger ranks of vaudeville. His stories made good listening and, in Bill's case anyway, good inspiration.

Bill put his stage yearnings on the indirectly, for a few years, and continued his grind as a Grade-A student. He survived three years of Cornell University before he gave in completely and had his name added to the roster of those other actors who left temporarily-between jobs-on the WPA theatre group. He did what he lovingly calls the subway circuit as a Sidewalk Supplement in "The Taming of the Shrew.

Finally quitting theatres on the semi-pro time, Bill joined the Ed (now 85) Warren troupe in Whitestone, Flushing, New York. Bill "paid" for his bit by doubling in ulcers as assistant stage manager.

When this play folded its third-act curtain not-too-silently, Bill put on his talent, and he did a season in "The Shrew." Finally quitting theatres on the semi-pro time, Bill joined the Ed (now 85) Warren troupe in Whitestone, Flushing, New York. Bill "paid" for his bit by doubling in ulcers as assistant stage manager.

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done without him very nicely, thanks. They visited Cologne and got an even better idea of how viciously the Nazi poison philosophy works.

And about their trip to Nuremberg... "On the train," Bill says, "we learned that Hitler's annual speech and the party review on 'Party Day' were scheduled for the day of our arrival. We really looked forward to seeing the little 'big' man in person. The reviewing stand was built, to show the Nazis' contempt, on the site of a razed Hebrew Temple, and the streets were lined with Nazi flags.

"But as we stepped off the train the long-faced porter greeted us with: 'Der Fuehrer's speech has been cancelled, and you have just missed Herr Von Ribbentrop! He left just ten minutes ago.'"

"Where did he go?" I asked.

"He is flying to Russia," the porter answered.

"In Munich, a couple of days later, we witnessed a party of Nazi officers toast the signing of the new non-aggression pact with Russia."

In Switzerland, Bill and Dorothy met a charming Swiss woman named Helen Ikle. Through her they learned that the French-German border had been closed that morning, and that communications between England and Germany had been cut off. The war drums were rolling in earnest. The American consul at Berne advised them to leave for home at once.

Today, Helen Ikle is an American citizen, and the godmother of the Prince's new son, Bill took up his photographic hobby in earnest and went to work for a shutter-clicker in skirts.

"I did everything from mixing the 'soup' to asking wide-eyed kids to watch the you-know-what. Then, in between he got feature billing in "Cinderella Jones," "Objective, Burma," and "Shadow of a Woman." Meanwhile, too, he found time to pull two of the nearest tricks of the year; (1) He drove home over windless Southern California after giving his blacked-out, hit another car head-on, and one night I was so darned tired that when I began a newscast, I muffed a line—and went right on muttering for the entire fifteen minute show. I couldn't get out of that building fast enough. And I've never been back. I just assumed I'd been fired.

"After that I had to buckle down hard. Jeremy was growing fast and his appetite was keeping pace. I sat down and wrote a letter to Eva Le Gallienne, who was casting for the Theatre Guild's production of "Ah, Wilderness." The next day she phoned me and I rushed over to read for her. That was my big break. I got the part of Richard. The revival was a success, and I did two more plays before "The Eve of St. Mark" came along.

"St. Mark was the type of play he'd been working all his life to get at. As Quizz West, Bill had every Hollywood talent scout sitting on the edge of his seat waiting for the third-act curtain, and sprinting backstage to sign him to that long, white legal paper.

Bill did sign—with Warner Bros. In his first picture, "Destination Tokyo," he scored a great personal success as the young Naval corpsman. In his fifth, "Pillow to Post" with Ida Lupino, he achieved stardom.

And in between he got feature billing in "Cinderella Jones," "Objective, Burma," and "Shadow of a Woman." Meanwhile, too, he found time to pull two of the nearest tricks of the year, (1) He drove home over windless Laurel Canyon, after giving his blood to the Red Cross once too often; he blacked-out, hit another car head-on, and stepped out of the wreck without a scratch; and (2) he remembered his and his new son's wedding anniversary and his gal (with almost no hints at all) and came trotting home with a shiny new tin garbage pail filled with long-stemmed American beauty roses, under which he'd hidden a full-length mink coat. Dorothy's well-earned reward was Bill's reward for having stepped from pauper to prince to prove her faith in him.
UNDERARM PADS

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4. The improved Golden Glint contains only safe certified colors and pure Radies, all new, approved ingredients.

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Apply to underarm and...directions and it's safe for even delicate silks and rays.

5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

over-emphasized mouth and Adrian shoulders which had been her trademark for years. This was that of a woman in Glendale, California—an American girl of just-average looks, not much education, no taste in clothes, who worked very hard and event out before leaving, but never had time to improve herself. Both producer and star were tremendously excited at the prospect.

Mr. Wald approached Michael Curtiz with a story outline and found the director receptive. "For Barbara Stanwyck, of course," he said.

"No, for Joan Crawford."

Mike Curtiz waved the producer away, shuddering. "No-no-no! Not a dancing doll! Not a Noel Coward character! This woman is not Joan Crawford!"

"Never mind. Meet her—talk with her—you'll see!"

The director met Joan, arched a shoulder at her, bellicerently, and cried, "If you are Mildred, y'understand, we don't need to put on any long eyelashes, no funny mouth, no silly-foolish eyebrows, no shoulders to here!" Joan, who had already agreed to this, pretended to be taken aback. "I'll wait that time, incredulously. The items became symbols between them. They had a running gag in which every time Joan would come to a new Joan, a new, Michael...."

Mike would groan, hold his head and time Joan must slap Ann, whereupon they tested twenty-six before they found the right girl seemed mere routine. But the director receptive. "For Barbara Stanwyck, of course," he said soothingly. "I've been through all this. I know how tough it can be. You've got nothing to worry about—if you know you're good—and of course you know you are! You can do this scene."

She helped each contestant through her ordeal, but didn't demand to help decide which girl to be chosen. "That's none of my business," she asserted to amazed executives who couldn't believe their ears. "My job is acting and my hands are full with my job!"

Ann Blythe was finally signed. Came time for Ann, as the rebellious daughter, to slap Joan's face. Ann was to do it on, put your back into it," urged Joan. "I'll pull my head out of the way in time."

Ann was quicker than expected, however, and the force of her blow knocked Joan to the floor.

Then the action was reversed. This time Joan must slap Ann, whereupon the star burst into tears. "It looks swell on the screen!" congratulated Mr. Wald. Which seemingly makes anything worthwhile.

Joan threw herself into the creation of "Mildred Pierce." That's her first time. My first glimpse of her was when she was dancing for a cup at Cocoanut Grove. At that moment, nothing on earth mattered to Joan but winning that silver girl. She could always lose herself in what she was doing. I remember coming on her another time sitting under the stars. I was so fascinated by her portrayal of the grief that should have been expressed by the picture's star in her big scene. Joan was only a featured player, but the director thought her emotional example might be catching. For some reason it was.

People say Joan created her own career. In that, she was like "Mildred Pierce," who brought herself up out of poverty and despair. But she's unlike her screen character in her relations with her family. Away from the studio, wifehood and motherhood seemed to stretch on for years but was actually weeks, the Terrys had no servants. Cook, nurse and maids; Joan to cope with house and children.

"I was lucky my picture hadn't started," she laughed. "I had my hands full, cooking, cleaning, making beds, feeding them...—and once the Diaper Service had a fire! But I got along, and actually enjoyed it. I've always known how to cook. I certainly didn't try to do the things Grace Moore does in a kitchen—no fancy salad dressings, no special soups or desserts—just simple nourishing, plain food."
The day I called, the servant problem had been adjusted. Joan, in well-cut black velvet, red-brown hair curling softly about a face innocent of make-up except for a light-toned lipstick, busily knitted a slipover sweater of coral wool. Come to think of it, I've never seen Joan sit down without some sort of handwork.

"I'm so excited!" she cried, bouncing a little in her low chair. "Christina is playing in a recital Friday! It's her first recital and I've got stage fright. Phil says I'll be a 'nervous wretch' before it's over—but I wouldn't miss it for the world!"

Christina, with her smooth fair curls, heavy-lidded blue eyes, and poise unusual in so young a child, came in to play "Butterflies" for me. Joan, listening on tenterhooks, declared she had never played it so badly, but to me it was an impressive performance for five years old. Mother and daughter discussed "Middle C", "Tumbledown D" and something called "playing on the cracks", before Christina excused herself prettily to follow beaming brother Philip, silver-blond two-year-old, from the room.

Joan, it appears, is experiencing childhood joys for the first time, as she joins the children's nursery.

"I never heard of things that are routine to other youngsters," she confided. "I began to work at nine, you know, and before that I had no bedtime stories, no nursery games. I'm getting a thrill out of discovering Hans Christian Andersen, Grimm's Fairy Books, Mother Goose—even the Mary Poppins stories have their charm. We read them together every night."

As soon as she can arrange it, Joan intends to share Christina's piano lessons. Albert Dekker shares those of his children. The piano teacher whose pupils compose most of Brentwood's youngest set has a unique method of instruction well worth any parent's while.

You can't stop Joan, once she's on that dear subject: her family. Christina is attending public school since gas rationing, and at five is in kindergarten though mentally much farther advanced.

"But that's right," contends Joan. "Ellin Berlin told me that she spent an unhappy childhood because she was always four years ahead of her age group. She was too young to find companions in her classes, and too far advanced to become acquainted with children of her own age. No matter how brilliant my children may be, they'll stick with their contemporaries."

Phil Terry is taking his little family to Carmel for a brief holiday and both young parents have plans for every hour of every day while there. For the first time, their children will walk in the woods, gather wild flowers, play with tame deer and chipmunk, and these delights will be shared by a joyfully-anticipating Joan.

Christina is learning to sew and knit. She makes things for her dolls, to whom she presents finished articles carefully wrapped. Joan has always loved handwork and wants her daughter to share her pleasure in knitting needles, crochet hooks, embroidery hoops and weaving looms.

The children returned from their early dinner to say goodnight to "Motherdearest" (all one word), ask...
Girls!
Do you suffer from nervous tension
On "CERTAIN DAYS" of the month?

Helps Build Up Resistance
Against Such Distress!

Do functional periodic disturbances
cause you to feel "nervous as a witch,"
so restless, jittery, high-strung, perhaps
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It's one of the best known and most
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SCHOOL OF MUSIC

NEW PICTURE GUIDE
(Continued from Page 11)

Conflicting (Warner Bros.) with
Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney
Greenstreet and Rose Hobart in a
psychological murder mystery.

Briefly, the situation is this: hus¬
band and wife quarrel on the eve of
celebrating their fifth wedding anni¬
versary. A few hours later, the two
are in love with each other, and
husband and wife Bogart refuses to deny the
charge.

There's an auto accident, husband
suffers a leg injury. And it's for
a psychologist to explain the strange
twist of mind which makes him pre¬
tend that he can't walk, long after the
injury is healed and he's completely,
good-as-ever recovered. The pretense
fits neatly into his plot for killing his
wife, however, and there's no having to go¬
sister who dumps.

Mildred Pierce (Margaret Hamilton) gets married
(RKO) — For lots of laughs, gags, song and
dance routines, the Scandals are in
town again. And just like the circus,
its all the ingredients for a musical

Among those on stage are Joan
Davies, an old-time "Scandal" queen,
who is still shooting from the side of
her mother out those quips and twangy
hymn. Jack Haley is her "fella",
and they plan to get married after
Jack's spinster sister, Clara belle
(Margaret Hamilton) gets married
first. The romantic leads are played by
the old-time "Scandal" queen,
and they plan to get married after
Jack's spinster sister, Clara belle
(Margaret Hamilton) gets married
first. The romantic leads are played by
Mildred Davis, an old-time "Scandal" queen,
who is still shooting from the side of
her mother out those quips and twangy
hymns.

Noel coward's A girl on a Sunday
and they plan to get married after
Jack's spinster sister, Clara belle
(Margaret Hamilton) gets married
first. The romantic leads are played by
Mildred Davis, an old-time "Scandal" queen,
who is still shooting from the side of
her mother out those quips and twangy
hymns.
INCENDIARY BLONDE (Paramount) with Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova and Barry Fitzgerald offering three mighty good reasons why this musical biography rates so much more than expectedly must-see-worthy.

Fact is, it's on the whole delightful. Now noisy and full of laughs, now sentimental and moving—but that's the trick. You can't tell for a minute where the darned thing is going—even if you know a thing or three (and who doesn't know at least a little bit?) about the fabulous career of the late "Texas" Guinan, musical comedy star who, having always had a premonition that her life would be a short one, hurried to make it full and exciting.

One gets a feeling that the similarity between Betty Hutton and the role she plays is not strictly coincidental—and that she made the picture loving every minute of being the girl who won $50 for staying atop a bucking bronco for the required eight seconds, and running away to be the trick riding star in a traveling Wild West show, and cavorting nonetheless boisterously through the series of Broadway productions which made hers a 'big name' in show business. The dramatic-romantic situations tend to slow up the pace every now and then, but always just before this comment develops into a criticism, the speed is regained and the whole thing goes racing merrily, madly along to being one of the best musical dramas you'll be seeing for a long time to come.

SON OF LASSIE (M-G-M) is worth seeing, if just for the magnificence of its backgrounds (filmed in Wyoming) and the beauty of its Grieg music. However, "Son of Lassie" has more to offer than that. There's Lassie, of course, and her son, Laddie. They're both trained by the Army as war dogs, but Laddie is incorrigible—flunks his tests. Comes the inevitable emergency, though, and Laddie shows his blue blood breeding. Up to their usual acting standards are Peter Lawford, Nigel Bruce, June Lockhart, Donald Crisp, and Elsa Lanchester.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT (Universal) and Jack Oakie's it—the spirit, I mean. Before passing into the beyond, however, he marries June Vincent, who subsequently gives birth to a baby girl. The night Jack's child is born, Death beckons him in the form of a beautiful woman. Upon reaching his destination, he immediately lodges an application for the use of leading Beauty Salons.

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IRVING KLAW

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objection with the complaint department, headed by Buster Keaton, and requests a permit to return to earth to clear himself with his wife. Eighteen years of red tape go by before Jack is granted permission. His daughter, played by Peggy Ryan, is a grown young lady now, whose stage career is about to be thwarted by her Victorian grandfather, Gene Lockhart. But Jack, whose presence can only be heard (he has squeaky shoes), has learned a few tricks in the other world which he employs to advantage in his daughter's behalf.

A MEDAL FOR BENNY (Paramount)—Once in a great while a small gem of a picture comes, unheralded, simple—but with a moral that unobtrusively makes it point. There is no set formula here, no Hollywood fanfare—just an undiscovered story of paisanos in the small sleepy village of Pantera, on the coast of California.

Adapted from a story by John Steinbeck, and as directed by Irving Pichel, there is a fine coordination of realistic characterization and deft handling of mood. We never see Benny Martin—but his presence is felt by every member of the cast. He is the bad boy of the village who is run out of town, leaving his old father, Charley Martin (J. Carrol Naish) to get along as best he can. What little money the old man has is taken from him by various pretenders by one Jose Morales (Arturo de Cordova), an ingenious but lazy fellow. Joe loves Benny's girl, Lola (Dorothy Lamour), who is to become faithful to the absent Benny, but just as Joe extracts money from the unsuspecting father, he manages to win the heart of Benny's girl too.

You’ll have to see the picture to find out what happens—and you should—because it has all the elements of an important and heart-warming film. Newcomer de Cordova will win you with his rascality, and Lamour, minus sarong and song, gives an honest and effective performance. However, the picture belongs to J. Carrol Naish for the humility and great dignity he gives to his role. Frank McHugh plays the bumbling city boy, Grant Mitchell is Mayor of Pantera, and Mikhail Rasumny is very fine indeed as Charley Martin's friend.

THE SILVER FLEET (PRC release)—The Scarlet Pimpernel rides again . . . only this time it's Jaap van Leyden (Ralph Richardson), who is working undercover as "Piet Hien," a historical Dutch hero, helps loyal submarine workers in Nazi Holland outsmart German authorities can be taken to England. Googie Withers and Willem Akkerman take parts of wife and son of this new Dutch hero.

SCOTLAND YARD INVESTIGATES (Republic) All the shooting takes place in the National Art Gallery in London—for no less a painting than the famed Mona Lisa. Erich Von Stroheim (the cropped head, but minus monocle) is once more stricken from a movie on account it's a bad one. The other "baddies" are Forrester Harvey, Victor Varconi and George Metaxa. Sir Aubrey Smith is his usual stately self as the director of the museum, and Stephanie Bachelor and Richard Fraser team up to solve the mysterious goings-on, and in the line of duty—romance comes a'poppin!'
Collins (Deanna Durbin) to get him involved in solving the whereabouts of the dead man's missing slippers. Among those chasing the slippers are Ralph Bellamy and Dan Duryea.

ESCAPE IN THE DESERT (Warner Bros.) is another in the series of war films tailored to suit the increasing demand for Helmut Dantine, Kurt Kreuger, Hans Schumm, and Rudolph Anders—are apprehended and brought to justice by Philip Dorn, a Hollander who has felt the iron fist of Naifee. Jean Sullivan is the lovely "innocent" who plights her troth with Philip Dorn, and Alan Hale and Irene Manning inject a small touch of humor in the grimness of the desert and the action.

THE MAGNIFICENT ROGUE (Republic) is Joseph Schildkraut in the role of a dissolute ex-matinee idol. Mr. and Mrs. Pidgeon (Eugene Pallette and Billie Burke) are a couple of would-be rich selfish people who are waiting impatiently for their Uncle Henry to die so that they can inherit his five million dollars. He passes on to the beyond but his money is left to an unknown little girl (Ona Munson), who is sought out by the unscrupulous pair and kept in ignorance of her inheritance. Since (Joseph Schildkraut) appears on the scene and delivers a tidy little lecture on the virtues, so that what were once selfish little people get religion and confess their sin of omission to the gal.

In a spirit of sisterly love the dough is divided among all the interested parties and happiness reigns supreme. Among the hangers-on to the parties and happiness reigns soo-

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS (Columbia) latest in the series of four and twowhich has been baked in a story: 1) to get away from war themes, which have been more than too many, and 2) to write "scenemore" in big tall letters on the screen script where it says "scen¬

BACK TO BATAAN (RKO-Radio) with John Wayne, Anthony Quinn, Fely Pons, and Cab Alphonso. A pair of broken men, Richard Loo, Philip Ann, Ducky Louie and J. Alex Havier. As the title would suggest, it's the story of the Philippines. When the day is said by the American Rangers on Cabanatuan serving as a prologue, the picture then depicts the plight of American officers and men left on Corregidor in those tragic days of 1942, their uniting with Filipino guerrillas after the fall of Bataan and their combined struggle of resistance until the liberation of the Islands.

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say the least. But stick around and see what kind of a guy he is, before you make up your mind, and you won't be sorry.

In the first place, there are two things more important to Alda than his Italian father a deep religious devotion and his faith. With a heritage of Latin geniality and charm, Bob also inherited from his father a deep religious devotion and a love for family that is a go to him particularly in this day and age. His family is continuously appearing in his conversation —his mother says this, or his father advised that, his brother in the service did this, and his sister who recently married said that, and on and on, without end.

"From my mother I believe I got a sense of level-headedness and the desire to do the right thing. Bob was careful before making decisions, and from my father a gregariousness and a yearning to travel, which probably accounts for my many show tours all over the country."

However, it speaks well for his parents as well as for Bob that he asks their advice and listens to it at least thirty as he did at thirteen.

Of his own wife and son, Bob would speak all day. She was his high school sweetheart and he has his conservative job in an architect's office the day after they were married. It has been twelve years since then, and, according to Bob, twelve years of having the most courageously wonderful wife in the world.

"Imagine foisting a burlesque career upon an unsuspecting bride! Well, whatever I did seemed all right with Joan. As a matter of fact, she is the 'one-in-a-million' you read about."

At this point, Alda was good for another five hours. And Bob was shouting to the boy he had conserved for a conserva-tive job in an architect's office the day after they were married. It has been twelve years since then, and, according to Bob, twelve years of having the most courageously wonderful wife in the world.

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laughing only when her hand was firmly placed across the lower part of her face, a trick that only added to her unainliness.

When she was twelve she went sledding one evening, turned over the sled and gashed her leg open just above the knee. When a frantic Mrs. Daley got Cass to the hospital, the young interne, alone on duty, blanched and said the leg would have to be removed. However, her mother refused to sign the legal releases essential to allow a physician to perform such an operation. Young Dr. Chanley, who was on duty at the Frankfort hospital, went to work when gangrene set in, scrubbed the wound with alcohol, then excised the putrefied flesh. He fought for days to save that leg.

Cass, lying gloomily in bed and scowling upon the dreary winter landscape, promised herself that if she lost that leg and was excluded from the play of her friends, she would commit suicide. She became so interested in the violent and dramatic means by which she would end her life that she lost that leg caused her fever to recede. Gradually the leg began to heal. And there came a day when she stepped forth on her two good legs, without even limping. She carried a reminder that this day is frightening to see. For a long time she wouldn’t go swimming for fear people would stare. She was cured of that by a man who would appear in this story admirably and prominently a little later. He told her to wear a bathing suit and to return the stares of the ruddiness with a scornful coolness of herself. So she did.

When she was 15, Cass decided that it was high time for her to help the family financially. The family was poorer—on one hand—than it had been before. (The Daley parents had been divorced and each partner had remarried, and her older brother, but those were matters of family financial.) The family income was sparse.

Cass made arrangements to work for a candy company. Her job consisted of wrapping pieces of hard candy in cellulose and her pay was gauged not by a count of the pieces actually wrapped, but by a system of weighing the cellulose wrappers issued. On one occasion two inches high was credited to each girl for the precisely sum of 1c. (When that stack was gone, they had earned a penny.) Cass, in the memory manner of the exploited finding a way to lessen the exploitation, made frequent trips to the dressing room. Sometimes they stuffed the pipe with cellulose, but this was an unreliable system because of their forgetfulness when they untied their tight aprons.

The girls reported at seven in the morning and worked until five, yet Cass was thrilled by the fact that she earned $8.00 each and every week. She took the check home to her mother with a small smile of pride.

As she was 16, state law required Cass to continue her schooling one day each week. Usually she chose to attend on Monday because she was so tired by that time that any respite was heavenly. Most of the kids she
Pear in public for the first time she had known in school were doing the same thing Cass was, so they were too exhausted to learn much during their single day of training—they merely fraternized.

Two months of the candy factory proved to be all Cass could stand. For one thing, she would get so hungry in mid-morning and mid-afternoon that she would gorge candy, then she would be ill most of the night. Clearly it was a mug's game.

The following Saturday night, Cass, her date, and a group of their friends went to the candy factory. Cass had been working in a hosiery mill, so Cass abandoned sweetmeats to become a stocking trimmer and tier. The momentousness of the mill fascinated her: there were leggers, footers, toppers, loopers, seamers, fitters, and dyers. The loopers were her heroes. They trimmed the feeters, toppers, loopers, and dyers, and with a few deft movements they could fan the stitches of an entire stocking onto a new set of feeters.

Pay at the hosiery mill was minuscule in comparison to candy wages. Cass earned $1.25 for each dozen pairs of hose she trimmed. So intense were her efforts that, during a usual day, she trimmed between 75 and 100 dozen pairs. When she had an accident and snipped a stocking or two, she saved them, took them home and sold them in Bex until they had reached a wearable hue. (Raw, undyed silk stockings range in color between nauseous apricot to lavender.)

When she couldn't stir a saucepan on meals according to this syncopation, she trimmed between 75 and 100 dozen pairs. When she had an accident and snipped a stocking or two, she saved them, took them home and sold them in Bex until they had reached a wearable hue. (Raw, undyed silk stockings range in color between nauseous apricot to lavender.)

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was a gruesome ordeal. She tried to hold her head and her lips in such a fashion that her teeth would be invisible; she squirmed; she burned with embarrassment—then she asked, "Please Don't Talk About Me When I’m Gone," and then, "Roll On, Mississippi, Roll On.”

In the audience that night was a New York insurance man who had always, like most New Yorkers, taken an interest in show business. After Cass sat down, this man strolled over to her and introduced himself. Frank Kinsella, and gave Cass a tight talk. "A good performer is one who puts his audience at ease," he said. "You only make people uncomfortable when you try to hide your teeth. Walk out, show your teeth in a big grin, and get that part of your introduction over. Say to them, in effect, 'Folks, my teeth aren't so hot, but don't let that be the bit of difference to you.' Then give them your song routine, and you'll have them in the palm of your hand." He closed the deal by giving her his card and saying that if she ever came to New York, or if she ever needed a night club job, to get in touch with him. He said he'd see what he could do.

This day was a day of triumph for Cass. She had saved Frank Kinsella’s card that night. She intended to get another hosiery job on Monday, or go to work for another knitting mill. But she saved that card anyhow.

As she was leaving, the proprietor of the Red Mill asked Cass if she'd like to work for him. Not much of a job, he explained. All she would have to do would be to show them the prices; operate the spotlights during the paid show floor; run the hat check stand; sell cigarettes; sing a comedy number each night, of course, but she could have the earnings from the checking and tobacco concessions, and she would be gaining "theatrical" experience.

Cass said she was flattered, sounding like a restful job, and took it.

During her employment at the Red Mill, Cass began to lay the basis for her comedy singing routines. Notice how she will tell you the story at this point. She perfected a song called "Lament Of A Laundry Girl"—very clean, of course, but suedy enough for a radio show. She liked it.

She also began to lay the foundation for her collection of Daley's Dozen, a series of medleys to which she is still adding. You've heard her name before. She sings it. When Cass and the Red Mill manager clashed over the question: should a girl have to work 17 hours a day, Cass debated the negative side of the question: should a girl have to work 17 hours a day, Cass debated the negative side of the case, and quit.

But she knew then that show business was her métier. She got a job at a nearby Kinko's. The Walkathon people doused or walked for 45 minutes, then rested for 15 minutes; during the rest period various entertainers amused the gathered audience. Cass was originally hired for 2 days, but she proved so popular that she was invited to remain an additional 3 days. She knew then that she had "arrived," because she had been awarded her first holdover. When Cass and the Red Mill manager clashed over the question: should a girl have to work 17 hours a day, Cass debated the negative side of the case, and quit.

But she knew then that show business was her métier. She got a job at a nearby Walkathon. The Walkathon people doused or walked for 45 minutes, then rested for 15 minutes; during the rest period various entertainers amused the gathered audience. Cass was originally hired for 2 days, but she proved so popular that she was invited to remain an additional 3 days. She knew then that she had "arrived," because she had been awarded her first holdover. When working on the same bill with Cass was a character of whom you may have heard, Chap named Red Skelton. Cass and her mother cooked up a surprise for everyone; got her card, and went on her way...
as exotic a group of dresses as ever flashed across the stage at the Bijou, then Cass packed her grip and went to New York.

Just to make this story different, may we tell you that Mr. Kinsella had meant what he had said that night in Tuckahoe? He was actually GLAD to see Cass! He booked her almost immediately into a small night-club in Tuckahoe. Before opening night he said, "Let's see what sort of evening you brought with you. Your opening night outfit is pretty important, you know."

Cass gave him a style guide. When she appeared on the stage, dress, resplendent with curled black ostrich feathers around the neck, sleeves and hem, Mr. Kinsella casually cut off the plumes, Cass managed to hide her nervousness and blend her plumage as single, handsome clip to be worn on her shoulder.

"That's the stuff," he said. "You're the entertainer in this act, not your dress."

Cass was an instant success in Tuckahoe. She had been for two years and Frank Kinsella became her manager. From that moment, the upward climb was easy. She landed at the Hollywood Restaurant and International Casino in New York, and toured with Ozzie Nelson's band. She was featured in the film "Yoked in" with Brice and Gypsy Rose Lee. She toured the British Isles in 1938, and then returned to New York to co-star with Joe Penner in "Yoked Boy."

She married Frank Kinsella in the middle of her joint tours, left Hollywood—Valhalla where good entertainers always go.

At present Cass and Frank live in a suburban, three-room bungalow in North Hollywood. In their spare time, both work on Frank's coin and stamp collection. When that becomes wearing, they work side by side in the garden.

They are antique enthusiasts, and on one occasion they bought THREE old-fashioned pump organs. One they decided to keep, and the other two have been disposed of to covetous, admiring friends.

Cass is miserly about old curtains and old pictures. Even when curtains have reached the lattice stage, she has them eloquently repaired. And, if you say, "We might need them someday," Old pictures she saves in neat vacuum-cleaned boxes.

To Cass, her success and her fame do not mean the same thing. They are paying for her clothes, EMBLEMATICALLY, till now. Cass has generally run-down."

The "check-chart" will enable you to see for yourself just how you can use Vitamins for your health and vigor. See how many of these items fall into your "check-chart".

Who Needs Vitamins? Do you?

Do you Suffer from these Symptoms?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>YES</th>
<th>NO</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VITAMIN A aids growth and prevents infections.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If your appetite poor? Do you live healthy?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Are your gums firm and healthy?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are your bones healthy and strong?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are you depressed, worried, anxious, generally rundown?</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Vitamin D is necessary for bones and teeth.

Vitamin C shown to be of help in keeping gums and teeth healthy.

Vitamin B1 aids in building better appetite and good muscle tone.

Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin) a distinct aid in general well-being.

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PICTURES IN PRODUCTION
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

writer and newspaper woman, is the Unit Woman on FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE, on CBS. Assignment one: the day she returned to the studio after being married. The cast is having a lot of fun with their publicist.

JEWEL AND COSTELLO IN HOLLYWOOD is an epidemic of madness with the usual two men, plus Frances Rafferty, Bob Stanton, Jean Porter, and Warner Anderson.

AT 20TH CENTURY-Fox:

THE DOLLY SISTERS, dancing in Technicolor, is distinguished by the work of Betty Grable, John Payne, June Haver, S. Z. Sakall, Reginald Gardiner, Frank Latimore, Trudy Marshall, Sig Ruman and Colette Lyons. Don't miss this one—as if you would!

DRAGONWYCK is the picturization of the novel about the fragile and innocent girl who finds herself married to a Simon Legree-Heathcliff. Gene Tierney, Glenn Langan, Vincent Price (who, as M. Ambrose, plays in a ROYAL SCANDAL before you select a pin-up boy by 1945), Ann Revere, Walter Huston, Spring Byington, Jane Nigh and Ruth Ford.

KITTEN ON THE KEYS is a musical in Technicolor, Maureen O'Hara, Dick Haymes, Harry James, Kay Medford, Frank Cady, and B. S. Perry guarantee a good picture. Did you know that Zev Confrey, who wrote "Kitten On The Keys," died recently?

AT UNITED ARTISTS:

YOUNG WIDOW is the picture that everyone said Ida Lupino wouldn't make, but it is now in its third week of production with Louis Hayward, Mairy McDonald (The Body), Penny Singleton (too pretty to be tied to the Blondie pictures forever), Spring Byington, and Connie Gilchrist.

AT UNIVERSAL:

SECRET AGENT X-9 is a continuation of the series in which Jan Wiley, Loyd Bridges, Keye Luke, Samuel S. Hinds, and Edmund Cagg are over the edge of a cliff, dangling from the railing of a burning building, or being buried by a rafter board. HEAR THAT TRUMPET TALK accentuates the real beat with Noah Beery, Jr., Danny Morton, Lois Collier, Helen Gahagan, Van Johnson, and Coleman Hawkins. Yowash.

UNCLE HARRY is a thriller with George Sanders (a full length story adapted from a magazine), Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ella Raines, Moyna McGill and Sarah Allgood.

AT WARNERS:

A STOLEN LIFE is now in its third month of production, with Bette Davis, Glenn Ford, Walter Brennan, Charlie Ruggles, and Dave Clark. Because Bette plays twins, the picture has to be photographed through the offices of a technical device known as a split-screen. A scene will be shot, showing Bette talking to her twin sister, seated in a chair. That portion

Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when there is no heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke, don't despair. You don't have to worry about the very last gasp if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the desire to slowly wear away your heart, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for their wonderful 'Asthma-Ease'. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in Asthma-Ease, the cost of this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could try, then you must be prepared to promote graceful, luxuriant eyelashes. Just don't abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co. 21-R Frontier Blvd. 402 Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Remember Your Loved One

Wear This Genuine STERLING SILVER PHOTO PIN FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Custom Made Design with Your Favorite Photo or Snapshot Inlaid in Precious Sterling Silver setting of valuable Sterling Silver. Send any snapshot or portrait of the service. U.S.A. stands for United States of America. A $2.98 VALUE FOR ONLY $1.50. Value $7.50. Send in a Paper Strip with your ring finger and we'll make a generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". With your order, send No Money, nor any postage, nor any tax and we'll pay postage. JEWELERS MASTERPIECE Photo Pin Jewelers. 179 W. Washington St., Dept. 103, Chicago 2, Ill.
of the picture recorded, Bette then takes the place of the double who has been in the chair, and the scene is shot a second time. A third double is then supplied with a cast consisting of Angela Greene and John Ridgely, this should be an excellent picture. It has progressed under the dark wing of tragedy. After a glimpse of the double, Miss Emerson was called East by bereavement.

JANIE GETS MARRIED is the second in the Janie series, with Joan Leslie taking over the role created by Joyce Reynolds, but with Robert Hutton, Edward Arnold, Ann Harding, Keith ứng, Helen McDaniel, Ruth Donnelly, and Dick Erdman still carrying on. If the public interest in Janie continues, we may anticipate JANIE HAS A BABY, and eventually GRANDMA JANIE. Remember the 4 Daughters series!

AT RKO:
THE BELL S OF ST. MARY'S, with that blue ribbon cast, Bing Crosby, Ingrid Bergman, Ruth Donnelly, Henry Travers, Joan Carroll and Dickie Tyler, is being directed by that Oscar-snagger, Leo McCarey. Although Ingrid Bergman appears as a nun in the picture and Bing as a priest, do not think that romance has been foiled: Miss Bergman brought her daughter, Pia, to visit the set one day, and Pia promptly fell in love with Dickie Tyler.

AT REPUBLIC:
THE WEB has just started with a sentimental, Matched Bridal pair set with diamonds that rival genuine Diamonds in sparkle, fire and brilliancy. Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring has large center stone flanked by smaller stones—total, six. Federal Tax.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 1-A, Jefferson, Iowa
INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

Flatter your figure with PYRAMID SNAP-ONS. These dainty, fast-trimmed boot and knee-length ring set are fitted to your leg in the same way you earm for your order for both Rings. Send today. 

DIAMOND RINGS
Enjoy wearing rich sparkling genuine Diamonds—1 fine ring with flashing Rose Cut Diamonds. 1 GENUINE 5 Chip Diamonds. Send for both rings to-day, and keep them on 10 days. Money refunded if you wish to return the rings. BUT YOU ARE TO KEEP THE LOVELY REMEMBRANCE LOCKET at OUR GET-AcQUITTED GIFT, in any event. SEND NO MONEY with order, just your name and ring size. Either ring only $5.95 or both for $10.80, plus postage and 20% Federal Tax. Pay on arrival, then return ring to-day in same money bag. Dept. 20-0M.

SEND NO MONEY

Don't Be Flat!

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which helps to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your Kidneys or Bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

The purpose of kidney filters is to separate a poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nosebleeds, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffs in the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! A specialOWN a set of Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the Tired Kidney in full payment (or order C.O.D. plus postage). Shipped promptly to plain wrapper. We GUARANTEE that you must be delighted with this new aid to instant and permanent health. Send today.

Don't Be Flat!

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At a matinee one afternoon, Mr. Jones noticed one particularly eager fan in the front row. She applauded louder than anyone, she shrieked with impressive fervor. Allan glanced at this charming chuckle from time to time as he sang, finding something faintly reminiscent in her loveliness—those soft eyes, those dimples. Then he recognized her. It was Mrs. Jones, done up in sloppy Joe, bobbed hair, sneakers, pleated skirt, and a bratwurst.

**DARK ANGEL:**

When John Garfield's son, David, was born, John told friends jubilantly, "Now I have just about everything a man could desire: a wonderful wife, a beautiful and intelligent daughter, and now a son." This statement indicated that John considered his family to be of cardinal importance in his life, but he could have added that he had thousands of friends and a career that will undoubtedly continue successfully as long as he wishes.

Death is never easy to understand, but it is a horrifying mystery when it reaches out to touch a little girl; it is like lightning striking a kitten—the crash of a horrible force and the piercing shriek of a kittenish sob.

Garfield was six, pretty, full of laughter, the darling of her father's heart.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care.

The opening bud to Heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

—Coleridge

**FUTURES:**

Lynn and Sid Luft have announced the debut of a starlet for late August or September.

People are saying that Cesar Romero and Virginia Bruce will marry. It has never been a secret from Cesar's friends that he was totally taken by her charm.

**NUN SUCH:**

As you undoubtedly know, the hit show currently running in New York is "Harvey," the table of a white rabbit somewhat over six feet tall of amiable disposition.

As you also know, Ingrid Bergman, Bing Crosby and Leo McCarey are currently immersed in the manufacture of a story called "Bells Of St. Mary's," which will also be a hit.

So, for Easter, she gave Leo McCarey a huge white rabbit, dressed in nun's robes and bearing a card that read, "Greetings of the season from Sister Harvey."

**IN DUPLICATE:**

While being fitted for some of the gowns she wears in "The Dolly Sisters," June Haver was telling the tragi-comic story of her first formal. It was a dream frock, full of swish and suavity; the material was blue-dotted Swiss, the skirt was yards and yards wide, and the sleeves were pulled. June, dressed to the nines, was to sing with the school band. Just before her moment of triumph, another girl at the party, dressed in an exact duplicate of the Haver finery, cascaded, she rushed to the nearest telephone. "Don't be so upset," said Mrs. Haver calmly. "Simply sing so well that people will notice your voice and your showmanship instead of your dress."

June sang as she had never sung before, and it must have had some result because not one person commented upon her involuntary twirlship.

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

Send $1 now. We mail postpaid. You'll try our Services for 8 weeks. If not satisfied, return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.
LATIN FROM MANHATTAN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

he has ‘done best’—and not being able to do his best annoys him.

Actually, he doesn’t want to be known as a ‘great lover,’ rules or no rules.

“If I want to be the good actor, and the popular actor,” he said, “You
know, any foreign actor going to Hollywood starts out with two strikes
against him. American men do not like to be taught how to be some¬
time to the Valentino tradition, when the great Rudy swept his leading ladies
into his arms, and the women in the audience swooned while the men
gushed. I will bet you that Charles Boyer won for himself many American men fans when he played a murderer in ‘Gaslight.’ I would like to play a murderer my¬
self.”

Arturo doesn’t look any more like a murderer than does Boyer—or Fred
MacMurray—although both actors have played such parts. He has a
little white bungalow in the Valley, completely surrounded by dogs, cats,
and chickens. Every few minutes he excuses himself from his guests to run
outside to see how his animals are getting along.

He lives with his close friend and
cousin, John Mari, but he associates
with Americans whenever possible.

“IT is the accent I must lose,” he ex¬
plains. “Then the American men will
accept me. As long as I talk like a
Latin lover I will not be acceptable.
I must learn American. To do that I
must be with American people.”

Despite the fact that he does hail
from Manhattan, Arturo didn’t spend
much time there. Born in Yucatan,
Mexico, he was brought to this coun¬
try when he was five, and attended
catholic school in New York for some
seven years.

Later his father, who was a chicle
manufacturer, moved out, I had to go to my agent
friend Mari, who coaches me.

“He sent me to Switzerland to learn
about dairies,” says Arturo, “but I
took up soccer and played all over
Europe for several years. When I re¬
turned to Yucatan, I got a job in the dairy busi¬
ness.

“IT is funny about that swimming.
I was quite good. I was on a team
which won many championships. But
when I came to Hollywood I lived in the Peyton Hall, which has a pool,
and which is owned by Miss Claudette
Colbert—and I never used the pool.
So when the studio wanted some
swimming pictures of me, and I had
moved out, I had to go to my agent
to borrow his apartment. Now that I
have no pool, I want to learn to swim.”

De Cordova became an actor for
750 pesos, a suit of clothes and some
publicity.

“IT was a silly deal,” he explains.
“In South America I write sports for
the United Press. They want to send
me to Chile as a bureau head, but I
have no pool, I want to swim.”

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swimming pictures of me, and I had
moved out, I had to go to my agent
to borrow his apartment. Now that I
have no pool, I want to learn to swim.

The End.

Answer to Puzzle on Page 12

ADAM
BLAIR
CREA
CORA
OLIO
ASTOR
DORIAN
SLEETH

SANDS
DARE
NEIL
SALNO
OAT
HEELEY
LADY
BRENT
LORRE
ENNA
STEREO
DER
RETI
LVIDAS
TRANN
LEROTE

BOOGRAD
RECENT
IVAN
ELIDE
TRIO
LANA
RENETH
ORNE
ANAL
SWEET
RYAN
Do You Want Longer Hair?

Then...TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends from Breaking Off

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE if you want your dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely...longer. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why The Juelene SYSTEM is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. You see, this wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. So if your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help your hair to become softer, silker, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! Truly you may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty. Clip the coupon, now!

Test JUELENE for 7 days

THROLLING RESULTS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting, breaking-off hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Then if you aren't absolutely amazed with the glinting sheen...if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund your money. What could be fairer? So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of thrilling results or your money back. Send for it now!

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON!

Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman $1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft, dry, harsh hair may feel in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today—NOW...you may know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier—longer hair!

MAIL 7-DAY INTRODUCTORY COUPON NOW!

JUEL COMPANY, Dept. H-601
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.

I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

( ) I am enclosing $1.00
( ) Send C.O.D. plus postage

NAME ___________________________
ADDRESS ___________________________
CITY ___________ ZONE ___________ STATE ___________

( ) Our Customers Participate in Beauty Gifts
New Color Cake
Tints Hair Luxuriously
As it Shampoos!

Leaves your hair its softest...
MOST LUSTROUS, EASIEST TO MANAGE

Dull, drab-colored hair will never help you kindle that special gleam of interest in his eyes. That's why smart girls everywhere are changing to this remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Shampoo Cake, that washes out dirt, loosened dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a smooth, colorful tint that glows with life and lustre!

Gleaming Hair Without an After-Rinse!

Each tiny, separate strand of hair seems to leap to radiant life with just an added hint of natural-looking color. Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each refreshing shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer and easier to manage. Will not hurt permanents . . . and never leaves the dull soap film that most soap shampoos deposit on hair to steal its natural lustre and beauty. Today, now . . . get richer lathering Tintz that gives fresh, glowing color to your hair so easily, safely! Seven lovely shades . . . one for every type. Only 60c each or 2 for $1.20, tax included.

TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 73A, 203 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Also Dept. 73A, 22 College St., Toronto, Canada

Send TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO CAKE in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 5c plus postage with postman, on guarantee if I'm not entirely satisfied I may return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

□ 1 CAKE 60c Tax Included
□ 2 CAKES $1.20 Tax Included

NAME: ___________________________ (Print Plainly)

ADDRESS: ___________________________

CITY: . . . . . . . . ZONE: . . . . . . . . STATE: __________

If not at your dealer's, Mail Coupon Today

Tintz Color Shampoo

* Price in Canada 5c or 2 for $1.08 Tax Paid.
No other Shampoo...
only Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Right away... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. ✓ Extra luster... up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls luster, robs hair of glamour! Drene is different! It leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam.

✓ Such manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing... because the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. ✓ Complete removal of unsightly dandruff; the very first time you use it. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Another stunning top knot hair-do... with that sleek, smooth look which marks all smart Parisian hair-dos. The hair is brought up to the true crown of head and the ends rolled into one big, fanned-out puff. For shining smoothness, use Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

Here's Bettina Bolegard... glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"... interpreting for you

Hair-do news from Paris

To make sure you always get the last word on hair-do news—from Paris as well as New York, Drene now has its own Paris correspondent! Whenever there's big hair-do news from anywhere, Drene will see that you get it!

The smartest Parisian hair-dos feature a top knot arrangement of some sort. Here all hair is brushed sleekly up and over to one side, held firmly with rubber band, then ends arranged in three big shining puffs, tilted to one side. (The way you'd tilt a hat!) The shining smoothness is due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Drene Shampoo
WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble
How To Enlarge and Improve Your VOCABULARY

Here, at last is a fascinating new way to consciously increase your words. This plan—made words work for you—will take only a very few minutes a day. In a few weeks you will find yourself using many new words, and being able to express yourself in many different ways. Expressions which will make your conversation more vivid and your writing more vivid and meaningful. You actually improve your vocabulary and thinking ability.

The concepts in this plan are so simple and so easy to carry on, that anyone who has learned to write, can easily improve his vocabulary. Anyone who has lived in a foreign country, or who has traveled around the world for years, by reading the newspapers, magazines, and books would find this plan easy and interesting. This plan is designed for all those who want to make their words work for them.

For a very few cents a day, you can actually double your vocabulary in six months. Only $1.00 will bring this plan and the first 12 weeks of lessons, and all succeeding weeks at the same price. You pay for only the lessons you receive. These lessons are sent to your home every day for one year, and all for only $1.00 a week.

IT'S FUN TO DRAW

A Complete Self-Instruction Course & Textbook With Over 1000 "How To" Drawings. Greatest Demand. Greatest Success.

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How to Enlarge and Improve Your VOCABULARY

Here, at last is a fascinating new way to consciously increase your words. This plan—made words work for you—will take only a very few minutes a day. In a few weeks you will find yourself using many new words, and being able to express yourself in many different ways. Expressions which will make your conversation more vivid and your writing more vivid and meaningful. You actually improve your vocabulary and thinking ability.

The concepts in this plan are so simple and so easy to carry on, that anyone who has learned to write, can easily improve his vocabulary. Anyone who has lived in a foreign country, or who has traveled around the world for years, by reading the newspapers, magazines, and books would find this plan easy and interesting. This plan is designed for all those who want to make their words work for them.

For a very few cents a day, you can actually double your vocabulary in six months. Only $1.00 will bring this plan and the first 12 weeks of lessons, and all succeeding weeks at the same price. You pay for only the lessons you receive. These lessons are sent to your home every day for one year, and all for only $1.00 a week.

IT'S FUN TO DRAW

A Complete Self-Instruction Course & Textbook With Over 1000 "How To" Drawings. Greatest Demand. Greatest Success.

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When Marcia Davenport wrote her famous best-seller, "The Valley of Decision", she created a young Irish beauty named Mary Rafferty.

Mary had quite a character. When she loved, she loved all the way.

She wouldn’t let the world deny her the right to romance with the son of a steel king—just because she came from the wrong side of the tracks!

M-G-M, like four million people who read the book, was intrigued with that red-haired beauty.

Greer Garson was intrigued when M-G-M offered her the part.

And you’ll be more than intrigued when you see Greer Garson as Mary Rafferty, and Gregory Peck, in M-G-M's tumultuous love story, "The Valley of Decision".

You’ll like it even better than "Mrs. Miniver" and "Mrs. Parkington".

Greer and Gregory are the most exciting lovers on the screen.

He’s a lot of man, and one fine actor.

You’ll go for Donald Crisp and Lionel Barrymore—stalwart men.

You’ll go for Preston Foster, Marsha Hunt, Gladys Cooper, Reginald Owen, Dan Duryea, Jessica Tandy, Barbara Everest, Marshall Thompson, and the host of other supporting players.

You’ll remember lines from the screen play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien.

You’ll want to shake hands with Tay Garnett, the director, and Edwin H. Knopf, the producer.

You’ll want to write us and thank us for telling you about it.

You’ll want to see "The Valley of Decision" several times.

Why don’t you? We’ll meet you there.

—Leo
"Please Don't Say No, Say Maybe"—just one of the Hit Love Songs in spectacular settings!

IT'S MUSICAL BLISS
WITH EVERY KISS WHEN

VAN JOHNSON
HAS A WONDERFUL LOVE AFFAIR WITH

ESTHER WILLIAMS
AND THEY'RE SO GORGEOUS TOGETHER IN M-G-M's BIG TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL

THRILL OF A ROMANCE

Preview tip-off!

"It's got everything a lavish musical should have — delightful songs, gorgeous Technicolor — and Van Johnson! A Knockout!"

Variety Magazine

FRANCES GIFFORD • HENRY TRAVERS • SPRING BYINGTON
And Introducing
The Metropolitan Opera Star

LAURITZ MELCHIOR • TOMMY DORSEY and his ORCHESTRA

Original Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Richard Thorpe • Produced by Joe Pasternak
BIG MAN:

If you know your Hollywood, you are aware of the local malady sometimes described as "star psychosis." It is a state in which the principal is inclined to prefer a royal distance between himself and others; in which much waiting on is expected, and in which fraternalism is an unknown state.

A few days ago a big man was seated alone at the Director's Table in the Metro Commissary. He waited for some time for one of the meggers to appear, but when it became apparent that most sets were delayed from their usual luncheon break, he yelled over to the publicity table, "Say, any objection if I join you guys?"

The guys said, gosh, to come on over. Instead of sending for a bus boy to help him move, the big boy collected napkins, silverware, water glass, luncheon plate balanced on coffee cup, and managed to get himself installed at the more congenial table without mishap.

This was a trifling incident but it explains why, when men say, "He's really a big man," they have reference not only to Clark Gable's great frame, but to his splendid spirit as well. He's a star, but he'll never have staritis.

THRILL:

At the corner of La Cienega Avenue and Beverly Boulevard in Los Angeles there is a small carnival consisting of a miniature train, some baseball booths, a merry-go-round and a ferris wheel.

One afternoon not long ago a car drew up to the curb; two boys, one 12 and one 11, rampaged out of the back seat and darted to the ferris wheel window while their grandparents smiled indulgently from the automobile. Twenty minutes later the grandmother said to her husband, "I've been watching the merry-go-round, and I don't see the boys. Where could they have gone?"

The grandfather climbed out and was instantly greeted by triumphant shouts. Looking upward, he descried a pair of slender occupants rocking violently in the topmost seat of the ferris wheel.

"You sit still," he shouted. "Don't rock like that. Oh—if your dad knew where you were!"

The two boys got off eventually, after heedful persuasion, were herded into the car, and taken on a sedate trip to visit relatives—but Gary and Denny Crosby had enjoyed to the fullest their unauthorized thrill.

SUCCOTASH:

Alight with patriotism and sun-burned muscles, Dana Andrews busied himself in the wide, level garden spot behind his house. In careful rows he planted beans, corn, beets, lettuce, radishes and onions. For two weeks, from dawn to dusk, he bent an eager back over his farming, taking infinite pains with seedlings, seeds, glass jars, and neat markers on sticks. He paused only long enough to straighten and gaze across the canyon that descends from his back yard. Ah, the joys of being close to the land.

P.S. After this she will leave the hose alone.

FUN AFFORDED:

It is a custom for star birthdays to be celebrated with a cake and ice cream party on the set, so when Glenn Ford's birth anniversary was imminent, Bette Davis made arrangements for the entire cast and crew of "A Stolen Life" to help Glenn accentuate the positive.

However, when the day arrived, Bette was at home with a case of laryngitis induced by the fog scenes in the picture. The second day she still wasn't well enough to attend. By that time the cake was still in delicious condition, but a few more days would have invited mummification, so Glenn and Eleanor bundled up their pastry and drove to the (Continued on page 8)
The Laugh-a-Minute Lowdown On The Birth Of The Swoon!

Meet the New King of the Bobby Socks! They adore him, they floor him, they really go for him when they see those clothes and hear that voice singing new hits by Mercer and Arlen!

HEAR BING'S VOICE SING—
"Out Of This World"
"June Comes Around Every Year"
"I'd Rather Be Me"

AND WAIT'LL YOU SEE THOSE 4 CROSBY KIDS!

"Out Of This World"

starring

Eddie Bracken
Veronica Lake
Diana Lynn

He's got it, but it isn't his!
She launches the swoon heard 'round the world!
She leads the most beautiful all-girl band in the world,

Cass Daley

with Carmen Cavallaro, Ted Fiorito, Henry King, Ray Noble, Joe Reichman

beating Those Go! Darn Drums
playing together for the first time!

A Paramount Picture Directed by Hal Walker
... but you're coming undone. Your weak-kneed bob pins are slipping and he's pretending it doesn't matter... Why not side-step such Embarrassing Moments by using DeLong Bob Pins?

They have a stronger grip hold their shape indefinitely and never slide out of your hair unexpectedly. You can use one DeLong Bob Pin over and over and it won't ever let your hair down, endangering your social standing and your all-important poise.

Stronger Grip  
Won't Slip Out

Hollywood Canteen where they cut the cake and asked the several hundred service men present to help celebrate. You could have heard the rendition of “Happy Birthday” as far north as Santa Barbara.

By the time you read this, the chances are excellent that Bette Davis will either be in Europe, or will be on her way there. She has signed with the U. S. O. Hollywood Victory Committee to enact, in an overseas company, the Ann Harding-Katherine Hepburn role in that timeless play “Holiday.” News of this type is certainly going to be welcome to the men stuck in the Army of Occupation—they're going to get a Holiday, one way or another.

THE FUTURE:

The real estate agent showed his clients, a man and a girl, through one of the few available houses in Southern California. He extolled the view, he recommended the floor plan, he stressed the excellence of the hardwood floors, steel sash, and multiplicity of closets.

At length the girl said thoughtfully, “It’s a lovely house, really—but there’s a catch. There isn’t one room that could be converted into a nursery in the future, should a nursery become an essential in our home.”

So they decided not to buy the house. Which is to say that Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall were still seeking home property as this flash went to press.

BEHIND THE BUSH:

A huge man descended from a taxi in a tearing hurry. His secretary-valet, amid a load of luggage, also tumbled out of the conveyance and looked around for help. Nearby there were two able seamen lounging. “Hey,” yelled the big man, “how about some help? I’m about to miss a train!”

The seamen collected themselves, and two suitcases each, and trotted after the valet. Altogether they made a most impressive cavalcade as they poured down the aisles of the union station: first strode the big man, impressive with his flowing hair, his heavy beard, his magnificent shoulders, his coat streaming out behind his speeding bulk. After him, like a comet’s tail, followed the valet and the impressed members of Uncle Sam’s Navy.

They got through the barrier, they scorched down the long, resounding tunnel. As the big man leaped on the rear steps of his car, he thrust a five-dollar bill into the hand of each amateur assistant and shouted his intense gratitude.

As the train gathered speed, one sailor said to the other, “Quite a guy. Who d’ya s’pose was hiding behind that chin spinach?”

“Orson Welles, of course,” beamed the second, pocketing his five spot. “Gosh—what a town this is.”

TERPSICHORUS:

Seldom is more than one rehearsal room in Metro’s dancing row occupied at any given time, but recently all three were sending back echoes from thumping feet. In No. 1, June Allyson was learning a jitterbug routine for her role in “For Better For Worse.” She was using a playback (i.e., recorded music to be used in the picture.)

In No. 2, Kathryn Grayson and Jimmie Durante were perfecting a sample of whatever was being danced in The Bowery in 1903. Their music was furnished by a piano player who arrived one morning sporting a huge handlebar mustache as an atmospheric prop.

In No. 3, Van Johnson was laboriously learning a pitchman’s soft shoe routine for “Early To Wed.”

Mr. Gable, hearing of all this fast footwork, shuddered, “Let no one mention ‘Idiot’s Delight’ at this point,” he cautioned.

(Continued on page 69)
Dear Fans,
Barbara Stanwyck and Dennis Morgan are spending a very merry "Christmas in Connecticut."

The romance is rosy and the fun's furious and everybody's going to be there! You're invited!

Warner Bros.
(The happy hosts)

Hey! I'll be there too!
Sydney Greenstreet

"CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT" is the fun show that's the one show to see. Watch for it! Watch for it! Showings begin right away!

BARBARA STANWYCK • DENNIS MORGAN • SYDNEY GREENSTREET in "CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT" with REGINALD GARDNER • S.Z. SAKALL • ROBERT SHAYNE
Directed by PETER GODFREY • Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS • Screen Play by Lionel Houser and Adele Comandini • From the Original Story by Ailaen Hamilton
OF COURSE YOU CAN...

GO IN SWIMMING...

WHY ENVY OTHERS? At that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without any hesitation whatever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads—everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES. (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box comes in 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box

3 absorbencies

Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

OUT OF THIS WORLD (Paramount)—It's Eddie Bracken's picture, but the guiding hand of Preston Sturges ("Miracle of Morgan's Creek" and "Hail the Conquering Hero") is sorely missed. Compensating features, however, are Diana Lynn, Veronica Lake, Cass Daley, Parkyakarkus and the voice of Bing Crosby out of the mouth of Bracken.

MY REPUTATION (Warner Bros.)—gives Barbara Stanwyck a change of pace from "Double Indemnity." A sympathetic role with beautiful clothes to wear are things any star would want—if she could get 'em. If you were a young widow with two sons (Scotty Beckett and Bobby Cooper) and you had a mother (Lucille Watson), who insisted on meddling in your life, and you had ceased to be an individual—wouldn't you rebel? Jessica Drummond (Barbara Stanwyck) does, and falls in love with army engineer George Brent (giving here his usual polished performance). It's a super film for the sophisticates who like romance in evening clothes. With Eve Arden, Warner Anderson, John Ridgely and Jerome Cowan.

UNCLE HARRY (Universal)—from the stage play made famous by the team of Joseph Schildkraut and Eva Le Gallienne comes a screen version to chill and thrill you by the superlative performances of George Sanders and Geraldine Fitzgerald in the same roles.

A BELL FOR ADANO (20th Century-Fox) comes to the screen with much advance notice. First, written as a novel by John Hersey, "twas universal acclaim as one of the finest stories to come out of World War II. Adapted for the stage, it became "a Broadway hit." So it was logical—yes, inevitable—that the dramatic story of life in a war-torn country (namely, Italy; and more specifically, an occupied town in Sicily) should be told via still another medium—the movies. And it's a good movie—for the homely philosophy so liberally sprinkled through, for the fine characterizations drawn by John Hodiak (as Major Joppolo), by Gene Tierney (as Tina, the young Sicilian girl who befriend the American officer), and by William Bendix, the officer's sympathetic aide; for the ever-appealing thought that spiritual needs transcend the physical.

The spiritual need of Adano happens to be a bell, consecrated by the Fascists. To the people of Adano, the bell had symbolized their unity—for they arose by it, they ate by it, they went to church by it. Assigned to administer to the physical needs of these people, it was Major Joppolo's contention that to return their bell was as important as providing them with food and water. His was a determined, protocol-defying fight to establish the democratic principal that people are more important than rules.

If there are faults to be found with the picture, they should not be termed comparative faults having little or nothing to do with the success or failure of filming the story. They are the criticisms inherited from the story itself—that it insults the intelligence of the Italian people, that it's too often a patronizing portrayal. And soundly based or not—and some will dismiss the criticisms as being irrelevant—these objections have been made, and the picture was screened with no noticeable attempt to overcome them.

THE END.
Broadway's hilarious romantic comedy now on the screen!

So she picked up the • • • • marbles... and went home to make love!

There's the kind of fun that makes the world go round... and round... and round... until you're dizzy with laughter!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Irene DUNNE

Alexander KNOX  Charles COBURN

OVER 21

A SIDNEY BUCHMAN Production
Adapted from the play by Ruth Gordon • Screenplay by Sidney Buchman
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

This picture has been chosen for showing to our Armed Forces overseas.
THE "Shorty" Coat

Gale Robbins

Star of Screen and Radio

SMARTEST COAT FOR SUMMER AND EARLY FALL!

The new length... short ... flattering... tailored from genuine Parker-Wilder "Parksuede"... 100% pure virgin wool... a soft, rich-looking material that's right for summer and early fall! Wear it anywhere, any season, with any outfit! Deep pockets, shoulder pleats, pretty buttons. Fully lined in fine rayon! Sizes 10 to 20.

Beige, Green, Blue, $19.98, plus postage.

Buy with confidence from Hollywood's pioneer mail-order fashion house!

SEND NO MONEY... WE MAIL C. O. D.

Now Available at Betty Co-Ed Cosmetics!

ASK YOUR DEALER

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. George is one in "The Picture of Dorian Gray" 40. Basil in "The House of Fear"
2. "This is all" 41. Horton in "Brazil"
3. Ronald is one in "Kismet" 42. Anagram for Miss Negri
4. Wings 43. Coronet
5. "Ann" in "Keep Your Powder Dry" 44. Anagram for Miss Barrymore
6. To understand ( slang ) 45. "Cliff" in "Destiny"
7. Dr. Grover" in "Dark Waters"
8. "Robert Jordan" is one of 46. "Cliff" in "Destiny"
9. Three 47. India ( poetic )
10. Eye - - - - - - - 48. "Teddy" in "Bring On the Girls"
11. Cary's ma is - - - - - role in "Nong but the Lonely Heart"
12. Citizen Kane" 49. "Charlie" in "War of the Worlds"
13. "Dorothy" in "Utah" ( initi.)
14. Lynn Merriott in "A Guy, a Gal and a Pal"
15. Inoxitated ( slang )
16. Maria Veronica" in "The Keys of the Kingdom"
17. Mischievous
18. Col. Cooper" in "God is My Co-Pilot"
19. "Here Come the Girls"
20. "Henry DuPont" in "A Song to Remember"
21. "Wynn"
22. 27 across owns - - X
23. 19 across (rel.)
24. "Here Comes the Colonel"
25. "In - - - Oklahoma"
26. "Neeley" in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"
27. "Dorothy" in "Utah"
28. Lynn Merrick in "A Guy, a Gal and a Pal"
29. "Here Comes the Colonel"
30. "The Squire" in "The Corn is Green"
31. "The Master - - -"
32. "... Lyne" ( anag. )
33. "... of the Road"
34. Beneficent ancestral spirits
35. Otto in "Earl Carroll Vanities" ( initi. )
36. "J. N. Bates" in "Bring on the Girls"
37. "J. N. Bates" in "Bring On the Girls"
39. "Patsy" in "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (anag.)
40. "Ellie" in "I'll Be Seeing You"
41. "Susan" in "I'll Be Seeing You"
42. "San Sable" in "Belle of the Yukon"
43. "... Massen"
44. "Dr. Adams" in "Between Two Women"
45. First word in Massachusetts motto
46. "The Man in Half Moon Street"
47. India ( poetic )
48. Gets most of the attention in a movie
49. "The Master - - -"
50. "... Lyne" ( anag. )
51. "... of the Road"
52. Beneficent ancestral spirits
53. Otto in "Earl Carroll Vanities" ( initi. )
54. Otto in "Earl Carroll Vanities" ( initi. )
55. "The Man in Half Moon Street"
56. Highly distinctive
57. "Richard" in "Affairs of Susan"
58. Saloon keeper is - - - - role in "Frisco Sall"
59. Tom is Wally's - - - in "This Man's Navy"
60. "Blonde" in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn", ( initi. )
61. "Okay"
62. "The Square" in "The Corn is Green"
63. "The Square" in "The Corn is Green"
64. Anagram for Miss Negri
65. "Ann" in "Together Again" ( initi. )
66. Betty winter in "Bette and spotted"
67. "Trinity" in "Together Again" ( initi. )
68. Betty winter in "Bette and spotted"
69. "Mrs. Watty" in - - - - role
70. "Robert Jordan" is one of 46. "Cliff" in "Destiny"
71. "Mrs. Watty" in - - - - role
72. "Sally" in "Wade In the Water"
73. "Robert Jordan" is one of 46. "Cliff" in "Destiny"
74. "Mrs. Watty" in - - - - role
75. "Robert Jordan" is one of 46. "Cliff" in "Destiny"
76. "Mrs. Watty" in - - - - role
77. "Mrs. Watty" in - - - - role
78. "Robert Jordan" is one of 46. "Cliff" in "Destiny"
79. "Mrs. Watty" in - - - - role
80. "Robert Jordan" is one of 46. "Cliff" in "Destiny"

DOWN
1. "Teddy" in "Bring On the Girls"
2. "Patron saint of sailors" ( anag. )
3. Martha - - -
5. "Delilah Donahue" in "Blonde Fever"
6. "San Sable" in "Belle of the Yukon"
7. "... Massen"
8. "Dr. Adams" in "Between Two Women"
9. First word in Massachusetts motto
10. "The Man in Half Moon Street"
11. Highly distinctive
12. "Richard" in "The Affairs of Susan"
13. Saloon keeper is - - - - role in "Frisco Sall"
14. Tom is Wally's - - - in "This Man's Navy"
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80. "The Square" in "The Corn is Green"

(For Solution See Page 85)
LAUGH • SWING • THRILL!

Side-splitting laughs...ear-tingling music...eye-dazzling girls! Here's a SCANDALS to make even Broadway raise its eyebrows! You, too!

GEORGE WHITE'S Scandals

JOAN DAVIS

JACK HALEY

Phillip Terry • Martha Holliday • Betteje Greer • Fritz Feld

GENE KRUPA • ETHEL SMITH

HIS DRUMS AND HIS BAND • HIT PARADE SWING ORGANIST

TUNES you'll whistle

GIrls you'll whistle AT

Produced by GEORGE WHITE • Directed by FELIX E. FEIST
Screen Play by Hugh Wedlock and Howard Soule, Parke Levy and Howard Green
Glover's 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this
overnight 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can
make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous!
Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of
your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened
overnight 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can
make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous!

Glover's 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

I—Apply Glover's

Mange Medicine, with massage, for
Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Exces-
sive Falling Hair.

YOUR hair will be Lovelier with

Glover's

with massage for
DANDRUFF, AN-
NOYING SCALP
and EXCESSIVE
FALLING HAIR

AT PARAMOUNT:
THE BLUE DAHLIA, murder mys-
tery chiller, is now in its second
month. With Alan Ladd, Veronica
Lake, William Bendix, Howard da
Silva, and Doris Dowling.
The STORK CLUB should be a
reverendous for all of you. The pic-
ture deals with the experiences of a
hat-check girl (Betty Hutton) who
rescues a weary old millionaire
(Barry Fitzgerald) from drowning.
However, Betty doesn't know that
Barry is a millionaire; she thinks he
is a destitute old man, so befriends
him and gets him a job as bus boy in
The Stork Club. Meanwhile, Barry
arranges to make life easier for Betty;
so through intermediaries, arranges
for her to take a very lavish apart-
ment. Promptly, she insists that Barry
share her good fortune and move
in with her. At which point, her boy
friend comes back from overseas . . .
and I won't spoil it for you by telling
you more.

AT WARNERS:
A STOLEN LIFE is in its third
month, with Bette Davis in the dual
role of twin sisters, both in love with
Glenn Ford. Walter Brennan, Charlie
Ruggles and Dane Clark assist with
the dramaturgy.

THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE
GIRL is a Technicolor musical with
Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Janis
Paige, S. Z. Sakall, Carmen Cavallaro
and orchestra, Donald Woods, and one
of the brightest of rising meteors,
Martha Vickers.

DANGER SIGNAL is in its second
month, with Faye Emerson, Zachary
Scott, Rosemary DeCamp, Bruce Ben-
nett, Mona Freeman (borrowed from
Paramount, who previously loaned
her to Columbia for her sensitive bit
in "Together Again"), and John
Ridgely.

AT REPUBLIC:
THE STORK CLUB should be a
reverendous for all of you. The pic-
ture deals with the experiences of a
hat-check girl (Betty Hutton) who
rescues a weary old millionaire
(Barry Fitzgerald) from drowning.
However, Betty doesn't know that
Barry is a millionaire; she thinks he
is a destitute old man, so befriends
him and gets him a job as bus boy in
The Stork Club. Meanwhile, Barry
arranges to make life easier for Betty;
so through intermediaries, arranges
for her to take a very lavish apart-
ment. Promptly, she insists that Barry
share her good fortune and move
in with her. At which point, her boy
friend comes back from overseas . . .
and I won't spoil it for you by telling
you more.

AT WARNERS:
A STOLEN LIFE is in its third
month, with Bette Davis in the dual
role of twin sisters, both in love with
Glenn Ford. Walter Brennan, Charlie
Ruggles and Dane Clark assist with
the dramaturgy.

THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE
GIRL is a Technicolor musical with
Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Janis
Paige, S. Z. Sakall, Carmen Cavallaro
and orchestra, Donald Woods, and one
of the brightest of rising meteors,
Martha Vickers.

DANGER SIGNAL is in its second
month, with Faye Emerson, Zachary
Scott, Rosemary DeCamp, Bruce Ben-
nett, Mona Freeman (borrowed from
Paramount, who previously loaned
her to Columbia for her sensitive bit
in "Together Again"), and John
Ridgely.

Glover's is a Technicolor with Jennifer Jones,
Victor McLaglen, Charles B. Fitzsimons, and

THE BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST, in Technicolor (Lincoln
Green) is now in its second month, with
Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Janis
Paige, S. Z. Sakall, Carmen Cavallaro
and orchestra, Donald Woods, and one
of the brightest of rising meteors,
Martha Vickers.

DANGER SIGNAL is in its second
month, with Faye Emerson, Zachary
Scott, Rosemary DeCamp, Bruce Ben-
nett, Mona Freeman (borrowed from
Paramount, who previously loaned
her to Columbia for her sensitive bit
in "Together Again"), and John
Ridgely.
THE GAY SENORITA is a light, merry little comedy with Jinx Falkenburg, Jim Bannon, Steve Cochran and Corinna Mura.

PARDON MY PAST has Fred MacMurray, Marguerite Chapman, William Demarest, Akim Tamiroff, Harry Davenport, Douglass Dumbrille, Charles Arnt, and Dewey Robinson busy in a comedy, in which Fred enacts his first dual role. A pair of discharged merchant mariners, Fred and Bill, arrive in New York, collect their back pay—three thousand beautiful dollars—and plan to go to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin (joke: that's really Fred's home town) to start a mink farm. Before they can board a train, they are forcibly removed to the home of a gangster, Akim Tamiroff, because of the merchant mariners' resemblance to a local man about town currently down on his luck. In order to get his three grand back, Fred goes to the home of the man he so strongly resembles, and from here on you have to pay admission.

I LOVE A BANDLEADER is all about a shy man named Phil Harris who gets involved in a case of amnesia. With Rochester, Leslie Brooks, Walter Catlett, and Carole Mathews.

SOME CALL IT LOVE deals with the problem of Rosalind Russell, Lee Bowman, Adele Jergens, and Lewis Russell. Roz is a psychoanalyst and Lee Bowman is a light-hearted cartoonist; they find—on the train they have boarded—that they have been sold the same berth. They decide to take turns sitting up in it all night, whereupon Roz is able to save a girl, Adele, from committing suicide. Now, watch this because it gets tricky: Adele was frightened by a comic valentine or something as a child, so she has a complex about love. If you can't see from here that vast complications between Roz, Lee, and Adele are going to arise instantly, you just haven't been reading your psychology lately.

AT MGM:

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF, in Technicolor, is now in its fourth month of shooting—what a picture! Fred Astaire, Lucille Bremer, Frank...

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps

STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus Tax
(Also 59¢ size)
At any store which sells toilet goods

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT
THERE'S one Eye-Oh-You (I.O.U.) in every eyeful's life. It's the debt she owes her eyes—and at no season are eye care and eye make-up more important than in summer. On the one hand you have more grit and glare. On the other you have a fashionable facade that sports darker skin tones, paler pastel lip lure and a wide-eyed wondrous look.

You will, if you're wise safeguard your eyes. And the system is simple. Get lots of sleep for lots of sparkle. Then save that sparkle by sparing eyes from strain. Wear glasses if you need them; always wear sunglasses for your outdoor life—you do need them. Learn about eye lotion and use a drop or two whenever your orbs feel tired or look bloodshot.

For the super-glow that arouses a "gleam," cosmetics come to the fore—eyeshadow, eyebrow pencil and mascara—in that order and in this manner.

Tinted shadow is blended up and out from the center of the lid, just above the lash line. Generally speaking, the color should be darkest where natural shadows are deepest—at the corners. Strictly speaking, it should never be obvious but should always "fade" out slightly below the brows with no line of demarcation.

Pencil, to define the brows properly, should be clean and sharply pointed. It must be stroked on lightly in short, hair-like marks right on the brow hairs, right along the natural arch. Two pencils, a brown one first, then a black (once over lightly) make for a more real effect.

Mascara, the magic-maker of lash luxuriance is applied with a damp brush, from base to tips. Work slowly and cover each lash completely. After the eyelashes have been evenly coated, a dry brush should be used to separate them and remove any excess mascara before a second and thin coating makes them seem doubly thick.
THE BATTLE OF BATAAN!

One of the spectacular episodes reenacted for the biggest story of the Pacific war ... a picture every American is waiting to see!

BRIDGE OF DEATH!
Waves of suicidal Japs bridge Yank barbed wire with their own bodies!

BACK TO BATAAN

starring
JOHN WAYNE

with
ANTHONY QUINN

BEULAH BONDI • FELY FRANQUELLI • LEONARD STRONG

Executive Producer: ROBERT FELLOWS • Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK

Screen Play by BEN BARHMAN & RICHARD LANDAU
The battle that made the Barbary Coast pause in its song... turn from its women...

A blue-blood on the loose... who came down from The Hill looking for a thrill!

George Raft
Joan Bennett
Vivian Blaine
Peggy Ann Garner

Remember her in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"

The kind of woman men fought for... at the snap of a garter!

Nob Hill
In Technicolor

ALAN "Falstaff" Reed • Pully • Coleman • Barrier

Directed by Henry Hathaway • Produced by Andre Daven
Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock and Norman Reilly Raine • From a Story by Eleanor Griffin
“WHO’S THAT?” The whisper runs across the theater when Joan Lorring, as Bessie Watty in "The Corn Is Green, flounces into view. Before her final close-up, the murmur changes to: “She’s remarkable!”

You and I are not the first to say so. The great Chinese actor, Dr. Mei Lang Fang, the late Douglas Fairbanks, senior; Ronald Colman, Norman Corwin, Bette Davis and Orson Welles have all cried: “Remarkable!” before ever she appeared on the screen.

The real name of this bundle of talent is Dellie Ellis, but “Joan Lorring” looks better in lights. Besides, it works out to “3” according to numerology, and “3” is Joan’s lucky number.

She was born in Hong Kong, Victoria, and spent most of her childhood there and in Shanghai, cosmopolitan cities then where people with every accent, dialect and tongue were to be met. Her father is English, her mother, Russian, their various amahs, Chinese. The butterball babe that was to (Continued on page 72)
"To have and To hold..."
Double ring ceremony was performed at farm of novelist Louis Bromfield, who also served as best man for the bridegroom.

So they got married! You thought the Bogart-Bacall romance was a publicity agent's press-dream?

Bride wore a two-piece dress of beige doeskin with leather belt; brown suede shoes completed outfit. Bridal party included Mrs. Bacall, best man L. Bromfield, Mrs. Bromfield, their daughters and novelist's mother.
Price

Starred on London stage, but really is all-American—a yard wide.

Ceilings have to be high for Vince. He's one of tallest stars (6'4"

Losing 20 lbs. for "Dragonwyck" was tough because he loves to eat.

"Handy-man Price", he's called. Built this fine 3-room cottage.
HERE Vincent Price will be tomorrow, or what he will be doing, is as unpredictable as the weather. The only time anyone can be sure of locating him is when he is working before the camera at 20th Century-Fox, where he is under contract.

His interests are as varied as they are extensive. His energy is boundless and his zest for life so keen, that it is impossible to keep up with him.

Artistic to his fingertips, collecting objects of art is a passion. A Modigliani and a Goya are two outstanding canvasses among his collection of paintings. His collection of Olmecan Pre-Columbia figures dates back to B.C. He goes into ecstasy over wood carving. Bronze, rare books—all beautiful, skillful craftsmanship intrigue and fascinate him.

Himself an artist of note, Vincent works equally well in oils and water colors. His sketches and caricatures are prized possessions of friends fortunate enough to own one. The Bible illustrations he is working on for his five year old son Barrett, are delicately beautiful. The gold settings for the matched topazes in the earrings, necklace, ring and bracelet he designed for his wife Edith Barrett, are exquisite.

Those long, slender fingers of his can wield a hammer and handle a saw and shovel as effectually as they manipulate a pencil or paint brush. Proof lies in the three-room beach cottage Vincent just finished building. With an occasional few hours’ help from his stand-in, Vincent hauled the material—in the second-hand truck which he often drives to work—mixed the cement and sawed the lumber that went into the building.

“It is my dream cottage come to life,” says Vincent. “A diminutive model of the main house that will be built farther back on the property after the war. This cottage then will be used for a guest house.

“I have had my eyes on these three acres for over five years. Stretching out on the (Continued on page 59)
COOKING WITH GAGS

1. Donny Kaye’s next pic, Goldwyn’s “The Kid From Brooklyn”, should be a natural, because he is! Like the famous “tree”, the Quip-Kid grew there, too! 2. Water may be cold but his movie fans are not! 3. Jumps to greater glory in newly released “Wonder Man”. 4. Has radio program every Fri. eve., CBS. 5. Clever writer-wife, Sylvia Fine, helps write show—and all Donny’s lyrics. 6. In next picture he’s a prizefighter. 7. This boy is “sitting pretty” . . . and there is no doubt about that!

THE dropping of a five ton blockbuster could not have had a more paralyzing effect. Everyone on the set stood frozen in his tracks. The silence was the terrible silence of the tomb. No one seemed to breathe.

Judy Garland had been rehearsing a solo scene for “Meet Me In St. Louis,” and justifiably was well pleased with the way things were going. Suddenly a voice had rung out, scathing with sarcasm, from behind the camera where Vincente Minnelli was holding the directorial reins on the picture. Minnelli, whom Judy is engaged to marry.

“Stop, stop, STOP!” the voice screamed. “In all my life I have never seen anything (Continued on page 67)
Roxanne Rogers with Mama Mary. While Lt. Rogers pilots planes for the USN, Mary minds their 2 children, is producing "One Touch of Venus."

Pickfair party for Mex. star Pedro Armendariz (here for UA pic.). On Mary's right is Mex. Ambassador Juan Aczorote.

By FREDDA DUDLEY
If you were to ask Mary Pickford what she considered the prime factor in screen success, she would answer instantly and with conviction, "Magnetism." And she would add, "Of far greater importance than physical perfection, is a certain dynamic quality of personality, a projectable human warmth. The Orientals, upon completing a precise and superb work of art, always marred it in some way so as to escape the jealousy of the gods. Practically every human being has some obvious flaw, but this flaw is put to use or obliterated by the quality of magnetism."

Miss Pickford has a perfect right to make this statement because there is probably no more magnetic woman living and working in Hollywood today, than she. Furthermore, she has maintained her prominence over a period of years with no appreciable wear and tear upon her physical attractiveness or upon her dynamic spirit.

She has worked, over the past three decades, through curly-topped girlhood to maturity, with some of the most exciting personalities of this era. Valentino? Yes —she knew him. But their (Continued on page 50)
Getting hooked up for "Kitten on the Keys" (20th). Has 11-months-old daughter Bronwyn.

Dir. Gregory Ratoff made it known on set that she has acting ability and technicolor looks!

(Left) With Fritz Leiber in "The Spanish Main."

THE PERILS OF

Her name is Mrs. Will Price. When movie fans ask for her autograph it usually comes out "With every kind wish, Maureen O'Hara." Every time she makes a picture her box office reports shoot sky high. In the eyes of the armed services she can do no wrong. In the eyes of her American public, with every family touched one way or another by war, she is a welcome relief, as she sweeps across the screen in high disdain and full Technicolor.

Look at a photo of Maureen O'Hara and you're looking at one of the most popular stars in Hollywood. You think you're looking at one picture; actually, you're looking at the picture of a professional who's about four persons in one. The last is the film star, the third is Maureen FitzSimons, the second is young mother, and first and foremost is Mrs. Will Price, wife of Marine Lieutenant Will Price who's stationed overseas.

She knows what she wants. What's more, she always gets it. Pretty strong words, those—but no stronger than Maureen's own, "You have to fight to get what you want, and nothing is worthwhile having unless you have to make some effort for it."

Interviewed one afternoon in her home that's a canyon retreat, back of Beverly Hills, Maureen commented interruptedly... between pouring tea, answering the phone and tending to her (Continued on page 56)
Maureen

Tantamount to the kiss of death is the cry no sex appeal! It made Maureen O'Hara 'Irish mad' when they said it about her!

At Beverly Hills home with husband Lt. Will Price [USMC].

She's too cold? Four-in-one O'Hara gives the lie to this blasphemy!
1945 has been a big year for Bob. Still in the Army. Married pretty Mary Elliott. Inherited a million bucks. Signed a new movie contract.

Bob's Back

Off the screen for two years,
Lt. Bob Cummings is with us again
for a little while ... before going back
to his job with Uncle Sam's Army
Don't look now, but that guy who's grinning at you from across the page has the world by the tail—and he doesn't care who knows it!

If Bob Cummings had three good hands today, instead of the usual number, he could count his blessings off in one-two order!

Bob and Success had a touch-and-go time of it for fifteen years, before Lady Luck finally capitulated completely to the guy's ability to hang on, and decided—to everyone's amazement—to give a sucker an even break.

That break came this year, when the long road that has no turning (and we do mean Mr. C's career) finally executed a neat hairpin curve, and sent his star rocketing up into the celestial sector, where it promises to anchor itself and become a permanent feature attraction.

The send-off for this mercurial flight, was the legal document that producer Hal Wallis waved before the Cummings orbs, in the way of a four-year contract involving two pictures a year and the privilege of doing outside films. "You Came Along" is Bob's first starring role for Paramount release, and it threatens to be sock entertainment.

On location at Riverside, California's famous Mission Inn, Bob got one look at its Flyers' Chapel, and an idea was born. Two weeks later he grabbed actress Mary Elliott's hand, trotted her back to the spot, and married the girl!

The events leading up to the great day were well-paced, to understate the case. (Continued on page 84)
Conceived in drama, dedicated to flattery—
Lucille Ball models hats that follow traditions
of elegance established by the Old Masters

STREAMLINED. Lucille Ball's outsized, pointed black velvet beret edged with bright green braid is a 1945 version of the one pretty Lady Jane Seymour wore. Note the resemblance of the heavy jewelry. Not necessary ... but how it adds!
PRETTY PARADOX. All the flattery of a real hat with the casual shining hair charm of no hat at all! Lucille’s little beret of black felt studded with multi-colored sequins and worn off the face to show her beautiful red hair, is a take-off on the one worn by a famous English philosopher of the 16th century. (You don’t have to be a philosopher to look well in this little hat.)

EYECATCHER. Women of fashion in the nineteenth century went in for the “flirty jobs”, too. Here the star of “Ziegfeld Follies” is shown wearing a strawberry felt poke bonnet with a cascade of pink feathers, much along the lines of the lady in this popular painting. The Eton collar on her sophisticatedly simple dress is slightly smaller—but so much smarter for the ladies of today.

NEAT AND SWEET. Puritan lady in this painting probably made her own lace bonnet and collar. This very charming bonnet of white straw has a squared crown in the modern mode and is trimmed with sweet sprays of forget-me-not. Bright companion for those smart “little black sheers”.

LARCENOUS LOOK. The candid look of this off-the-face hat with a swooping side drop was “lifted” from the painting of the Italian noblewoman who was inspiration for one of Shelley’s most noted poems. Lucille Ball, now appearing in “Without Love”, likes it in a soft, luscious green shade.

Hats designed by Beverly Devon of Hollywood.
COTTEN TALE

This man looks at life and finds it great fun! Lucky Guy ... for life seems to feel the same about Joseph Cotten.

By DOROTHY DEERE

What would you rather be if you were not an actor?", an interviewer asked Joe Cotten.

"There's no such thing as not being an actor," the interviewee replied pleasantly. "Scratch any human being deep enough and you'll find a layer of actor-dermis somewhere. An 'actor', as the term is used professionally, is merely someone who is allowed to indulge in his acting."

The interviewer was impressed. You would be, too. Mr. Cotten has a trick voice, as you know, and he gives off trick thoughts with it. His conversation crackles in the same individual way his hair crinkles, although the one has nothing to do with the other. The voice is from an early case of whooping cough, the hair is from handsomeness. He is twice as good looking in natural color as on black and white, with very live blue eyes and a California complexion. And he dresses in a way to make some of those males in the Esquire fashion-fotos look as if they had just tossed themselves together.

Also, he has been enabled to write an entire series of checkbooks merely by his knowledge of histrionics, which proves him an authority on the subject: "Talk to anyone long enough," he continued, "and whether he's an Elks Club president or a street-car conductor, he'll eventually get around to telling you about the time he took part (Continued on page 65)
Mr. & Mrs. Cotten hold Hollywood honors for sartorial elegance.
"I'm a firm believer in discipline... If you can't discipline yourself, you're a failure," says Dick Crane, appearing in "Captain Eddie" (20th).

Once upon a time it may have been true that Hollywood's younger set was beautiful but dumb. They are no less good to look at today. Listen now, and see if you think they're dumb:

"Modern people don't accept the ideas of yesterday," declares Bill Eythe, of 20th Century-Fox. "They don't accept the ideas of today without examining them, either."

"In the past, love was thought of as a troubadour playing a guitar under a veiled lady's window, an illusion of romance with no reality. Love was a wild agitation of the blood, poetry, music and moonlight. When, after marriage, the lovers discovered each had married an ordinary mortal, it must have been pretty bad."

"Today, the lady has taken off her veil, the gentleman has lost his guitar. You see them sitting down, discussing their common problems—backgrounds, families, outlook, philosophy, eugenics. I don't believe in very young marriages, nor in comparative strangers marrying. They must be old enough to understand how to adjust themselves, and whether or not they can make a success of their union.

"The old idea that the man should be 'boss' is OUT. The one best informed or experienced in a certain field should decide that problem. A woman presumably knows best about household (Continued on page 88)

The old saw "youth should be seen but not heard" is no more. They have a stake in the world a' coming—and they'll have their say!

By Alice L. Tildesley
Lovely Jeanne Crain finds that "some people don't need money to be happy—they have other resources."
"I like men.
They stride about—
Reach in their pockets and pull things out.
They look important.
They rock on their toes.
They lose all the buttons off their clothes.
They throw pipes away, but—
They find them again!
Men are queer creatures, but—
I like men."

I AM sorry to say that I don't remember who wrote that delicious bit of verse, but I do know that it expresses the sentiment of most of the girls who have had the good luck to work in pictures with the very interesting, exceptionally gallant, and generally worthwhile men in Hollywood. I've had the luck, because I started in this industry when I should have been (and would have been but for my cunning escape) fuming over algebraic equations, of appearing in pictures with many of the most famous men in the world.

And, thanks to the unfailing assistance of producers, directors, writers, technicians, and others, I hope to go on with this fascinating work for many more years. Because there is nothing quite as pleasant as remembering

"Along Came Jones" with me and Gary Cooper, is a "westrun" which is very super duper!
the charming characteristics of one's friends, I have
decided to share a few of the things I remember.
Of course, my two favorite men of all time are my
husband, Colonel Tom Lewis, and my lusty young son,
Christopher.
Also, I have just finished working with everyone's
favorite man, Gary Cooper, in an enterprise that we, af-
fectionately, dub a "westrun." The correct title is "Along
Came Jones," and it is Gary's first independent pro-
ducing job—a brilliant job, I would say. In this opy,
I wear my hair down my back to give me that out-
doorsy expression, and aiding and abetting this effect
is a plaid shirt—but a big plaid!—and a divided skirt.
Gary is wearing his usual blue shirt, Stetson hat, and
tight brown riding breeches. On him they not only
look good, but they are convincing. Gary, of course,
knows about all there is to know about horseflesh; he
is so assured that he can even kid about horsemanship.
The other day he was telling a visitor on the set,
"Shucks, steering a horse is just like steering an auto-
mobile." He described a steering-wheel circle, his left
hand at the bottom of the circle holding the reins, and
his right hand at the top. "Now, watch my right hand." So,
manipulating that right (Continued on page 62)

Clark Gable, Ty Power, Don Ameche,
Alan Ladd, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper,
Charles Boyer and Spencer Tracy.
Loretta likes 'em—who wouldn't!
It's Gala-Gala with Girls, Gaiety and that Goldwyn Glamour!

Samuel Goldwyn presents
Danny Kaye in
"WONDER MAN"
In Technicolor
with
VIRGINIA MAYO
VERA-ELLEN
DONALD WOODS
S.Z.SAKALL
Allen Jenkins Edward Brophy
Otto Kruger Steve Cochran
Virginia Gilmore and
THE GOLDWYN GIRLS
Directed by Bruce Humberstone
Screen Play by Don Hartman Melville Shavelson and Philip Rapp
Released through RKO RADIO PICTURES INC.
Being a producer is a man’s racket, they warned her. But Missy Joan Harrison just went ahead and did the job anyway . . . but good!

DID YOU see a picture called “Phantom Lady”? This is the movie now on record as being a Hollywood precedent breaker—on several counts.

In the first place, it was a good show. Second, it made Franchot Tone, usually a charming character, into a suspected murderer. Third, and most important, it was the first show in elephant’s years to be produced in Hollywood by a woman. In fact, I think it’s probably the first show ever to have a gal as sole boss. And that’s news!

The lady in question is a small, blonde, young, vital wench named Joan Harrison. She is not one’s idea of a super-executive. She doesn’t go in for heavy, sensible shoes, black-framed glasses, or a mannish hair-cut. Instead, she cuts quite a swath with the stag-line in dressmaker suits, a blithe, curly Victory bob, and shoes that look like shoes. At a casual meeting, she seems frivolous and a little shy. But, when you talk to her for a few minutes, you discover she has unleashed a brain that is nothing to sneeze at. (Continued on page 70)
and the shy, terrified girl of that period
had been replaced by the woman of vivacious charm and obvious intelligence who now sat across the luncheon table from us. Watching Barbara exchange quips with Joel McCrea an hour later on the set of "The Virginian," the change in this girl who, in the past, deliberately avoided people seemed even more radical.

What had happened to make her different? Vividly, I recalled our first meeting; the day Barbara, with her mother by her side, arrived at Paramount studios to prepare for a screen test. Her beauty took your breath away, but her shyness was painful to watch. She was unlike any girl the studio had ever signed, and everyone was a little bewildered at what to do with this new type of motion picture actress. Actually, it wasn't until Barbara—through one of those exciting flukes that occur only in Hollywood—became the star of "Till We Meet Again," that the studio solved the riddle of an actress who could act, but who just didn't somehow fit into any character a screen writer could dream up.

Just how Barbara emerged into a full-fledged screen star and an exciting personality was revealed in the story she told me.

"I was absolutely terrified at what had happened to me that day of the screen test," (Continued on page 75).
Greetings, individuals! Here it is July, with summer, sun and stuff, and lots of items in the musical notebook.

Gene Krupa has dropped the string section from his orchestra and the band now sounds more like it did a couple of years ago. Gene has also decided to play more drums instead of concentrating on conducting, as he has been doing. The G-Noters and Lillian Lane are no longer with the band, but Buddy Stewart, who sang with the quartet as well as doing solos, remains to handle the ballad department. Anita O'Day, who has been vacationing since leaving Stan Kenton, may re-join her ex-boss. Krupa, who is still 1-A, hopes to break his own record at the Capitol Theatre in New York.

Tommy Dorsey is another leader who has dropped strings, at least temporarily. Traveling difficulties being what they are, Tommy decided it would be easier to transport his band minus the fiddles, etc. Bonnie Lou Williams has left Dorsey and will probably return to Hollywood, where she has several radio offers. Buddy Rich's contract with T.D. was up in May, and Buddy wanted to leave to form his own band, but he had made a verbal agreement with Dorsey to stay another year and the Musicians' Union made Buddy stick to it.

Tommy did such a good job of emceeing the R.C.A. program that the sponsors have signed him on a long-term deal, and even moved the show to the coast for the summer because Tommy had band engagements there. The Dorsey Brothers' picture, "My Brother Leads A Band," which was to have gone into production in the early fall, has been postponed until after the first of 1946, due to the recent drop in film stock quotas for independent producers.

Hollywood Chit-Chat:

Andy Russell will play a drum solo ("China Boy") in "The Stork Club," in addition to his acting and singing chores in the picture. Andy got his start in the music business 'beating the hide for' (Continued on page 52)
Exclusive snap of "Frankie Boy" taking surf-board paddle in front of his home on Toluca Lake.

Merry Macs, Virginia Rees an Philco Summer Show.

Paramount-backstage. Will Bradley, Jill, Jo Stafford laugh over funnies.
IF THERE IS one sure-fire way to get the real low-down on anyone in Hollywood it is to talk to that person's fellow-workers. It never misses, for two reasons: first, working as they do under the nerve-grating tension of making movies, they see each other at their commendable best and at their temperamentally worst; and second, being uninhibited souls who hash over one another's intimate lives as casually as if discussing the weather, they are quick to praise where praise is due, and equally quick to rap where a rap has been earned.

With Lena Horne as the subject, however, the Situation changes. Try as you might—after all, no one is perfect and it is the little human faults and frailties as well as the great virtues which gives the well-rounded picture—you cannot collect a crumb of comment other than that she (Continued on page 49)

She has talent, beauty, and rarest of all—especially for a big star—she's sincere. Hollywood not only admits all of this, but unanimously!
TOOTING LENA'S HORN
YOUR PROBLEM
and MINE

By

Jane Wyman

Let Jane Wyman help solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California

Dear Miss Wyman:

I have been married over six years, and in that time have lost two children at birth. My husband has been in the service for the past two years, and we had agreed beforehand that this was no time to be thinking of raising a family again.

Conditions at home have changed since then, my father died, leaving the support of my mother and sister to me. And here is my problem.

During the time my husband has been gone, he has changed his mind again, and in every one of his letters, is emphatic about starting to raise a family immediately. He is due home in August, 1945, and I have explained to him in my letters why we shouldn't have a baby now; my inability to work during that time, my wages being stopped, the extra expenses, etc. He says he understands all that, but he is insisting that I think as he does. Either it's his lonesomeness, or he is assuming a domineering attitude, which I dislike.

Knowing him as I thought I did, he sounds like an entirely different man. He was always so reasonable. I know things may be cleared up when he comes home, but I doubt it, as he never fails to make an issue of it in his letters. We have gotten along so remarkably well that this may cause a rift between us, and I just couldn't bear that.

I have so much to contend with now, that I feel I just cannot have an extra item added. Foolish though this problem may seem to others, it has become a major one to me. I guess I've been thinking about it so much that I cannot think clearly anymore. What should I do?

Sincerely,

Geneva

Dear Geneva:

To me, the fundamental reason for marriage is a family. Children are worth any sacrifice, and I somehow believe that Providence takes a special interest in babies, and if you have one, you will find a way to take care of it. However, in your case, I do not know your financial condition, nor what caused the death of your two children at birth. Both of these factors are important in your problem.

Evidently your husband believes your means are adequate to take this step. You say that he seems like a changed person. War changes men in many ways, but it should not have changed him so much that you cannot talk this situation over on a reasonable basis.

There are two other reasons than those which you mention which may account for his change of mind—one, that he wants to leave a child to perpetuate his name in case he fails to return, and two (which seems prevalent with men in the service) that he thinks a child will be a close bond between you two and make him less fearful of losing your love while he is away.

I feel that your worry about this is completely futile, for nothing can be accomplished by it—worry never has solved a problem and only harms you. Why don't you put the entire matter out of your mind until he comes home and you both can talk things over frankly and completely? After all, nothing can be settled until he does come home.

Then, if you cannot come to an agreement at that time, I suggest that you both go to the doctor who attended you at the birth of your other children and ask him for advice in working this situation out.

Sincerely,

JANE WYMAN

Dear Jane:

I married when I was 17 and my husband was 18. We were so very happy, and had we a child or two, our home would have been complete.

Two years passed and our home was without a child. Finally I went to a physician who told me I could never have any children. At first I decided to keep it from my husband, but I knew that wouldn't be fair to him keeping hope for something that could never be.

After I told him, things went on as before. He was never unkind to me nor untrue, so it's hard for me to tell him I was unhappy, and he finally told me he wanted a divorce. He said he would always love me, but that wasn't enough, he needed a wife who could give him a child. He got the divorce and three months later married another girl.

Now, here is my problem. I have met a man 16 years older than I, who has asked me to marry him. I still love my husband and I have told him so, but he says if he'll be so good to me, that he will give me a home. I'm afraid it'll make me forget my husband. Jane, will it be fair to marry this other man knowing I do not love him? My former husband lives in the next town from me, and I see him quite often.

My doctor advises me to go far away from here, and get a position taking care of children, as they would be doing a wonderful deed as well. However, be sure of your feeling toward this man before making such a decision.

I agree with your doctor that it would be well for you to go where you would not be running into your former husband. Seeing him only adds salt to your wounds. But I cannot recommend that you come to California, for it is overcrowded here now. Living quarters are practically impossible to find, and a stranger without local experience and references, would probably have difficulty in getting a position.

May you find the happiness that you so richly deserve.

Sincerely,

JANE WYMAN
is sweet; gracious, modest, considerate, genteel, wise, cooperative, and out of this world in every respect. You can talk to producers, directors, cameramen, vocal coaches and even hard-bitten publicity men, and the one thing you are least likely to learn is that she has an impish sense of humor at times!

Not only is the girl excitingly beautiful, but apparently a paragon of characteristics. From her impish sense of humor, it seems, has the re-deeming quality of great charm, especially when the joke is on her.

For example, there was the day she first met Hazel Scott, the famous Broadway pianist with whom she shared the spotlight in a big musical number in "I Do It." The meeting took place in the office of Ray Thompson, Metro's vocal coach, and Hazel was dressed to the teeth in black satin and mink. Feeling like a country cousin in her own attire of brown double mink, in walked Hazel wearing black slacks and a simple sport coat. Lena froze in her tracks and then grinned widely. "Oops!" she laughed. "Looks like I guessed wrong again!"

There was another occasion, a certain studio official recalls, when Lena did not guess wrong. It was on her recent visit to the White House, and as is the custom, Lena took flowers for Mrs. Roosevelt when she went to call. The studio official was insistent upon orchids, but Lena refused to accede to his choice. "I want something simpler," she firmly said. Obviously Mrs. Roosevelt was expecting orchids, for as she began to untie the box, she glanced ruefully at the blouse she was wearing. "I'm afraid these may clash a little," she observed. Lena smiled confidently as she watched the President's wife withdraw from the box an old-fashioned nosegay of violets and pale yellow roses, a gift in perfect taste and for the white background of Mrs. Roosevelt's blouse.

"You undoubtedly receive so many orchids that I thought you might like these for a change," Lena told her.

The flowers spoke for themselves: here was no newly-rich and newly-famous actress bent on a flashy show, but an unaffected woman bringing a simple remembrance to a friend.

In sketching Lena's private life it is impossible to ignore her two children, for before she is a singer, an actress, or a public figure, she is first and foremost a mother both wise and devoted. Conscious of their broken home background, she is teaching them to depend on each other for a sense of security, especially since much of the time as the family bread-winner must necessarily be spent away from home. Whenever she can be with them, however, she gives unstintingly of herself. The story still is told of her first interview with an important writer, an interview which would do much to advance her fame. In the midst of their conversation a two-year-old Teddy came into the room, complaining that his head hurt. Many a star in a like situation has been known to order the child from the room. Lena gathered the baby into her lap, quietly began to stroke away his headache, and calmly went on with the interview. "I hope you don't mind," she said simply, "but Teddy's head is important, too."

Of all her champions on the M-G-M lot, none is more loudly pro-Lena than Arthur Freed, the producer of such Horne-enhanced musicals as "Panama Hattie," "Cabin In The Sky," "Thousands Cheer," and the new "Ziegfeld Follies." And he still shudders at how near he came to booting Metro's chance to sign her! It was shortly after Pearl Harbor, and for weeks he had been pestered by an agent clamoring for him to audition "a great little singer" then appearing at a Hollywood night club. More to shut up the agent than from wanting to hear the girl sing, he admits, he finally agreed to listen to one song at 2:30 P.M. sharp! At 4:30 P.M. he was still listening in unabashed enthusiasm as song after song poured from Lena's throat. At 5 P.M. he personally took her to the boss man, Louis B. Mayer, for whom she sang one song. At 5:10 Lena and Metro had made a deal.

"Lena is a great artist with a great inner knowledge of how to handle herself but an amazing lack of realization of how much she has to offer," Freed said. "Like Crosby and other natural artists who come along so rarely, she sings from the heart and so moves the public emotionally with her voice. Actually it isn't the greatness of her voice, but the greatness of her own emotion while singing which catches and holds your attention."

(Continued on page 58)
first meeting was memorable chiefly because of its spontaneous character. Mary and her mother were seated at a table in a smart New York hotel when a vividly dark man approached, bowed, and said to Mrs. Pickford, "I am Rudolph Valentino. I am a dancer. Can you tell me, please, how I may get into motion pictures?"

"Mrs. Pickford considered. She said slowly, 'You should have a series of portraits taken, and he should continue to mail these to producers and directors, specifying his qualifications, experience, and age, until someone takes notice of him.'

Signor Valentino absorbed this advice, then said, his eyes eloquent, that he was deeply grateful. Bowing, he turned and walked swiftly away.

While this conversation had been taking place, Mary had done her best—in a well-behaved sort of way—to remind her mother of her presence. She squirmed; she cleared her throat; she reached for the sugar. No response. After Valentino had left the vicinity, Mary sighed. "Well, why didn't you introduce him to me?" she inquired.

With an equal mixture of Canadian tact and New England prissiness, Mrs. Pickford said, 'Because I, myself, had no use for him.'

A good many of you who read this article may not have seen a Douglas Fairbanks picture, but Mr. Fairbanks was then, an example of the magnetism-virile-dynamic department. He was so vital that he positively radiated glowing good spirits; he couldn't understand illness of any sort and re-fused even to appear ill. In one of his cloak-and-dagger pictures, a fellow player accidentally ran a rafter completely through Mr. Fairbanks' lower thigh.

The following summer, he and Mary were swimming one day when she noticed the double scar and exclaimed over it. "When did you do that?"

He told her, offhandedly. "But you didn't even limp. You didn't say a word about it!" she protested.

"I didn't want to do anything about it, so I kept it to myself, not wanting to depress you," he explained. This refusal to countenance a bodily ill was part of his driving propulsion toward success. His desire for success was so great, so perennial, so uninterred that, when doodling with pencil and pad during a telephone conversation, he wrote and rewrote, 'The Girl with the Golden Curls' they used to call Mary. Absent from the screen for too long, she won't appear in "One Touch Of Venus" but is considering return to films.

"Have I grown lately? Do you think the thistle has always been her height."

As Miss Pickford has already said, she is sixty inches tall (that sounds half-pint to some), but can roll a million dollar budget at the tip of her tongue. She is now producing "One Touch Of Venus" and it appears that Clifton Webb, fresh from his conquest of celluloid in "Laura," will be in the cast.

Incidentally, although Miss Pickford won't appear in "One Touch Of Venus," many good people have been encouraging her to return to the screen. At present she has a script under consideration, and may decide to do it. She and one of her best friends, Lillian Gish, were discussing old-time movies one evening and Miss Pickford said that she really thought all the old prints of her pictures should be destroyed.

Miss Gish made the general sound of a P-51 taking off, and said through the roar that such an act would be vandalism. After all, Miss Pickford's
work in "Coquette" won the Oscar for 1932. "Time doesn't really change the value of great work," protested Miss Gish.

Miss Pickford still isn't convinced. She plans to turn the positives over to the Academy, but with the stipulation that they be shown only to students doing research, or those individually actively engaged in creating motion pictures. She thinks that a Fate Wessell Pickford fan would not want to see one's pictures shown long after death as happened in the case of Rudolph Valentino.

In addition to her professional life, Miss Pickford is a high-satisfactory and busy one. In the nursery wing of the Rogers home there are two occupants: Roxanne, aged 2', and Ronnie, aged 7. (Actually, Ronnie is 8, but he isn't growing as fast as he would like, so he always contradicts, with courtesy, his mother's statement that he is 8.)

To give you an idea of the imagination that Miss Pickford brings to her job of motherhood, here is a yarn involving Ronnie's misbehavior on a school bus. Seems he was running up and down the aisles, generally creating havoc. To be more specifically reported him, saying that he might—by inciting riot—have caused an accident.

Mary took her young son on her lap and held him tightly. "You're too young to be punished," she informed him. "If you misbehave in the bus and your daddy is away, so how am I to punish you? You'll have to think of something," she informed him.

He considered, and finally said that he could hold indoors all day Saturday. "That's not quite enough," ruled his mother. "Think of one more punishment!"

That really provoked Niagara. "Well, I could wear those old short pants to school," he said, giving himself away. If there is anything he loves to do, it is to wear old short pants. He added, stressing the extent of his self-immolation, "All the kids will make fun of me-e-e-e!"

That word ended in a sob. Mary sent him to bed. Then, with a sternness characteristic of mothers, she began to worry about a way to punish her son without subjecting him to the indignity of a royal razzing from his schoolmates.

Getting out drawing pencil and pad, she sketched an eight-year-old, no, a seven-year-old boy, with a mouth like a small comet with a long trail. Getting down the stairs and onto the lawn—dropped no doubt by a careless bird.

"One Touch Of Venus" makes the whole world kin.

"Not Mr. Rogers," she corrected solemnly. "Lieutenant Rogers."

In private moments, when she is trying to talk Buddy into doing something she wishes, Roxanne addresses him as "Daddy boy dear."

Our Army and Navy, an enterprising group of men always alert for loveliness, have been known to lean out of a passing car—upon seeing Mary walking along the street—and whistle. Not once, not twice, but with a double locomotive effect.

Remembering another war and another army of whistlers, Miss Pickford recently smiled and observed, "Time goes by so fast!"

But it skips lightly over Miss Pickford. Her yellow head is still piled high with curls, svelte is her figure, her legs a pair of the trimmest in town. This is undoubtedly due to a number of different kinds of love: love for her work, love for her friends, her husband, and her family.

"One Touch Of Venus" makes the whole world kin.

The End
such bands as Gus Arnheim, Johnny Richards and Alvino Rey. Harry James has a big acting role in Twentieth Century-Fox "Ritten On The Keys," besides providing most of the music for the film. Harry worked fifty-two days out of the sixty-day shooting schedule, had eighty-six scenes and two hundred and forty-three lines of dialogue. And he vies with his former vocalist, Dick Haymes, for the affections of the leading lady, Maureen O'Hara. Pretty good, what?

Several servicemen were visiting the set one day, and were introduced to Harry. One of the boys, a soldier, said kiddingly, "So you're the guy millions of G. I.'s hate like poison!" With a startled expression, Harry asked, "Why?" The boy replied, "For taking our pin-up girl, Betty Grable, away from us." Harry laughed and topped him with, "Well, they'd probably hate me twice as much if they knew I'm the guy who wakes them up for reveille every morning!" A few years ago when the army decided to discontinue using live buglers, the War Department asked Harry to record the reveille call; and the James horn has been waking up sleepy soldiers ever since—in large camps both in the United States and overseas.

When Johnnie Johnston goes to Hollywood to make his first movie on his new M.G.M. contract, his biggest worry is where he's going to live. Johnnie gave up his house in the valley when he came East last summer, and can't get it back. So he says if worse comes to worse, he'll move his family into a trailer camp.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

COLUMBIA:

Les Brown, whose records of "Sentimental Journey" and "My Dreams Are Getting Better All The Time" have been sell-outs, comes up with a new one, "I'll Always Be With You" and "Tain't Me." Doris Day has been sell-outs, comes up with "I'll Always Be With You" and "Tain't Me." Doris Day has a new one, "I'll Always Be With You." You can hear the voices of Doris in "My Dreams Are Getting Better All The Time." The last number is a sequel to a previous success, "I'll Always Be With You," and can't get it back. So he says if worse comes to worse, he'll move his family into a trailer camp.

DECCA:

Here's Bing Crosby, with John Scott Trotter's orchestra, doing the two hit tunes from "Out Of This World"—the title song and "June Comes Around Every Year." In the picture you'll see Eddie Bracken do these numbers, but you'll actually hear The Groaner's voice.

Bing also teams up with Louis Jordan and His Tympany Five for a little jarring on "My Baby Said Yes," and present and accounted for with "If I Loved You," sung by Buddy Di Vito, and "Oh, Brother!" with a Kitty Kallen lyric.

Xavier Cugat, who's been packing them in at the Copacabana in New York, rhumbas in with "Enlloro" and "Adios Africa." Del Campo sings the first side and Miguelito Valdes does the second.

Woody Herman has two goodies this time, "Apple Honey," an instrumental, and "Out of This World," sung by Frances Wayne.

With a title like "Leave Us Leap," you know just about what to expect from Gene Krupa and the boys. On the reverse side, the Krupa Jazz Trio does "Dark Eyes," with Gene on drums, Charlie Ventura on tenor sax and Teddy Napoleon on piano.

Kay Kyser and his orchestra offer "Can't You Read Between The Lines?" with Dolly Mitchell asking the musical question, and the novelty, "Bells Bottom Trousers."

All you Nelson Eddy Fans will be happy with his new Columbia album, "By Request." There are eight sides, including "Without A Song," "Great Day," and "Strange Music." Robert Armbruster's orchestra provides the background.

Don't miss Benny Goodman's new record of "Gotta Be This Or That." It's done in two parts, featuring both the band and the trio, and Benny does one of his rare vocals on the first side. This number was one of the most requested during B.G.'s engagement at the 400 Club in New York.

Your Socks Don't Match."

"Can't You Read Between The Lines?" and "Negra Consentida" (My Pet Brunette) are done by Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra. Jean Cromwell, Jimmy's new vocalist, does the first side, and she and Teddy Walters share honors on the reverse.

Carmen Cavallaro and his orchestra have recorded "Enlloro" and "Chopin's Polonaise" with Carmen doing a piano solo on both. "Polonaise" was the most popular of the Chopin selections in the picture, "Song To Remember."

Decca is releasing another album in their Brunswick Collectors' Series. This time it's "Louis Armstrong Jazz Classics." There are eight sides, including some of the historic recordings with such bands as Johnny Dodds' Black Bottom Stompers, Lill's Hot Shots, Erskine Tate's Vendome Orchestra and the Red Onion Jazz Babies.

The Merry Macs step forth with "Sentimental Journey" and "Choo Choo Polka." The Macs have a new girl in the group, Virginia Rees, who formerly sang with Horace Heidt. Marjorie Garland, the former canary, left the Macs because she wanted to try pictures.

The Mad Mab, Charlie Barnet, has two new ones, "Any Old Time," and "There's No You."

Decca's album of "The Snow Goose" doesn't come under the heading of popular music, any manner of means, but it's a beautiful thing, and a set I'm sure you'll want in your collection. The Paul Gallico story has been recorded by Herbert Marshall and Donald Crisp with a full supporting cast, and a lovely musical score composed and directed by Victor Young.

VICTOR:

Artie Shaw and his orchestra have two good instrumentals, "Little Jazz" and "Sentimental Journey" and "Choo Choo Polka." "Little Jazz" is a beautiful tune from "Knickers Coffee Holiday."

"The More I See You" and "I Miss Your Kiss" have been waxed by Sammy Kaye and his Swing and Sway boys. Sally Stitt sings the first side and Billy Williams does the second.

Dinah Shore's newest is "Along The Navajo Trail" and "Counting The Days," with Albert Hines' orchestra.

Tommy Dorsey and his boys have done "June Comes Around Every Year" and "Out Of This World," with Sarah Conklin doing both vocals.

"Mood To Be Worth" and "Kissing Bug" are the latest additions to Duke Ellington's disc list. Jooya does the singing on "Kissing Bug," and Johnnie Hodges plays his usual fine line of alto sax on the "Mood." Jooya, which melody, incidentally, he wrote with the Duke.

Martha Stewart has two ballads this month, "There's No You" and the oldie, "She's Funny That Way," with Lewis Martin's orchestra.

Wayne King is back on wax with his first record since his discharge from the Navy—"My Mother's Waltz" sung by Nancy Evans, and "Remember When," with a vocal by George Beverly.
There's Electricity in the Air when the red light goes on and the musicians start making records. Trumpeter Billy Butterfield, at left, conducts his brilliant reed section through one of eight colorful renditions of songs by the late George Gershwin which have just been released in a Capitol Album Set. Billy is one of many famous artists who records exclusively for the Capitol label.

Learning Lyrics is a task all singers face, and Peggy Lee memorizes hers as she prepares to make a master. Miss Lee's current hit disc is titled "You Was Right, Baby." You're right—it's another Capitol exclusive!

Double-barreled Johnny Mercer not only wrote the lyrics of the hit tune "On The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe" for M.G.M.'s "Harvey Girls," he also recorded it in the company of the Pied Pipers. Capitol's singing prexy now has another hit on his hands.

Jerry Colonna concentrates on the musical score as he faces the microphone to platter "Bell Bottom Trousers" with Paul Weston's orchestra. The famed comedian is completely "at home" making records. Even without Bob Hope.
Editor's Note: In answer to the many, many Movieland reader requests for addresses of this or that favorite, it's necessary to explain: sorry, no can do. We can't hand out home addresses, or unlisted personal telephone numbers—don't you wish we could—but, we can 'put you in touch,' through this star-studio directory.

The list given here, complete and accurate as it's possible to make it, has been perpetually updated. We ask you to keep this in mind, because some of the player contracts are shared by more than one studio, others are signed for a single picture, and still others specifically reserve the right to 'free lance' from one studio to another. Named here, in each case, is the studio where mail should be addressed now.

Col—Columbia Pictures Corp.
1438 North Gower
Hollywood 28, Calif.

DOS—David O. Selznick Prod., Inc.
2336 West Washington Blvd.
Culver City, Calif.

Int—International Pictures
1041 North Formosa Ave.
Hollywood 46, Calif.

MGM—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios
Culver City
California

Mon—Monogram Pictures Corp.
4376 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood 27, Calif.

Par—Paramount Pictures Corp.
5451 Marathon
Hollywood 38, Calif.

RKO—RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
780 North Gower
Hollywood 38, Calif.

Rep—Republic Studios
4024 Radford Ave.
North Hollywood, Calif.

SG—Samuel Goldwyn Studios
1041 N. Formosa Ave.
Hollywood 38, Calif.

SL—Sol Lesser Prod.
9336 W. Washington Blvd.
Culver City, Calif.

UA—United Artists Studio Corp.
1047 N. Formosa Ave.
Hollywood 38, Calif.

U—Universal Pictures Co.
Universal City, Calif.

WB—Warner Bros. Studios
10201 West Pico Blvd.
Culver City, Calif.

—20; Andrews, Dana—WB; Arden, Eve—WB; Arthur, Jean—RKO; Astaire, Fred—MGM; Astor, Mary—MGM; Aubrey, Gene—Rep.

B—Bacall, Lauren—WB; Bainter, Fay—MGM; Bankhead, Tallulah—WB; Barry, Bette—MGM; Barrymore, John—MGM; Barney, Binnie—RKO; Don (Red) Barry—Rep; Barrymore, Lionel—MGM; Barnard, George—MGM; Barnard, George—MGM; Bennett, Jean—U; Benny, Jack—WB; Bergman, Ingrid—DOS; Bey, Turhan—U; Bishop, Doris—WB; Blaine, Vivian—WB; Blair, Janet—Col; Blondell, Joan—20; Blyth, Ann—WB; Bogart, Humphrey—WB; Bowman, Lee—Col; Boyer, Charles—DOS; Bracken, Eddie—Pt; Bremer, Lucille—MGM; Brent, Geo.—Int; Britton, Barbara—WB; Brown, Frances—WB; Bruce, David—U; Bruce, Virginia—Rep.; Burnett, Smiley—Col.

C—Carey, James—UA; Canova, Judy—Rep; Cardwell, James—U; Carroll, John—WB; Clark, Dan—WB; Coburn, Charles—Col; Colbert, Claudette—Int; Colman, Ronald—MGM; Connolly, Tom—RKO; Cook, Donald—RKO; Cooper, Gary—Int; Cotten, Jean—DOS; Craig, James—MGM; Crain, Jean—20; Crawford, Joan—WB; Crosby, Bing—Par; Cummings, Robert—Par; Curtis, Alan—U.

D—Dantine, Helen—WB; Darnell, Linda—20; Davis, Bette—WB; Davis, Joan—U; De Carlo, Yvonne—U; De Cordova, Arturo—Par; DeHaven, Gloria—MGM; De Havilland, Olivia—Par; Donlevy, Brian—Par; Drake, Tom—MGM; Durrenberger, Irene—Col; Durbin, Deanna—U.

E—Edward, Bill—Par; Emerson, Fay—WB; Errol, Leon—U; Evans, Dale—Rep; Eyth, Al—MGM; F—Falkenberg, Jinx—Col; Faye, Alice—10; Field, Betty—UA; Fields, Gracie—MGM; Fitzgerald, Barry—Par; Fitzgerald, Geraldine—U; Ford, Mary—WB; Fontaine, Joan—DOS; Ford, Glenn—Col; Foster, Preston—20; Foster, Susanna—U; Francis, Kay—Mon; Freeman, Monica—Col.

G—Gable, Clark—MGM; Garfield, John—WB; Garland, Judy—MGM; Garner, Peggy Ann—20; Garson, Greer—MGM; Gifford, Frances—MGM; Gish, Lilian—Col; Goldard, Pat—Par; Grable, Betty—20; Grant, Cary—RKO; Granville, Bob—Par; Grayson, Kathryn—MGM.

H—Hall, John—Par; Hargreaves, Ann—WB; Harvards, Dean—U; Hasso, Signe—MGM; Hatfield, Hurd—MGM; Haven, June—20; Hayward, Louis—UA; Hayward, Susan—Par; Hayworth, Rita—Col; Heathlow, Susan—Par; Hitchcock, Alfred—Par; Hitchcock, Alfred—Par; Hodell, June—MGM; Howard, Marsha—MGM; Hunt, Marsha—MGM; Hussey, Ruth—UA; Huston, Walter—MGM; Hutton, Betty—Par; Huntingdon, Mary—MGM.

J—James, Harry—20; Johnson, Van—MGM; Jones, Allan—U; Jones, Jennifer—DOS; Joyce, Brenda—U.

K—Karloff, Boris—U; Kaye, Danny—S; Kelly, Edmund—Par; Alexander—Col; Kyes, Kay—MGM.

L—Ladd, Alan—Par; Lake, Veronica—Par; Lane, Lois—MGM; Lawford, June—MGM; Leamer, Dorothy—Par; Landis, Carole—RKO; Langford, Franches—RKO; Lansbury, Angela—MGM; Laughton, Charles—U; Lawford, Peter—MGM; Leslie, Joan—WB.

(Continued on page 80)
CAPITOL:

"My First, My Last, My Only" and "There You Are" are the ballads chosen by Andy Russell for his new one. Andy sings "My First," etc., both in Spanish and English. Weston's band and arrangements.

Benny Carter's waxing of "Malibu" and "I Surrender Dear" shows off his versatility. Benny plays an alto sax solo on the first side and a trumpet solo on the second.

Here's a new Capitol album, this time entitled "Music For Dreaming." It features Paul Weston and his orchestra, and the tunes are "If I Love Again," "My Blue Heaven," "So Beats My Heart," "I Only Have Eyes For You," "Rain," "Don't Blame Me," "I'm In The Mood For Love," and "Out of Nowhere."

JAM NOTES:
Randy Brooks' orchestra is causing plenty of talk in the trade. It's one of the best of the new bands, and unless I miss my guess, Randy will climb right to the top. Brooks first made a name for himself in Les Brown's trumpet section.

Frank Sinatra should be overseas by the time you read this, doing his swoon songs for the G.I.'s. Before he left Frank was kept busy denying rumors—(1) that he and Nancy were divorcing, (2) that he and Nancy were expecting another baby, and (3) that he was going back on the Hit Parade. While he's gone, his pal and arranger, Axel Stordahl, will take it easy and spend as much time as possible indulging in his favorite sport, sailing.

Clyde McCoy is out of the Navy after three years of service, and will probably organize a band again. Perry Como is happy about his golf scores. He is now shooting in the low eighties. Vic Mizzy and Mann Curtis, the song writers whose "My Dreams Are Getting Better All The Time" has been one of the biggest hits of the past season, are crossing their fingers on their new tune, "Oh! She Lied To Me."

When Marion Hutton signed a contract with the "Romance, Rhythm and Ripley" program, she leased a house on Long Island. The landlord would only let her have it for thirteen weeks—the length of her radio deal—but he promised her that if her option was picked up on the air show, he would also extend the rental time on her house, so Marion is hoping her option is renewed.

That brings us up to date for now. I'll see you all next month. In the meantime, if you have any musical queries, drop me a line and I'll answer them for you, if they're not too involved. And remember, if you have any ideas or suggestions for the column, send them along too. Just address JILL WARREN, MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 1476 Broadway, New York City 18, New York.
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THE PERILS OF MAUREEN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)
eleven months old daughter, Bronwyn; for it was maid's day out and nurse's day off, and Maureen's day off from the studio. She was being Mrs. Price and mother to Bronwyn, in action.

"I've had to fight, in the past few months, as I never had to fight before. In ways that I'd never thought would be necessary for me. The reasons for my having to fight were my own fault and negligence and lack of thought. It will never happen again. I can tell you. From here on the 'perils of Maureen' are over, and I'll watch my career, and what people say about me, more carefully.

"Just call me 'misunderstood Annie.' In the past year I have heard more fabulous things said about me. O'Hara is cold. She always appears in those costume pictures, because she has bad legs. O'Hara is fat, O'Hara is thin. O'Hara is going to leave the screen. O'Hara is going to have another baby. She can't act. She has no sex appeal. She talks too much, she doesn't talk enough. That O'Hara is too good to walk on the lot; she has to drive her car. Who does she think she is, Garbo?

"That last I admit to," Maureen said, grinning as she came to the end of her recitation of all that's been said about her. "Not the Garbo part, but the driving on the lot. I went to work in December, and was quite ill, and the doctor asked the studio if I couldn't drive my car on the lot because he didn't want me to walk too much. The studio agreed, naturally; for they wanted me to be able to do my work and not hold up production on the picture. Still, I couldn't explain the situation to everyone. So, I said nothing."

Maureen settled down then for a good long chat on her misunderstood cycle. Teacup firmly in hand and Miss Bronwyn playing quietly in her play pen, she carried on. "Do you know what is cold death in Hollywood?" she asked. "It's to have someone say you have no sex appeal! All right, so you can act, but you have no sex appeal. I didn't have it. Never had, and never could have it. Those pin-up pictures I had autographed and sent out were my head with another somebody’s body, I'm sure. How else could I hide my piano legs?

"I was going to have another baby. That one I fought on. My husband has been overseas for more than a year, and it made me 'Irish mad' to have anyone suggest more family. I guess it's about time that I tell you that I didn't just take those accusations and let them ride. Not after the baby story; that was the final straw.

"Quite innocently, I'd gone to a supper party one night, given for me..."
to celebrate a new dress. This dress, let it be explained, was actually the first 'personal wardrobe' I had purchased in over two years. All the time I was carrying my baby I had just three maternity costumes all extremely moderately priced. After the baby came, I wore my regular wardrobe. Finally Will wrote me from overseas and told me he thought I should have a glamour dress to celebrate his birthday, even if he weren't to be with me. I had Eddie Stevenson, fashion expert at RKO, design a dress for me. My agents gave me a party to celebrate the occasion.

"It was such fun, and I had a glorious time. Next day I asked the photographers who had been to the party to give me prints of the pictures they'd taken, to send to my husband. They did. A few weeks later I began getting letters from people all over the country saying I shouldn't have been out with men while my husband was overseas. You see, I had made the mistake of being photographed with a man other than my husband.

"The people were right. Although the people at the party were all friends of mine, and of Will's, still the published pictures gave the wrong impression to many people who did not know. In Hollywood, it gave more justification to the gossip about me. It was an indication to me that I must conduct my life in an entirely different pattern, with an eye to keeping in mind what other people think and say.

"I realized that I had been off the screen for a year. That although I held one of the best contracts on the Fox lot, hardly any of the producers knew me personally. Surely some of the gossip had reached them and their belief in me could be a bit dubious. When you hear stories about people you hardly know, you are inclined to believe them. I had begun to believe some of them myself.

"In the first place, I was working at RKO Studio in 'The Spanish Main' and it was a costume picture. One day I caught myself in front of the mirror looking at my legs. Now I know my legs will never match Miss Dietrich's, but here I was looking at what people called piano legs. I called the publicity director and asked him if I couldn't go to the still gallery and have some pictures taken.
“It has always been one of my rules never to take 'leg art.' I come from a strict Irish family and had always felt they wouldn't understand. Also, I didn’t think it was exactly my type of publicity. However, in this instance, not only was my career involved, but my confidence in myself. We got the most attractive play suits we could find and did a setup layout. Johnny Mieleh, the cameraman, whistled when he saw the first costume and shot about forty pictures. My confidence was restored and the rest of the cast and I had an ap-"
top of a high cliff, the sweep of ocean in front is superb. We will have ideal surf bathing as soon as I finish hewing the steps down the side of the cliff to the beach. With high rocks jutting out on either side, we will be certain of privacy.

“I feel rather proud of the paving job in the patio. The brick, mellowed and smooth from use and age, gives a delightful effect.”

Like most of the material that went into the house, the brick came from a second hand dealer.

On the side of the house opposite from the patio, Vincent prepared the ground for “Edi’s flower bed.”

“We put up a row of herbs as well as a variety of vegetables along one side,” said Vincent. “The seven foot redwood planks set on end and, driven into the ground around the garden, make a solid wall.

“The cottage, built entirely of redwood, called for simple furniture. Unable to buy what I wanted, I hauled in more redwood and made it myself. Frames for the springs and mattresses provide three couches for the day and beds at night. Shelves are decorative and take the place of chests and cupboards. A couple of tables, a few benches, simple chairs, and the furniture was completed.

“The couch covers and pillows are the one touch of elegance. When I couldn’t buy the material I had in mind, I ripped up a couple of Mandarin robes. The copper hued silk of one and the deep sapphire blue of the other make splashes of rich color. Each sleeve, cut in two and sewed up, at either end, made four oversized pillow covers.

“Located some twenty miles above Malibu and back from the main highway, we are beyond telephone and power line wires.

Kerosene lamps hang from the ceilings. The cooking is done on an oil burner stove.

“That stove is a honey,” beamed Vincent who loves to cook. “Last Sunday the chicken I roasted browned to perfection.”

Edith and Vincent have a knack for entertaining, whether it’s a formal dinner in their attractive Beverly Hills home, Sunday barbecues at the beach or brunch at his studio apartment.

Vincent turned this two room apartment—built at the rear of a garage located at the end of a dead end street—into a comfortable workshop. A yellow table, shaded by a matching umbrella, with canvas chairs, turn the tiny patch of lawn into a patio. This is his hide-away when absorbed in studying a new part or working on a painting.

In the pullman kitchen, with only a couple of gas burners to cook over, he prepares the delicious creamed chicken that is passed to his friends in the kettle it is cooked in.

It is Edith who plans the delicious home dinners. When without a cook she often goes into the kitchen and prepares the meal.

Knowing Vincent’s taste for good food, it was interesting to learn how he went about losing the twenty pounds the studio asked him to shed before starting “Dragonwyck.”

“1 like good eats too well to struggle along on a skim milk and fruit juice

Price Going Up

(Continued from Page 23)
diet,” he said. “Shrimps, I knew, were low in calories and high in iodine. A wonderful combination for anyone trying to lose weight. Since I ran out of shrimps, I ate them, curried or cooked in tomato sauce, each day for lunch. With a green salad, I had a perfect meal. Crisp bacon, which I love, with black coffee, made a low calorie yet appetizing breakfast. Dinner was easy. A chop, a steak, a green cooked vegetable, a fresh green salad and fruit. “Although this diet took off twenty pounds, I wouldn't advise anyone else to try it, unless they consulted a doctor.”

Vincent’s new slenderness was set off to advantage in the ruffled shirt, close fitting long tailed coat and tight trousers he wore as he came off the set after he had finished his love scene with Gene Tierney.

“I am happier and more contented than I have ever been in my life,” he said. “The widely divergent parts the studio have given me have been stimulating and challenging. “I loved playing the Imperial Prosecutor in the Song of Bernadette.” The soldier in “The Eve of St. Mark” was an entirely new venture for me. Although I had little to do, I thoroughly enjoyed playing Mr. McAdoo in Wilson.” The part of the prince in “Keys of the Kingdom” was intriguing. And I had so much fun making “Laura,” that it seemed a crime to take money for it. There was never a dull moment while we were making “A Royal Scandal!” with Tallulah Bankhead. And now, I am doing my first romantic role in “Dragonwyck.”

“Ever since I can remember, I have wanted to be an actor. Only love for my parents and respect for their wishes could have kept me in college until I won my Bachelor’s degree at Yale. But Dad knew I would never settle down in St. Louis and carry on with him in the candy business.

“My first job was singing coach and apprentice teacher at the Riverdale Country School in New York. My spare time was spent making the rounds of the theatrical agencies. “After a year, I came back and see us when you have some experience,” I decided I was wasting time. It was then I decided to follow Dad’s advice and go over to London for special work in the London University. There was a chance that I could kill two birds with one stone. If unknown actors from London, coming to the New York stage could be overnight Broadway favorites—as I had seen them do—why couldn’t I? Three months after his arrival in London, Vincent was appearing in the stage production of “Chicago”. When the producer started casting for his new show “Victoria Regina,” he chose Vincent to play the part of Prince Al- bert. When New York producer Gilbert cast his Broadway version of the same play starring Helen Hayes, he sent for Vincent to play the part he had been so successful with on the London stage. “I had the thrill of walking down the gang plank of the boat that brought me home, with the contract for a Broadway show in my pocket,” said Vincent. After three years of the successful run of that play, Vincent was an established actor.

This good-looking, broad-shouldered, who stands six feet, four inches, has always been a favorite with the ladies. Not until he met the charming Edith Barrett, star of such Broadway hits as “Mrs. Moonlight” and “Michael And Mary,” did Vincent contemplate matrimony. So deeply in love was he with Edith, that he refused to consider any of the tempting offers Hollywood was holding out to him, until she consented to marry him and go with him. “While both of us liked making pictures, we were not quite ready to give up the New York stage,” said Vincent. After one picture at Universal, they returned to New York to appear together in a Broadway show.

With Vincent’s love for change and adventure, Mr. and Mrs. Price were back in Hollywood the following year. That was the year Barrett was born. Motherhood now became far more important to Edith than her career. Talented actress that she was, she refused to sign any contract. With domestic help becoming more and more a problem, she refused to leave her little son alone with questionable supervision. But the Price family was not yet ready to settle down in California. When the stage production of “Angel Street,” in which Vincent had the male lead, moved from Hollywood to New York, Vincent found himself in another round hit. With the show going into its second year, Vincent leased a charming house overlooking the Hudson River, furnishing it lavishly. Edith and Barrett came on from their California beach home. But it wasn’t long before Vincent’s love of change again made him restless. He asked to be released from the show and once more the Price family was back in the film colony. Shortly after their arrival, Vincent signed a long term contract with 20th Century-Fox.

This week Vincent bought a home in Benedict Canyon in Beverly Hills. “It’s an old, rambling, unique brick house,” he beamed, “set in an acre of ground. Both the house and the grounds have been terribly neglected. I intend to do the improvements myself. It’s going to be lots of fun.” Already Vincent’s canyon neighbors are familiar with the little, dark blue Austin, from which the long-legged blonde actor unfolds himself. “I get fifty miles to the gallon from my little car,” says Vincent. “Without it I would be unable to run around the way I do.”

It looks as though Vincent has found work that holds his interest. That last he has found contentment and happiness in making pictures and establishing his home in Southern California.
"I WAS SCARED OF MY JOB—AWKWARD AND DRAB," says Louisville Beauty Operator.

"I was self-conscious," says Gene Campbell of Louisville, Ky. "Imagine working in a beauty shop like 'The Charmaine' and looking like THIS! No wonder I was afraid of my job!"

"I was SO unhappy! My clothes looked awful. I was overweight. I felt like a sack with a string tied in the middle! No girl likes that feeling! Something HAD to be done! What to do?"

"So I wrote Mr. Powers. I didn't know until recently that the John Robert Powers, who created the famous 'Powers Girls,' had a 7-week Home Course for 'just average' girls like me! But this wonderful booklet told me all about it! It all sounded so wonderful—I sent for the Course right away!"

"One of the first thrills I got was my 'Eden Photo-Revise' (above). Grace Eden and her staff of experts worked it out personally—all for me! The clever make-up and hair-styling changes brought out good points I never dreamed I had! And it was all confidential and personalized... for me alone!"

"You can easily see," says Gene "what happened when I followed my 'Eden Photo-Revise' directions and the many, many other personal 'tips' that Grace Eden gave me! Every kind of tip... even about my voice and personality!" (For fun, compare Gene's picture #1 with this picture #5!)

"Now: SELF-CONFIDENT! Gene says: 'I've new poise and a new 'position'; now I'm an executive!'"

"I just couldn't believe it!" says delighted Gene. "I lost 13 lbs... now wear a size 12, instead of a snug 16. EVERYBODY comments on my new looks and new poise. I did it all in 7 weeks at home! It was FUN! And I've won real recognition!"

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LET THEM HELP YOU! Grace Eden, Director (left) and John Robert Powers (right) can guide YOU to a new, more magnetic, more charming personality! These world-famous experts have helped thousands of "just-average" girls to glamour, self-confidence, happiness! Why not you?

FREE BOOKLET... Here is the coupon Gene Campbell used to get her free copy of "The Powers Way"—the booklet that helped change her looks, her life! It's fully illustrated, it's FREE... send for it TODAY!

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hand through the air, he put his horse through all manner of paces. Gary specializes in such gentle jokes, making a day pass rapidly.

He has a very serious side, too. One of his pet lecturing subjects is the training of youngsters (and oldsters if they haven’t learned earlier) how properly to handle a gun. Gary has handled guns of all types since he was a nipper, and he believes vehemently that 97% of all gun accidents could be prevented if those handling firearms could be impressed with the deadliness of such instruments, and therefore, filled in the cautious use of them at all times. This is the one subject on which I have ever heard, easygoing Gary become vehement.

And now, to go away back in my history, may I mention Nils Asther—my first leading man—who grew vehement on a different subject? As I have already said I wrangled my way into pictures in order to escape ordinary school. Had I known that, when my true age was learned I would be required in school, I might not have been so eager to become an actress.

Taking advantage of my sister’s inability to accept a part, I went to visit the studio officials that I was eighteen. Nice going, I thought, when no one appeared to doubt this stretching of chronology. I was thirteen at the time, and needed the year’s coaching that time.

My initial effort as a leading woman was applied, at the age of fourteen, to my role in “Laugh, Clown, Laugh.” In one scene I was to indicate ex-treme admiration for Mr. Asther. The director was very graphic. “Now here is the situation, Loretta,” he said patiently. “You’re in love with this man. You adore him. You are living in the closest possible relationship with him. I want to know, as an audience, your blinding love for him the instant he opens the room.”

Love! As far as I was concerned, at fourteen, love was something of which I had seen a picture on a magazine cover. But I tried. I gathered that I should appear excited, and as nearly as I could remember, excitement always made me breathe rapidly.

Well, the scene didn’t go so very well, as you may imagine. Finally, Nils drew me off the set for a brief talk. And this is where vehemence enters the story. “Look,” he said in that last-gasp-of-patience voice one hears from a long-suffering man, “don’t heave. PLEASE! Don’t heave. Just stand there and look at me as if I were a hot fudge sundae with pecans and glace pineapple. But DON’T HEAVE.”

Er—so I didn’t heave. We finally photographed the scene with me thinking of an ice cream counter delicacy. You can see why you mustn’t trust motion picture love scenes!

I believe that my next picture was with that current naval hero, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who seemed—even at that time—to be a most remarkable person, because the instant we finished a scene, he scurched to the telephone. Either he had a crucial call

On a recent CBS broadcast, Loretta makes a hobby of color photography in spare time.
by two long, black braids; one of the braids swung out and slapped the baby squarely in the face. He uttered a blast of protest that brought his indignant mother running. She quieted the baby after a few moments—he had been frightened, but certainly not injured—but from that time on, it was useless for me to try to work with him. At the first sight of my wig he would give a Comanche yell and cry until I was out of sight. We had to get a stand-in baby for him. (I imagine that he will one day marry a blonde without knowing where he acquired his aversion to brunettes.)

After that I actually had an inferiority complex about my charm for babies until my adorable adopted daughter, Judy, was placed in my arms and paid me the compliment of giving me—what I fondly translated as a smile.

During that celebrated period between my 13th and my 18th birthdays, I was smacked into studio school. One day, on location, when I was working in a picture with Richard Barthelmess, I was struggling with my spelling lesson. To this day I can't spell catt without wondering if I have used enough t's, and the situation was even worse in those days. Twisting and squirming in my canvas chair, I was in desperate hand-to-hand combat with the noun "opportunity."

In answer to the teacher's requirement, I was trying to turn it out in accepted fashion. First I spelled it "opper..." Then I tried "opper..."

Dick (who, like Douglas is now doing a brillant job in the Navy) happened to pass at this moment. "Never mind, honey," he said. "You actually don't need to know how to spell it, if you simply learn how to take advantage of it."

That was a bit of witty, offhand advice that I have never forgotten.

Ronald Colman! Ah, Mr. Colman. When I was ten, I was standing on a street corner one Saturday afternoon—waiting for the signal to change—when Mr. Colman drew up to the intersection in his car and stopped. My lower jaw dropped—I couldn't collect it—and I stared. Frankly and freely I admit it. A gaze as intent as mine would have penetrated the dust-bound consciousness of a mummy, so it isn't remarkable that Mr. Colman turned to look at me. It would have been impossible for anyone, particularly so sensitive a man as Mr. Colman, to mistake my dazzled adoration.

Smiling, he lifted his hat. "Good afternoon, my dear," he said. And he drove away, leaving me rooted to the spot. When I finally regained partial consciousness, I marched out into the street against the signal, was almost run down by a truck, but at length reached home in a state of befuddled ecstasy. Ah, the glistening idols of one's terrific tenth year!

When I was cast in the first picture in which I worked with Mr. Colman, "The Devil To Pay," I had not entirely forgotten my case of junior mesmerization. But, thank Heaven, I was somewhat better able to disguise my admiration.

Making the picture was fun because Ronnie is one of the smoothest craftsmen in the business. And after the picture was finished, he sent me—for Christmas—a black suede bag decorated with marquisette. I regarded it as the most important gift I had ever received. But my best gift—even surpassing that purse—was Ronnie's
Pure Sterling Silver Plate On Reinforced Steel Base!

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The End
in the little skit the boys were putting on for Ladies' Night or the Union picnic. Encourage him and he'll even drag out pictures—a little faded, but you can see why he stopped the show.

"Women, and acting—play-acting all the time—consciously or subconsciously. Every time a woman puts on a new dress, or new make-up or gets a different hair-do, she's seeing herself in a new role. Every female has her stage, whether it's her home or the business world, and she does her best to live up to it. It's what keeps her interesting and lovely.

"As for humans in general—well, a person is acting every time he crosses a room and tries not to look self-conscious. He's only a few of us weak enough to give in to the urge as a steady thing."

The views expressed by Mr. Cotten are not necessarily those of this type-writer or the magazine sponsoring it. All that can be stated definitely is that the "urge" for Mr. Cotten's acting has long shown danger of becoming epidemic. That high breeze which has periodically swept over the West coast for the last four years or so, is rumored to be vacuum created by Joe rushing from one studio to another, taking his pick of the various roles offered him.

One reason for his success, no doubt, is that this Beau from Broadway is so entirely happy in his chosen profession. Or, at least, he used to be so happy.

"I never turn down a part just because I don't think I'll like it," he formerly had said. "How can I be sure I don't like it until I've tried it? It takes away the fun if you have too definite ideas of what you will and won't do. I'd rather let the producers and directors—myself in the part!"

The usual method by which the usual actor accepts or rejects his roles, says he, is very simple. The usual actor picks up the script, sees on the first page it is a costume picture with tight pants and such . . . sees on Page 15 where he has to grow a Van Dyke . . . and on Page 40 where he must fight a duel with three expert swordsmen . . . and after hurriedly computing the probable number of costume fittings, beard fittings and fencing lessons, faces the producer sadly, "Sorry, old man—I just can't feel myself in the part!"

Or says he, the guy thumbs through quickly, sees on the first page it is a costume picture with tight pants and such . . . sees on Page 15 where he has to grow a Van Dyke . . . and on Page 40 where he must fight a duel with three expert swordsmen . . . and after hurriedly computing the probable number of costume fittings, beard fittings and fencing lessons, faces the producer sadly, "Sorry, old man—I just can't feel myself in the part!"

The fact that the steed of "Duel In The Sun" comes with buggy attached, makes the situation no less horrifying. "If there's anything worse than a horse, it's one with wheels," is the way he puts it. Moreover, in this latest story, man and animal are the greatest of pals, rarely leaving the house without each other.

His first scene was shot on location in Arizona, seated in the buggy atop a lonely knoll. He clambered into the contraption, braced himself, picked up the reins—and the horse started 'round and 'round—which was the way the thing finally had to be filmed, and left the reins-man very sick indeed.

The view expressed by Mr. Cotten is that of two brothers, with Gregory Peck in the other role. Peck is an expert and even dare-devil horseman, spending a good deal of time with his mount's front hoofs pointed to the sky. Brother's most frequent comment on his performances is "Show-off!—!" There was one sequence in which he had to sit and watch Greg fight his rearing, snorting steed and finally be bucked off, almost into his lap. Peck was asked if he wouldn't
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prefer to use a stunt-man for this hazardous stuff, but refused. But be- ter have a stunt man on call, he said—they might need him to do Cotten's watching for him! Adversely, the the experience has given Joe a new interest—Western music. After a deep re- search, he is currently overcome with the wholesale melancholia of cowboy crooners.

“Nobody ever loves them but their horse—and maybe a few tired little dogies,” he notes, “And regardless of the cowpuncher’s age or state of health, he is always expecting momentarily to be buried on the lone praa-ee, maybe before the last chorus is over. Too bad those guys never had to squeeze into a New York subway or a Los Angeles bus. They’d know the lone-er the praa-ee, the healthier . . . .”

It’s easy to see this Cotten is a fel- low who has looked at life and found it zestful, and life undoubtedly feels the same about Cotten. If he wished, he could establish himself as one of the movie colony’s real intellectuals. But waving a frail white hand and tossing off pale purple truths is not Joe’s idea of an exhilarating exist- ence. Instead, he is a connoisseur of life’s little ironies—a fellow who’s had his ups and downs and savored them both with a wink.

His ambition to be an actor, or rather, a person who’s “allowed to indulge in it,” has been a sort of one-track affair, running through most of his life since his high-school days. The child Cotten was forced to wear curls and a velvet Fauntleroy suit to church on Sundays. The school-kid Cotten was dedicated to erasing the memory of those velvet pants from the minds of the unfortunate towns-people of Petersburg, Virginia, where it all took place. It required no great amount of parental persuasion, why, after high school he wished to transfer his energies to the Hickman School of Expression in Washington, D. C.

He speaks fondly of those days when he tried hard to learn Yankee talk, and to breathe correctly and speak loudly. “The last part was the easiest—we had to speak loudly to be heard by the riveters next door.”

After a year’s workout of these various talents, Joe felt he was ready for Broadway, but it was to be several years before Broadway returned the sentiment. The details of the time be- tween is not too important now to his film-fans, except to stress the several times he came dangerously near to being a success in occupations other than acting.

There was a period when, due to financial reverses, Joe was forced into becoming a whiz-bang paint salesman, and he will appreciate it if biographers will refrain from making this the basis for snappy lines such as, “From House Paint to Grease Paint.” (Well, we tried!) Later, he made a trek to Florida, struck Miami during its golden era, and found himself being a sort of hick dad. Those were the days when you could pick up a handful of money just by introducing a real estate broker to a buyer, or vice versa, he recalls.

It was in Miami, too, that he went into the potato salad business and vorged on making a fortune at it. He was rescued from a life of mayon¬

naise only when the drug stores, hotels et al suddenly discovered they could cut up their own potatoes and onions, and the Tip Top Salad Co. retired from the field with 500,000

wax containers as its sole asset.

All this time, it appears Joe was just warming up for his most signifi- cant venture, the one which was to prove that Florida hadn’t really been a detour to Broadway and Hollywood. The project, when it got going, was a sort of three-ring affair which he started by organizing a little theater group with players from the Uni- versity of Miami, assigning the leads in the productions to himself, and persuading the Miami Herald to let him write the reviews:

“I’ve never yet found a better way of insuring myself good notices,” he insists.

When he left Florida he was richer by (1) letters of introduction to Burns Mantle and David Belasco, and (2) the promise of lovely Lenore Kipp, New York girl gone tempo¬rarily Floridian, to marry him. Both turned out to be valid. Belasco gave him that long-wanted start on Broad- way. Lenore came through with no- option contract and signed it Mrs. Cotten, which she is still happily using as her signature today.

There was a period in which he dis¬ tinguished himself as being the only understudy on record who honestly prayed nothing indisposing would happen to the stars he under¬ studied. He dreaded taking over, be¬ cause “After all this was New York, and someone besides myself would be writing the reviews.”

When the notices finally came, however, he found the Manhattan critics could say just as nice things about him as he had himself. Among his legitimate hits were “Absent Father,” “Accent on Youth,” “The Postman Always Rings Twice,” “Philadelphia Story,” and of course, his fateful association in the Mercury Theater with Orson Welles.

It was through this, however, that he earned the distinction of being the only established stage-romancer to work his way into the screen’s heart¬ throb class backwards. He rode into the film public’s ken in a wheel- chair, playing a sly, cigar-snitching old invalid, with a look of always being about to pinch his nurse on her back¬ pocket. He acted twice-his-years so well, that in his second and third films (“Lydia” and “Magnificent Am¬ bersones”) he was up and able to

Sanny Tufts and Mrs. Georgie Schrieber, winner on “Queen for a Day” radio show.
COOKING WITH GAGS
(continued from Page 25)

so terrible! You call that acting? Ye gods, I call it mayhem! Why do these things happen to me? Why do I have to put up with it? Great balls of fire, I quit! And Miss Garland, I suggest you do the same, and right now!

Thunderstruck at first, and then white-faced and shaking with fury, Judy strode towards the camera and the small cluster of people hidden in the darkness. Love or no love, there was going to be a pay-off to that suit! As she reached the camera a grinning face popped into view.

"Hi, Judy," the voice said sweetly. "Wonderful scene!"

Judy stopped, and her mouth fell open as she recognized her tormentor. "You fool!" she yelled, and burst into laughter. "You crazy, wonderful fool!"

The voice had been that of Danny Kaye, who had sneaked onto the set under a false name. The presence of Kaye, who had sneaked onto the set under a false name, demonstrated not only his ingenuity, but his wife's good disposition.

"There's no such thing!" Mrs. Cotten is going to be good this year," Cotten- who had sneaked onto the set under a false name—"and find a ready-made customer.

Mrs. Cotten, who had sneaked onto the set under a false name, was as natural and necessary to Danny as drawing breath itself. He has to have fun, and he takes it spontaneously where he finds it, be the object of his gag a visiting dignitary, or the president, or the corner blackboard.

There are two rules he meticulously follows in his gag-making, however; one is born of instinct and the other of experience. He is never malicious in his fun; he may throw people into confusion, momentarily embarrass them, or even exasperate them, but he never hurts them. That's cardinal with Kaye. And he never pulls gags on his wife, Sylvia. That's cardinal too. He knows she is so intense about him and his work, that any laugh would be worth the worry, however brief, it would cause her.

"The name for that," he admits, "is Love."

"Gags By Kaye" was a familiar legend along Broadway for many a moon when Danny was the hit attraction of the Club Martinique, and later in "Let's Face It," the smash musical which brought him to Hollywood's interest and a picture contract. Always impromptu, they struck like lightning—unexpectedly, and never in the same place twice. There was the time, for example, when he dropped back-stage one matinee of "Banjo Eyes" to call on his old friend, Eddie Cantor. Cantor was in something of a tizzy.

"Sorry, Danny, but we're kind of busy right now," he brushed him off. "One of the chorus boys failed to show up and we're trying to figure out what we can do with him, and nobody without him."

Danny was affably understanding. "Sure, Pal," he smiled. "I know how it is. See you later," and drifted away.

Camel time for the drill number, and Eddie nervously took his place on the stage. Would the hastily revamped number get over or bog down in a mess of miscues? Suddenly a roar of laughter came from the audience and the musicians in the pit. Startled, Eddie took a quick glance over his shoulder to see what was amiss.

There was Danny in the chorus line,
dressed in the ill-fitting uniform of the missing chorus boy, hopelessly (and deliberately) out of step. Double once the nimble-witted Cantor was stopped cold for a topper; Danny was the star of that performance.

Sometimes the Kay gags are sly little moments of fun. LeRoy and Danny preconceived expressly for him the object of his attentions. Thus it was when Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone came to "Let's Face It" one night. The audience was confused, the orchestra was baffled, and Mary Jane Walsh, with whom Danny was singing a tender love duet, kept hissing, "You're off-key! Get back on key!"

Meanwhile, out front, Jack's loud guffaws were producing general consternation and embarrassment. Danny was off key in the song, no doubt about it. The error was intentional, however, and committed when he learned Jack was in the audience. Jack, it seems, is driven half-mad by off-key singing, as Danny had discovered when they made a camp tour together!

It was strictly an entre nous gag, too, when he surprised Doris Stein, the always pretty and meticulous groomed wife of Jules Stein, his agent and head of the important Music Corporation of America, on a train en route to New York. Although she had not yet seen her, Danny knew Mrs. Stein was aboard. On the first morning out of New York he happened upon a waiter with a breakfast tray outside the Stein drawing room. A little fast talking, together with a small piece of folding money, and it was Danny who entered with the tray carried enough to shield his face. Danny in a properly servile manner, and clad in a starched white waiter's jacket.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Stein with a rarest glance at the waiter.

"Please put it down here."

"Okay. Toots, whatever you say," lipped Danny. Shocked, Mrs. Stein looked up into Danny's grinning face and then let out a long and loud "EEEKKK!" Even worse than the surprise was the fact he had caught her with her hair up in pincurls, and her mouth was filled with cold cream! Luckily for him, Mrs. Stein has a sense of humor to match her beauty and charm.

Twenty-three men in barber chairs were the delighted witnesses to Danny's extemporaneous fun with Producer Mervyn LeRoy. On his recent visit to New York, Danny went to the Waldorf to look up LeRoy, who was visiting in New York. Eventually he found him in a barber chair in the Waldorf shop, his face swathed in steamy towels.Quickly, enlisting the cooperation of the LeRoy barber and the silence of the other patrons, Danny slipped into the white jacket of the barber and changed places with him.

Slap! On went another hot towel on LeRoy's face. Then still another, followed by a facial massage, anything but gentle. "Hey, LeRoy protested, starting to get up. "Getta back!"

"Danny barked in the Italian accent of the barber he had supplanting or haunting a pan like yours? Shuddup!"

Enough was enough. Roaring, "What the hell did that LeRoy charge from the chair, hot towels flying, "You!" he spluttered when he saw Barber Dan. "You human in fiend form!"

LeRoy, however, was one of elite few to taste sweet revenge at Danny's expense. Calling LeRoy from his own room at the Waldorf, Danny asked if he would be in for awhile. "For a few minutes," LeRoy answered, "come on over."

As it happened, Danny had just stepped from a shower, but fearing any situation was just down the corridor, he hastily wrapped a bath towel around his pink-skinned middle and dashed for LeRoy's door.

It was one "entrance" Danny will never forget, for gathered in LeRoy's room were six sedate clubwomen who had come to discuss the moral tone of movies with master of ceremonies. "Emily Post won't even speak to me!" Danny observed sadly in recalling that Waterloo. "She won't even notice me!"

Patrons at the Club Martinique won't soon forget another night and another Kaye gag. Neither will Producer-Director-ACTOR Gregory Ratoff, who was beyond this thick Russian accent. It was Celebrity Night, and as master of ceremonies, Danny launched on a glowing introduction of Ratoff, the most prominent guest of the evening. It was an appropriately to the nth degree, a eulogy such as Ratoff never before, or since, has heard. But—it was all done in a perfect imitation of Ratoff's guttural, broken English.

"There is only one man," Danny concluded the introduction. "You will notice, ladies and gentlemen, that the rat has stolen my accent!"

A rat has stolen my accent! A rat has stolen my accent! A rat has stolen my accent! Danny opened his mouth, of course, the crowd burst into hilarious laughter, and he never did get to finish his remarks.

Meanwhile, here, Louis Mandel, the Kaye attache, was known that he did have the right number those seven times he tried to telephone Danny recently. Each time he dialed the right number, and each time he found a strange voice—Italian, Russian, Spanish, Chinese, Swedish, German—and German—answering him. Finally, on the eighth call, Danny answered in his native lingo, but by that time Mandel was beyond coherent speech.

"Jupiter's tears!" she spluttered. "Not even a lunatic could get that many wrong numbers! It's a plot! It's sabotage!"

"I think you're right," Danny sympathized. "I'd take it up with Washington."

Speaking of Washington—

Danny recently was a guest performer at the annual shindig of the White House correspondents in Washington, and, by popular verdict, a few registered the smash hit of all time. Everyone frankly was nuts about him and crowded around after the affair to kiss his hand and praise in unstinted measure.

"Thank you, but I was the one who had fun," Danny answered. "I always have when I'm in the White House."

Fence him in? How can you fence in a guy who, in one evening alone, can charm the Earl of Atherton into scat singing, General Marshall into giving out, and the late beloved FDR into an on-the-beam version of "Minnie-The-Moocher," in the greatest jam session of all time. The question is who? Who? Who?

Meanwhile, Mrs. Kaye's "Wonder Man" just goes his way having fun . . . and best of all, lets the public in on his good time, too. Incidentally, be prepared to enjoy a "double dose" of Danny in this Goldwyn release.

The End
DOG DEPARTMENT:

There is in town at this moment a broken-hearted guy, name of Mac, who deserves your sympathy. Mac, personally, weighs 185 pounds—but since it would be impossible to get both Mac and his heart on the scales at the same time, no one knows how big is his heart, nor how heavy at present.

Mac is a Great Dane, and like his countrymen everywhere, he gives an unchanging loyalty to those whom he loves, and Mac happens to love his master, Lon McCallister, most profoundly.

Twice in Mac’s life, Lon has gone away—abruptly and, to Mac, inexplicably. Lon has tried to explain to Mac. “See, boy, I’m wearing a uniform now. You know the difference between my uniform and my tired old dun-garees that I used to wear on the beach, when we played Surf Stick, don’t you? Well, as long as I’m wearing this uniform, I’ll be able to come home only on furlough. Then I have to go out on duty again. Get it, Rugged?”

Mac didn’t get it. Always before Lon managed to slip away before Mac realized that his master was leaving. This stunt involved sneaking grips into the car during the night, relying on Mom to get the shaving kit stowed, and several other subterfuges.

This time, Mac decided that he wasn’t going to let Lon out of his sight. He slept on Lon’s bed until Lon nearly suffocated. “Look, there simply isn’t room for both of us, Bud, and since you’re about 15 pounds heavier than I am, you’re getting the most space. Come on—sleep on the floor like a right guy!”

Mac would settle down, front paws crossed, great head on the paws, eyes saying eloquently, “Okay, but no funny business, kid.” Toward morning, Lon would awaken to find Mac snoring cosily across the foot of the bed, effectively pinning Lon in place.

Finally, Lon had to return to camp. He had to tie Mac up (chain is the better explanation) and he had to drive away fast. Mac figured at first that Lon was going out on a date, which was offensive enough, but when Lon didn’t come back with the rest of the family, Mac knew that he had been abandoned again. He sat back on dissonant haunches and confided his anguish to the indifferent moon.

TAPS:

Do you remember the splendid acting job done by Erford Gage as the Nazi school teacher in “Hitler’s Children”? Erford Gage died March 17 in an infantry attack on Lusan, his epitaph may well be, “He lived in honor; he died for decency.”

ALL THIS—AND THAT

Gail Russell has purchased a lot and her parents have been given a construction priority to build a one-storey house. The plans have been drawn by a clever architect who, when the war is over, will be able to add a second storey to the building.

At Paramount, there is a very timorous girl hard at work in “Blue Skies,” the picture planned on the pattern of “Holiday Inn” by Mark Sandrich before his untimely death. The girl is Joan Caulfield, who never had a dancing lesson in her life, and she is currently working with that gifted operator of toe and torso, Paul Draper.

Phyllis Thaxter, the exquisite actress who enacted the role of Mrs. Ted Lawson in “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo,” has announced that she and her husband, Captain James Aubrey, Jr., currently in the Aleutians with the Air Force, are exchanging letters that she and her husband, Captain James Aubrey, Jr., currently in the Aleutians with the Air Force, are exchanging letters on the subject of a proper name for a young Aubrey, due in the late fall.

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My Age...
THE LADY VANQUISHES
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

It's then you sit up and take notice.

Miss Harrison is in a man's racket. Producers are important people. It's they who hire the individuals who make movies. They do the casting, pick directors and writers, oversee the sets and costumes, battle with the front offices, settle the battles between the producers and all the other technical men. It's a racket they want, and generally hold a production together until it gets on the screen. The job, as you can see, demands of the executive a broad line of picture-making; courage, tact, and a sure instinct towards what's best.

It's a man's job ordinarily, as I say. Yet Joan is in the saddle and doing it very nicely, thank you.

One reason for this is that, with a few minor exceptions, she has lived in a man's world the better part of her life. She didn't plan it that way. It just happened. And now she's grateful as all get-out.

She came of the country in the late 1930's as Alfred Hitchcock's special assistant and special writer. That should have been enough for anybody in association with "Hitch." She had never harbored on such insignificant operas as "The Lady Vanishes," "Jamaica Inn," and "The Girl Was Young," in England, and "Rebecca," "Psycho," "Suspicion," "Rope." All over her. That should have satisfied her, but it was not sufficient for small Joan. Perhaps you'll see what I mean when I give you a bit of her personal history.

She was born in a rural town outside London. It was a conventional place, slightly restricted and very correct. Joan's father owned the local paper, which she maintains was one of the best medium-sized sheets in England. She had a younger sister and an older brother, and everything was quite normal.

As a child, she was fascinated by the idea of writing. Not that any of the stories she found in her head ever got down and stood out. Instead, they served as a nightly drop for her baby sister. Joan told what she calls "interminable serials which were wildly dramatic," to the youngster who lay in bed and lapped them up.

She went through the usual schooling—a day school, a private boarding school, and so forth—and, at seventeen and a half, had absolutely no idea of what she wanted to be. Writing was still attractive, but nothing came of it. Her father uttered the revolutionary statement that he believed women should be as well-educated as men.

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In America, this idea is nothing new. To the young women of a few years ago, it was as much of a bombshell as saying, Shakespeare's plays were written by Jimmy Durante in the back room of the Stork Club." Girls just didn't go to college. Not pretty girls, anyway. The few who entered the sacred halls were middle-aged dimes with screwed-up hair who were getting degrees so they could teach school. They were about as exciting as a cold poached egg.

Her father's edict that she go to Oxford was thoroughly enjoyed by her. She had never been in a motion picture studio before. But that didn't bother "Hitch"—nor Joan. She found herself turning into a jill-of-all-trades. She sat in on story conferences, played with the cut-up pictures being cut, attended to production details, and managed everything else that came her way. The secret of this was, naturally, that Hitchcock's films were never made differently from those in this country. He was absolute boss. His company was his own. His people—and there weren't many—had nothing to do. Thus Joan got an education in how to make a movie which has seldom been equalled.

She began writing (in collaboration) on "The Girl Was Young," and by and by it was a normal thing for her to be one of the screenwriters on the Hitchcock shows. This training stood study, she told her father, and that seemed a much better idea. Why couldn't she go, too?

A compromise was finally reached: Joan would go to Paris for a year, then return to Oxford for her degree. So she went over to France, had a magnificent dose of freedom, then came home speaking French and sighing over the Champs Elysees. Oxford, after Paris, seemed a frightful, dreary, too-strict place—a horrible spot.

The situation was brightened, however, by the fact that her brother was also in the country, and by the amazing truth that most of the members of women on the campus 40-1. Joan suddenly discovered that she was belle of any number of Balls. She had never been in a man's world before, and thoroughly enjoyed herself. She found that, contrary to the usual conception of the stay-at-home English girl, men were no strange creatures. They were fun. So much fun, in fact, that she only remembered in the nick of time to get her degree.

After college, she again was faced with the problem of marriage. She decided to become a journalist. But her father, who had shown great breadth up to this point, was shocked. Women reporters, he said, were hard-bitten hags. What she should do was take a secretarial course, get a job in an office, and wait for the right man to marry.

Joan went through with the secretarial course. On graduation, she began a series of chores which ranged from typing manuscripts for a writer, to selling dresses (after which she hated all women) to doing copy for an advertising firm. At long last, when she was about to throw in the sponge entirely, a friend wired her that a motion picture director needed a secretary and reader of scripts, and that she should try for the position.

She went, found shooles of other females (in the same idea, told the doorman a fabulous story about her need to get home because her sister (then actually fourteen) was having a baby, and found herself in the office of a large man who studied her surprisingly for a few moments, then said suddenly, "Take off that hat!" meaning the headgear she had tossed on her skull that morning. They talked, she said she spoke French well, without knowing that the job specifically called for a knowledge of German. And by a stupendous miracle, she was hired. Her shot was Alfred Hitchcock, of course.

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her in excellent stead when she made her own picture, "Phantom Lady." For in that she was writer as well as producer.

When her boss came to America, Joan was the only one to accompany him, personally. She per¬
ered this country on a visitor's permit. Then, seeing how great were the opportunities here, she went down to Mexico and came through again on the quota. For that very thing that struck her that it might be a good idea to break away from "Hitch." After all, she did have talent of her own. But Hollywood was beginning to say that she was "being carried by Hitchcock."

"Hitch" gave Joan his blessing and she went forth by herself. As a writer and producer, she found success. She was a lucky luck. Oh, she got jobs, all right. At Columbia, Paramount, MGM, and a few other places. But somehow every picture she worked on was subsequent pulpit.

Finally, she got fed up. Universal had a story called "Phantom Lady." Joan was wanted as a writer. She replied that they would either never film the thing or carry it up to her ideas. Nuts to them. Then Uni¬

The bad side includes the fact that

For with the success of "Phantom

Laws of the sea are changing, until after dark, and on her way

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When her boss came to America, Joan was the only one to accompany him, personally. She per¬
ered this country on a visitor's permit. Then, seeing how great were the opportunities here, she went down to Mexico and came through again on the quota. For that very thing that struck her that it might be a good idea to break away from "Hitch." After all, she did have talent of her own. But Hollywood was beginning to say that she was "being carried by Hitchcock."

"Hitch" gave Joan his blessing and she went forth by herself. As a writer and producer, she found success. She was a lucky luck. Oh, she got jobs, all right. At Columbia, Paramount, MGM, and a few other places. But somehow every picture she worked on was subsequent pulpit.

Finally, she got fed up. Universal had a story called "Phantom Lady." Joan was wanted as a writer. She replied that they would either never film the thing or carry it up to her ideas. Nuts to them. Then Uni¬

The bad side includes the fact that

For with the success of "Phantom

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grow up to be Joan Loring, used to entertain herself by trying to imitate them.

She was four when she began taking ballet lessons from a young Russian whose chic Black accent intrigued her. Home from class, the child's life-study of her teacher made her mother laugh long and heartily. Pretty soon she was copying the lovely ballerina's movements. This little girl had a way of getting days off more frequently than the other amahs. Anyone beautiful could get anything from Joan's mother—very handsome herself with her long, thick, yellow braids and starry eyes. It took the child's shrewd imitation to open her mother's eyes.

One of Joan's favorite sources at that time was Frenchwoman, whose extravagant gestures and quaint arrangement of words made amusing material. The little girl garnered so many laughs in her neighborhood that her conscience began to bother her. Maybe it wasn't right to take off her mother's friend. She went to her: "Do you mind if I try to speak English?" she asked Joan. The woman's eyes widened. "But I speak perfect the English!" she cried, throwing up her hands. "The same as you, I speak it! Where do you, where is different my English?"

Joan learned never to ask again. At six, she made her first appearance at school—way back in a top hat and her father's old tails cut way down. Other amateur and charity appearances followed, attracting such attention that once Joan was offered a stage role that would have paid $350 a week in Chinese money. Her father refused the offer; he expected to provide for his family. The threat of war threw its shadow across the world. In 1939, Joan's father realized that conflict was inevitable and sent his wife and daughter remained there for many months. To her dismay, Joan discovered that Hollywood is nearly five hundred miles south, and Mr. Fairbanks, senior, used to stay while in Hong Kong to wind up some business, he was captured by the Japs, and at this writing is still their prisoner.

Dr. Mei Lan Fang, a friend of the family, at whose home Douglas Fairbanks, senior, used to stay while in China, gave Joan a letter to the actor as a parting gift. "Show him what you can advise," she said. "He is thirteen-year-old heart leaped. She saw herself, starring in Hollywood. Arrived in San Francisco, mother and daughter remained there for months. To her dismay, Joan discovered that Hollywood is nearly five hundred miles south, and Mr. Fairbanks as far out of reach as ever. Across the street from their hotel hung a sign reading: "Dramatic School." As she went in and out, the child looked at it. Here she was thirteen, her father's old tails cut way down. Other amateur and charity appearances followed, attracting such attention that once Joan was offered a stage role that would have paid $350 a week in Chinese money. Her father refused the offer; he expected to provide for his family. The threat of war threw its shadow across the world. In 1939, Joan's father realized that conflict was inevitable and sent his wife and daughter remained there for many months. To her dismay, Joan discovered that Hollywood is nearly five hundred miles south, and Mr. Fairbanks, senior, used to stay while in Hong Kong to wind up some business, he was captured by the Japs, and at this writing is still their prisoner.

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Josephine Cottle was a choir singer in Texas. Changed her name to Gale Storm and is singing with Phil Regan in "Sunbonnet Sue."

cheeks. The other was a series of dialects—Chinese, Cockney, Negro, German, Spanish, Irish, French.

The teacher listened. "I am not going to enroll you in this school," she said, "and you must not go to any other dramatic school. Keep on just as you are—be natural—never act. A director can take you and get what he wants from you, but if you try to study, you'll ruin the remarkable thing you have."

After that, what could they do but go to Hollywood?

Arriving, the letter was despatched to Mr. Fairbanks, who responded by inviting them both to a party. "I may call on you, if things get dull," Doug told Joan. Thrilled she came equipped with costumes and props, and sat in a corner tensely watching Hollywood celebrities arrive. There was Doug, junior; Frank Capra, Ronald Colman, all the glamorous creatures she had watched on the screen, only more devastatingly lovely than she had imagined them. Eventually, however. Mr. Fairbanks rose. "I'd like to present my young protege from China. I think she's remarkable."

Since Doug had never seen her do anything, this was quite an introduction. Having made it, the thought probably occurred to him, too, for he began to creep quietly away. He wasn't out of earshot when he paused. "Still nothing but a schoolgirl, forgotten and forgotten.

Just four years after the Fairbanks' party, Joan stood at a radio microphone playing Frith in Paul Gallico's "Snow Goose" opposite Ronald Colman, whose comment, after watching her age from twelve to twenty-one in their thirty minutes on the air, was: "She's so wonderful, I'm fearful."

She was seventeen. Life was beginning to look brighter. Beside her radio work, which had become increasingly important, she had signed a contract with MGM and had a small role with Robert Taylor in "Song of Russia."

"It only looked brighter," sighed Joan, shaking her crisp brown curls. "They left most of the part on the cutting room floor. I did a very good little maid from a convent in "Bridge of San Luis Rey," but that was on Joan-out. I was terribly unhappy because I had nothing to do. A year is a big slice out of life when you are young.

Pictures then under way at MGM called for glamour girls. Joan has a gay and impudent face, her irregular features and unusual eyes are interesting rather than breath-taking; she was convinced that she never would have a chance at that studio. The only happy thing during her stay there was her graduation from high school and release from formal education.

Free-lancing again, she did two stage plays at Hollywood's Geller Workshop, in one of which she played Charlotte Bronté at various ages. Here she met Casey MacGregor who was to become important to her.

"They need a cockney brat at Warner's," said her agent, one day in 1944's springtime. "Let's go over. Hal Wallis will see you."

Joan went, telling herself that she expected nothing. Mr. Wallis, who was to produce the picture, gave her the script and said she'd be called for a test. Three days later he left the studio and the picture was shelved. "There you see—I knew it!" cried Joan, and burst into tears. Jack Chertock took over the picture, and Irving Rapper was appointed director. Joan was not called for a test, although she had studied her script and day, loving the part more and more. "It was too good to happen!" she wept.

And then, Casey MacGregor—(didn't I tell you he'd be important?)—on his way to Universal Studios, was hailed by a hitchhiker whose car had broken down. The hitchhiker was Rhys Williams from Warner Bros. Rapper turned out to be working on "The Corn Is Green." He confided that they had tested practically every girl in town and couldn't find a Bessie Watts. Why not test Joan Lorring? Inquired Mr. MacGregor. "She's remarkable."

Joan's knees shook so she could hardly get to the director's office. Mr. Rapper seemed pleased that she had brought props—earrings, beads, a funny hat—just to read for him. Her characterization pleased him, too; he gave her a screen test, and again nothing happened.

Weeks went by. "They've found someone else," thought Joan, nearly dying of disappointment. She tried again, affirming that that part was hers, declaring that "they" had to let her do it. Still nothing happened.

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June 5th, 1944, she was rehearsing a radio play with Charles Laughton, under the direction of Norman Corwin. Between her scenes, she picked up a trade sheet. Letters that seemed written in fire leaped at her. . . . Betty Field is to do Bessie Watty. Joan cried out, involuntarily. Mr. Laughton, after hearing her story, tried to console her. "There are other good parts, my dear," he said. "When you are as old as I am, you’ll have learned that better ones will come along, and you will get your share." But Joan was not to be comforted.

Her mother was in San Francisco on business, and a girlfriend was sharing the apartment. The girl-friend, who had a car, was to pick up the young actress after rehearsal. It was nearing midnight. Joan sat in the CBS lobby, tears for Bessie Watty making tracks down her cheeks.

Suddenly: "Flash!" came from the loudspeaker above her head. "This is D-Day... Invasion has begun!" Joan listened, electrified, to the breathless accounts of troops fighting their way ashore. But her tears still came.

Norman Corwin, emerging from an elevator, stopped at the news, and sat down beside Joan to listen. Between broadcasts, he asked about the tears. Heartbroken Joan told him. At intervals in her story, excited bursts from the loudspeaker related tales of what went on on the beaches of France. When Joan had finished, Mr. Corwin shook his head. "Yes," he said, sympathetically, "It’s dreadful—Betty Field and Munich."

"All at once I grew up," said Joan, remembering that night, "How could I worry about a part—any part, no matter how wonderful—on D-Day? I realized at last, that it made no difference if I never acted again. How could I matter, when boys were dying?"

She went home with a sense of release, listened to her radio until 3:30 A.M., and went to sleep. Six hours later, her agent telephoned. "Warner's want to see you."

"If it’s about Bessie Watty, I won’t go. I’m sick of the thought of her!"

The wily assured her it was something else. But he led her to Mr. Rapper’s office. Joan stiffened. "I said I won’t do Bessie Watty."

"They want to say 'Hello!'" The agent patted her shoulder and pushed her into the room.

"Inside," related Joan, her eyes glowing. "Mr. Rapper, Mr. D’Urville, Rhys Williams, and Goldie, the prop man—a man of great talent, and why he’s rustling props instead of acting, I’ll never know,—they all looked at me and beamed. They shouted: 'It’s all yours!'"

Apparently, the picture never dropped from his high point. Mr. Rapper, according to Joan, was a very Svengali of a director who could have wrested five-star performances out of blocks of wood. "John Dall and I were his Tribys," she grinned. "Don’t tell anybody, but we owe everything to him. Everything we don’t owe to Bette Davis, I mean. She isn’t like some stars, who sit down with the script before each scene and say: 'That’s a good line—who has it? Take it out!' She helped us both."

To Joan, Bette Davis is beyond compare. The young actress, through bitter experience, had become convinced that she was ugly, undesirable.

"Don’t worry about beauty; people get tired of the same old face, beautiful or not. What’s important to an actress is to see that hers is not the same," she told Joan. "Often I am hideous on purpose, and I play all ages. No one can say of me: 'Just look—dear, she’s falling apart,' she’s getting so old!" because I’ve always kept changing. When they’re tired of me as an elderly woman, I’m suddenly young again."

The self-confidence Miss Davis had given Joan helped her turn in another excellent performance in "Three Strangers," in which she plays a gun moll opposite Peter Lorre.

You can’t forget Joan, once you’ve seen her work. Two years ago she did a brief role on an Orson Welles radio program. It was her birthday and someone produced a birthday cake. Mr. Welles had nothing to do with her at the time, but twenty-four months later he needed a girl for another program. "I know the one I want," he asserted, "the girl with the birthday. Who was she?"

"The part was only three lines long," recalled Joan, "but they gave me credit on the air. Funny thing, Mr. Welles didn’t know me when he saw me, didn’t remember that again it was my birthday. All he remembered was my birthday."}

Remarkable Joan!

The End
Barbara confessed. "Really you have no idea of the hopes and fears that were whirling around in my brain. Everything happened so suddenly—yet not suddenly enough for me to stop, thinking about it—to do a good job."

Hollywood had always been a magic city to Barbara for as long as she could remember. Born in Long Beach, California, growing up without so much as a train ride out of the state, Barbara was near and yet so very far away from the center of her childish dreams.

Barbara's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Adna Brantingham (Brantingham is Barbara's real last name), were staid members of a staid community. For twenty years, Barbara's mother had taught in the same Sunday School and her father was, and still is, an official in the city government. An only child, Barbara was brought up to enjoy the simple things and to lead a thoroughly normal life, protected at every turn by parents who adored this beautiful child of theirs.

That protection, so much a part of her daily life, was suddenly snatched away with the exciting advent of a Hollywood agent, and the knowledge that fame in this fantastic, wonderful world of Hollywood might someday be hers.

At six Barbara appeared in a church play—her first dramatic effort. Throughout grammar school and high school Barbara was interested in play-acting, but her parents treated it as the normal interest of a normal child. Acting was just one of the things that Barbara did that was equally as exciting as her clubs and class work, but not more so. Barbara took part in sports, was of average intelligence in school, had the usual number of crushes and the usual number of boys paying tribute to a good-looking girl. Then suddenly her world of normalcy was turned all topsy-turvy.

"It is all so funny the way things happen," Barbara said, giving that quiet little laugh of hers. "Little pieces of things happening and all fitting together in a pattern that finally led to all this." Her gesture toward the studio executives eating lunch nearby who now control her destiny, was eloquently inclusive.

"I was majoring in English and dramatics at Long Beach Junior College when it all came along," Barbara continued. "Confidentially, the dramatics major was only because it was an easy way to make good grades. I suppose once in a while I thought rather idly of a career on the stage, but no more than I thought of a dozen other careers."

The miraculous chain of events that led Barbara to Movie fame started with a picture taken of her at a Long Beach charity fashion show. This led to photographic modeling for a department store, and then a place on the Long Beach float in the lavish Pasadena Tournament of Roses parade. There a newspaper photographer snapped her picture, a city editor decided to publish it, and a Hollywood agent—knowing beauty pays monetary dividends when under studio
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Again,” she found the rest and quiet of an apartment more to her taste than the Studio Club with its innumerable parties and girlish laughter. In need of medical care, Barbara sought the services of a doctor in the same apartment building.

Young Doctor Eugene Czukor, just released from two years service in the Army Air Corps, was the doctor. He saw to it that she took her vitamins and that her lights were out at nine o’clock. Once in a while, a dance at the Jonathan Club and a night at the Philharmonic were allowed—provided her doctor was with her! The professorial attention developed into romance, and a year and a half after they had met, the young couple married. Barbara gets a big kick out of telling her friends about it.

There was a time when Barbara declared if she ever decided to marry, it would be the end of her career in pictures. She had decided she was prepared to give up anything that might interfere with a happy married life. But since her marriage to Doctor Czukor, that idea has changed somewhat.

There can be no doubt that her husband is proud of Barbara’s talents and the career she is building for herself. Just as Barbara is proud of his success in the medical profession. Their complete accord on this usually controversial subject is the reason their friends know that this marriage will be a success. For the present, they are still living in a small apartment, hoping to move into a house before long. But they are making our plans to build a dream house in Laguna when materials are more easily secured,” Barbara says, "Meanwhile, we live quietly."

The last statement brought a new thought, for she said: “Incidentally, did you see that thing about me in a recent magazine where they said, 'She doesn’t smoke, go to nightclubs, use make-up or play gin-rummy?’"

I nodded that I had.

“Sounds very dull,” she said emphatically. “You know, people always ask me about my personal habits as if I were some freak. Sure I lead a quiet life because pictures-making demands a great deal of me. I’ve learned how to play gin-rummy because no one has ever taught me, but I’m a whiz at backgammon. The only reason I don’t smoke, go to nightclubs is that it makes me look like the dickens.”

Barbara’s life is far from dull. Into her private life as Mrs. Eugene Czukor, and her career life as Barbara Britton, she pours an enthusiasm that knows no equal. No wonder she is now that exciting woman—the new Barbara Britton of the screen!

THE END

SNATCH:

Helmut Dantine was in a hurry. He was driving to Ida Lupino’s house, from which point they were to motor to Union Station because Helmut was leaving for the East. Foul weather has caused the band to cancel a date at the Beverly Hills Hotel to leave a script.

He parked, pulled on the emergency, grabbed his bag and hustled over the side of his convertible. Running, he entered the lobby, left the mahogany envelope with the clerk, hanging a note of explanation, then hastened back again to see that he had left his car some 20 seconds earlier. The car had been stolen.
TOOTING LENA'S HORN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58)

she does. Watching her performance on the 'Suspense' show, it was difficult to credit that in her eagerness to succeed, she was scared half to death. She seemed so poised, so sure of herself and her every speech, so business-like in her approach to the role. Yet her hand, when she grabbed for encouragement, was ice cold. Part of it stemmed from nervousness, yes; every true artist is nervous about a performance. Most of it, however, came from her great anxiety to justify the champion which had been given her, and the faith she saw had been shown in her. She has real humility in the finest sense of the word."

An equally revealing Horne trait was evidenced after the show, Spier said. In celebration of the evening the entire cast had been invited to the Spier home. Lena deliberately was over an hour late in arriving. "I figured by this time the broadcast would be forgotten and no one would feel obliged to oblige 'You were wonderful!' just to be polite,' Lena said, explaining her tardy arrival.

"Miss Thompson," the vocal coach with whom Lena works in preparing her songs for pictures, is enthusiastic about Lena as a friend, an artist, and a woman. "As a friend she is trustworthy, appreciative, understanding, and genuinely affectionate and generous," Miss Thompson says. "Whatever she says or does comes straight from the heart, not from a sense of obligation, or because it might be 'good business.' As an artist she is a tireless worker who loves what she is doing, and is eager to learn. Sometimes her honesty is a little startling, but you can always bank on her saying what she means, and meaning exactly what she says. As naturally friendly as a puppy, she sends out a liking for others, and is eager to be liked in return. All in all, she is one of the few completely real people in Hollywood." One of Miss Thompson's favorite stories about Lena concerns the day they were working on a song and Lena protested she could not reach high C in a certain passage. "My voice isn't that good," she insisted. "Better put it down at least one key," Miss Thompson agreed, and they ran through the music again. This time Lena hit the high note perfectly. "You see," she said. "B-flat's my limit."

"I see," Miss Thompson nodded gravely, and then began to chuckle. "For your information I didn't change the key, and you can hit high C right on the nose as long as you think it's B-flat!"

No less enthusiastic a Horne fan is Vincente Minnelli, fiancé of Judy Garland, who has directed most of Lena's pictures. He calls her a director's--prepared under auspices of Department of the Treasury and War Advertising Council.

"Oh, she's OLD! Almost thirty!"
Lena has so many talents, so many facets to her, that it is a sheer joy to draw on them and arrange them to your needs,” Minnelli said. “She seems to understand intuitively what you want, and responds with such quick understanding that you can almost direct her by sign language. Her approach to each situation is simplicity itself, and the material to guide her, rather than trying to fit the material to her own tricks or mannerisms as many of our actresses are prone to do. Actually, Lena has no bag of tricks, or any one identifiable mannerism, unless it could be the eloquent use of her hands and shoulders. Watch her hands and shoulders the next time you see her on the screen, and observe what a tremendous effect she can get with the slightest lift of one shoulder, or a half motion with one hand.

“Her greatest asset, however, greater even than her versatility which ranges from great emotion to light comedy, is the great warmth and sincerity she gives to everything she does. She believes in whatever she is doing, and the audience in turn believes with her. She rings true, and so do her performances.”

Fellow actors like Lena because she is a smart girl who understands her craft and has a genuine respect for the work of others. They like her sense of humor and her intellectual curiosity. And they like her because she is a realist who, it turned out, had been down the steps, however, she returned to the building. It was Lena’s first experience of any mother whose child was in danger. After a few minutes later everyone had been led safely from the building. Not untrained, she firmly believes. That better heritage for their children and their children’s children be realized, she firmly believes. That better heritage she defines as financial security, economic equality, and a cultural background.

It is bias, however, to think of Lena as a colored performer, rather than as a performer who happens to be colored, as Greer Garson happens to be English, Bergman happens to be Swedish, and Bernhardt happened to be French. All who know her agree on that.
NEW PICTURE GUIDE (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

owimg someone 25% of his salary. You'll enjoy the music, especially the five piano team of Carmen Cavalaro, Ted Fiorito, Henry King, Ray Noble, and Joe Reichman.

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ON STAGE EVERYBODY (Universal)—Is the radio name show of the South, starring Mr. Jack Oakie and his 18-year-old daughter Molly (Peggy Ryan) —and with vaudeville.

Get it's get this straight—Pop doesn't like radio! Fact is, he hates it. Yet it seems that Molly's maternal father (Otto Krueger) is president of a big broadcasting company. And Pop doesn't budge from the idea that radio isn't really here to stay. Grandfather finally convinces him that Pop is banked from the good things of life. He consents to having his daughter go to live with her better-able-to-provide senior relative. Phony advice from the neighbor makes him assume a snobbish attitude about things in general—and her grandfather's money, in particular—but comes Danny (Johnny Coyle), who is Molly's love and who gets her straightened out about a thing or three.

And Pop, meanwhile, has become a radio fan, through the surtout broad-cast no less, and conceives an air show to represent both old and new talent. With Molly's help, he sells the idea to Grandpop, the new program clicks—and now do Molly and Danny. Happy ending!

DANGEROUS INTRUDER (PRC)—A mystery thriller involving mysterious deaths and huge fortune is solved by Johnny Angel (Vernon Dent) while he convalesces at home of Maxwell Ducane (Chas. Arnt). Aided by fiancé Curtis (Richard Powers) he saves the life of a woman Molly (Ann Marlowe) and sees that murderer gets just deserts.

THREE IN THE SADDLE (PRC) The Tin Cup Ranch out Texas-way is the setting for the fancy ridin' and shootin' of the "Texas Rangers" Tex Ritter and Dave O'Brien. Panhandle Perkins (Guy Wilkerson) assists in exciting "Reaves" Charles King, Jr., and Edward Howard from the ranch rightfully owned by Peggy Barlow (Lorraine Miller).

JOHNNY ANGEL (RKO) Akin to the "To Have and Have Not" theme of intrigue—with a smattering of romance—the film is a Mystery Western for mystery fans. A strong cast, headed by George Raft as Johnny Angel, Claire Trevor as the inevitable two-timing gal, Sigma (J. Edward Bromwell) and Hubert Carmichael (of piano-tinkling fame), makes this a sure-fit for all cinema-goers.

The plotting is taken up with John Angel's effort to track down the murderers who were responsible for his father's death aboard his ship.
and the hijacking of eight million dollars in gold bullion. With the assistance of prophetic and philosophical taxi-driver Celestial O’Brien (Hoagy Carmichael), Johnny Morris (Robert Walker) and his young brother, always in trouble and destined to follow in his father’s footsteps, travel to New York to take a “big break” — meaning the gentle “non-pinch” of fine jewelry. It’s the kind of jewelry you’ll cherish for years — and 20% Federal Tax. The demand for this kind of jewelry makes it impossible for us to guarantee delivery. And please don’t let our low close-out price lead you to believe that this is “just another cheap camera.” To the contrary, it’s a precision made instrument created by one of the largest camera manufacturers in the world. Yes our Coronet Candid Camera looks, acts and performs like many cameras costing as high as ten dollars in peace time, and possesses many features you have to see to appreciate. We absolutely guarantee the Coronet to take beautiful, clear, sharp pictures in either color or black and white — pictures that will thrill you or your money back. All we ask is that you act quickly because the quantity is limited and it’s “first come—first served.” So order at once and avoid disappointment later. DO IT NOW! 

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Paul Hesse, who's done more to glamorize the glamorous, via his famous portrait camera, than any press agent in town, is the guy officially credited as being Bob and Mary's personal Dan Duryea. Kresse played the band that the two would hit the scenes hand-in-hand-wise, and drove the lovely Miss E. to Bob's San Fernando Valley ranch home one Sunday, presumably for a swimming pool luncheon. Mary, who made some quickie interviews at the time, made with a quick though cordial "hello" and had to let it go at that.

But as luck would have it, apparently all he needed was a look to see Mary every week after the initial handshake, and it wasn't long before the date was set for the Flyer's Chapel. A school friend of Sarny's, Carol, is blonde in an unnaturally (for Hollywood) natural sort of way. She's pretty, slim, and talented. She was a radio, screen, and stage actress until she had a chance to make the new Mrs. Cummings title mean a new and exclusive career for her.

Hesse, elated over his match-making, is taking over and running a photo studio on the Strip for the elaborate wedding reception, and everybody whose name means enough to hit the columns regularly, turned out for the event, gapped appropriately over the towering wedding cake, and wrung our hearty congratulations on the groom's saluting hand.

The plans were perfect in every detail except that Fate and Hal Wallis got in the way of the honeymoon, and the following Monday morning Bob reported on the set at 9:00 A.M. sharp. It's been an argument. No one would be having a field day for weeks before the Main Event, Bob had himself rolled onto the set in a wheel chair! Covered up to his chin in blankets, he sported an ice bag on his head and the Purple Heart was pinned conspicuously to his buzzum! The jesters admitted they'd been topped, and the court rested.

Mary's making her current headquarters at the Van Nys Cummings manse, but she's planning on going to the Mira Loma Air Base with Bob the day he reports back to the field to resume his pilot instructor's duties.

"Even the Chamber of Commerce can't find anything complimentary to say about the weather at 'Spirit City' where we instructors live," Bob says. "It's definitely no place to take a bride, but Mary insists on taking over and running a home for me, and I admit I'm not putting up too much of an argument."

As we said before, the Cummings-Elliott nuptials of March 3rd were simple and not complicated. But we can't help wondering how Mrs. Ruth Cummings (the groom's mother, an ordained minister) managed to keep the important query, "Do you, Charles Clarence, take Orville Blade Stanchon Conway, Brice Hutchens take Mary for your lawful wedded wife?"

A lesser woman, we know, would have collapsed from sheer exhaustion. Although the Charles-to-Orville half of the name is just as legal as you can get, and right smack off the Joplin Miss was cut, the Blade-thru-Hutchens part is an


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The picture turned out magnifi-

cently, and there was a鹊k at the Brooks Patented

Cummings pan grinning beneath the

markee that shrieked you-know-what name as star of Shaw's, "Candida." Bob, paternally proud of his brain-

child, promptly shipped off prints of the picture to New York's showmen.

This ingenious device ultimately

landed our hero the romantic lead in "Earl Carroll's Vanities." He shared

—and we use the word loosely—honors with Milton Berle.

Nothing loath to brushing up his

newly-acquired stage technique, Bob

kept his eyes and ears open until he had devoured, digested, and assim-

ilated every trick of the trade. The

result was that he assumed a smooth

and polished manner which

and handed him right in the middle of the me-

morial production of "Ziegfeld Fol-

lies," in which he cavorted through a series of uproarious skits with Eve

Arden, Willie Howard, and Fannie Brice. The training proved invalu-

able and developed in him a magni-

ificent timing and a Hope-esque type

of delivery that later panicked audi-

dences throughout the country, when he went on tour with one of Louella

Parsons' personal appearance troupes. But Broadway is fickle, and when

the "Follies" closed, Bob sat around perfecting his method of cutting men-

tal paper dolls.

Then his agent relayed the news

that King Vidor was looking for a

Answer to Puzzle: Page 12

Lord Above Arab
Alae Susan Sabe
Keye Trans Trey
Emerson Ethels
Orsen De
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real and rugged Texan to play the lead in "So Red The Rose," and Bob dropped him on one of his broad A's and became Bob Cummings, cow-poke.

In Hollywood, Vidor put Cummings under his directorial microscope and saw him in a role that looked like the anti-Cary at McCoy. His legs were obviously on intimate terms with a cow pony's back, his drill dripped Panhandele, and his eyes squinted Texas-wise into the sun.

He got the job.

Bob returned to being Cummings again, although the name did nothing in the name of moving audiences to deluge him with fan letters, nor his studio to handing him anything more exciting than a flock of B pictures. Eventually he and the disinterested studio parted company, and he signed with Universal.

The only advantage this gave him was the fact that he was loaned to Warner Bros. It was an important role of Parris in "Kings Row." He did "The Devil And Miss Jones" with Jean Arthur, and, as "Flash And Fancy" in back a horn section.

"But acting wasn't my first love," Bob says. "Back in Joplin I lost my heart to planes and began taking flying lessons. Somehow I managed to solo in just three days, and my first passenger was—amazingly enough—my mother."

Through the years that followed, he flew anything that had two wings and a prop. Some of the crates he took up were held together with little more than a flyer's faith. Some were sleek jobs ripped off the assembly lines. Bob accumulated a large number of air hours, and while Pearl Harbor was still numbing the complacent American public, he went out and joined the Civil Air Patrol.

Universal threw up its hands in horror! Bob flew for CAP for months, con- voysing coast-wise shipping along the Atlantic seaboard. When our mustering rooming fleet disposed of the submarine menace once and for all, Bob felt the picture while he awaited word. The main job of the CAP was over. He dropped Blade Conway on one of his listeners. Meanwhile he applied as test pilot to the Army Air Forces as a civilian in- vestigating coast-wise shipping along the Atlantic seaboard. When our mustering rooming fleet disposed of the submarine menace once and for all, Bob felt the picture while he awaited word. The main job of the CAP was over. He applied as test pilot to the Army Air Forces as a civilian inspector...
At the Mira Loma Air Base (near Lancaster, California) Bob went on training men, while the California courts brooded over a decision. That he finally won his release and an uncompromising victory over the studio, is now official.

It was because of the nature of "You Came Along" (it involves the War Bond tour of three wounded combat pilots) that the AAF saw fit to break precedent and give Bob a leave-of-absence. Now, at the end of the last day's shooting, when the reels are all counted and canned, Bob goes back to Mira Loma to train a new batch of cadets.

His boys, incidentally, are a source of pride with him. As of April 1st, he had trained fifty-five young pilots now flying in combat. He got a real boot out of the news that one of his boys just went overseas. Now, at the end of the 20-odd months I've been sending, he told me, "I was scared stiff at the prospects of having to face a camera again. During the 20-odd months I've been flying for the government, I figured I must have forgotten what little I might ever have liked about acting. You know the business of preparing cadets for the job of aerial combat doesn't afford much time for extra-curricular activities, like practicing how to be an actor. But after the initial shot was over, it was a lead-pipe cinch."

At 37 Bob still looks like a college kid. His grin falls into the "infec-tious" category. He's informal as a "T" shirt. A comely gent.

The timing he taught himself during his stages has stuck. It is evident in his screen roles and in his private life. Today, while most people idly discuss their post-war plans, Bob can haul out the blueprints and scale models of the new home he'll put up on his San Fernando Valley acreage.

Because he is a graduate engineer, he's devised a solar heating system, hydraulic lifts, and a helicopter landing field on the roof. Orchards on the land prevent him installing a regulation field, but Bob has been convinced of the practicability of a roof landing for the windmill-type plane that threatens to replace the suburban family coupe.

From a vantage point behind this mechanized eight-ball, we point with pride to Bob Cummings: pilot instructor, husband (new wife), and actor (new contract). The world by the tail? Heck, he's got it in his vest pocket!

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should be laid aside for luxuries and fun. What's the use of being young if you haven't something pretty for an important date! Or never giving a party, if you like parties? You can't put off dancing until you have arthritus, or wait for a fur coat until you have no beauty to set off with it. THIS MOMENT is important.

"If you'd asked me about subsidies for young-marrieds before the war, I'd have said NEVER! Struggle is a bond of matrimony, and sacrifice for others, the proper attitude. But since I've been visiting Birmingham Hospital, where servicemen are re-enabling, and have seen their incredible courage under suffering, their confidence that anything can be done for them is too much. If a subsidy enables them to marry earlier and live normal lives, then let's give them subsides! It's a debt to them, not a favor!"

If it's modern to believe that a bad marriage should be broken, then Audrey is strictly modern. Audrey's a chaplain in the navy. A chaplain's family learns to make the most of very little money, and Audrey's best times were not expensive dates, but when both liked the same companion, and a hike through the woods or a beach picnic can be wonderful," she says.

That question of subsidies intrigues Hollywood's younger set.

"I think the younger generation has a pretty soft time, except for those directly connected with the war," declares Diana Lynn. "It wouldn't hurt any of us to do a bit of saving, then win the war. It would help our characters. But I won't shrug it off. If two people know that eventually they will inherit money, why should they wait till the marriage-settlement, if their people can afford it? Why should they wait till they are 65 before enjoying a fortune? They'd probably get a persecution-complex, run up debts and develop into a couple of meanies.

"Most marriages break up over money. Education might make it possible for the mill decent living so I couldn't say 'No' to a fund that would help him there.

"Education is almost a phobia with me. I want to go to college. If I have what it takes, I know what she wants to be. I'm appalled to learn that some of my former schoolmates in college have no idea what they want to do. I went to a good high school, and then headed for an art high school at Paramount Studios. It wasn't as much fun as real high school, but my compensation was that I was doing what I wanted to do. Now, if I could go to college!"

Being in pictures, Diana believes, has taught her tolerance. Not that she says of others must also rarely tolerate. "I know that what they say of me is seldom so, therefore what they say of others must also rarely be true. I live and let live—or at any rate, I hope so."

Diana's views on advanced inheritance are those of Jeanne Crain (20th Century-Fox), but Jeanne doubts the value of subsidies which must be paid back.

"If we expect no future inheritance, we can be sure. The way I see it is the kind of people who can take poverty," she says. "Some people don't need money to be happy—they have other resources, know how to make a little go
a long way, can do without luxuries and not be bitter. But others are naturally extravagant. They'd drive their marital partners mad if funds were curtailed.

"You can't look at life through a rose-colored glass and think that love will settle life's problems. I agree that today's youth talks things over, frankly. Our grandparents were taught to keep helplessness in order to appeal to men; our mothers revolted and became too independent. No girl is modern if she doesn't know how to run things when necessary, but she won't be a successful wife unless she conveys the idea that her man can do it much, much better."

"People in Hollywood," observes Jeanne, "like to play at romance when cast as lovers in a picture. But the minute the last scene has been made, they forget about it," she marvels.

"Subsidy of any kind is definitely wrong," says Richard Crane, of "Captain Eddie."

"I've provided against ever letting my wife (Kay Morley is his bride of a few months) support me," he confides. "I have insurance so that if I'm ill or incapacitated, a set sum will come to us. We live on that."

"No one should rush into matrimony, he believes. Let them know each other for years, see each other in every mood, understand what makes each one tick, and when they take their vows, let nothing break them. "I'll make my marriage work. If it seems headed for the rocks, I'll salvage it—because I'm determined not to fail."

Mona Freeman, whose performance in "Together Again" (Columbia) has rocketed her to stardom, does not believe young marriages are wise.

"The years between 14 and 21 should be for youthful fun," says the 18-year-old, seriously. "We're not fit for responsibilities of marriage until we've finished growing up."

Mona has earned money since she was 14 and believes that no girl should consider marrying unless she's learned to handle her own funds. "I'd rather have a woman handle my money than a man," she announces. "He is apt to be extravagant, spending on things that make a show, while a woman sees underneath, knows what's actually necessary and what can wait."

If Mona were to become a top star, drawing fantastic money, she'd still hope to marry for love. Money should not take a falsely prominent place in anyone's life, she thinks. "I'd choose a man who had other assets more valuable than riches. I'd rather have a woman handle my money than a man," she says.

Paramount's genius-girl, Gail Russell, has known the lack of money and found it nothing to laugh off. She's in favor of a fund to help educate ambitious youth, whether or not they marry young.

Modern youth isn't ready to solve all life's problems, says Gail, who believes that any man who can't afford to fight when crises occurred. Most of them were pioneers.

"It's hard for an independent girl to keep from becoming opinionated," she observes. "It's better to say: 'What do you think?' to a man, and let him tell you, or ask him to show you how to do something, if you think he'd like to."
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ESTHER WILLIAMS
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On this page Drene brings you, through its Paris correspondent, news of how smart young Parisians are wearing their hair!

**Lovely Madelon Mason. . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, a Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl". . . posed for all three photographs.**

For this perky up-swept arrangement her hair was parted down middle from forehead to nape of neck, pulled up toward each side and tied firmly with narrow ribbon. The lustrous smoothness of Madelon's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, which Madelon always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.

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She Behaved like a Fool
UNTIL LOVE TAMED HER!

SHE wanted desperately to be loved, admired, respected; but she behaved like a fool—and earned nothing but the contempt of the very ones she cared for most. Twice she was jilted—then to hide her shame, fastened herself upon a nerve-shattered Veteran—and used him as a pawn in her selfish game. He knew what a fool she has been—what a fool she was making of him—but he pitied her until, at the right moment, he tamed her with the whirlpool of truth—the truth which others had feared to tell her! And instead of disaster they found peace and happiness!

As the Philadelphia Inquirer says, "Image of Josephine" adds a notable figure to Tarkington's gallery of feminine portraits that already includes the unforgettable Alice Adams, Kate Pennigrade, and Claire Ambler. It is one of his best books. In "Image of Josephine" you will thrill to the regeneration of a selfish, misguided woman; you will cheer the courageous Lieutenant; and at last you will love them both, as they loved each other. Read "Image of Josephine"—a copy will be sent to you free if you join the Literary Guild Book Club now.

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S

"IMAGE OF JOSEPHINE"

The Literary Guild Book Club is proud to have selected in recent months such books as "Leave Her to Heaven," "Green Dolphin Street," "Earth and High Heaven," "Captain from Castile," "Great Son," and "The Razor's Edge"—all of which were, and still are, sensational best sellers all over the country. Our members received their copies of these books long before the book-buying public appreciated their outstanding merits—and at a considerable saving over the publishers' regular price. Now comes 'Image of Josephine' by Booth Tarkington—another smash hit—which is offered to you FREE as an example of the kind of reading entertainment you will receive as a member.

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LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc., Publishers, Garden City, New York
First for the stars. "Anchors Aweigh" has Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly, and Jose Iturbi.

From FRANK SINATRA you get four numbers, duets with other principals, and—shiver our timbers!—some fancy footwork as a bonus! From honey-throated KATHRYN GRAYSON you get the title song, a Spanish number, six popular arias, and that smash song, "All of a Sudden My Heart Sings!"

From GENE KELLY you get plenty of the dazzle-dancing you expect—only it's more dazzling—plus duets with Frankie and Kathryn, and a dance number with—we swear it!—an animated mouse!

From the three you get romantic escapades with complications of hilarity. From JOSE ITURBI you get music—by a 100-piece band, a symphony orchestra, a Hollywood Bowlful of 18 grand pianos!

From these four—and from Dean Stockwell, Pamela Britton, "Rags" Ragland, Billy Gilbert, Henry O'Neill—you get the merry musical story of two sailors on leave in Hollywood with nothing on their minds but what you'd expect.

Isobel Lennart's screen play provides many a gay situation which George Sidney's direction and Joe Pasternak's production turn into sheer delight.

Technicolor enhances the beauty, gaiety, and charm of it all.

It doesn't take a prophet to forecast the success of "Anchors Aweigh". It's a nautical nifty from M-G-M's top musical drawer.
M-G-M MAKES THE SCREEN'S BIGGEST TECHNICOLOR MUSICALS!

FRANK SINATRA • KATHRYN GRAYSON • GENE KELLY
ANCHORS AWEIGH

DEAN STOCKWELL • PAMELA BRITTON • "RAGS" RAGLAND • BILLY GILBERT • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Isobel Lennart • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

SONGS: "WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?" • "BEGGED HER" • "FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY" • "THE WORRY SONG" • "MY HEART SINGS" • "ANCHORS AWEIGH"

ON WAVES OF LOVE, LAUGHTER, SONG!
A gay and glorious musical love story that teams the singing artistry of Sinatra with honey-voiced Kathryn Grayson and the dancing magic that's Kelly... in 21 show-stopping numbers.
ZING WENT MY HEART STRINGS:  
June lived up to its reputation in Holly¬
wood, to wit:  
Judy Garland entered the office of her
great friend and employer, L. B. Mayer, and
said regretfully that she wished he were
going to be in New York for her marriage
to director Vincent Minnelli—it seemed a
shame that he couldn’t be present at the
ceremony.

Said Mr. Mayer, “If you’d get married
here, I’d be there. I’d even give you away.”
So Judy decided instantly that she would
be married in Hollywood and made arrange¬
ments. The ceremony was performed by Dr.
William E. Roberts of the Beverly Hills Com¬
munity Church; Betty Asher, Judy’s long-time
buddy, was maid of honor, and best man
was Ira Gershwin.

From the Garlcmd-Minnelli wedding, Dr.
Roberts drove hurriedly to the home of Donna
Reed, where he married Donna and Tony
Owen, her agent. Donna’s bridesmaid was
her sister, Lavonne Mullenger, and the best
man was Walter Van Pelt.

Both the newlywed Minnellis and the
newlywed Owens left on the same honey¬
moon train, Judy and Vincent bound for New
York and Canada, and Tony and Donna on
their way to Dennison, Iowa.

MR JINK (no relation to the comic strip
"Brenda Starr, Reporter.")
In 1941 Jinx Falkenburg was in New York
on a personal appearance tour and met a
newspaper man named Tex McCrary. He
was tall, personable, charming; he was in¬
stantly taken with vivacious Jinx and gave
her a handsome ring. But he was convinced
that the U. S. was going to get into the war;
he and Jinx decided to wait for marriage.

So, four years later, after Lt. Colonel
Reagan McCrary had returned from his tour
of duty with the 8th Fighter Command in
England, Jinx met him in New York. They
were married in a double ring ceremony by
Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora at
his home. Jinx wore a light blue sheer wool
dress and her hair was bound with a halo of
pink, red and white carnations. Her
matron of honor was her mother, Mrs. Mar¬
guerite Falkenburg, and Tex’ best man was
Jinx’ 19-year-old brother, Bob Falkenburg.

After their honeymoon Jinx left for an
overseas entertainment tour, and Colonel
McCrary left to join the B-29 Command staff
in the Pacific.

LUCKY NUMBER:
Deanna Durbin signed her first film con¬
tract on the 13th of the month, and there are
13 letters in her legal name: Edna May
Durbin. She has always made it a point
to start her pictures on the 13th, and in many
other ways she has paid spiritual tribute to
the number that she considers lucky.

Latest bow toward numerology was the
selection of June 13th for her marriage to her
producer, Felix Jackson. Deanna’s matron
of honor was her sister, Mrs. Clarence Heck¬
man, and Mr. Heckman was best man. The
ceremony was performed in Las Vegas,
Nevada.

First reaction of fans: No! No! No! The
letters began to pour in in much the same
fashion they did after the release of Deanna’s
first mature-problem picture, “Christmas Holl¬
day.” Gist: “You are too young for this man;
you are too sweet to marry a man who has
already had three wives.”

Apparently it didn’t occur to these dis¬
senters that a man Deanna would choose to
marry must possess the attributes she most
admires: Intellect, knowledge of the arts,
charm, and true spiritual quality.

SHORTAGE DEPARTMENT:
When Lee Bowman moved to Santa Mon¬
ica, he couldn’t—notch—get a telephone. He was
needed on the set at Columbia one morning
at 7 A.M. instead of 9, his regular call, so
someone at the studio, knowing Lee couldn’t
be reached by telephone, sent him a tele¬
gram. Lee arrived happily at 9 at the studio;
the telegram was delivered at noon by an
octogenarian.

Whether the practice is elegantly emilypost
or not, Rosalind Russell has always chewed
gum between scenes while making a picture
because it seems to reduce her nervous ten¬
sion. The other day, between shots of “She
Wouldn’t Say Yes” someone noticed
Miss
Russell’s jaws working suspiciously. “Where
did you get that gum?” demanded someone.
Said Miss Russell, “Are you kidding? Where
would I get gum? It’s just an old rubber
band.”

John Garfield and his wife, unable to get
competent help, have taken over the running
It all began with a little kibble,* and then she had a husband in the barroom, a husband in the bedroom and house detectives in her hair in the merriest mixup since love began!

Kibbling is romantic hocus-pocus by an experienced peculator.

*with Charles Dingle • Grant Mitchell • Wilma Francis • Chester Clute • Irving Bacon • Hal K. Dawson • Edward Fielding • Original Screenplay by BRUCE MANNING and JOHN KLOMER • Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL • Directed by SAM WOOD • Released thru United Artists
of their house. Among other things, one of John's responsibilities is doing the family marketing. Just before leaving the studio where he is working in "The Postman Always Rings Twice," John scanned the list of purchases prepared by his wife. He stopped a workman to place a question. "What in the world is this stuff?" he asked. "Look—Romaine. What's that?"

Tables in good restaurants are just as scarce as diamond-bearing dewberry bushes. Loretta Young, sitting alone at a table because her luncheon companion was late in arriving, noticed a Naval Lieutenant-Commander and his mother looking disconsolate over being told that there were no tables available that noon, nor would there be even if the visiting pair waited. Miss Young leaned out, called, "Please join me, I'm anxious for some company." So, if a charming member of your Minnesota bridge club came home from a visit with her Naval officer son with the story that she had luncheon with Loretta Young—it's true.

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY:
Probably you saw, at your neighborhood theatre, the war bond short made by Bing and his four boys. Your Inside Hollywood reporter had the fun of watching the short being photographed on the grassy quadrangle at RKO.

Making a sound sequence in the open air is a tedious and nerve-shattering task. Shooting on this particular short started at nine one morning, yet the completed film, brief as you know it was, was not in the cans until noon.

Reasons for the delays were many: early that morning a flight of the new P-81s went over. Naturally, all recording had to stop until the planes had disappeared and the mechanical thunder of their motors had dispersed. After that a series of four-engine jobs shook the sky. One take was spoiled by the approach of an innocent water vendor whose tin cart clanked merrily into the mike. Another scene had to be re-recorded because a bandsaw in the nearby woodworking shop was turned on; after that, the track was agitated by the distant rumble of someone moving furniture. A courier had to be dispatched to secure silence.

Finally, everything was quiet. The camera rolled, the mike recorded. At which point three mockingbirds, who had been observing Bing's behavior from a high branch, burst into a frenzy of conversation.

Bing cut his lines, rested his hands on his hips, sighed upward with the reproachful remark, "Oh gosh, I'm anxious! You, too?"

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABIES:
Jeremy Prince, the small son of Bill Prince, is an analytical character. Told by his mother to pull on a sweater before going outdoors, he asked that perennial juvenile question, "Why?"

"So you won't catch cold," said his mother.

"Does a person ALWAYS get a cold if he doesn't wear a sweater?" asked Master Prince.

"One must be chilled, AND there must be a germ present to cause a cold," she admitted.

Jeremy mulled this over. "Why don't the germs wear sweaters then?" he said.

BASSINET BLURBS:
Hedy Lamarr's beautiful new daughter is to be called Denise.

Gloria de Haven and John Payne are expecting Santa Claus and the stork at the same time.

When Shirley Temple graduated from Westlake School For Girls (above), her gifts included a diamond studded wrist watch from her parents and a number of items for her new hope chest.
WITH SHINING PRIDE
WARNER BROS.
WILL SOON PRESENT

JOHN
GARFIELD
as Sgt. Al Schmidt, U.S.M.C.

Pride of the Marines
with
ELEANOR
PARKER
DANE
CLARK

A love story
born out of the bedrock of the human spirit

The magnificent story of one man and one
woman and the love they so thrillingly shared--
incredible because every breathless moment is true!
CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT (Warner Bros.), based on an original story by Aileen Hamilton, is all that the title implies—with tinsel on it!

It’s Barbara Stanwyck caught in a series of hilariously funny situations (not funny to her!), as the sophisticated city gal writer of a good food and happy home magazine feature. She’s Mrs. Elizabeth Lane, a contented wife and mother; she lives on a farm in Connecticut, and when she suggests recipes they’re her own favorites, tried first in her own little kitchen . . . so goes the illusion created in the minds of her adoring readers, and to her publisher (Sydney Greenstreet) that spells “good circulation.”

But what happens, when the deceived publisher plans a Christmas which he thinks will please those harmlessly deceived readers, and issues a big boss directive for entertaining a hungry, homeloving, rescued from many days at sea in a lifeboat sailor (Dennis Morgan) . . . only there’s no Mrs. Lane (not really) and no farm in Connecticut (except if there’s no Mrs. Lane (not really) and no farm in Connecticut (except if she agrees to marry a farm-owning architect. Reggy Gardiner, for purposes of filling this rush-order request for home with husband), and no baby for her to be a mother of (except an assorted daily-different, all sexes, collected from defense-working mothers in the neighborhood)?

Honest, you wouldn’t believe us if we told you! With a milk cow in the kitchen, and a parson in the parlor waiting to perform the marriage service for a couple everyone as-

(Continued on page 82)
when each kiss may be the last...

Each Kiss Counts!

The TRUE story of two daring women in Paris!

UNITED ARTISTS presents

Constance Gracie

Bennett Fields in

"PARIS-UNDERGROUND"

with George Rigaud · Kurt Kreuger

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF

Based on the Story by ETTA SHIBER

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Over 30,000,000 thrilled to Etta Shiber's great best-seller in Reader's Digest and as a Book-of-the-Month.
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REGULAR

SUPER

JUNIOR
A full tide of adventure romance and lustful seeking after gold and women... the private life of the pirate rogue, Captain Kidd!
AT METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER:

EARLY TO WED, in Technicolor, is in its third month of production with Lucille Ball, Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Carlo Ramírez, Ben Blue, Cecil Kellaway, Gladys Cooper and Jane Lushcraft. A wonderful thing happened on this set the other day. A Los Angeles police officer strolled up to Keenan Wynn, grinning, and shook hands. In the Air Corps he had been Lt. Chet Walsh and had flown Keenan over China and Burma when Keenan was on his overseas entertainment trip. When Keenan told Lt. Walsh goodbye at Kwajelein, he had said, "When you get to Hollywood, look me up."

So, when it developed in conversation that Lt. Walsh had been out of the army for several months, Keenan said, "Fine thing! Why didn't you look me up before this?"

Said Lt. Welch, "The first thing I did after I changed from army uniform to police uniform was to pick you up after your motorcycle accident. You weren't in good condition for social conversation at the time, so I waited until now to check up on you."

SHE WENT TO THE RACES is keeping James Craig busy; also Frances Gifford, Edmund Gwenn, Reginald Owen, Sig Ruman, and J. M. Kerrigan.

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE is the cinema version of James M. Cain's thumping story of romantic madness and murder, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Ceci Kellaway (brilliant as the husband), Leon Ames, Hume Cronyn, and Jeff York.

THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE, as you remember from last month, is the story of a merchant seaman who falls in love with a librarian. The seagoing gentleman is Clark Gable and the librarian is Greer Garson. Also included in the excitement are Joan Blondell, Tommy Mitchell, John Qualen, Larry Burke, and Esther Howard.

A LETTER FROM EVIE is the story of a romantic girl (Marsha Hunt) who works in a shirt factory. She slips a note into a size 16½, going to the army. This shirt is received by a man who is already knee deep in dames, so he tosses it aside. The note is picked up by Hume Cronyn, a sweet, sincere little guy, who answers it. This starts a terrific correspondence between Hume and Marsha, who mails Hume her picture. Carroll, seeing the picture, decides that This Is Merchandise For Him, and follows Hume to Marsha's home. Pamela Britton as The Other Girl helps to solve the problems presented by the above situation.

AT UNITED ARTISTS:

YOUNG WIDOW is Jane Russell's second picture. The first was The Outlaw which was shown in only a few places, because of violent censor trouble. Opposite Jane is Louis Hayward, and included in the cast are Kent Taylor, Penny Singleton, Connie Gilchrist, Marsha Hunt, Louise Beavers, and Betty Newling.

DEADLINE AT DAWN is a recount of the adventures of a sailor (Bill Williams) who buys ten dollars worth of tickets at a taxi dance hall in order to spend his shore leave hours with the hostess of his choice (Susan Hay-
ward). He becomes involved in murder, a crime that must be solved in time for him to return to his ship. Also lurking through the shadows are Paul Lukas, Osa Massen, Joseph Calleia, Lola Lane, Marvin Miller and Joseph Sawyer.

DICK TRACY in the person of Morgan Conway, Anne Jeffreys as Tess Truehart, and various other characters such as Mike Mazurki, Mickey Kuhn, Edmund Glover, and Jane Greer are scorching up and down Gower Street.

THE KID FROM BROOKLYN (a Samuel Goldwyn Production) is going to be one of the MUSTS for the top of your entertainment list. Danny Kaye in Technicolor is surrounded by Virginia Mayo, Verna-Ellen, Steve Cochran, Walter Abel, Eve Arden, Lionel Stander, Clarence Kolb and Charles Cane.

AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX:

KITTEN ON THE KEYS, in Technicolor, is now in its third month of production. Story of a plain girl who becomes beautiful through love, etc., etc., etc. (Formula No. 1B), but you may count upon it to be good by reason of the presence of Dick Haymes, Maureen O'Hara, Harry James and his Music Makers (who will be in New York when you read this), Reginald Gardiner, Stanley Prager, Paul Harvey and Almira Sessions.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD is distinguished by William Eythe, Lloyd Nolan, June Lockhart, Leo G. Carroll and Rene Carson.

THE SPIDER is in its first month of production with brilliant Richard Conte, Faye Marlowe, Martin Kosleck, Harry Seymour and Charles Tanne.

THE ENCHANTED VOYAGE, in Technicolor, was shot principally in New Orleans. John Payne, June Havner, handsome Charles Russell, Charlotte Greenwood, Connie Marshall, Clem Bevans, John Ireland (getting a studio buildup) and Irving Bacon are being directed by Lloyd Bacon.

FALLEN ANGEL is Alice Faye's first picture in two years. She sings only one song in this one, "SLOWLY" by the man who wrote "LAURA", but it is so good that it will undoubtedly score on the Hit Parade. Also in the picture are Dana Andrews, Linda Darnell, Charles Bickford, Bruce Cabot, Percy Kilbride and Anne Revere.

(Continued on page 78)
ILLIAN ALBERTSON, RKO's brilliant dramatic coach, teaches beauty. And we've been sharing Rita Corday's invisible charm course!

Make-up and hairstyling have no part in our mentor's mandates. Her domain has to do with "put and take."—putting a lilt in blonde and blooming Rita's voice—taking out her international accent. For Rita's problem is a special one. Although a Swiss citizen she was born in Papeete, Tahiti, and her background includes French, Spanish and Italian ancestry. Here, in short form are some hints which have helped her. They should help you too, because while voice control and perfect speech are necessities to an actress, they are also invaluable assets to amateur allure.

**Practice Pointers** Rita masters manuscripts by reading them aloud with so much expression that her listener is not aware of the printed words, only of the story. Get a sympathetic audience for this control caper and try it yourself!

Rita reads the ads, for everything from face cream to foot aids. She reads them slowly, then quickly. She says them sadly, gaily, with boredom and with animation. For you, ten minutes a day of this type of training. Exaggerate, over-stress and over act as you read. Only a suggestion of this exaggeration will remain to give your ordinary speech more color.

**Listening In** No one is tone-deaf. Listen to your own voice and consciously try to correct its faults. Listen to the radio and to your favorite actresses. Imitation brings about immense improvement. Listen intently, to every conversational companion. True interest is the truest form of flattery. Your alert awareness makes you a much more attractive audience.
Sweet Sixteen AND NEVER BEEN KISSED (?)

FILMED FROM BROADWAY'S GREAT STAGE HIT!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

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A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION
Play and Screenplay by F. HUGH HERBERT

Starring SHIRLEY TEMPLE
as Corliss Archer

with JEROME COURTLAND · WALTER ABEL · ROBERT BENCHLEY
PORTER HALL · TOM TULLY

Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL · Directed by RICHARD WALLACE
WINNER OF SIX ACADEMY AWARDS... WINNER OF A NATION'S PRAISE... WINNER OF A WORLD'S HEART...

For The First Time at POPULAR PRICES!

**Darryl F. Zanuck's**

**WILSON**

Winner of Academy Awards for Best Screenplay, Color, Sound, Settings, Art Direction and Editing for 1944!

in **TECHNICOLOR**!

ALEXANDER KNOX • CHARLES COBURN GERALDINE FITZGERALD • THOMAS MITCHELL RUTH NELSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE VINCENT PRICE • WILLIAM EYTHE • MARY ANDERSON AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

Directed by HENRY KING LAMAR TROTTI

Written for the Screen by

200 SPECTACULAR SCENES! A SCORE OF 87 HEART-STIRRING SONGS!
NOTHING new under the sun? Applied to Paramount Pictures, after a third of a century, we're tempted to make it, "There's nothing in motion picture making that Paramount hasn't done!"

Anyway, to tell you why August 26 to September 29 is being celebrated as "Paramount Month"... it's observing achievements dating back to 1912, even before that date; for the story really begins when the boy Adolph Zukor (who founded Paramount, and today serves as chairman of its Board of Directors) was an orphan in the village of Risce, Hungary, apprenticed to Herman Blau, owner of the general store. When he had saved $40 from his meagre earnings, Adolph embarked for the United States. He encountered many ups and downs—as an upholsterer, amateur boxer and baseball player—before he became a partner in a fur manufacturing concern.

Adolph Zukor soon was regarded as a success, with a fortune of between one and two hundred thousand dollars, when he became interested in the Penny Arcade. Getting a 20% profit on his investment in the Arcade, Zukor had a peep at the possibilities of the amusement business—which was what prompted his forming a partnership with William A. Brady, one of the best-known men in the theatrical world at that time (1905), for starting a chain of motion picture theaters. Zukor combined his chain with one owned by Marcus Loew, in 1910. And when finding pictures proved to be their major problem, Zukor and Loew took the unprecedented step of importing from France a four-reel film, "Queen Elizabeth," which Sarah Bernhardt had made.

So, one thing led to another, as you can see... and Zukor formed the Famous Players Company and signed an impressive group of Broadway stars.

The history of Paramount as we know it today, however, takes "The Squaw Man" as a starting point. With Jesse L. Lasky, Cecil B. DeMille and Dustin Farnum (the first two had been successful stage producers, Farnum had been the star of "The Squaw Man" in New York), Zukor went out to the sleepy little suburb of Hollywood; they leased an old barn at the corner of Vine Street and Selma Avenue, and they were in business.

Since then, of course, much has happened—expansions, new developments, a long record of progress and improvement antedating the list of current offerings: "Incendiary Blond," "A Medal for Benny," "Out of This World," "You Came Along," "Duffy's Tavern," "Love Letters," "Kitty," and "Two Years Before the Mast.

We say it's an enviable record, and are glad for this anniversary occasion to pay tribute, together with at least two generations of movie fans, for all that Paramount Pictures have contributed.
ARTha VICKERS is the only gal in town who honestly hopes she'll be hated! Actually loathing a kid like her is a darned big assignment, because the Vickers shapely five-feet-four form is topped off with a face full of as sweet a set of features as you've seen in a month of Sundays. And the face is fetchingly framed with light-brown hair that might have been swiped right off of Jeannie-with-the.

But just let the sweet-looking Martha make a pass at her personal copy of "The Big Sleep" script, and you'll have to dive for the nearest fox-hole for protection. As "Carmen" in that superwhodunit with Humphrey Bogart and "the Look" that's known as Bacall, Martha is the nastiest gal to hit the screen in ages, with prevarication, dope-addiction, epilepsy, acute alcoholism and murder just sort of incidental music to the characterization.

Martha's fate—and we do mean acting—was inevitable, despite her concert pianist-mother's efforts in a musical behalf, and her artist-business man-father's desire to have her become a famous land and/or seascapist. Her inclination toward emotion for pay cropped up at the questionable age of five, when she began practicing hand movements before a mirror.

From then on it was a lead-pipe cinch. The gal's ambitions grew through a series of cities that sound like the answer to a train-caller's prayer: Fort Lauderdale, Miami, St. Petersburg, Detroit, Dallas, Long Beach, and Los Angeles. And with the growing came experience—Beth in a high school rendition (try the literal sense on this) (Continued on page 80)

Here's a gal who wants to be hated! Not as the real Martha Vickers—tomboy and regular girl—but as the vicious female menace, Carmen, her first supporting role for Warner Bros.
THE most uncommon name . . . the most imposing feet . . . the most imperturbable charm in Hollywood . . . all these belong to Walter Pidgeon.

The name, punning to the contrary, bears no relation to that other Hollywood bird, the gin-rummy addict. It was inherited from his merchant dad, Caleb Pidgeon, and before that, from a long line of sea-faring ancestors who docked their schooners in his native port of St. John, New Brunswick.

All long-standing jokes, bon mots or just plain bright-sayings on the name business can be neatly finished off right in these first paragraphs simply by registering the recent remark of a young lady in M-G-M's property department who, every day for a week, typed out an order for "a crate of Pidgeons" to be used in a farm scene.

"I'm sorry," she said with a blush when corrected, "I—I didn't know it was spelled any other way!"

The feet are size 13 and give credence to the foul rumor that Garbo quit pictures because she couldn't hope to equal Pidgeon's standing. For anyone interested in knowing just what it means to have so much turned up at the bottom, it might be said that some of the swankest hotel towel racks in the country have been decorated with Walter's socks, which must be specially woven, and which he lovingly rinses out each night in the nearest washbowl. On location he does the same, and sleeps with one eye open to thwart the unkind souls who would borrow one for a muffler.

The foot subject, too, can be given a quick wind-up by echoing a statement which has become a sort of college yell at Metro. It started one day when a retake of the star was needed, and since it was a back view, someone suggested they save Walter a trip to the studio and use a stand-in for the shot. The director shook his head. "Nobody can fill Pidge's shoes," he said firmly. It spread around the lot, and when they use it these days they're not kidding—both ways!

The charm, also congenital, is a subject not so easily dismissed—even if anybody wanted to. Among its components is an ubiquitous sense of humor and an unerring choice of the right words for the right occasion, both of which he had with him the day "Mrs. Parkington" finished shooting:

When the camera stopped turning on the last "take" it left him perched half-way (Continued on page 53)

THE IMPERTURBABLE PIDGE

He's not new . . . but he's different! Doesn't know what type he is; doesn't have an acting style . . .

All he asks for are parts he's "at home in"

By DOROTHY DEERE
One of the true sophisticates of filmdom. Here he gets a hand . . . from Lana Turner.

Vital statistics: Height, 6'3". Weight 195 lbs. Hair, black. Eyes, blue. Along with stardom on Broadway, Walter has managed two screen careers.
Swim Session

Water bottles are a favorite sport. Runs in the family? Roddy's father is an officer in British Merchant Marine.

Roddy made a big splash in pictures when he came to USA from London. Current movie is "Molly And Me.”

Looks as if it might be a pleasure to walk the plank for Barbara Lawrence and Mary Anderson. But who wouldn't go overboard for these two lovelies?
Most Hollywood starlets get an early start in the dramatic biz, but Roddy's training began in London, at the tender age of eight. Girls had a head start, but guess who won? Yep, those manly shoulders had little trouble in outdistancing the determined (but delicate) gals.

Pulchritude was furnished by Eliz. Taylor, Lorraine Bendix, Barb. Lawrence, Virginia, and Mary Anderson.

Swim sessions were temporarily halted when Roddy left for p. a. and war bond tour throughout the east.

Dream of a lifetime (16 years!) came true when 20th Century's Roddy McDowall heard of a swimming pool with vacant house attached and convinced his family they should take over. After the mad rush of getting settled, Roddy's gang—Elizabeth Taylor, Mary Anderson, Barbara Whiting, Hazel Dawn, Adina Goodman, Lorraine Bendix (Bill's daughter), Barbara Lawrence, Eddie Ryan, Jimmy Cardwell, Cpl. John Ralles, and Lt. James Mason—descended on the McDowall clan for a favorite Hollywood pastime—a swim session! Roddy and sister Virginia were host and hostess, but it was Mrs. McDowall who saw to it that there were no casualties and that everyone had plenty to eat. (How those kids can put it away!)

Always in the swim, MOVIELAND was on hand to click a lens over the frolic.
Juliet Ann and Jimmy are riding high with Pop (Offered 10 yr. contract by Rep.) Have you seen Dennis in “Affairs of Susan” (Para.)?
DENNIS O'KEEFE's rise to stardom is in the American tradition, that if a man has ability, works hard enough and has sufficient patience, success will inevitably be his reward!

In Hollywood, the usual pattern is obscurity today and fame tomorrow. But it took Dennis O'Keefe precisely fourteen years to cross that intangible line.

For seven years he was an extra. The succeeding years were marked by gradual, and at times imperceptible, progress. But with his superb performance as Arkansas in "The Story of Dr. Wassell," and his brilliant farce characterization in "Abroad With Two Yanks," his versatile talents could no longer be questioned or overlooked by Hollywood producers. Today, he is in the enviable position of having more leading roles offered him than he can possibly accept.

Since sound came in, the transition from extra to star has been made by less than half a dozen players. As a result, fables arise around those fortunate few. (Continued on page 70)
HOLLYWOOD’S full of them—beautiful, strong, hopeful, talented young people—all eager for a future which will bring stardom, wealth and fame. They think.

Most of those now thronging the boulevards will never get one foot inside a studio. Many of those who sign on dotted lines will be somewhere else, doing something different, three years from now. A very few will be famous.

Here are half a dozen youngsters—Lizabeth Scott, Audrey Totter, Janis Page, Charles Drake, Don DeFore, Bill Williams—all of whom have made their first fine impressions on Hollywood pages.

Lizabeth Scott was discovered by Hollywood in the same fashion as was 1944’s sensation, Lauren Bacall. And I mean fashion. (Each of them was a model. Remember?)

In Lizabeth’s case, what her discoverer didn’t know was that she was already an accomplished actress, with experience on Broadway. She had been Tallulah Bankhead’s understudy in “Skin of our Teeth.” Giving up hope of Tallulah’s breaking a leg or her neck, Lizabeth resigned. One month later, an agitated manager telephoned her at 7:45 one night. Miss Bankhead couldn’t go on, her understudy was capable of playing the role: for crying out loud, would Miss Scott come over and act? The house was sold out; it might be Lizabeth’s Big Chance. (Continued on page 62)

AUDREY TOTTER came to Hollywood via soap box operas.

CHARLES DRAKE’S next will be “Conflict,” W. B.

LIZABETH SCOTT and DON DEFORE both had N. Y. stage experience first.
MOVIELAND predicts: that these six young 'comers in the Hollywood new-personality parade will deliver as "People With Promise"
All of us, smart or dumb, have one very human trait in common: whenever we start thinking back over our past lives, we invariably promise ourselves: “If I had a second chance, I wouldn’t make that mistake again!” Probably so. Given that second chance, plus the knowledge of the outcome, most of us would choose different turnings along the paths of our lives.

At the risk of sounding insufferably smug, however, I’m frank to admit that there isn’t one phase of my life I would change if I could!

I’ve made mistakes along the way, of course, and some of them have been pretty costly ones, both to my career and my personal happiness. No one knows it better than I. But—the past always must be reconciled in (Continued on page 60)
"At the risk of sounding insufferably smug—there isn't one phase of my life I would change if I could"

By BETTY GRABLE
Future Bathing Beauty' at 6 yrs. Film career started after starring in Billy Rose's Aquacade.

Childhood ambition to become a swimmer was encouraged by a favorite-fan...her mother!

Mermaid tendencies even at 2 1/2 yrs. (with brother David). At 15 she won her first championship.

Future 'Bathing Beauty' at 6 yrs. Film career started after starring in Billy Rose's Aquacade.
I LOVE
Life;
To eat;
To sleep;
Angie, my cocker spaniel;
Trying new things;
California weather;
Water. My family used to say I was part fish; when I was little, I'd sit in the bath-tub to study my lessons.

I CANT BEAR
Overcooked or highly seasoned foods;
Stuffy rooms;
Tight clothes;
Stiff hairdoes;
Liprouge on teeth;
Garlic;
Hats.

I LIKE ABOUT MYSELF
My health;
My disposition;
That I'm so happy;
That I enjoy almost everybody and everything.

I DISLIKE ABOUT MYSELF
My thoughtlessness. I tell myself it's immaturity, but I'll have to grow up sometime.
That I say the wrong things to people who should be handled carefully.
That I never learned anything about Arithmetic.

I WASN'T GOOD AT
Algebra or geometry. I didn't try to study them. I was elected to a good many offices in high school and was so busy presiding at meetings, being on committees, and making speeches, that I never made sense out of mathematics. I'd explain to my teachers how good it was for my personality development to engage in all those activities, and how little time I had to study. But they still gave me D in algebra and geometry.

THE FIRST THING I REMEMBER
Is being put on a table in Sunday School, where I recited the Prayer of Faith. I was two.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD
My family was not well off, so far as money goes. One winter we
The girl with the poise on the cover was born with the same name she uses now, on August 8th, daughter of Lou and Bulo Williams, one of five children. Educated in public schools, Los Angeles City College, and the Univ. of Southern California. She swam in school to the tune of many medals, and would have been in the Olympic games if they hadn't been called off. She's five feet seven inches, weighs 123 pounds. Her hazel eyes are wide open and frank, and she wears her hair long except when she's swimming. Learned the neat trick of oiling her hair before going into the water so that she doesn't have to use a bathing cap and emerges from pool or ocean completely unruffled.

Divorced from Dr. Leonard Kovner, whom she married in 1940. Loves children—and lots of 'em. Feels the most important person in her life is her mother, a former Iowa schoolteacher who is now teaching psychology classes at UCLA.

Swam to success after career of modeling clothes. M-G-M scout discovered her at the San Francisco Fair, and she's been wearing her bathing suit for them ever since.
She was the biggest sucker of them all!

Back in the hooch-happy days of the Terrific Twenties Texas Guinan greeted the mob at her famous night club with her famous shout of "Hello Suckers"... but she was the biggest sucker of them all, for she was desperately, hopelessly in love with a man... gambler and racketeer... she could never marry.

Texas was famous for another expression, "Give this little girl a great big hand" an expression that she would use again today if she could see Betty Hutton as Texas Guinan in "INCENDIARY BLONDE." Betty is slightly more than terrific as the great Guinan... she has to be for Texas was a fabulous personality, rodeo queen, Ziegfeld girl, Hollywood star, and owner of her own night club, telling off the gun-toting gangsters who tried to muscle in on her.

Paramount has filmed Texas Guinan's exciting story in a riot of color, with a cavalcade of great hit tunes, and at a mile a minute pace. The picture is so good that Paramount has chosen it to mark its Third of a Century of Entertaining the World.
A FRIEND of George Sanders said to him one day, "I maintain that you are a paradox. You have had shockingly few sympathetic roles in your screen career, aside from the 'Saint' and 'Falcon' series. When you have been given a sympathetic role, it has always been tinged with shades of socially colored brutality. You were a beast in 'Moon and Sixpence,' a cad in 'Summer Storm' and a poltroon in 'This Land Is Mine.' But no matter what you do, your fan mail increases in volume and fluttering feminine voices all over this broad land inquire after the release date of your next picture."

Mr. Sanders gave this situation some scientific thought, and came up with an explanation. "I think it is because women in this country have been pampered and made to assume a position of emancipated responsibility. Although they like to have their freedom, they also long for the old position of respectful submission. When they see a man on the screen who gives the impression of being able to enforce his viewpoint, and no nonsense tolerated, they are intrigued."

However intrigued feminine theatregoers may be by the celluloid suggestion of George Sanders' male authority, it can not be said that the feminine press in Hollywood has been caught by his charm—which is a pity. There is scarcely a woman reporter who doesn't have a favorite Sanders-interview story, and these anecdotes range from the absurd (Continued on page 86)
THE BRAIN

He’s got a head, and he’s using it!

George Sanders, super smooth ‘n suave,
the most misunderstood man in Hollywood

Has an ear for music—and plays it that way. Admits to a wife at long last!

(At top) Co-star Geraldine Fitzgerald plays malevolent sister in "Uncle Harry."
June Haver co-stars in 20th's new technicolor musical "Dolly Sisters". But that's no secret.

I KNOW A SECRET

By MICKELL NOVAK
Eavesdropping on film femmes while they’re 
letting down their back hair—a neat trick 
if you can turn it, and confidentially . . .

REMEMBER the time you put the dime in the collection plate and pulled out a nickel and five pennies in change? Or the day you told that whopper to get that vacation job? Or started saving your pin money so you could study voice?

Well, leave us face it—nearly everybody can crow, "I know a see-crut!" But a secret is interesting only in that it is a secret, and we offer selected samples herewith:

In the two years Lauren (Has Anybody Got a Match?) Bacall was looking for the opening in the curtain that separated her from the stage, she changed—because she had to—from a naive young girl into a kind of fresh kid. "It was an external change," Lauren says. "Nothing inside changed at all. The 'fresh kid' act I was accused of was just a pose, and nothing (Continued on page 55)
His full name is Francis Xavier Aloysius James Jeremiah Keenan Wynn. He's the grandson of that distinguished stage favorite, the late Frank Keenan, and the son of famous comedian, Ed Wynn. Acting is in his blood. But he loves engines, every coil, screw, piece or part that makes up a machine that will go far and fast.

Now he wants to buy a boat. In the east, he always had boats. He used to win races and break records with them, and still holds the world's record for circumnavigation of Manhattan Island in a speedboat in
39 minutes flat. As soon as he, Esther Williams and Van Johnson finish shooting “Early To Wed,” Keenan will rush back to see the boatbuilders who used to construct his crafts in the old days.

His boat will be a hobby or plaything, to be moored perhaps in the proposed yacht harbor near Santa Monica, though it won't be a sailing vessel. His wife, Evie, and small sons, Ned and Tracy, will go out on it, too. As the boys grow older, he'll teach them how to handle her and care for her engine, while Evie looks on. She can't so much as disconnect a horn, knows nothing about motors and hasn't the slightest intention of finding out.

Airplanes were Keenan's first loves. At 14, he was a licensed pilot, and flying would have been his chosen career if Father Ed Wynn had been willing. As it was, Keenan owned several planes as he grew older, and cracked up in them three times, escaping with no more than broken ankles.

“I suppose I got to thinking I had a charmed life,” he said, thoughtfully, “but I found out I was wrong. One day I took up a borrowed plane, an old crate hung together with baling wire; something went wrong with the oil line and the plane caught fire.”

Keenan had a passenger, but there was absolutely nothing either man could do; (Continued on page 50)
...until this Wildcat crossed his path!

Captive bride . . . lovely . . . dangerous! She whipped him, wanted to kill him, then loved him as no woman ever loved a man. Thrill-packed days of adventure... intimate nights of romance!
HOW DID SHE GET THAT WAY?

When is an actor not an actor? When parts are people, says Rosalind Ivan . . . she lives every role, instead of merely playing it.

WHEN Rosalind Ivan made her screen bow in “The Suspect” as Cora, Charles Laughton’s hateful, nagging wife, she jolted the customers into such an enthusiastic hatred that during her screen tantrums, many audiences gave out with hisses and boos. So terrific was the impact of her characterization that nobody blamed Laughton at all when, finally driven beyond the limits of human control, he finished her off. Yet even after we had watched Cora’s funeral services (with a feeling of guilty relief), her personality continued to dominate the story clear to the end.

That’s the kind of acting that takes a bit of doing, but it’s nothing new to Rosalind Ivan, who’s equipped by both instinct and training for playing to the hilt every part she gets.

(Continued on page 66)
Hi, CHUMS, how's your tan coming along? Grab a coke and settle down for a few minutes and let's see what's going on in the music world.

The big news of the month is that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is going into the record business. Actual recording won't start for a few months because of the difficulties in obtaining equipment, etc., but before too long a time, their label will be making its appearance. It's a safe bet that their talent roster will include such people as Gloria De Haven, June Allyson, Carlos Ramirez, Tommy Dix and any other musical lights on the M-G-M payroll. Also, those of their stars who now have outside recording deals, like Judy Garland and Johnnie Johnston, will probably sign with Metro when their contracts expire.

Several new bands have been showing up on the orchestral scene. Since the outbreak of the war, no new band has come along to create any sort of a sensation. I mean there hasn't been another Goodman, Miller or James. But Randy Brooks seems destined for the name band classification. Randy, you'll remember, was Les Brown's trumpet star before he decided to take up the baton. He is making good in a hurry, and his arrangements, built around hot horn, have caused a lot of talk in the trade. Decca has grabbed young Brooks, the first band they've signed since the war, and on his initial discs they are going to team him with Marion Hutton.

Shorty Cherok, another trumpet man, also has a new outfit, which has the financial assistance of Shorty's ex-boss, Horace Heidt.

George Paxton, who organized his orchestra about a year ago, is beginning to click solidly in New York and will probably be making his way across the country soon.

Jess Stacy has left Tommy Dorsey and once again he is rumored to be contemplating having a band of his own. Maybe he'll really go through with it this time. Speaking of Dorsey, he decided not to drop all his strings after all, and is using a few on his radio shows.

Corky Corcoran, of Harry (Continued on page 51)
When Glenn Miller alumni got together recently in N. Y. for Maj. Miller Bond show—
(I. to r.) Ralph Brewster, Marion Hutton, Tex Beneke, Paula Kelly and Hal Dickenson.

Jack Owens, the cruising crooner on the Breakfast Club show, gives out with some early morning stuff for Jill.

The rumor seems right re: Ava Gardner and Artie Shaw, at El Morocco. Ava hails from the South—was former model and first Mrs. M. Rooney.
If you'd been a guest on the RKO lot
when three Academy Award winners
were at work, all in one picture . . .

THE Bells Of St. Mary's

"THE Bells Of St. Mary's" is not a sequel to "Going My Way." Actually, it was a mental forerunner of that Academy Award snatcher.

Long before Leo McCarey had perfected his plans for "Going," he was doing creative gymnastics with another idea. His aunt was one of the founders of the Order of the Immaculate Heart and she frequently regaled him, as a youngster, with stories of the merry life lived by the nuns. Their gentle happiness, their sisterly bailing of the new priests in the parish, and their overall devotion to their ideals of helpfulness and loving kindness, struck Mr. McCarey as representing the basis for a fine, warm, very human story.

"Someday," he told a friend, "I'm going to make an entertaining, humorous, constructive picture about a young priest who is neck deep in nuns." His early view of this story represented the young priest as an athletic character much in the position of a rugged boy brought up by a family of fond aunts, surrounded by a group of girl cousins and sisters.

Somehow the idea didn't jell as satisfactorily as he had hoped, so Mr. McCarey switched to the "Going" theme. But, having established the character of Father O'Malley, he was set. Here was his made-to-order young priest in the intelligent and sensitive acting technique of Bing Crosby.

And so, on the RKO-Pathe lot in Culver City, on one of the largest sound stages in Hollywood, fifteen different sets were prepared; one of them a brick parochial school. Father John Devlin of St. Victor's Church in Los Angeles was persuaded to act as Technical Director and so acute was his conception that, when a visitor from New York was brought on the set, she exclaimed, "Heavens, that school is a replica of the one I attended in upstate New York—I even sat at that desk! It should have my initials carved in the upper left hand corner."

Two days later a visitor from Texas said laughingly, "Why, that's where I went to school!"

Then there was the corporal from Pittsburgh who said the school room reminded him of his grade school defeat at the hands of arithmetic; and a Yeoman 1/c from Seattle said the room had instantly restored to memory the poems he had to recite on Friday afternoons. Having had all these facts presented, any sensible jury in the land, at this point, would convict Father Devlin of accuracy in the first degree. A lovely—and rather rare—crime in Hollywood.

Incidentally, to conform with story line, there is one wing of the building that is supposed to be dangerous—actually condemned—and the corridors in this section give off a hollow echo to answer the flat sound of footsteps. In what is represented (Continued on page 73)
Judy Garland, Director Vincent Minelli...married since June. It's her second marriage, his first.

Brigadier General and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt (Faye Emerson), at the Stork. They went to New York, from Washington, for big Eisenhower Reception.

Fanny Brice and Spencer Tracy, at Ciro's. Spencer may go to Broadway next season for a Sherwood play.

Judy Garland, Director Vincent Minelli...married since June. It's her second marriage, his first.
Jhe Dennis Morgans, picking horses at Santa Anita. He's the sailor in "Christmas in Conn." "The Hasty Heart" will be his next.

Newlyweds! Peter Lorre and Karen Verne. Lorre's book was published just about the time of his marriage; the title, "Sweet and Bitter."

Elizabeth Taylor, at lunch in the MGM commissary. Did you know—she has a trained coloratura voice?

Jimmy Durante, Mr. and Mrs. Frenchoat Tone (see the Inside Hollywood Item about them, in this issue), at Iturbi's party.

Norma Shearer (more than three yrs. since her last movie), with husband Lt. Martin Arrouge.
they sat there in the flames, hurrying through space. The young actor's helmet ignited, melted and ran down his cheeks. That's the origin of the tiny pock marks on his face. The other man fainted, just why he didn't kill them both remains a mystery. It was then that Keenan lost his taste for flying.

Last year, he was a prominent member of the first Hollywood tour to fly to China, Burma and way points to entertain U. S. servicemen. Enough time had elapsed to dim the memory of his narrow escape from death, but he could understand the pilot he saw at an airport office enroute, who took off his wings, laid them on the desk and groaned: "I'm through. Do what you please with me—I can't go on!"

"They call it flight-fright now," Keenan explained. "It's like nervous breakdown—once you get it, you can't go up. The only cure is to stay on the ground all the time."

After his accident grounded him, Keenan went in for cars. Both the Wynns were in Van Johnson's car that night that young star was all but fatally injured.

"In one split second," related Evie, "we saw the other car, knew it was going to hit us and that they would escape; yet Keenan thought fast enough to put his arm around me and say, quietly: 'Relax—just relax!' He didn't seem frightened, so I relaxed and neither of us was seriously hurt. Poor Van stiffened up, fought the wheel of the car, and was nearly scalped.

"After the crash, I lay under the car with dirt pouring into my eyes. I thought it was glass and that I'd be blind all the rest of my life. I kept moaning: 'It's glass!' Keenan leaned under the car and neither of us was seriously hurt. Poor Van stiffened up, fought the wheel of the car, and was nearly scalped.

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"The moment I set eyes on Keenan, I said to myself: 'That's for me!' " she added later. "I gave the ambulance attendants to wait a few minutes before carrying her into the house. My husband wants to take movies of me coming home, as he did when I brought home our first son," she told them. They waited. She thought they seemed uneasy, but supposing Keenan was still in the garden painting flowers and hadn't heard the ambulance. In the end, she had to agree to be carried upstairs and put to bed.

"There she waited a long time. No Keenan appeared. An infection that had developed since the birth of the baby required sedatives, which was fortunate, for Evie kept sinking into oblivion and time passed unnoticed.

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James's saxophone section, wants to be a leader man. And if he does, it's possible that Harry will supply the moola. James did sensational business at the Astor Roof, with the hotel turning away on the average of two thousand customers a night.

Johnnie Johnston is going to take Perry Como's place on the Chesterfield Supper Club program for six weeks in August, while Perry plays concerts and does a lot of vacationing. Then Johnnie has to report to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on his new contract, and Perry is due in Hollywood to make his second picture for the studio. Johnnie is scheduled to make an appearance at the Johnston home this fall. Both Johnnie and his wife, Dorothy, are hoping for a little boy.

WHAT’S BRISK ON THE DISC: VICTOR:


DECCA:

Bing Crosby, with the Six Hits and a Miss and John Scott Trotter’s orchestra, do "I’ll Buy That Dream" and "I’ll Do It All Over Again," with their new vocalist, Frank Lester, handling the lyrics. The Mcintyre band should be back from overseas soon.

Words of Music (Continued from Page 44)

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WHAT’S BRISK ON THE DISC: VICTOR:

Dinah Shore’s newest platter couples “Pardon My English,” with “Don’t Go To Sleep,” from “Anchors Aweigh” and the popular “Can’t You Read Between The Lines.” Another one of Victor’s double feature discs combines Duke Ellington, “Mac The Knife,” with Sy Oliver’s tune, “The Minor Goes Muggin’,” and on the reverse side T. D., with the Duke’s band, get together on “Tonight I Shall Sleep.” Tommy Dorsey’s newest platter does two of the tunes from the new Metro musical, “The Harvey Girls” — “On The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe,” and “I’d Rather Be Me,” from “Close As Pages In A Book.” And Frank Gillette, handling the lyrics, the Mcintyre band should be back from overseas soon.

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Words of Music (Continued from Page 44)
Here's an all-Gershwin album by Billy Butterfield and his orchestra. The vocalists are Johnny Mercer, Liza Morrow, Sue Allen, Margaret Whiting and Tommy Taylor, and the numbers include "If I Can't Have You," "Put Your Dreams Away," "Slowly." It will be the only number that you'll hear on "All At Once," with a Calloway vocal, and "Dawn Time."

COLUMBIA:
Frank Sinatra can't make too many records to suit his followers, and this platter should more than please them as it has his fan-atics. It's "If You Are But A Dream," adapted from Rubinstein's "Romance," and Frank's radio theme song, "Put Your Dreams Away."

Cab Calloway and his orchestra are heard on "All At Once," with a Calloway vocal, and "Dawn Time."

Woody Herman and the Herd give us "A Kiss Goodnight," which Woody sings, and "Goosey Gander."

The Benny Goodman Sextet, who always rate a front place on the record shelf, have two new originals, "Omph Fah Fah." and "Slipped Disc," which Benny has just signed Dottie Reid to sing with his band.

Xavier Cugat has waxed a bolero, "Say It Over Again," and a conga, "Chupa-Chupa."

Del Campos sings the first side and Miguelito Valdes and the Cugat Chorus handle the second.

Gene Krupa's new instrumental is "That Drummer's Band," and it's just what the title implies, with a hide solo by Gene, on the flipover we find "What's This?" which is sung by David Lambert and Buddy Stewart.

Columbia has an album by Frank Krupa's Band, which I think everybody should own. It's Norman Corwin's complete radio show which he wrote in tribute to V-E day, "On A Note Of Triumph." Lub Gluskin conducts the fine score, which was written by Bernard Herrman.

JAM NOTES:
The Major Glenn Miller band, which has been led by Sgt. Ray McKinley since Glenn's disappearance last December, may be back in the United States by September. Johnny Desmond, who sings with the band, has had dozens of post-war numbers for radio, films and recordings. He's been so popular with the servicemen that they've dubbed him "The G. I. Sinatra.

Kitty Kallen has been taking flying lessons and hopes to solo soon. Incidentally, Kitty certainly rates a bow as one of the best dressed band singers in the business. And she doesn't make the mistake so many vocalists make of wearing too much jewelry. Andy Russell has been doing very well on his theatre tour with the Pied Pipers. He may get the singing spot with Joan Davis on her last fall radio show. The Andrews Sisters will probably be overseas by the time you read this. The girls wanted to go last year, but didn't pass the physical at that time. Maxine and her husband, Lou Levy, have adopted a two-month-old baby girl . . . Skip Farrell, the popular Chicago singer, has been signed to record for Columbia . . . Eugene Baird, Bing Crosby's singing partner on the Kraft Music Hall, may sign with Paramount. It is rumored that The Groener won't return to radio after his overseas trip, but then those rumors start every time Bing goes off the air for the summer, and he always winds up at his regular Thursday night spot . . . Dave Raskin, who wrote the sentimental tune "Laurie," has composed a new one called, "Slowly." It will be the only number Alice Faye will sing in "Fallen Angel."

Dick Haymes and Helen Forrest are doing an encore performance at the Roxy Theatre in New York about the end of July, which will make their eastern fans happy. They haven't been in the big town for quite a spell.

Dick Wilson, who sings as his leading lady in his next film, "The Bandwagon." . . . Frank Sinatra sold his house in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, so it looks like he plans to spend most of his time on the West Coast in the future . . . Marilyn Maxwell has been signed for a leading role in "Winnie Bly," a musical comedy which will open at Loew's on Broadway about September. Jimmy Van Heusen and Johnny Burke are writing the music.

Ginny Simms will have a new radio sponsor this fall. She is switching from Philco to Borden's Milk . . . Jo Stafford and her orchestral leader, Mike Nidorf, have been holding hands. . . . And Buddy Rich and June Hutton, of the Pied Pipers, also have that romantic relationship. . . . Mike Nidorf, have been holding hands. . . . And Buddy Rich and June Hutton, of the Pied Pipers, also have that romantic relationship. Mike Nidorf, have been holding hands.

Vincent Minelli, and Deanna to her admiring fans. He's a terrific showman and always rates a front place on the record shelf. Johnny Burke are writing the music. . . . A Kiss Goodnight" with Liza Morrow on the vocal, and "Gee Chi Love Song," featuring a clarinet solo by Barney Bigard.

And that was off the air recording of the Philco Summer Show. Making with an enthusiastic listen-to are Jill, Mostro Paul Whiteman and Radio Singer Georgia Gibbs.
Andy Russell, now in "Stork Club," records 'Love Me' and 'Noche'

YOU HEARD him first on Capitol Records ... you'll see him soon in the film musical "Stork Club." ... and Andy Russell's smash new recording of 'Love Me' and 'Noche' will be available shortly from your favorite Capitol dealer.

Picked as a "camer" by Capitol just 18 months ago, Andy Russell's phenomenal rise to fame is another sterling example of how the new stars—and new hit tunes—shine first under the Capitol label.

Capitol choice of songs, diligent rehearsals and superb engineering help a talent such as Andy possesses. Whether he's singing or drumming, as above, you get the real thing on Capitol.

HE CAN PICK 'EM, as anyone can plainly see! Johnny Mercer discovered and was first to record young Lois Butler, whose first disc will soon be released. Mercer, as president of Capitol, has an uncanny ability to pick unknowns and make them stars. Miss Butler, only 14, is Mercer's latest selection.

LIL'TIN' MARTHA Tilton is another Capitol first. Just back from an overseas tour with Jack Benny, she hit the jackpot with "I'll Walk Alone" and "I Should Care." First with the Best—that's Capitol's way of recording.

Have you heard...

Check through this list of tunes and see how many you can hum or whistle.

- Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe
- Candy
- Dream
- Accentuate the Positive
- I Should Care
- The Trolley Song
- I'll Walk Alone
- Cow-Cow Boogie
- Her Tears Flowed Like Wine
- Straighten Up and Fly Right
- G. I. Jive
- Amor
- Shoo-Shoo Baby

Every one of them was a Capitol first! And there's more to come.

GET THE news of music and musicians while it's hot. Ask your Capitol dealer for a copy of "The Capitol," the smart, handy, free Hollywood newsmagazine edited by Dave Dexter, Jr.
Dear Joyce:
This to you may seem very unimportant, but to me it is important and I am sure you can help me.

Last year I went steady with a girl whom I loved very much. She jilted me for my best friend, Jack. We are now dating again, and she swears that she loves me and will be true to me. But I am afraid.

She hurt me once and I do not want to be hurt again. Should I trust her? Please help me if you can.

Anthony

Dear Miss Wyman:
My problem is loneliness. You see, I am away from home, resting in Arizona for my health. My mother sent me with a friend of hers. I am 17 and old enough to have dates. But the woman who is responsible for me just won't trust me to go out.

I don't want to disobey her, so I have been staying home every day and night. Sometimes when I am alone, I cry so hard it hurts inside. The doctor has told me I shouldn't get upset, but here I am always crying and getting sick again. Please help me.

Joyce

Dear Pam and Kit:
I suggest that you go to one of the travel bureaus and get the names and addresses of ranches that appeal to you from their advertising folders, giving your qualifications and experience. You should be able to get such jobs during the vacation season when the ranches need help. Best of luck to you.

Pam and Kit

Dear Miss Wyman:
I am seventeen years of age and a mother of a child. My husband is overseas, somewhere in Germany. He is very fond of the baby, and me. I live with my in-laws and they, too, are very fond of us both. My mother-in-law won't let me do anything for the baby, and thinks it is her own. I feel very hurt because I believe it is my duty to bring up my own child. We had an argument over this situation, and she said she would take the baby away from me.

I wrote my husband and told him about this matter. He felt very upset to think his own mother would take this attitude, and told me to leave and go on my own. I know I'm very young to take this problem into my own hands. So would you please give me some advice?

Marianne

Dear Jane:
This to you may seem very unimportant, but to me it is important and I am sure you can help me.

Last year I went steady with a girl whom I loved very much. She jilted me for my best friend, Jack. We are now dating again, and she swears that she loves me and will be true to me. But I am afraid.

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Dear Miss Wyman:
I am seventeen years of age and a mother of a child. My husband is overseas, somewhere in Germany. He is very
more. A means to an end. It helped me brazen through moments when I actually felt like running away and hiding. It was something I had to do in order to get ahead.

"I got so tired of that patronizing I'm so sorry, but Mr. X isn't seeing anyone today," from producers' secretaries, that I built up a skin-deep poise and assurance—almost an insouciance—that got me into offices which otherwise would have remained closed to me.

"One particular instance—and I shall use John Golden as an example, although he was one of the few producers I didn't try it on—I walked into an office and up to the secretary. "Mr. Golden, please," I said in my best hauteur.

"This poise sort of threw the secretary for a minute, because she looked around frantically on her desk for the appointment pad. "You had an appointment of course?" she asked.

"Of course," I said. "Then I felt kind of sorry for her. She smiled in a tentative sort of way. 'I'm afraid I've mislaid your name, Miss—er—Miss—'

"Miss Backus, " I recall.

"She rushed into Mr. Golden's office, only half-closing the door. I heard her announce me and when he protested that he didn't remember the appointment I said that I had written it down carefully for him. Then she ushered me inside. As soon as the door closed behind her, I sort of folded up.

"You Look Right, Mr. Golden," I said. "I didn't have an appointment. But this is the only way I could get in to see you—about a job, I need one. And I want one. And I know I can act!"

"And I've finally worked. But it has always seemed strange to me that you have to connive and braise your way through things, just to prove that you can deliver. If that's the way things are then you have to meet the challenge by conniving like a fool and turning into that fresh kid that was the stage-bound me.

"It's kinda silly hiding my particular private secret for a long time."

Veronica Lake took time out from "The Blue Dahlia" to talk about her secret hate—her own posture. Ronnie's always wanted to do a ballet in a picture!

"Just look at that posture! I'm supposed to be a glamour girl, but I stand like a capital S!"

Ronnie wasn't satisfied with herself "We went out to change her posture status from quo to queenly. She enrolled in a dancing class under Anton Dolin's fine Russian ballet hand, and studied hard to master the steps. Ronnie just reached the entre-chat when her impending motherhood called a halt to the proceedings.

But Ronnie is smart. Besides loving dancing in every form, and hoping to be a ballet dancer, she realized that the dancing technique would improve her posture and add grace to her walk.

Now that her baby is no longer in the infant brigade, Ronnie is stitch-
INCE the outbreak of the war, Gail Patrick has entertained between four and five hundred boys of all ranks and nationalities, in her charming colonial home. During this time, one dish the boys ask for over and over, she says, is the homemade ice cream she makes herself. Topped with a yummy concoction that Gail calls “Flaming Delight au Rhum,” you’ll see that five hundred soldiers can’t be wrong! The recipe is one you can try yourself, so here goes!

1 pt. Milk and 1 pt. Cream
(if you can’t get cream, use 1 can condensed milk with ½ pt. milk)
2 Eggs
1 Tsp. Vanilla
Pinch of Salt
Sugar


When ice cream is ready to serve (test by pulling plunger out of)

(Continued on page 79)
It's no secret that I've got ants in my pants. That's the way I am. That's me. I could be a warning, though. I'm horticulture-happy, and if you go leaving an old shoe around my house, you'll likely end up with posies on your pedal extremities.

Eve, the gal who did such a bang-up job in "The Doughgirls" as the Russian sniper, is currently featured in "My Reputation." She is also the gal whose house looks like a nicely run Ye Florist Shoppe. Green things hang from the rafters, drip from the drainboards, sprout from the shelves. Philodendron, baby ivy, lucky plants—whatever, and growing strikes the Arden fancy.

"Yes, I'll tell you my secret," Eve says. "A friend of mine had picked up a pair of shoes—shoes that belonged to the Russian girl in "The Doughgirls"—and had them in the entrance hall. Wanna walk over with me to the dentist's solo. I suppose it's silly, but I was always in terror that the other kids would find out about it and tease me. So I began shying away from them, somehow, so I had them planted and set them in the entrance hall.

They're quite chic. When my friend came over the next day to see how they looked, she let out a shriek at the sight of the 'garden' blooming from her shoes. After the first shock wore off, she was so amused she let me keep them. It cost me a young fortune to replace the shoes—how did I know they'd once belonged to Lillian Russell? But I still had a pair of unique plant containers, and they've brought nothing but joy into my life.

About the friendliest gal in town is June Allyson. But this same twinkle-eyed gal once had the reputation for being the unhappiest years of my life. "If I had only known then, as I do now, what friendship—sincere friendship—has nothing to do with the physical, I would have avoided two of the unhappiest years of my life." While making this picture, Charles Korvin told her, "Ella, your eyes bother me. I have a queer feeling when you look directly at me."

"That's because we establish contact," she told him. "It's a good sign. When that happens the audience is aware of it, too, and the scene packs wallop."

This does not apply only to acting, the actress warns. "Friends as well as business contacts respond to eye expressions too. So, when you talk to people, you'll be doing a good deed if you use your eye appeal."

Speaking of good deeds, it's nice to hear of a good turn that paid Ella dividends.

Driving back one night at 5:45 for an early call in "Uncle Harry," she stopped to pick up five sailors on their way to San Francisco. There was a blowout. The sailors alighted, changed the tire in exactly two and a half minutes, and Ella arrived at studio all as scheduled. She repaid the gallant sailormen by taking them to breakfast in the studio commissary.

"So it's eye appeal, is it? Sounds like a secret worth knowing!"

Disputing the legend that blondes are beautiful but dumb, June Haver, 20th Century-Fox starlet, was graduated from high school in 1944, "with honors." But that isn't her big secret.

Ever since she was a little girl, June had dreamed of the day when she would have three things: a car of her own, a home for her family and herself . . . and a mink coat! When she signed her film contract, she acquired the car—a convertible sedan. Later she got home in Cheviot Hills for the studio. But now she thinks that she will let her husband give her the mink coat.

"Not that I ever have any money to speak of. But I have had time yet for any serious romance rumors."

Maybe so, but it is generally accepted that June's big romance is an Army Flier. The news came to light with the return of Lt. Robert Vallier, navigator in the Army Air Forces, who has completed several dozen missions over Europe. Vallier and the young blonde star were former schoolmates and spent much time together before he became a flier and she a screen star.

But in leaving Hollywood for a personal appearance tour that started in New York City, Andrea King, confessed that her secret is worry, worrying about weight. Unlike most glamour gals, this actress has to watch her diet so that no precious pounage will disappear.

This worry was aggravated somewhat, when she spent a morning going on a strict diet. "Then, just before leaving Hollywood for the first time, Andrea sank down on the step where she stod. "Whew!" she sighed with relief. "Much more of that, and I'd have been just a shadow of a woman." In spite of all this, however, Andrea recently was voted "the gal with the best looking legs in Hollywood," by the Hosier Designers of America, who ought to know whereof they speak!

For the statistically minded, here's how she measures up: ankle 8%; calf, 20%; thigh, 12½; hip, 19½. She nosed out such competitors as Marlene Dietrich and Betty Grable, and that's no secret!
A few radicals add an extra board by insisting not only is it time their favorite got an occasional opportunity to wear the top-billing in the distinguished series of Garson-Pidgeon domestic dramas, but maybe even the widower's weeds. In three of their four matings he has made a mid-picture demise, it seems not unreasonable that just once, at least, he should be able to lay the gorgeously indestructible Greer tenderly to rest, and stick around for the last close-up himself.

Are YOU AFRAID to be beautiful?

If you could choose the happiness, the self-confidence, the success that come with knowing how to look beautiful, you'd say, "Give it to me!", wouldn't you? You wouldn't hesitate a minute!

**Others Have Performed "Miracles"**

Yes, thousands of "just average" girls, and women have made the decision facing you now. And, today, they know what miracles the simple, easy. Powers beauty secrets have accumulated in their cases. They know how wonderful it is to be the center of admiring glances, to be secure, to be noticed—success! And they know how, in as little as 49 days, a new, vibrant person looked out from behind their mirrors.

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Unaccustomed as he was to perched speaking, his hero was not caught without suitable response. Ripe off the vine he gave them a lofty bit of oratory, complete with daringly one-handed gestures.

People who never guessed how well Pidgeon could have played Rhett Butler, if Scarlett's dream-boy hadn't been so well played, or Clark Gable, were surprised by the dash he gave to Gus Parkinson. As a matter of fact, Walter was a little surprised, himself. His concept of the comfortable sort which never weighs him down but can be thrown into the balance when needed, he at first tried to sell a couple of other fellows for the role.

"I think of him as a Galveston dishwasher. "Take Ward Bond, " I told them. 'Let him do a lusty, vital thing like he did as John L. in Gentleman Jim. I'd change him from a beer-drinker to a champagne-lifter, and he'll be terrific!"

What for, said the producer, when Walter already had the champagne manner and a touch of pinchy, Gay 90's cutaway, tailored to his measure, and a brace of handsome mustaches?

"I took one look at myself," he admits, "and yelled, 'Hey, that's the guy—I'm for Gus. Let Bond go get his own cutaway!'"

In "Week-end at the Waldorf" Pidgeon makes several departures. For one thing, he plays it bare-faced. This, in itself, will cause not half as much commotion as Metro's publicists are undoubtedly hoping. More important, however, was the fact that not only is his role a modern one, but one in which he again has use for his nicely-caged animal magnetism. Ginger Rogers is the lady in the picture whom, as a romantically inclined war quaintly, "A'Mr.' picture for Pidgeon!""
the house walls to the roof. The host has on an open-necked white shirt, with a swath of braided raffia hitching up his tweeds, and is colorfully shod in what is, no doubt, the most expensive pair of huraches ever to be lugged across the Mexican border.

He has one boast which he applies equally to his private or public life: "I'm the laziest guy in the world," he says happily. The brag is accompanied by an over-all stretch of his six-foot-three which, if nothing else, proves that where other people may have laziness, they don't have so much of it.

"Those fellows who are always asking to play Hamlet or Cyrano de Bergerac, or something, make me tired just thinking about them. I don't know what 'type' I am, or what my acting 'style' is, and I'd just as soon not find out. This way, I can enjoy doing any role I don't have to act. The one thing I ask of a picture part is that I can feel at home in it—the one thing I never want to be is an act-er."

Just how "at home" he can feel in the right role is best illustrated by again hacking back to "Minniver." One of the best beloved touches in the film, and we're not punning, was the slap delivered by Mr. to the delectable derriere of Mrs., in one of their boudoir scenes. This little informality was entirely his own idea, occurring when reaching for a bedroom slipper with his foot. He missed, and never a man to lose his balance, ad libbed a bit of action with his hand instead. Greer, completely surprised, sprawled face forward on the bed just as any back-slapped victim would do—and Willie Wyler, just as any good director would do, insisted it stay in the script.

"Leave it in," he said. "It's delightful. I'll let the critics think it's 'one of those Willie Wyler touches!'"

And although there are those who bemoan the fact that Walter's brilliant baritone, which made him a musical comedy star, is heard no more, he is not among them:

"I don't get fun out of singing anymore, except in the bathroom," he says. "I insist that's where my finest vocal achievements always occurred, anyhow—under the shower."

The truth is, Pidgeon is that rarity, an accomplished thespian who arrived at his art, almost entirely without "suffering," and he doesn't see any reason to start letting it pain him now.

He has had two Hollywood careers, neatly divided by a two-year return to the stage. His first six months in Hollywood were spent off-screen but on salary—a nice way of not working, if you can get it.

"There was a catch in it though," he added. "They finally decided I'd have to earn it."

His first was "Mannequin," with Dolores Costello, in which he was an instant success, and which was followed by other screen musicals, and then the aforementioned return to Broadway where he again distinguished himself.

Screen career No. 2 had some low moments to begin with, during which lady movie critics of the land suffered excruciatingly at such waste as Walter playing a villainous sheriff in "Girl of the Golden West," totin' two guns and mustaches designed like a longhorn's headpiece. Pidge, himself,

(Continued on page 86)
Don't Look Now

terms of the present and, had I done differently, I would not have now the perfect happiness I know. That happiness, naturally includes the success on the screen, but basically it is measured in terms of two other human beings—my husband and my baby! My whole world revolves around them—and then only.

Let's suppose, for example, that my childhood had been different through choice or obstinacy on my part. For I could have changed it, either through active rebellion or passive resistance to my mother's determined ambitions for me. Mother had her heart set on either me or my sister becoming a dancer, possibly because it was a secret unfilled ambition for herself. Because I seemed to show more talent along those lines than sister, I was elected. That meant that every day, after regular school, I would spend several hours in dancing school.

Looking back, I suppose there were times when being one of the other kids instead of practising taps and toestands. Frankly, I don't remember, and I don't believe, as adults, we can tell what we wanted or did want as children was supplied; however, my regrets could not have been too keen or I would have circumvented the program by emulating my sister's lack of those particular talents which could spell a career.

The point today is this: dancing led to singing, singing led to my interest in music, and that interest led me straight to Harry James and a little my first and very short, Vicky. A plus B equals the world with a fence around it!

But going back to my marriage to Jackie Coogan in 1937. Many people expect, would anticipate my saying that was a mistake, that and that given a second chance, I would not make the same decision. Those people are wrong; I have no regrets of that marriage, even though it ended unhappily, from it I gained a great deal and learned much that is contributing to my happiness today.

Jackie and I were just kids when we married. Neither of us had any sense of responsibility or the real significance of marriage. We had fun together, great fun, but inevitably we learned, as of course we had to learn, that a successful marriage must be based on a firmer foundation than just fun. I realize now, among other things, that I was disastrously selfish with Jackie, and he undoubtedly realizes now that he let me get away with murder. Both of us were sorry it did not work out, but both of us knew to, its very failure had prepared each of us to be better partners in a better marriage in the future.

Likewise, I knew it was best that I did not have a baby when I was younger, even though Vicky has brought me greater joy than I dreamed was possible. Filled with a certain indecision over her as I am, I do sometimes begrudge the empty years I did not have her, the extra time she could have been spending with me, which might have been Harry's baby then, and that's what makes her doubly perfect. Too, my career would not be where it is today if I had had a child earlier in my life. The demands on the time of a rising young actress are never-ending; she must run all over the country, forever at the beck and call of those who are guiding her career. In my case it would have spelled the kind of a mother who can leave her baby for any length of time, content to have some other woman care for her.

Not that I ever cared about stardom as such. I still don't. Everyone is for you when you are the underdog, fighting your way up; once you are somebody, the whole story changes, and many often are at your throat. What I mean is that had I had to choose between stardom and a baby, I would have tossed away stardom. As it worked out, now I have both, with no choice necessary. And don't think I don't know how lucky I am!

Then this business of my being a "one-man woman," which my friends and family seemed to deplore (before marriage, of course) and brand as a fatal mistake. It cut me off, they said, from the world of beaus and lots of parties, which are the romantic birthright of every girl. Devoting my interest over a long time to George Raft exclusively made me have to have cost me the friendship of many attractive men and a gay, gay whirl as a bachelor girl.

It's perfectly true, I always have been a "one-man woman" as long as I can remember. I've never "played the field," preferring rather to concentrate my time and attentions on one man at a time. Jackie was it, I only beau when I reached a dating age. After our divorce in 1940, George became my "steady," although we never contemplated marriage as so many of our friends look for granted. Then I met Harry in 1942, during the making of "Springtime In the Rockies" and eventually it was he alone who held my interest, even if it was some time before we became serious about each other.

Put it down to a quirk in my nature, but Vicky has never been the spice of life to me. When I like a person, I am perfectly content to go just with him. Besides, I never have cared for night life and "rounding," so I've never needed a lot of beaus to escort me here and there. I don't like parties—people in large groups terrify me!—and I'd rather not go out at all than go out just to be seen. No, I want no second chance to change that phase of my life.

And now about my career. What would I do differently if I were starting from scratch again? To be perfectly honest, not a thing! I came up the hard way, true, and it took me 12 long years to be ready to handle what I have. And the point is, I'm ready for it. I don't have to learn to dance when a picture calls for dancing, or scramble around learning to sing if a picture calls for a song. I've learned to act and handle dialogue through slow and painstaking work in small roles. It's that—my versatility that I take most pride in. I've never needed a lot of beaus to escort me here and there. I don't like parties—people in large groups terrify me!—and I'd rather not go out at all than go out just to be seen. No, I want no second chance to change that phase of my life.

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mands of one persons, and I have my
years in the chorus, vaudeville, and
singing with bands to thank for it.
Sometimes I think perhaps I should
have been a little more aggressive in
forging my career in Hollywood. Ag¬
gressive tactics on Mother's part cer¬
tainly worked a miracle when I was
playing in "DuBarry Was a Lady" on the
New York stage. Being young and
inexperienced, it never occurred to me
to complain of my small role, unbec¬
coming costumes, and a general push¬
ing-around. Mother, however, spoke
right up in meeting, and overnight I
had new costumes, a new dancing
partner, and a role almost as important
as Ethel Merman.
Sometimes, too, I think I should
have been less honest and forthright
in my dealings with people; all hon¬
esty ever got me was a load of grief,
while dissembling, flattery and a
phony line often seems to pay off
differently. Perhaps I should have take¬
myself more seriously and made im¬
pressive demands about my stories,
clothes, photography, and leading
men, instead of tending to my own
knitting and leaving those things in the
hands of the people responsible.
Yes, I might have reached the top
sooner that way—and I'd probably be
on my way down right now!
There are little things, of course, I'd
like a second chance to do over. I'd
go to the dentist regularly, as anyone
should do rather than sort of save up
those visits, which almost anyone
needs to make irregularly, and then
have to spend half of a much-needed
vacation having fillings attended to,
as I had to recently. I'd keep up my
study of ballet, too, rather than let it
drop as I did when I began to do the
type of dancing required in picture¬
making. I'd skip a picture like "Pin¬
up Girl" if I had to take a suspension
for it, as I never seen a rush of a scene I've done that I didn't think
I could do it better on another try.
And finally, I wouldn't go on a tour
with Harry and his band as I did last
summer. That was a mistake, and a
costly one with my fans. I didn't
think of myself as Betty Grable, the
movie star, when I went with them.
I was just Mrs. Harry James, a girl
who wanted to be with her husband
on his tour, the same as any other
child in love with her husband. I was
tired and didn't feel my best. It was
a little overweight after the birth of
the baby and didn't look my best.
Traveling in hot, dusty busses for long
hours at a stretch didn't help matters
either. Most important, I felt the
limelight should be all Harry's.
Yes, it was a mistake, that tour, but
I might as well be honest. I have a
snapping hunch that all Harry will
have to say is "Ready to come with
me on this next tour?" and I'll shout
"Let's go!" Guess I'm just plain in
love with the man.
But next time it won't be a mistake.
I'll see to that.

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Lizabeth, tall, slim and tawny brown, strolled onto the stage. The audience liked her appearance. They loved her voice, deep and low, with a harpstring quality. It's a natural voice, though no one believes it at first. She's a naturally dramatic person, too, and might have been born on the stage. In addition, she's shown a sense of humor, and that adds to her natural voice, no matter what others believe. Nothing makes Lizabeth more furious than to be called a second Bacall, perhaps because they are strangely similar in moments. But Lizabeth is first of all a personality, and Lizabeth yearns to be a great actress—like Ethel Barrymore, Helen Hayes or Tallulah Bankhead—one who can go on starring to the end of life.

"I believe in Fate," she declared, her deep voice striking chords on emphasized words. You are meant to have a thing, or you are not. All your troubles are in vain, if you aren't meant to have success; nothing can keep you from it, if it's yours. That's one reason you don't have to struggle. You probably will, but you'll always rise after being beaten down, crying: 'I will do it, I WILL.'"

Lizabeth was a first-rate secretary who wanted to act but had no talent. She'd work in an office a few years, save money, then take a year off and decide whether to try getting on the stage. She was never able to do it, but she kept trying. For all I know, she's still trying. That shows persistence won't do it alone.

If would-be stars follow Lizabeth's advice, they won't go to dramatic schools. Except for learning to get up before an audience, her experience was undoubtedly wasted. They didn't like my voice," she confided. They kept me waiting, and at me to raise it and I came out speaking 'way up here.' (squeak) "Because they were fads for diction, I bit off my words and pronounced them so precisely it was torture to hear me. When I lost all my friends, I came to. There's no use—no use at all—coming to Hollywood for a career! Go to New York, try for the stage, or, better yet, try getting on the stage. If you can't get on the stage, then go to Broadway. I don't care how you get on it."

"I went the rounds of casting directors, he recalled, "but once they had seen you and told you they have nothing today, all you can do is go around again; by that time they're tired of you. You're like an old coat and they don't care if they ever see you again. If you can't get to New York, get into a play somewhere, or enter a contest." Charles Drake was Charles Ruppert, radio actor and advertising model in New York City in 1938, when he entered into what he supposed was a contract with a film company that called for screen tests. Reaching the limits of his patience, he walked out of the studio and informed the producer it was all a mistake, and he was on his own again.

"If you've tried for stage and screen for too long, in vain, or you'll wake up one day to realize you're thirty-five and have seen you and told you they have nothing today, all you can do is go around again; by that time they're tired of you. You're like an old coat and they don't care if they ever see you again. If you can't get to New York, get into a play somewhere, or enter a contest.”

He is tall and well-built, looks like an ex-college athlete, and is one. Has curly hair and that helpless-male appearance that is always an asset to romance, if a man is tall enough. He is persistent in pursuing an ambition that's not for you is wrong, says Charles. "Stop and take stock if you've been down and had no luck. If I could get an agent, he couldn't land me a part. Every deal fell through. Finally, a man at Warners' told me to get into pictures because I had too many chins. "I looked in my mirror hopelessly and decided he was right. So I went to New York. For two years I played in 'The Male Animal', then Warners' brought me back to Hollywood. When my agent got the word, he didn’t believe it. He called them back. 'Sure you can use him? Hasn't he too many chins?' They resented that. 'No, he has,' they said, coldly. And I came back.

"Frankly I think a boy or girl who wants to act must have either a back-log of friends or a good story while waiting, or something else to do on the side. And it's hard to do another job and still have energy to work hard at acting. Starved for quite a while in New York, I remember, all too well the 25¢ spaghetti dinners I ate at an Italian cafe.'"
stage show, and that may be wise," said Charles. "I've heard of girls' losing glamour roles in pictures because they slopped around in slacks. But I doubt if a man can do anything spectacular and get away with it. He'd be put down as a show-off."

"It's true that many parts are cast in studio commissaries. A producer may need an actor for a particular role. He looks over actors as they enter, sees one and thinks: 'Why wouldn't he do?' But that's accident. I've done a lot of things I've been told to do to catch someone's eye, but none of them ever worked."

"The first time I ever saw a girl try the spectacular stuff," put in Don, "was in Pasadena. She came to class in a purple outfit cut like a nun's habit, a coin pasted in the center of her forehead. The class ignored her. But the gal was beautiful and I broke down and asked why she did it. 'To attract attention,' she confessed. 'Well,' I thought, 'she did that all right!' But I think it can work the wrong way, and people will take a violent dislike to you that will prevent you getting on.'"

Bill Williams, who made a smash hit in RKO's "Those Endearing Young Charms," thinks there may be something in Fate, but you can't afford to sit around and wait for it."

"Once a kid is inside a studio," he asserts, "he should try to stand out from the crowd. The way to do that is not to be spectacular—that's old stuff in Hollywood, where experts have driven the streets in silver cars with twin monkeys in red suits. No, the way to stand out is to look the same all the time. If an actor comes in every day looking like something out of Esquire, who is going to think of him for a honey of a part as a rough diamond? Barbara Hale, for example, comes in sometimes looking like a million dollars; next day, she wears tailored slacks with a ribbon in her hair. Sometimes she's sophisticated; sometimes naive. Directors can see her in any role."

Bill, who burst on audiences like the sun coming up in China cross the bay, is no amateur. He comes from Brooklyn, his real name is William Katt, and he studied to be a construction engineer. Because he enjoyed swimming, he became Junior National Champion in 1934 and 1935, in the 220 and 440 swimming events. Upon leaving school, he swam for the New York Athletic Club, Park Central, Dragon and other swimming clubs. While he was doing exhibition swimming at Sands Point Beach Club, the idea of a theatrical career dawned on him.

In 1936, after exercising his nice baritone voice for two seasons with St. Louis' Municipal Opera Company, Bill organized the Stuart Morgan Dancers, and toured Europe and this country, playing a year at the Palladium in London.

"Actually our act was acrobatic," said Bill. "We couldn't call ourselves the Muscle Men, but that's what we were, three blond boys with magnificent bodies, displayed in brief trunks, tossing a 95-pound girl around. People ate it up. We did a Command Performance for England's King and Queen, and they autographed a patchwork in the powder room."

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and radio, hoping to be of use, and early in 1943 took a job as shuttle pilot for Consolidated, going back and forth to Pearl Harbor.

"Sometimes I made as much as $1500 a month, remember," Bill said. "Then they reduced our planes from nine to six, and dismissed three crews, mine among them. I joined the Army, but couldn't get through boot camp on account of my back; on my way back after ninety days I had a medical discharge.

"I felt pretty low because they wouldn't let me teach navigation, which I thought I could do; I couldn't reassemble my act because the girl had married one of the men; they'd bought a ranch and settled down. A girl I met suggested pictures to put up in my place, this I found amusing, but it wouldn't hurt to see. An agent got me a few parts, and a year ago I signed with RKO. I worked in everything on the lot, and finally my big chance came. I was lucky to Packages Ann Harding, Laraine Day and Bob Young helped me. I kept my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut and learned a lot."

As for advice to young actors, Bill thinks first of all you must be sincere.

"Gladdening around with everyone on the lot gets you nowhere, unless you mean it. You must really like people and cooperate. They'll know if you're faking."

Audrey Totter, MGM's promising newcomer, was "Who's that?" girl, first day on the lot. This was due to her red-blonde, blue-eyed beauty, radiant health and bubbling vitality, rather than anything she did. In the year she has been under contract, under her red-blonde, blue-eyed beauty, radiant health and bubbling vitality, rather than anything she did. In the year she has been under contract, she'd done seven characterizations in the same number of pictures, and is now essaying a Rumanian siren in "For Better, For Worse."

Born in Joliet, Illinois, it was natural that stage-struck Audrey, after high-school and stock company triumphs in Ibsen and Shakespeare, gravitated to Chicago. Here she played with Ian Keith in "The Copperhead," and went on tour with "My Sister Eileen." Touring is the ideal way into a show on tour. Or try for radio.

Chicago is a great radio city. If you want an audition, you apply for one, and sooner or later an audition is enough, for once you pass you're automatically entered on lists of NBC, CBS and all agencies. Elsewhere, you audition separately each time.

Audrey, coming up for her first audition, decided to make an impression. She wrote her own material. She tried on a dress, then she talked about her red-blonde hair, flowing, and began by doing an old rag. This startled her audience. Quickly the switch to a very young girl, then spoken in dialects, winding up with a tragic tale of old Vienna, borrowing her father's accent. She was an instant success.

After a career in soap operas, she repeated her success in New York. Her throaty voice intrigued an MGM talent scout, whose job it was to find new people. He sent a representative to watch her from the control room one day, and presently Audrey had an offer.

"I went for a reading, took a screen test, and when I saw it, was sure I'd never do. I forgot the whole thing and concentrated on radio. It usually takes thirty days to approve a test, upon which you go to Hollywood, and I wasn't surprised when I heard nothing. The last day, a Friday, I lunched with a radio producer who wanted me for a role in a new serial.

"Stop in my office and sign for the part," he told me. His office was in the same building as my agent's and on the way back, to be met by three frantic people crying: 'Where were you? We've tried every place! You're going to Hollywood!""

Audrey Totter

The first five promising young people earnestly assured me that they would be there, never never must a screen aspirant come to Hollywood until sent for.

Janis Paige, who doffed the name Donna Mae Jaden in tribute to Elsie Janis, was born in Tacoma, Washington, a real home town where nobody dreamed that she, Janis, would be there."

"People's lives are laid out for them; they grow up, marry, settle down and raise families," said Janis. "Mother had a voice, and encouraging things were said of two high school sopranos of which she agreed with me that I must study for grand opera."

"I studied in Tacoma, but as soon as I was graduated, we knew I was wasting time there. New York was too far and too expensive, so we packed our stuff into the car, and the little car took us to Hollywood where there are excellent voice teachers and living is cheap. My father had died some years earlier. My mother got a job in a bank and I went to work in a department store to pay for my voice lessons."

"It's honey that you knock in vain in Hollywood, thinks Janis, for a talent scout came to the store and begged her to take a screen test. 'I'd been taught to pay no attention to such things, thought he meant no good, and refused. But it just shows!"

"I didn't think I'd like them, but when I got a job in a bank and I went to work in a department store to pay for my voice lessons."

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"It's honey that you knock in vain in Hollywood, thinks Janis, for a talent scout came to the store and begged her to take a screen test. 'I'd been taught to pay no attention to such things, thought he meant no good, and refused. But it just shows!"

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Give me 7 days—just one week, and I'll prove to you free of cost that I can help you take off 10, 20—yes, 40 or 50 pounds of excess weight. I'll show you how easy it is to banish a spare tire waistline, and reduce bulging hips to normal size. You'll weigh less, you'll feel and look better in a week, that's my promise. I'll show you how to reproportion your figure to lovely, slender, attractive lines. And, when you are reduced, you can wear clothes, sizes smaller and again invite the admiration and praise of your family and friends. Yes—you'll enjoy carefree days, exciting nights—and what's more, your date book will again be filled. It's easy, it's fun to

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"I even have a waistline again. My friends marvel at my figure and I tell them I owe it all to Wallace." Mrs. N. Taylor, Illinois.

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These are snapshots of Mrs. A. Peterson of New York, who reports she lost 40 pounds.

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PERMANENT WAVE
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Safe FOR EVERY TYPE OF HAIR

Charm-Kurl way. Requires no heat, no electricity, no previous hair waving experience. Leaves hair soft, easy to manage and looking like natural curls and waves. Over 6,500,000 sold. It's a sensation from coast to coast.

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Pinkham's Compound does more than relieve such monthly cramps, headache, backache. It also relieves accompanying tired, nervous, irritable feelings—due to this cause. Taken regularly, it helps build up resistance against such distress. Pinkham's Compound helps nature. Also grand stomachic tonic.
DIRECTIONS: Take one tablespoonful 4 times a day before meals and at bedtime.

Rosalind Ivan (Continued from page 43)

While Rosalind is new to pictures, she's far from new to acting, and she got her training and experience with some of the finest playwrights and actors the theater has ever produced. Names that are only remote celebrities to most of us—such as George Bernard Shaw, John Masefield, John Drinkwater, John and Ethel Barrymore, Ira Gershwin—have been Rosalind's friends, teachers, and co-workers. Which partially explains that sure touch with which she makes her characters come alive and stay in our memories like people we have known.

So completely did she become Cora in that first picture that when she turned up in "The Corn Is Green" as Bette Davis' Cockney housekeeper, looking so hale and hearty and jovial, it was downright confusing, since we had a distinct feeling that Cora was dead and buried—and good riddance! That, we think, is a high, if slightly grim compliment to Rosalind's art.

Remembering Cora, and still wincing from her shrewish ways, you might expect to meet a sharp-faced female who would keep you constantly dodging verbal darts and shafts. A rather unpleasant experience you'd be looking forward to. Or, remembering Mrs. Watty, that loyal, honest soul, so staunchly devoted to the Militant Righteous Corps (and no fancy French pronunciation, please) who had reformed her "light fingers," you might expect—oh, practically anything.

Well, what you find when you meet Miss Ivan is a charming, intelligent, smartly dressed lady, whose bright, expressive eyes are quick to note the minutest details of human behavior. Her keen observation and humorous slant on life make her an unusually interesting and animated talker. She finds endless subjects for her impetuous powers in daily life. Everybody who crosses her path is grist for her mill, and her conversation is highlighted with the most amusing impersonations of every character she mentions.

Asked how she goes about making her roles so intensely convincing, she says, "I'm quite meditative about a part. I think myself into it until I am that person. I'm not a quick study—I have to do an awful lot of studying, getting lines, positions, and so forth. When I'm doing a serious part, I think myself into it until I am.

And after I'm out of character, I can't do the same things that go with that character—such as shrieking or solemnity. When I see myself on the screen, I can't possibly imagine how I ever did such things! "Charles Laughton works much the same way, getting into a character. Before shooting started on 'The Suspect,' I went to his house and we worked those scenes over and over until by the time we went to work, we actually were that married couple, living at swords' points, and having a most terrible row.

Incidentally, Laughton tells about one of the electricians stopping him today for Free Sample. J. H. Guild Co., Dept. H17, Rupert, VT. Use only as directed.

Here's a SENSIBLE way, to relieve distress of periodic FEMALE WEAKNESS
(Also a Grand Stomachic Tonic)

Have you at such times noticed yourself feeling nervous, irritable, so tired, a bit blue—due to female functional periodic disturbances?
Then don't delay! Try this great medicine—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound— to relieve such symptoms. It's so effective because it has a soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.

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Pinkham's Compound does more than relieve such monthly cramps, headache, backache. It also relieves accompanying tired, nervous, irritable feelings—due to this cause. Taken regularly, it helps build up resistance against such distress. Pinkham's Compound helps nature.

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BOB PINS
NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN
* The pins with a lasting grip
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and asked, "Mr. Laughton, are you going to work with Miss Ivan today?"
"Yes," replied Laughton. "Why?"
"Oh, brother!" groaned the man. "That's tough on us! We catch it at home ourselves, and then we come to work and have to listen to you catching it!"

But to get back to Rosalind, she admits it's no snap to get that way. "I'm often very bad at rehearsals," says she. When we did 'The Suspect' on the radio, I didn't do at all well at rehearsals—I couldn't seem to get into it. And I could see them giving each other a look as if to say, 'What's the matter? She's not going to be as good as we thought!' But always, at a certain point, comes that click, and suddenly I become the person I'm trying to be, and everything's all right."

Until she played Mrs. Watty on the New York stage, Rosalind had never considered herself a dialect actress. The only other Cockney role she'd ever had was in the west coast production of "Kind Lady," with May Robson.

"I got my Cockney accent," says she, "by shutting my ears to every other intonation and thinking back to Cockney women I had known. It's perfectly true that as a child I used to imitate the Cockney servants in my mother's home, for which I used to be greatly scolded! But it's stood me in good stead since."

"I don't care what type of part I play, just so it's a good part. That's the whole thing. I don't want to be typed. I've had quite a nice variety on the screen so far—melodrama, in 'Pillow of Death' with Lon Chaney; low comedy in 'Corn Is Green,' and high comedy in 'Three Strangers.'"

"In 'Pillow of Death'—no, I'm not the pillow! I'm the poor relation; a grasping, proud woman. I try to asphyxiate people (but I don't succeed!). I go into trances, and all that sort of thing."

"It was in smart comedy parts that I made my reputation in New York; plays like Gilbert Miller's production of 'Tovarich' and 'Once Is Enough' with Ina Claire. That's a type of comedy I greatly prefer. I'm not crazy about kitchen parts: Give me anything but the kitchen! But I do like variety, and I've played everything from queens to tramps."

Her gift for acting was strictly her own, for Rosalind did not come from a theatrical family. Her father had his own firm of chartered accountants, an uncle was British Consul-General in China, a cousin was master at Harrow, another a Don at Cambridge. Still others held commissions in the Army and Navy, all very conventional and respectable.

But she can't remember when she didn't want to act.

"My first encounters with the theater came at the age of four, when I saw the lovely children's plays—'Snowdrop,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' and Kingsley's 'Water Babies'—which were done at Christmas time. Then when I was a little older, they began taking me to see all the best things in the theater, including foreign stars like Lucien Guity, Rejane, and Duse."

"All this, however, was intended as a purely cultural activity, for Rosalind's education as a child was in music. At ten years of age, she gave a piano recital in London, at which she played Chopin's "Scherzo in B Minor," and the "Moonlight Sonata." Today she is a pianist of concert
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came back to the United States and spent a few years translating foreign plays and writing book reviews for The New York Times. One of her biggest jobs at this time was working with Jacques Copeau on his French adaptation of the Dostoevski novel "Brothers Karamazov," which she then translated and sold to the Theater Guild. It was produced with an all-star cast including the Lunts, Edward G. Robinson, Dudley Digges, Henry Travers, and Morris Carnovsky.

In 1939 Rosalind returned to the stage as guest star at the Mohawk Drama Festival to star opposite Charles Coburn in "The Bourgeois Gentleman." Then came a series of lighter roles in New York, and finally Mrs. Watty in "The Corn Is Green," which proved to be her springboard to Hollywood.

Unlike so many stage actors, Rosalind Ivan has no patronizing attitude toward movies. She says she's always enjoyed seeing pictures, and now she frankly enjoys making them.

"And I have found the motion picture directors much easier and pleasanter to work with than stage directors. The exception to that rule, in my experience, however, was Oscar Hammerstein. We had a failure in 'Knights of Song,' but nothing ruffled him. He was kindness and good temper to the end. He is the great exception on Broadway. There is nobody in the theater, or out of it, as charming as he."

Rosalind's favorite diversion is attending symphony concerts, and she seldom misses one when not working. But music isn't all she gets out of a concert, by any means. And if some eccentric people in the audience knew they were being watched by someone who is a regular blotter for picking up impressions of human foibles, they would be more careful how they act. She can give you the most hilarious imitations of her neighbors in the audience.

And without taking anything away from her love of music, this proves that the actress is dominant in her at all times and in all places. It's clear then why, with all her talents, it was acting that won out. For Rosalind Ivan can no more help acting than she can help breathing.

The End
The accepted tale of Dennis O'Keefe's break is that Jack Conway, directing Jean Harlow's last picture "Saratoga," needed a husky, good-looking lad in a hurry for a written-in bit. Because Dennis' six feet plus dwarfed the other extras, he is presumed to have caught the directorial eye, been given a chance at the part—and so another potential star was born.

The fable is generally believed, because anything can happen in Hollywood. But the facts are far more dramatic than the fiction.

Dennis, then known as Bud Flanagan, answered a call for extras at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. The picture for which he was scheduled was suspended due to the illness of the star, and he was sent over to the Conway set.

Crowd scenes at a horse auction were scheduled for the cameras that day. A pivotal bit of action was the spirited bidding for a certain horse between Clark Gable and Walter Pidgeon, co-starring with Harlow. It was essential that audiences realize that the price bid was out of all proportion to the value of the horse. The director, the stars, the writers went into a huddle, and decided that a few lines of dialogue by someone in the crowd would clarify the story. The writers went off to their typewriters.

Perhaps it was intuition. Perhaps it was the fated hour. Bud suddenly went over to Tommy Andre, the assistant director, and said:

"Will you ask Conway if he'll let me do that bit? I know I can play it."

Conway was dubious. Dennis would have to play the scene opposite Pidgeon, and the director felt the part called for someone more mature. But Gable and Harlow, who also had come up the hard way, urged Conway to give the boy a chance. Pidgeon did even more. He lied.

"Oh, he's not too young," he assured Conway. "I've done lots of bits with him in other pictures, and he can do this in a romp."

The most persuasive argument of all was that giving the bit to Dennis would save production delay, since no suitable bit player was immediately available. Still skeptical, Conway gave in to the pressure.

Walter Pidgeon pulled Dennis aside. Carefully he explained the story and the special sequence.

Within ten minutes they had improvised dialogue and action. The writers in their offices were forgotten. The cameras turned.

Twice the scene was shot. Conway's eyes gleamed with satisfaction.

Dennis was paid fifty dollars and as an additional bonus was given an extra day of work, although his acting stint was completed.

The events of the following day are suspended due to the illness of the star. Conway set.

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Conway is astute, discerning. He has a sixth sense for latent talent. In his mind there had been no question about this lad the moment he saw the rushes the night before.

Currently Metro was engaged in one of those periodic drives for new talent, which is part of every studio program. The next noon, with Dennis in tow, Conway marched into the private studio dining room where all the executives were lunching. He introduced him. Dennis was asked a few casual questions.

Forty-eight hours later there was no longer a Bud Flanagan on the extra lists. There was a young player, renamed Dennis O'Keefe, under contract to MGM.

Dennis' first picture on the lot was as reminiscent lead in a Wallace Beery picture. He jogged along for three years, but no part and no incident Individualized him. He did establish a flattering reputation as a one-take actor, which means that he never blew his lines or muffed the accompanying action.

However, in the first five years he was Dennis O'Keefe, he did not appear in a single hit picture. It was not until he was cast opposite Martha Scott in "Hi Diddle Diddle" that he attracted any attention on which he could capitalize.

From here on the sledding was smooth. Good pictures followed rapidly. He was starred in "Up in Mabel's Room" in which he revealed his aptitude for farce comedy. This finally achieved stardom was the payoff for his patience and self-confidence.

Dennis has authority in his acting because his background is rich and varied. His adventures in living have given him the emotional maturity necessary for vivid and vital and believable interpretation of his roles.

Dennis was born into show business. His father was James Edward Flanagan, half of that famous "On Again, Off Again" Flanagan and Edwards vaudeville team. But the steadiness and patience which is an integral part of his personality may be traced to his early boyhood in Ft. Madison, Iowa, his birthplace. There he acquired his sense of values. And there, from the men of the soil, the virtue of patience.

While Dennis was still in grammar school, this boy, with his credits from school, the boy took along his spirit of hustle. He peddled newspapers, ran errands for the neighborhood grocery store and did odd jobs to earn spending change.

Then Bud's father was called to Hollywood to appear in the original

Small-Town Girl Captivates New York

Remodels her figure, wins national achievement award and praises of beauty experts.

Such thrilling days and nights in the magic city might well have turned the head of any 24-year-old girl. But not Lodema Peninger's. She came up from her home town of Salisbury, North Carolina, and took New York in her stride... posing before the color camera of a famous photographer, telling her own success story on a radio broadcast. It was all the result of a small-town girl's decision to regain her slender figure, make the most of herself. Following the DuBarry Success Course at home, she lost 26 pounds, became expert in skin care, hair styling and make-up, emerged as a petite blonde beauty. For her improvement in face, figure and fascination, she won the coveted award—an exciting week in New York, where beauty experts hailed her achievement.

The Story Behind the Story

Mrs. Peninger, only 5 feet 1 1/2 inches tall, had worn a size 9 when she was married. After her baby was born she went to 138 pounds! Heavy hips and thick waist above slim legs made her look all out of proportion. One day her husband reminded her of how slim she used to be. That decided her. She enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course, lost 7 pounds the first week, kept on until she lost 26. Now with 6 inches gone from her waist, 8 from her abdomen, 7 from her hips, she wears size 9 again. Her skin and hair are lovelier than ever before. "I cannot praise the DuBarry Success Course enough," says Mrs. Peninger. "It has shown me how to be healthier and happier than I had thought it possible to be."

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HOW ABOUT YOU? Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight to normal; remodel your figure; care for your skin; style your hair becomingly; use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER:

Selznick Studio was recently in receipt of a letter from a nun who had been one of Jennifer Jones' teachers when Jennifer was a convent student. The letter said, "I have read about the preparations being made for the filming of a picture to be called 'Duel In The Sun' and I understand that Miss Jennifer Jones, the star, is to ride a horse. Will you please guard her very carefully, as she is a dreamer, forgets what precautions should be taken, and may easily injure herself. When she was a student with us, we teachers kept a constant eye on her—especially when she was crossing a busy street—because her powers of concentration on some mental object were so great that she became oblivious to her surroundings."
Hallroom Boys Comedies. Bud entered Hollywood High School, and later went to the University of Southern California.

But a formal education wasn't all Bud was acquiring during these years. He tried his hand at various studio chores. He was only seventeen when he went to work for Hal Roach to write Our Gang comedies. In turn he was film processor, assistant director on Poverty Row pictures, laborer and occasional actor.

He even doubled for beautiful heroines who were thrown over cliffs.

When his father died suddenly, Bud left school and started hunting a job. But jobs were scarce. He managed to pick up a few dollars writing blood-and-thunder stories for pulp magazines, and he sold three originals to the studios. But all of this still didn't add up to enough money for regular rent payments.

He finally contrived a vaudeville act called "Lesson in Golf," and appeared in it on the Orpheum circuit for several months. But Hollywood was a magnet and vaudeville was on its last legs—so he headed West.

On arrival he found nothing quickly available, and registered as a free-lancer. His break came 7 years later.

Dennis is an easy-going lad with a sympathetic voice. He sets goals for himself. His final ambition is to become a director.

"Then you have a chance to really capitalize on what you've learned," he declares.

Because of his ambition he interests himself in every phase of picture-making. He discusses sets with the art director; shooting angles with the camera-man; tone reproduction with the sound man. He is infallible in his evaluation of dialogue and action. Frequently I have seen him know a good shot before he has ever witnessed the scene, trying to figure out why it seemed false to him, why he felt emotionally uncertain in it.

Directors take kindly to his suggestions, for they are invariably the result of long and processed thinking. His is a three-pronged talent. He writes fluently—and of recent years his pen has been singularly successful as motion picture directors. He understands the mechanics of picture-making. And he has the emotional flexibility essential in directing actors.

Dennis is married to Steffi Duna and has two children.

Remember this name—Dennis O'Keefe. You will undoubtedly see it on theater marquees for a long time.

The End
Bells of St. Mary's
(continued from page 471)

to be the new portion of the school, the floors ring with the satisfyingly solid sound of granite.
For this elegant bit of verisimilitude, and many others, Art Director Bill Flannery was responsible.
The walks, eloquent of generations of eroding feet, were cracked concrete; the playground (and this is all within a concrete and frame sound stage, remember) was made of 6 inch deep gravel. The fences around the school were real gridded iron, in case one of the youngsters should take it into his head to kick same in the attentive presence of the sound track.
And, morning and night, for the 64 days of actual production (not including Sundays, holidays, and days taken off because of the commitments to radio of various members of the cast) a choir of canaries sang lustily from the prop department trees, leafed by prop department branches.
Into this masterpiece of architectural make-believe, an equally brilliant Dudley Nichols script was introduced. Because every picture must have conflict, hence a villain, the heavy in "Bells of St. Mary's" is a modern office building owned by Henry Travers who enacts the role of a greedy, childhating, old grubbing bishop. He covets the school's athletic field for a parking lot to be used by the vehicles of his 300 employees. At this point he collides headon with Father O'Malley, Sister Ingrid Bergman, and 85 resourceful pupils enrolled in the the school.
During the development of the plot, Bing sings no new songs, but turns out four oldies in the unimpeachable Crosby style: "Bells Of St. Mary's," "Adeste Fidelis," "In The Land Of Beginning Again," and "O, Sanctissima." Even Miss Bergman bursts into a merry little folk song, sung in Swedish.

Someone on the set, hearing the number recorded, observed: "If 'Ble Mir Bist Du Schon' and 'Mairzy Doats' can make the Hit Parade, I don't see why that ditty in Swedish couldn't become the 'Swingin' On A Star' of this picture." No one paid any attention.
But it was a good idea for anyone on the "Bells" set to keep a sharp eye on operations, because there was always something doing. Right in the midst of production, the Academy Award banquet was held, with results of which you are already well aware.

For weeks before that Oscarized night, however, the Crosby boys—having taken Leo McCarey into their confidence—were very busy indeed. They didn't think Bing had much chance to get the award; they had seen "Wilson" as well as "Going My Way," and their conviction was that Alexander Knox was likely to show their dad a clean pair of heels in the stretch.
So, borrowing a picture of an Oscar from the studio, they got busy with clay. It was a fair duplication of the gleaming statuette; although perhaps the tummys was a trille too contented and the arms were distinguished more by baseball biceps than by an airy reaching into ozone for inspiration.
On the afternoon before the Academy Award affair, the quartet presented their father with the "Crosby

Ann Dvorak

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When he was casting "Bells," he mulled over the part of one nun, finally came up with the idea that Eva Novak would be just right for it. He telephoned her; said in a peremptory manner, "Eva, this is Leo. I've just gone over the rushes and come to the conclusion that you are going to have to do some retakes on 'Society Secrets.' How soon could you get to the studio?"

Another member of the cast is Bill Gargan, who enacts the role of Joan Carroll's father. It has been one of Bill's prime ambitions for years to work in a Leo McCarey picture. In Hollywood, working with Leo is tant¬
amount to working under the super¬
vision of Toscanini. Bill is a musi¬
cian; or under the tutelage of Grant Wood, if one is an artist. Bill said to Leo, when he met him in a local res¬
taurant, " Isn't it a charming thing for you to have, Leo, if I only get to cross the stage once, carrying a spear."

When he answered Leo's call to come to work, he demanded eagerly, "Shall I bring my own spear?"

Whenever there was a spare moment on the set (while lights were being adjusted or a new camera angle being set up) Leo McCarey settled himself before the piano and knuckled out some fine old tunes. Incidentally, Mr. McCarey is the perennial bridesmaid of the song writing business: he has turned out some fine old tunes, but has yet to be the bride with a sensational hit.

The instant he set himself before the black and whites, he would be surrounded by his flock. They were garbed as nuns, and everybody would limb the larynx. One afternoon Leo rattled into an old minstrel number, "Roll, Dance"

To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said this subject:

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One afternoon, during the Santa Anita Race Meet, a group of girls were getting up a solid financial proposition in the Sixth Race (the San Pasqual Handicap). Louis B. Mayer had entered Thumbs Up with Jockey J. Longden at the reins, and Fred Astaire had entered Triplicate under Jockey Turx. The girls, pooling their bets, had decided to take a $2.00 show ticket on Thumbs Up, and were confronted with the quandary: to bet or not to bet on Triplicate. "If he's as nimble-footed as Fred"... one of the girls was saying tentatively, just as Mr. Astaire passed the group.

Fred was wearing a pair of tired brown shoes, grey wool sox, his blue trousers rolled up to a spot known in haberdashery circles as the high water mark, his blue shirt somewhat faded, his grey fedora eloquent of many nervous altercations of brim and crown.

The eyes of the girls turned from Mr. Astaire to one another. Slowly they shook their heads. "He doesn't look very prosperous," one summed up their attitude. "I don't think his horse has been doing much for him. Let's skip Triplicate."

P.S. Thumbs Up won the race, paying the girls $2.80 for their $2.00 ticket. Triplicate ran a good remote fifth.

note into her sleeve, an action that brought forth from Leo the delightful comment, "Never in my life did I expect to see a nun secrete the words to 'Roll Dem Bones' in the recesses of her sleeve!"

One afternoon the camera was taking in only the forward part of the chapel and the altar at which Miss Bergman as the Sister Superior was making her devotions. The pews of the church gradually filled with unoccupied craftmen, people from the publicity department, and several dozen service men and miscellaneous other visitors. When the assistant called "Cut," Sister Superior, retaining her solemn air of gentle aloofness and piety, picked up the nearby collection plate and moved into the church. There she handed the plate to the person in the first pew, and with a sweetly serious gesture indicated that she expected him to contribute, then pass the plate to his seat-mate.

Ingrid passed that tray to everyone in the pews and lounging on the set, and, at completion of her mission, had accumulated $6.55, which she turned over to Father Devlin for his charity fund. It was all done so beautifully, with such obvious sincerity of purpose, that there were few people in the chapel who realized that the action was not a part of the picture.

Studio employees and extra talent look upon assignment to a Bergman picture with anticipatory delight. During the shooting period, Missy Ingrid gave about a dozen ice cream and cake parties: she employed every possible excuse. One day the party honored the birthday of an electrician; on another occasion the Saturday before Easter was celebrated; and naturally she had to give a party in honor of her distinguished co-workers who had won Academy awards. One afternoon a member of RKO's publicity department came on the set only to be hailed into an ice cream and cake circle. Quick-fast he went over a list of holidays, birthdays, and other possible reasons for the festivity, but offhand could think of...
none, so he said, "Well, what's the big occasion this time?"

Miss Bergman looked up at him with wide, amazed eyes. "We had to have a party today," she said. "After all, it's TUESDAY!"

No further excuse needed.

There was plenty of excitement on the set a week before Mother's Day when Bing's four boys, Gary aged 12, the twins Dennis and Philip aged 9, and Lindsey, aged 7, arrived to pose for portraits. Shots were made of the group separately and together, and with their own individual Pres Pop!—they were to be given to Dixie and Grandmother Crosby. The pictures were made by John Miehle, one of the most brilliant still photographers in the business.

Speaking of drops, one of the best scenes in the picture is that in which the youngsters stage their own Nativity play. "Joseph" is a solemn character, sweated, tied around his waist; a local stable horse was assembled by means of a saw horse, a long thin bucket for a head, and a mop for a tail. The Bambino created a good deal of havoc by in¬
sitting upon setting up a loud wail of protest every time he was dashed away in the improvised crib. Some of the dialogue was incessant as prepared by the kids. Joseph and Mary arrive at the Inn, knock, ask, "Have you got a room?" Innkeeper: "You got a reservation?" J. & M. "No." Innkeeper: "Then where in the world can we put you for a place for you," Siam goes the door, with dramatic finality.

You will see this in, perhaps, a modified form for television versions were shot. At no time during this record were the children (none of who are professionals) given a script to memorize. The full story was told to them that they were allowed to enact the drama in their own words. The result is both moving and in¬
strinsically reverent.

On the last day of the picture's shooting, the crew gave Bing a threefold, pocket-size, silver picture frame in which he can carry snapshots of his family when he goes overseas on entente american tour.

When the picture started, Bing and Leo gave Ingrid a gold charm bracelet on which there were 5 golden Bells of St. Mary's. The crew added a sixth golden bell to this collection. (Some¬
day this will belong to Pia, the lucky little girl.

Then a large, square, very important box was handed to Leo McCarey. He grinned, began to tear off wrapping paper, remove covers, and toss aside excelsior packing. When he had peeped the parcel he found a hidey-hole polished oblong box. "Oh—for cigaretttes!" he said. Someone said this was scarcely a time for a present like that, considering the fact that ciga¬
rettes are now worth about 4 pairs of nylons. But Leo wagged his head and looked pleased.

Then he lifted the lid and a concealed music box began to tinkle out the tender tune, "Bells of St. Mary's." Leo McCarey, the man who has been everywhere and seen everything, looked up in his cigarette belt and slowly tears suffused his eyes and coursed down his cheeks. There was nothing he could say.

Even when Bing has seen the early version, says that the picture "Bells of St. Mary's" is just such a prize sur¬
prise package for audiences as Leo's cigarette box was for him.

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81)

By the time you read this, Franchot Tone and his wife will be parents of a second child.
Monica Henreid, the blonde and dimpled daughter of Paul and Lisle Henreid, is currently overwhelmed with admiration for her newly adopted sister, Mimi Maria, aged 4 months.

LOCAL BEARD:
Orson Welles grew a luxuriant Volga Boatman beard for certain scenes in his forthcoming picture with Claudette Colbert and George Brent, "Tomorrow is Forever," and was strolling around behind this elegant foliage when he went to San Francisco to attend portions of the Conference.
One noon, when he was having luncheon with Rita Hayworth and some friends, he was talking loudly and earnestly about Russia, only to be interrupted by a rosy-cheeked sailor who asked for an autograph.
While Orson was signing, the sailor said to Rita, "Are you Russian, too?"
Rita was so stunned that she simply stared at the boy, trying to make out whether he was ribbing her or not. The sailor repeated his question, forming each syllable, each word very clearly, "Are you Russian, too?"
"No," Rita managed to say, "I'm Spanish." The sailor nodded, handed her the paper already signed by her husband.
A few moments later the flabbergasted seaman came back and peered into the faces of his ersatz Russian and Spaniard. "Gosh, you sure are!" he breathed. "You're not kidding—you're really Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth... all the way up here from Hollywood."

RUMORS FROM ROBERTS:
Two gentlemen from Hollywood are currently stationed at Camp Roberts in northern California. One, private Turhan Selahettin (billed on marquees as Turhan Bey), appears to be very well liked. This writer recently picked up two G.I.s who had come south on weekend pass, so secured some first-hand information. Turhan has been quiet, unassuming, serious about his training. When someone saw him clomping around in army shoes, dressed in a weary pair of G.I. fatigues, and asked him how things went, he said with a grin, "I hope I can make the grade as a good soldier."
However, what my two G.I.s said about the other man from Hollywood Jon Hall, cannot be repeated in a family magazine.

WORK IN PROGRESS:
Leslie Brooks, whose husband was recently discharged, medically and honorably, from the Army, will become a mother this winter.
Dorothy Lamour, wife of Major William Ross Howard III, hopes to christen William Ross Howard IV in December, 1945.

AT LAST, LORRE:
Peter Lorre, specialist in cinematic murder, got the girl at last—and not by shooting, stabbing, poison, or other miscellaneous manner of mayhem. He married her. Her name: Kaaren Verne. The place: Las Vegas. The prerequisites Miss Verne's divorce from Arthur Young, British bandleader. The future: It started happily with the Lorres having dinner at a local resort with the Bogarts, and discussing the new homes they've bought.
PICTURES IN PRODUCTION
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN is the picturization of Ben Ames Williams' brilliant story of a woman so jealous that she reached back from the grave to destroy the man she loved, Gene Tierney. In this plum part, Jeanne Crain is the sister, Cornell Wilde the man, Vincent Price a vindictive district attorney, and others in the cast are Ray Collins, Ruth Nelson, Darryl Hickman, Phillips and Reed Hadley. Don't miss this one.

AT WARNER BROTHERS:
CONFIDENTIAL AGENT is an ICE PIE special. (Okay, make it I Spy, if you wish) With Charles Boyer, Lauren Bacall, Katina Paxinou, Peter Lorre, Dan Seymour and Victor Francen.

NIGHT AND DAY is the Cole Porter story with Cary Grant, Alexis Smith, Jane Wyman, Monty Woolley, Henry Stephenson, Donald Woods and Selena Royale (who is well known at all nearby government hospitals because of her extensive Red Cross work).

AT UNIVERSAL:
ALIBI IN ERMINE is a wonderful comedy (check it on your calendar for future reference) with Charles Coburn, Ginny Simms, Robert Paige. Jess Barker, who has been one of the most faithful stars in town to work at the Hollywood Canteen), Martha O'Driscoll, Kathleen Howard, and Victor Francen.

ONCE UPON A DREAM is a romantic and tuneful comedy with Franchot Tone, Susanna Foster, Louise Allbritton, David Bruce, Burt Lancaster, Irene Ryan, Jaqueline de Wit, and Barbara Sears. As IT WAS BEFORE is the picturization of a novel by Lucien Ballard, who will marry the star of the picture, Merle Oberon, as soon as the film is completed. Working with Miss Oberon are Charles Korvin and Jess Barker.

AT PARAMOUNT:
The TROUBLE WITH WOMEN is Ray Milland's new picture. Local people pointing out Ray's recent separation from his wife, marry the star of the picture, Merle Oberon, as soon as the film is completed. Working with Miss Oberon are Charles Korvin and Jess Barker.

AT REPUBLIC:
MEXICANA is being made by Constance Moore, Tito Guizar, Leo Carrillo, Jean Parker, Estrelita, Steve Geray and Guy Zannette.

SUNSET IN EL DORADO is the latest Roy Rogers picture with Dale Evans, Gabby Hayes, sedate Margaret DuMont and the Sons of the Pioneers.

AT MONOGRAM:
GREGORY is the picture that is causing Monogramed headaches. So far, they have been shot, each of which resulted in the death of Edmund Lowe, but he is a man who takes a lot of killing so someone is going to step up a fourth finale. Also involved in this triple termination are Jean Rogers, Don Douglas and Marjorie Hoshelle.
ALLOTMENT WIVES tips its story in its title; collecting the checks are Kay Francis, Paul Kelly, Otto Kruger, Lee Bowman, Charles Winninger, Adele Jergens and Lewis Russell. Incidentally, Adele Jergens' fan mail has begun to work on her shoulders.

THE KANSAN, in Technicolor, is Columbia's new western with Evelyn Keyes (how about her work in 1001 Nights???, Willard Parker (his picture first after his discharge from the army) Larry Parks, Edgar Buchanan, Jim Bannon, and Forest Tucker.

SNAPU is a harmless little comedy with Nanette Parkes, Jimmy Lloyd, Conrad Janis, Robert Benchley, and Emid Markey. The title, incidentally is derived from the army term "Situation Normal—All Fouled Up." Those who have seen the rushes say that Mr. Benchley, the gentleman with the Coltrane voice, is even better than usual.

THE PAPER DOLL MURDERS has gone into its first week of production with Warner Baxter (his first picture in a long, long time), John Litel, and John Abbott. As this goes to press, Mr. Baxter's huge Palm Springs holding is for sale at a nice fat figure. A land boom was recently touched off in the desert by an announcement that certain parcels of land were available at $5,000 per acre. Wisenheimers, instantly calculating upon the piping charges for sewer connections and water connections would have been staggering) did the fast thinkers become discouraged. However, a good many sincere people who actually want to live on the desert for two or three months each year, bought up the land anyhow.

TASTY DISH

CONTINUED FORM PAGE 56

container), the icy confection should come out like a frozen cloud.

For coffee flavor, place one-half cup of coffee grounds in a cheesecloth bag and bring to boil in one half of milk called for in recipe. Press liquid out and combine with rest of ingredients.

"It is really the Au Rhum sauce of golfers, tennis and baseball players. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores. FREE sample—write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. K, Chicago.

Mathematicians! Did you solve the problem in Multiplication on page 70?"
TO MARTHA WITH LOVE AND HISSES
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 211)

word and you'll get what we mean) of "Little Women," a series of skits in grammar and junior high schools throughout the land and, finally, a fling at betinselled Hollywood itself.

The great trek began back in Ann Arbor, Michigan, on May 28th of 1925 when the MacVickers' family doctor delivered Martha into the world. She was promptly shipped off to the three-cornered-pants area, and Martha read her first official line—"Yeow!" She continued to squawk for the next six months, in one round Evanston and Chicago, until that same family doc told father Ted MacVickers to go South, young man, for your health! The company for which he was script, both in the footsteps of the family by appearing on the school stage complete with halo, wings, and an obviously football-battered nose), and sang and danced.

Martha was ten, and life was full of a lot of wonderful things. Books, for instance. She'd never gone to one school all the way through before that year. In odd moments she fought with her quarterback on the corner football team! Nondescript, perhaps, but charming. And it upped her prestige tremendously with Jimmy and the neighbor kids.

In Dallas, when she was fourteen, she outage the grossness of physical endeavor for a while, and landed her first date. It was a giddy and sensational thing. Her escort arrived in a c-a-r! Nondescript, perhaps, but charming. And it upped her prestige tremendously with Jimmy and the neighbor kids.

"It was a swimming party," Martha recalls, and "I was awfully dowe-up about it. I was so afraid I'd dampen my glamor that I refused to go in the water, and I imagined to be the wet blanket of the day. I never had another date with that boy. And, gee, he was cute!"

But the time Martha had managed to assemble that provocative Texan drawl, father MacVickers was transferred to Long Beach, California, and the Persian cats got another free ride.

Long before that event. It was a half hour trip from Hollywood studios and the weather were things Florida people dreamed about but seldom encountered at home. Martha went, and she went again and began to make friends.

"And then I was sixteen," she says. "You know the way kids are, awfully grown up. And I remember sitting in Daddy's car in a drive-in with a mouthful of hamburger when IT happened."

"It was the thing that all of us had been waiting for us until we were old enough to really care. But to Martha it came early, and we hope it sticks around a long time."

"It came in the form of photog¬
graphers who followed her, and she accepted the question not too subtly with a breathless, "How would you like a job?"

Martha's eyebrows merged with her hair and Mrs. Meade clinched the deal. "Of course we are glad to do it," she observed, "and we'll have to cap your teeth, and change your hair-do, but you're the girl."

So Martha went to work for Mary Meade and her husband, and became—as her first gesture of relief to an eye-weary public—a Valentine cover for a national magazine.

She was a success in this first venture that her calls became more and more frequent. In desperation her mother and brother rented a house in Lagunam where the photographer's studio was flourishing, just so Martha could get a home-cooked meal and a little rest.

But contentment with posing smothered before just a few months. Martha broadened her talent to pose for more photographers. Things went along quietly until one of these shutter-clickers wrote an article for a Los Angeles paper, and one of Martha's pictures was used to illustrate it.

The all-seeing eye of producer David O. Selznick got one gander at the delayed instinct of all movie producers. Selznick wangled Martha's home number from somewhere, and it was just the next day that the family called. Mama and Papa and Martha up to their room, where they all solemnly affixed their signatures to a new, nice contract.

"Imagine!" Martha says, "I was a movie actress. I'd never even been inside a studio!"

She remained in that outside-looking-in condition for a couple of months until she finally hauled her in and gave her diction lessons. "But," she ordered the order, "don't direct her reading! Let her read her lines the way she wants to!"

So Martha continued with voice and diction, and remained Selznick chattel for twelve months. On the first day of the thirteenth month the contract was up, and Selznick began decorating magazine covers again, and was quite happy about the whole thing, thank you."

But Selznick reared its tantalizing head again when an agent took her by the hand and torted her over to RKO Studios, where the big hunt was on for a girl for "Marine RAIDERS."

Martha sat in producer Bill Sisk's office and read for him—cold.

Ten minutes later she scrawled her name below that of her mother's, and the contract became legal.
“For the second time,” says Martha, “I was an actress who had never seen a movie camera, much less acted in front of one. You see, I’d never even had a test!”

The part she won was a goodly hunk of script pages. But on the screen it came out just one brief but potent scene in a telephone booth!

Lost: somewhere between the front of one. You see, I’d never even had a test!”

“I was an actress who had never seen her performance. But on the preview! I was General ‘Hap’ Arnold’s dinner partner at Howard Hawks’ house. She maintains it was the biggest thrill of her life when he dismissed his Army car and let her drive him back to his hotel.

Really the biggest thrill is yet to come. And that is her planned (but still fairly nebulous) trip to New York City. Then she wants to settle down on her own ranch (not too far from Hollywood) and raise horses and Persian cats, to do one picture after another, to marry a guy she hasn’t yet met, and to raise a modest family of two boys and a girl.

“Love and kisses to Martha? You’re kidding, of course!”

The End

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somes to be many years wed... with the homieskieller getting lovesick, and his fiance whom he wishes wasn’t hit with a railrace unexpectedly on the scene, to explain that she can’t keep her nuptial promise after all, because she’s a beamng bride but he isn’t the bridgegroom. It all sounds crazy, but it isn’t. How easy is it to catch doubletalk trouble? This “Christmas in Connecticut nonsense... it’s contagious!”

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Fred MacMurray, as Captain Rickenbacker, gives a fine and sensitive performance. He plays the wife, Adelaide. The cast is headed by Charles Bickford, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Nolan, James Gleason, Mary Phillips, and Darryl Hickman.

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BEWITCHED (M-G-M), taken from Arch Oboler’s original radio script, “After Ego,” is based on the idea that a person can be born with two different mind systems. In this case, two entirely different personalities inhabit the body of one girl. One is a nice-type, quiet girl, the other a loutful, wicked creature who strives to take possession of the one body. A murder, a trial, and the discovery (by hypnosis) of the two personalities in one makes for an intriguing plot, but the scenes drag and much of the original power of the script is lost by a switch in the ending to the more usual movie formula.

Highlight of the picture is Phyllis Thaxter’s excellent portrayal of the girl with the two personalities. Others in the cast are Hank Daniels, Horace McNally, and Edmund Gwenn.

GUEST WIFE (Jack Skirball Production, released through U.A.)—When Chris Price (Dick Foran) and Joe Parker (Don Ameche) were on the college football team, Chris ran interference while Joe carried the ball. And after graduation, it’s the same story, with the “interference” taking the form of money orders dispatched to far-distant corners of the earth, where Joe was brilliantly carrying the ball as a newspaper man.

Claudette Colbert is the third principle, married to Chris and contriving a scheme whereby he will snatch the ball from Joe, for once in his life, and emerge the hero of the game. She succeeds, and Chris comes through triumphant.

OVER 21 (Columbia), from the Broadway comedy of the same name, brought to the screen with even more laughs. With Alexander (Wilson) Knox as Max Wharton, the 30-year-old editor who resigns from his newspaper to join the Army and get the serviceeman’s views on the post-war world; with Irene Dunne as his wife, Polly, Hollywood novelist turned ghost-writer for editorials promised her husband’s old boss (Charles Coburn). She writes ‘em and delivers ‘em, that’s how she signs ‘em Max Wharton. And that’s when complications begin to set in. Polly’s good intentions seem gone very much wrong, when he becomes intrigue—but in terms of another man!

NIGHT IN PARADISE (Universal) reaches back to the year 500 B.C., and travels to Greece for a costume piece in Technicolor. Aesop (Turhan Bey) is a lad of no small fame as a sage in his native Samos—and that’s no fable! When money-bags Croesus (Thomas Gomez), King of Lydia, threatens war on little Samos, all the boys in town get together and elect Aesop as their emissary to soft-soap the money-mad King into accepting wisdom instead of tribute, so that he wouldn’t make no war on ‘em. Croesus has a girl friend, Princess Delarai (Merle Oberon)—but not for long. Not only does the disdainful Bey gobble up the bon mots he buzzes in the King’s ear—but he manages to talk his way into the Princess’ chamber, minus the false whiskers, and makes her realize what a smart, and handsome, boy he is.

It’s a tongue-in-cheek extravaganza—and among the Greeks wearing their talents in technicolor are: Ray Collins, Gale Sondergaard, Pedro De Cordova and George Dolenz.

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PRIDE OF THE MARINES (Warner Bros.) is the true story of Marine hero, Al Schmid, who lost his sight on Guadalcanal, and of the tender understanding of the "girl back home" whose love was able to light up a life destined for darkness.

While defending against a Jap onslaght on Guadalcanal, Al Schmid (John Garfield) is left to operate his battle station alone when Johnny Rivers (Tony Curran) is killed and Lee Dike (Diane Clark) is wounded. This he manages to do, until a Jap sneaks into the barricade and hurls a grenade into the nest. All is blank.

His struggles against despair and bitterness, and how they were overcome by the courage and love of fiancée Ruth Hartley (Eleanor Parker) and Medical Corps worker Virginia Pfeffer (Rosemary DeCamp), are told understandings.

This sensitive and timely story doesn’t belong entirely to Al Schmid and Ruth Hartley (now Mrs. Al Schmid). It could well be a portrayal of evuction general that will confront many families when their wounded come back home.

PARIS UNDERGROUND (United Artists) adds Constance Bennett’s name to the increasing roster of top producers. Directed by Gregory Ratoff, and based on Etta Shiber’s best-selling novel, the story goes back to 1940, the time of the fall of Paris.

Kitty de Mornay (Constence Bennett) is a seemingly scatter-brained American woman married to Frenchman de Mornay (George Raft). Her constant companion and helper-outer is English Emmy Quayle (Gracie Fields). Unable to escape from Paris before the Germans arrive, but are burdened with an RAF flier who had been shot down, was in hiding, and trying to get back to England. When Kitty contacts the French underground and is able to get the flier safely back to his home base, she hits on the idea of helping other Allied men who are in hiding all over Paris. Before she and Emmy are caught, and imprisoned in a concentration camp, they manage the escape of 200 Allied men.

Kurt Kreuger makes fine Nazi menace—he has an authentic German accent, and is in turn gracious and gallant to the pretty Kitty. When her true identity is revealed, her good works not; several good wallop across the jaw in true Nazi style.

For all that the plot misses doing for Kitty, to see how the people on the other side of the screen feels that the movie deserves special commendation—if only by reason of the fact that it pitched Kurt Kreuger directly into a good contract and we say 'tis high time somebody launched this lad on the high road—he’s ready and rating it!

HITCHHIKE TO HAPPINESS (Republic) marks return of Al Pearce, better known as radio’s lovable jerk, Elmer Blurr of “I hope, I hope, I hope” fame—along with more airways personnel: Lloyd Dale Evans, Earl Williams (Radio Chatterbox) and Brad Taylor.

Kippy (Al Pearce) is a waiter in a Broadway restaurant patronized by theatre folks. Within him burns: an ambition to be part of the drama scene; so he writes the great American play (he thinks!). Being of good ma-
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EASY TO LOOK AT (Universal)—A pleasant little film embracing the talents of Gloria Jean. Art student Judith Dawson (Gloria Jean) arrives in New York from her New England home seeking a job as a dress designer. When wealthy Bruce Tyler (Kirby Grant) hires her as a stock clerk in his organization, she works (on sketches) after hours with the nightclub singer (Edward Berg), who used to be a designer himself. Of course, her ideas are accepted by an important client (Eric Blore), and the two of Tyler's head designer, Antonio (George Dolenz). The boss falls prey to the "designs" of his pretty little employee, and all the threads are tied together in one large love knot.

STEPPIN' IN SOCIETY (Republic) seems to infer the Blue Book . . . so conscientious Judge Avery Webster (EdwardHorst) would have said. But that was before he and hare-brained Mrs. Webster (Glady's George), seeking shelter from a storm, find refuge in that den of iniquity, the Jungle Club! The Gang, a whimsical group of petty lawbreakers, decide the Judge is a big-shot racketeer and invite his guidance. The Judge agrees. He's willing . . . but wait! . . . only as a reform measure. This they don't know. And from then on there is mad confusion.

The riotous antics will have you for a ride!
Then I happened to look up and see an Indian family on the bank. The mother, a perfect Madonna of a woman, had one child at her breast and nine others grouped around her. Her giant of a husband stood in back of them and the setting sun gave their dark skins a kind of bronze glow. Their clothes—his tan's hat, were gray with dust. They had trudged miles through the heat, all day probably, to stand stolidly on the bank, silently appreciating as much of our music and flowers and richness they could get. I've never forgotten them.

A fragrance that moved him mightily came as he was standing, several years ago, on a busy Boston street corner:

"I stood there, disturbed by a sudden inexplicable nostalgia, until I realized it was caused by a whiff I had caught of the flowers' basket as she passed me by. I followed her to her stand and sure enough—Mayflowers, the kind that grew in pickling blankets in the New Brunswick woods when I was a kid. I bought all she had left. Hours later, people were looking askance at a big lunk wandering around with a bundle of junk posies in his fist, but I still couldn't bear to throw them away. I finally got on a train and took them out to an aunt in the suburbs.

The lady who rules the Pidgeon-cote, his wife Ruth, fits well into his preference for quiet loveliness. He doesn't remember what particular quality first attracted him, or moved him to the proposal stage:

"Just fell head over heels for the whole ensemble, I guess."

That's the best I can tell him—although he "never would be crazy enough to tell a woman what she can or can't do." Mrs. Pidgeon doesn't smoke either, which makes it fine. On the whole, however, feminine foibles tickle him, being "a part of the charming difference between the sexes."

Among friends, Pidge likes to tell dialect stories, enjoying them as much as the listeners. He is not, he says, "a belly laugh.""I'd feel sorry for comedians if they had to work with a badly written script. Looking back for one of those inescapable days when he would be put into something like "It's a Date," and thousands of frenzied female fans would scream, "Well, okay—let's get going!"

Another truth about Pidgeon is that he is one of the few true sophisticates of the firmament—a true sophisticate being a fellow who doesn't go around knocking himself out to prove he is one. He's wise to all the worldly pleasures, and in favor of them, but prefers to reduce them to their simplest forms—good food, good music, good friends, good conversation. Lazy maybe, but a guy with a great sense of organization, and one who sees no reason to spend his time trying, as some souls do, to find a counter-irritant for Life.

Like most big men, he is easily touched by small bits of beauty—eloquent wordage, patient emotions, elusive fragrances. One thing could really give him a feeling of futility, to have to work with a badly written script. Looking back for one of those inescapable days when he would be put into something like "It's a Date," and thousands of frenzied female fans would scream, "Well, okay—let's get going!"

He used to recite Shakespeare out loud, great long passages of it. He'd read most of the old Bard's plays over and over, and found the lines so enthrancing he couldn't remember a single plot. I think it was then I became sensitive to the power and movement of language.

The bit of real-life emotion he will never forget came to him when, as one of a party of celebrities, he was being escorted through the famous floating gardens of Acapulco:

"It was an experience 'out of this world,' anyhow. The gardens are eerily beautiful, the party was a distinguished one, the boats were décorated with colored lights and flowers. We leaned back on our cushions, replete with fine food and wine, listening to the guitars and songs of the musicians standing in the prow.
This is the sort of reading that engages George's spare moments. He studies mathematics hour upon hour, pencil and paper at hand. When his mind wanders with the complexity of such material, he relaxes with a few quick volumes of astronomy.

A man with an intellect like that is not likely to want to tell Sidney Skolsky—one of Hollywood's more humorous journalists—whether he sleeps in the top or the lower echelon of his pajamas. Nor will such a man remember his wife's birthday, or their wedding anniversary. Nor will he ever be known to romp home behind a bunch of begonias, bearing a beautifully ribboned box of candy. Because he is of British blood, and the British regard Christmas as the supreme holiday, he usually rushes around on the 23rd or 24th—having held frenzied consultation with his calendar—and buys some magnificent bit of jewelry. Last year he gave his wife a wristwatch set with rubies and diamonds.

She is well over six feet and he has an impressive sense of humor. Wherever he is, he is well known. Ratings of eleven of his pictures.

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DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 762, 118 N. 15th St., Omaha, Nebraska.
I HATE

Hooks and eyes; getting up early—but once I'm up, I love it! Going to bed—but once there it's so wonderful I can't think why I didn't want to go!

I ENJOY

Inventing one-dish dinners; Edgar Allan Poe; Rupert Brooke... I think I enjoy these two because I know about their lives—as I read their stories or poems I could appreciate what life had done to them up to the time they wrote a particular thing; how they felt when they began to write, how they developed, why a certain Poe tale is so morbid or a certain piece of Brooke poetry so moving. I feel the same way about composers. How can you enjoy a man's music unless you know about the man? Bach, Beethoven, Gershwin, Chopin, Irving Berlin— their music is much more interesting when you've read about their lives.

Big family reunions, holiday gatherings when we're all together. Traveling.

I'M HAPPY

That the studio is letting me try new things. In "Early To Wed," instead of spectacular swim scenes, I'm doing song and dance numbers. One song is Portuguese.

I DON'T WANT

To live over any day of my life. My mother says I have a pull-to-the-future complex. I'm so interested in what may happen next that I couldn't waste time living over anything that's already happened.

I'M FOND OF

Inglewood, California—where I was born;
All children;
Going to auctions, picking up odd items at junky antique shops;
Fixing up houses—not decorating them, but making a home of a house.

SOME DAY

I'd like to write a book to help children learn to swim. It should be humorous so they'd enjoy reading it, and have lots of pictures so they'll see how simple swimming is, and what fun!

MY FIRST CRUSH

Was a boy in the tenth grade. He's now in the Air Force and I've never seen him for years. He said only about thirteen words to me in all, but once he cut in on one of my dances and I nearly fainted.

I LIKE

Men who can sing. Sinatra can still "send me." California houses set on hills; cute, inexpensive ones, "bright" with flowers.

I ADMIRE

George Sidney, who directed "Bathing Beauty." He's only 28, but I think he's a genius.
Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart—people who have done good jobs; and young stars like June Allyson who have such tremendous promise.

I HOPE

To stay young in mind, like my mother;
To go on a USO tour overseas, visiting hospitals and boys who sit in the rubble of bombed cities with nothing to do;
To be a good actress some day; To marry and have a big family.

I'M STILL SURPRISED

To find I'm on the screen. I didn't think I could ever act, but they're giving me really good roles and I'm eager to do a good job.

I'LL NEVER FORGET

The dress I designed for my graduation from school—peach organdy with ruffles. It was a great success, but I wasn't. I recited "Christ of the Andes," and was carried away with the description of how they gathered up and carried in the materials to build the Christ. But when they were ready to build it—I couldn't remember another thing!

MY MOST WONDERFUL DAY

Was at the Women's National Swimming Meet in Des Moines in 1939, when I won all my races and my team won the championship. My cup was full when they told us we could compete in the Olympic Games in Finland the next summer. The war prevented the Games. There may be top moments in a picture career, like winning an Oscar, but that would be for myself. When you're swimming, you do it for the love of it and for your team.

MY IDEA OF RECREATION

Is to go to the desert, get up early, have a wonderful breakfast, lie in the sun by a pool and bake the kinks out, just fall in the pool when I'm too hot; talking to people who interest me but who can be silent for long spaces without feeling uncomfortable; have a light salad for lunch and sun some more. In the evening, dine outdoors on a patio with people I enjoy, go to a movie and see an old movie and a brand new one, then go to bed around ten-thirty and simply melt into the sheets.

MY LIFE

Has been a sort of stairway. When the time comes for me to take the next step, I'm ready to take it. There's always that urge to go forward and up.

The End
Dinner dress designed especially for Chen Yu by Joseph Halpert

Look at this sparkling procession of new and different nail lacquer and lipstick shades—yours to choose from—and each one a genuine CHEN YU "original!" Right here on this page, in this collection of fashion right colors, you are sure to find the shade that will bring your nails and lips exquisite, new and steadfast beauty. You may get them at your favorite store and beauty salon—the nail lacquer 75c—the lipstick $1 (tax extra). Or, here is your chance to try two shades! Send the coupon from this announcement and you will receive two chip-repellent CHEN YU lacquer shades and a bottle of CHEN YU Lacquerol Base. Each trial bottle gives you many luxury manicures—months of startling new beauty. You can get trial size matching lipsticks too. Mark coupon. Send it today.

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AS GOOD AS THEY ARE GOOD LOOKING

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These are the pens and pencils that are going to the men and women in the Services overseas. Quantities available for civilians are very limited.
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**Jewels in your Hair for After-Dark Glamour**

Dramatize the beauty of your hair, focus attention on your smart hair-do! For evening occasions, wear jewels in your hair!

Lisa Fonssagrives... glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"... shows you, on this page, three smart hair-dos dramatized with jewels!

Turquoise Tiara certainly calls attention to Lisa's shining topknot of puffs! A twisted double strand of pearls or a string of large gold beads would also look lovely encircling the puffs! But you'll not get the maximum combination of lustre and manageability from your shampoo unless you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, as Lisa always does!

A gold bracelet was used by Lisa for this stunning back arrangement. Ends of hair are drawn through bracelets, then pulled upward. That extra shining-smooth look is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

Wear large combs set with brilliant stones or pearls, on either side of this double-puff topknot arrangement! But first, wash your hair in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

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How's your tan? Summer working out nicely? We have a suggestion to top it off—a "Week-end At The Waldorf"!

Forsake the vales and hills, the rills and lakes. Try the Great Indoors. Pleasure guaranteed; good hunting.

Of course the hunting is the Boy-Chases-Girl variety, but that's good too. Especially when it's Walter Pidgeon after Ginger Rogers and Van Johnson after Lana Turner.

Ginger plays Irene Malvern, the movie star. Walter plays Chip Collyer, the war correspondent. Lana plays Bunny Smith, the hotel stenog. And Van plays Captain Hollis, who's in a bad way.

Anything can happen in a big hotel. Well, anything does happen. And it all happens adroitly, amusingly, excitingly.

It's a picture charged with intrigue. It excites. It has hearty laughter. There's also music provided by Xavier Cugat. We like all of it.

You may go so far as to think "Week-end At The Waldorf" is the best picture of the year. We know it's first class.

Along with those other big stars you meet Edward Arnold, who plays a tycoon; Phyllis Thaxter, a worried bride; Keenan Wynn, a cub reporter; Robert Benchley, a columnist; Leon Ames, a father; Lina Romay, a hot tamale; Samuel Hinds, an oil magnate.

It's a big "Week-end." Thank Robert Z. Leonard, the director. Thank Sam and Bella Spevak, screen playwrights, who took an idea from a play by Vicki Baum. Thank Guy Bolton who made the adaptation. Thank Arthur Hornblow, Jr., who produced it all.

And thank — Leo

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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PEG NICHOLS, Assistant Editor  BILL DUDAS, Staff Photographer
BOB BECKER, Art Editor  ROBERT CROSSETT, Asst Art Ed.


MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
They had a date with fate...
and a rendezvous with love!

GINGER ROGERS
as the lovely but lonely star who finds romance!
LANA TURNER
travels from 10th Ave. to Park—on curves!
WALTER PIDGEON
fresh from adventure—and plenty fresh!
VAN JOHNSON
Purple Heart hero with his heart on his sleeve!

M - G - M
invites you
to come on
an exciting
and romantic...

Week-end at the Waldorf

EDWARD ARNOLD • PHYLLIS THAXTER • KEENAN WYNN • ROBERT BENCHLEY
LEON AMES • LINA ROMAY • SAMUEL S. HINDS
and XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA • A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Sam and Bella Spewack. Adaptation by Gay Belton. Suggested by a Play by Vicki Baum. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD. Produced by ARTHUR HORNLOW, JR. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture
FOUR LANES:
Have you, on occasion, wondered what has ever become of the Lane Sisters, Lola, Priscilla, Rosemary and Leota? Well, Lola has just finished “Deadline At Dawn” at RKO—her first picture in several years. Priscilla is the contented wife of Captain Joseph Howard, Army Air Forces, and is living in Clovis, New Mexico. Rosemary, the wife of Buddy Westmore, will be a mother by the time you read this. Leota is a sergeant in the WAC and is stationed at Colorado Springs. And Gail Paige, who was a Lane sister in the Warner series (“Four Daughters,” “Four Mothers,” etc.) is the wife of Count de Soliol and the mother of two children. She is very active in radio.

PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR:
The Ray Millands have a gem of a cook, a woman who is intelligent, charming, and capable. In the course of her normal duties around the house she has seen all the famous persons who make up the coterie of Milland friends; at no time has she been impressed.

Recently, however, she decided to brush up on her fancy cooking so enrolled in a widely praised night course. After her first evening of instruction she returned to the Milland home, breathless with impressive news.

“You’ll never guess whom I saw,” she announced. “Right in my class. Learning to cook right along with the rest of us! JOAN BLONDELL.”

Brenda Marshall (with husband Lt. Bill Holden) stars in W. Wilder’s “You’ll Remember Me.”

FAN MAN:
Peggy Ann Garner came carolling into the 20th Century-Fox Commissary, hugging a menu. Proudly she displayed her trophy to friends and explained: she had caught sight of Captain Ronald Reagan—on the Fox lot on business—and had approached him in the matter of an autograph. “I was very careful not to be bold nor forward,” she confided. “I said, ‘Excuse me please, Captain Reagan. I’m Peggy Ann Garner—I work here at the studio. Would it be possible for you to sign my menu?’ ”

Captain Reagan had obliged by writing, “To Peggy Ann Garner, who gave a terrific performance in ‘A Tree Grows In Brooklyn’—Ronald Reagan.”

Incidentally, Peggy Ann will become a big sister in December.

FOUR LANCES:
Mrs. Edward G. Robinson, Constance Collier and Ethel Barrymore. Miss B. has signed a 4-yr. contract with Vanguard Films. First pic scheduled is mystery “Some Must Watch” (UA release).

SCORE TWO:
Loretta Young, one of the great ladies of Hollywood, is now the mother of two sons: Christopher, born August 1, 1944, and Peter, born July 15, 1945. Loretta and her husband, Colonel Thomas Lewis, plan to have six children—a scheme that delights 5-year-old Judy, Loretta’s adopted daughter.

BALL & CHAIN OF CIRCUMSTANCE:
Bob Hutton felt very much like a prisoner of coincidence on the day of the announcement of his “friendly” separation from his wife. The news was in the morning papers; by noon, a widely read and ordinarily accurate national magazine was on the stands containing a story about the blissful Hutton homelife—this compounded the confusion and nearly rang the bell off Bob’s telephone. Matters certainly weren’t helped materially when Bob had to insist again and again that the newspapers were correct—he was a blighted benedict. The next thing that occurred was the topper: having been 4F since his first physical, Bob was summoned, regardless of previous record, for induction. Another physical was almost more than the exhausted Mr. Hutton could negotiate.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBREAK:
After a foggy morning, the lackadaisical California summer sun came out to glint softly on the hills. A company from Universal was working on THE ROYAL MOUNTED RIDES AGAIN; it was the second day of shooting. The scene being recorded showed Addison Randall, called Jack by his friends, whipping toward the camera at breakneck speed. The first take was not satisfactory. As Jack Randall spurred his horse to a gallop, a brisk breeze caught his hat and twirled it away; Jack leaped toward the hat, lost a stirrup, and was snapped against a tree. He died instantly.

In any circumstance, this would have been a tragic event; when viewed with the realization that Mr. Randall and Barbara Bennett had been married in June, 1941 (after her divorce from Morton Downey became final in Mexico, then had been married again in February of 1942 because “we wanted to be sure our marriage at Ensenada was legal,” it assumes shattering poignancy. The deepest sympathy of everyone in Hollywood went out to stricken Barbara Bennett Randall.

Diana Lynn and Loren Tindall at the Mocambo. She was piano accompanist—at the age of ten!
"HERE'S TO THE FOUR OF US... BOTTOMS UP!"

...and here's to this gay and tender love story paced to the fast-moving tempo of our times!

Robert Cummings • Lizabeth Scott
Don DeFore
in HAL WALLIS' Production
"You Came Along"

with CHARLES DRAKE • JULIE BISHOP • Kim Hunter • Helen Forrest
Directed by John Farrow • Screen Play by Robert Smith and Ayn Rand • A Paramount Picture

Paramount - Entertaining the World for One Third of a Century!
KING ARTHUR:
Arthur, longtime associate of Mickey Rooney, was king for a day recently, and passed out cigars in honor of his happiness. As you know, Mickey Rooney and his wife, the former Betty Jane Rase of Birmingham, became parents of a seven-pound, six-ounce son, to be christened Joe Yule, III. Said Arthur, "Mrs. Rooney and the nipper are coming back to Hollywood soon. Then I'll have my hands full with Young Mickey."

TEALICIOUS:
Glenn Ford, Eleanor Powell Ford, and young Peter Ford now have their first Hollywood home. The house is not new and the furniture is conglomerate, but the Fords feel munificent enough to be Cadillacs anyway. Recently they entertained their first dinner guests and one item on the menu is worth copying: The night before the dinner, Ellie made iced tea, placed it in the refrigerator after having inserted a huge bunch of cleaned mint leaves in the liquid. Just before serving time, she removed the mint, filled very tall glasses half full of the mint-flavored tea, then filled the glass with chilled sparkling water. This brought forth guest raves.

GOOD NEIGHBOR:
The picture "Meet Me In St. Louis" was based on the experiences of author Sally Benson during her childhood. When Judy Garland was selected to star in the play, Hugh Martin and Ralph Blaine wrote the hit song, "The Boy Next Door."
Recently, Judy received a letter from a G.I. in the South Pacific, assuring her that he had actually lived next door to the Benson house in St. Louis, hence he was the person to whom she must be singing. The letter was couched in the elaborately gallant phrases considered proper in the 1900's. "If you will not deem it too bold, may I venture to beg of you the gift of a daguerreotype. Your obedient servant . . ."
The boy next door got his daguerreotype by (anachronistically) air mail.

HANGOUT:
The latest rendezvous for those really in the know in the picture colony is the Madelon, a restaurant distinguished by excellent food at moderate prices in an atmospheric room. In six or eight months it will have been spoiled; people will be standing in line to get in, and the picture crowd will have gone on to some newer hideaway, but right now it is fun. The booths are small, the tables are placed close together; at one end of the room there is a minute dance square, and on a slightly raised platform there are three world-weary musicians. There is a singer who emerges from time to time, to confide intensely sentimental songs, in French, to a mike. In order for a patron to adjourn to the Little Boys' or the Little Girls', one must cross this dance square—avoiding, if possible, the mikes lines and the lady singing. Also one must dodge waiters coming from the opposite direction with loaded trays. In the Madelon it is nothing at all to hear the singer rendering a torchy

(Continued from page 70)
LEAVE US FACE IT...
Duffy's throwin' the Greatest Star Party in Hollywood History!

32 wonderful stars! The funniest scenes ever filmed! Terrific songs and satire! Gorgeous girls, riotous laughs — as Paramount brings radio's riot show to the screen at last!

Paramount presents
ED GARDNER'S
DUFFY'S TAVERN

Starring Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Paulette Goddard, Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken, Brian Donlevy, Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Arturo de Cordova, Barry Fitzgerald, Cass Daley, Diana Lynn, Victor Moore, Marjorie Reynolds, Barry Sullivan and Archie (Himself)

Ed Gardner with Charles Cantor, Eddie Green, Ann Thomas and Robert Benchley, William Demarest, Howard da Silva, Billy De Wolfe, Walter Abel, Johnny Coy, Miriam Franklin, Olga San Juan, Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lin Crosby

Directed by HAL WALKER  A Paramount Picture
Hair-dos that spark comment — such as "Wasn't she especially attractive" — have been set with Victory Hair and Bobbie* Pins ever since 1871.

LOVE LETTERS (Hal Wallis, Para. release) — Tender love story of two passionately idealistic people, incorporating a murder in what's a psychological suspense drama . . . the best since Rebecca.

Jennifer Jones' performance as Victoria Morland (the girl shocked into losing her memory and fighting to regain it so that she can come back into the world as a complete person) transcends anything she's ever done — and this reviewer won't except "Bernadette." Joseph Cotten — as the serious, poetic Alan Quinton who wrote the letters that brought love, hate, murder and fear to the lives of five people — turns in his usual polished, restrained, superior job of acting. And excellent, too, are Cecil Kellaway, Ann Richards, Gladys Cooper and Anita Louise.

STATE FAIR (20th Century-Fox) — Phil Strong's novel of the same name, made into a Technicolor-musical, with Hammerstein lyrics for Rodgers melodies crooned by Dick Haymes. The setting: rural Iowa. The story: farm family spends four days at the Fair. And in addition to Haymes, it gives Jeanne Craine, Dana Andrews and Vivian Blaine, supported by Charles Winniger, Fay Bainter, Frank McHugh and Donald Meek.

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES (M-G-M) — Based on the novel by George Victor Martin, and starring Margaret O'Brien. A tender story of good and simple people living in harmony in a Norwegian farm community, in Wisconsin.

Edward G. Robinson gives a heart-warming performance as the farmer, who dreams of having a new barn someday. Jackie "Butch" Jenkins, still classifying as cute little tough guy, with freckles; also James Craig, Frances Gifford, Agnes Moorehead, Morris Carnovsky and Sara Haden — the "good people" who're kind to their neighbors.

SPANISH MAIN (RKO) — A Technicolorful pirate plot, with adventures based on historical fact. Laurence Van Horen (Paul Heineheid) is a Dutch Merchant captain, who starts out with the idea of colonizing the New World but is forced to become a pirate in order to survive. Highlight of the whole courageous plot drama is the tempestuous romance between the captain and the noble Spanish lady (Maureen O'Hara), whom he captures and weds — against her will.

ONCE UPON A DREAM (Universal) — There was a young girl (Susanna Foster) who wanted to be a singer, but couldn't get any farther than slinging hash in Johnny's Diner. David Bruce is Johnny, Frank C. Tone as a stage producer name of Paul Renaud; Jacqueline De Witt, alias Blossom Drake, his former wife; and Louise Allbritton, occupation: Secretary.

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE (20th Century-Fox) — Agatha Christie's thriller-chiller ("Ten Little Indians") transferred smoothly from Broadway. Entertaining whodunit about an oddly assorted collection of guests invited by an unknown — and unseen — host to spend a week-end on a mysterious isle off the coast of England. The guests and "other members of the cast:" Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, Roland Young, June Duprez, C. Aubrey Smith, Judith Anderson, Mischa Auer, Richard Haydn and Queenie Leonard.
ACROSS
1. Geo. Gershwin's portrayer in "Rhapsody in Blue" 
2. Chernov's role in "The Corn is Green" 
3. Finland's capital 
4. "Ole and Me" character 
5. "The Naughty Nineties" role 
6. "Chinatown" screenwriter's name 
7. "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" role 
8. "42nd Street" role
9. "Our Lady of 138" role 
10. "The Corn is Green" role 
11. "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" role 
12. "Madame Butterfly" role 
13. "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" role 
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(FOR JUNIORS) FORTUNA GIRDLES, PANTIES, BRAS For you who are proud of your slim, young figure! FORTUNA foundations are especially designed to emphasize your charms with a light, firm control along with a comfortable ease of movement. At better stores everywhere.

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"As great a Warner picture as ever was made."

Says the NEW YORK SUN...

THE JUBILANT STORY OF

GEORGE GERSHWIN

RhAPSODY IN BLUE

STARRING

ROBERT ALDA
as George Gershwin

JOAN LESLIE
as Julie Adams

ALEXIS SMITH
as Christine Gilbert

CHARLES COBURN
as Dreyfus

JULIE BISHOP
as Lee Gershwin

ALBERT BASSERMAN
as Professor Frank

MORRIS CARNOVSKY
as Mr. Gershwin

ROSEMARY DE CAMP
as Mrs. Gershwin

HERBERT RUDLEY
as Ira Gershwin

EDDIE MARR
as Daddy De Sylva

OSCAR LORAINE
as Ravel

HUGO KIRCHHOFFER
as Walter Damrosch

AS THEMSELVES

AL JOLSON

OSCAR LEVANT

PAUL WHITEMAN

GEORGE WHITE

HAZEL SCOTT

ANNE BROWN

TOM PATRICOLA

THE WARNER CHORAL SINGERS

FOR THE PRODUCTION

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JESSE L. LASKY

Directed by
IRVING RAPPER

Original Story by
SONYA LEVIEN

Screen Play by
HOWARD KOCH

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Dances created and directed by
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The World Sang His Love-Songs... but Only One Woman Understood!

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(Continued on page 80)
A NEW ORLEANS WOMAN!

Soft, evil, alluring...can make some guy crazy enough to kill for HER. That's the kind of woman Captain Angel is searching for...in the "Quarter" of New Orleans!

GEORGE RAFT
CLAIRE TREVOR
SIGNE HASSO

JOHNNY ANGEL

LOWELL GILMORE • HOAGY CARMICHAEL
MARGARET WYCHERLY

Produced by WILLIAM L. PEREIRA • Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN
Screen Play by STEVE FISHER

Hoagy sings "Memphis in June"
Caution” warning regarding the “patch” test. This is what it consists of:

The test area of skin should be about an inch square. It is generally taken behind the ear and close to the scalp. This is washed with soap and water, rinsed and left dry. The dye solution is swabbed on this clean patch of skin and allowed to remain for 24, or preferably 48, hours. If no redness or irritation is apparent on this small section of skin after the required time has elapsed, the “patch” test can be considered negative. If there is any resulting irritation whatsoever, the dye should not be applied to the hair.

As we told you, this test is not a single-time, conclusive one. To be absolutely safe, you must be absolutely sure that a negative “patch” test result is obtained before each and every tinting and retouching. To ignore the “Caution” label on a hair dye might result in severe external or internal irritations.

We find still another kind of lasting or “permanent” hair coloring—the metallic salts group. Such dyes generally act slowly, but after several applications, they leave a thin deposit on the hair which changes its color. They do not permit a wide choice of shade and they do coat the outside of the hair which coarsens its texture somewhat. These dyes must be used strictly according to directions, of course, but a “patch” test before application is not necessary.

No matter what you apply, or have applied, to bring about a permanent change in the color of your hair, remember that it is a dye. There are not only different types, but different combinations of these types. They must all be used with care. There is always a possibility of resulting irritation due to the chemical reaction of each individual to any given substance or combination of substances.

Dyed or bleached hair need not look artificial—not if the tint is correctly applied and not if the shade blends with your natural coloring. Be sure, however, to classify hair colorings as permanent or temporary and break them down into types in these categories.

Quick but temporary color for the tiniest tint can be had by means of prepared rinses or special shampooos. These are made of pure, vegetable coloring and are as easy to use as they are effective. The after-shampoo rinses, particularly, come in many stunning shades. According to your wishes, they can add warmer highlights, tone down too-bright or brassy effects—or even help to blend gray streaks. Such temporary treatments must be renewed with each shampoo.

There are also permanent vegetable colorings which stain the hair to any of a number of desired shades.

Quite a different proposition is the coal-tar derivate or amine type of hair coloring. Such dyes penetrate the hair and permanently stain the inside of each shaft. While it is true that they are among the most aesthetically pleasing because of their superior range of shades and natural appearance, it is also true that they must be used with care. Here’s why.

These dyes are, to the certain minority who are allergic to them, extremely irritating. It is absolutely necessary that a "patch" test be given before every single application. The best manufacturers want you to have this protection. The Federal Government, while admitting the beautiful color results of amine dyes, insists upon it. You won’t have to worry about whether a hair coloring belongs to this particular group. All such dyes are required to carry a standard "Caution" warning regarding the "patch" test. This is what it consists of:

The test area of skin should be about an inch square. It is generally taken behind the ear and close to the scalp. This is washed with soap and water, rinsed and left dry. The dye solution is swabbed on this clean patch of skin and allowed to remain for 24, or preferably 48, hours. If no redness or irritation is apparent on this small section of skin after the required time has elapsed, the "patch" test can be considered negative. If there is any resulting irritation whatsoever, the dye should not be applied to the hair.

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Dyed and bleached hair can be beautifully waved when it is given the proper attention.

You may feel that dyeing your hair would result in a lovelier and more exciting you. Well so it might! Should you wish to cover up gray streaks or put life and liveliness into faded drab hair, no one need ever know. On the other hand, a new and obviously different hair shade is completely up to you, too. The time has long passed when people attached any social significance to artificially tinted tresses. Hair dyes, like lipsticks, are really just color accents to natural beauty!
"I was UNCERTAIN! Now I'm SURE!"

"It's A Real Thrill to be able to wear a smart bathing suit!" says Doris. And you can see for yourself that she CAN wear one! Would you look as good? Want to? Then do like Doris!

"Talk About Working Wonders—my Eden 'Photo-Revise' taught me to make the most of myself—gave me price-less make-up helps!"

"Yes, I Am A Blonde — BUT that wasn't enough!" says Doris Bertel of New York, N. Y. "Besides, I'd always been shy—never felt at ease except right with my own friends!"

"Now My Friends Say I'm More Attractive," says happy Doris. "Girls NEED self-confidence. They need to know that they are attractive in Face-Figure-Hair-Voice-Clothes! Through the Powers Home Course I have gained all of that! Now I KNOW I look and am really right!"

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**Powers' Proved Beauty Course Offers YOU, TOO, NEW SELF-CONFIDENCE—A "MODEL" FIGURE!**

"So many people have complimented me upon my NEW appearance that I think all girls should have the opportunities your training offers!" Those are Doris Bertel's own words. Yes, Doris learned how easy it is to be gracious, instead of self-conscious, happy instead of sad—when you are admired!

The Powers Home Course can give YOU:

**Quick Results!** Through the Powers Home Course, in as little as the first 7 days, you can see the REAL YOU begin to emerge from your mirror... A new and lovelier you!

**Low Cost!** Why deny yourself the happiness, the beauty, the admiration this famous Powers Training can win for YOU so easily, so inexpensively? You owe it to yourself!

**Planned Just for You!** Let the Powers Home Course help you D IS C OVER your REAL glamorous self. In the privacy of your own home, you discover the personalized beauty secrets that have given figure-perfection, style, grace and loveliness to thousands of "just average" girls... made them known as the much admired, envied "Powers Girls,"

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**Inspiring Grace Eden!**

Confidential faculty advice, plus close attention from sympathetic Grace Eden, noted Powers Course Director, has helped thousands find their real hidden beauty.

**Exclusive Advantages of "Powers Girl" Training**

60 individualized features! Including the famous Eden "Photo-Revise" personally worked out by Grace Eden and her staff of experts just for YOU! Help on your Figure! Make-up! Grooming! Styling! Your Voice! How to walk gracefully! The famous "Powers Girl" formula for charm and magnetism is one that really works!

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Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'd like to learn the "Powers Girl" beauty secrets. I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course, including free, illustrated booklet and confidential questionnaire.

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Name. (PLEASE PRINT)
Street.
City & Zone. State.

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Get this free booklet and your confidential questionnaire
FIRST THERE WERE TEN...

A Poisoned Drink... and then there were NINE!
A Strongling Terror... and then there were EIGHT!
A Knife in the Back... and then there were SEVEN!
This One With An Axe... and then there were SIX!
For Her A Deadly Needle... and then there were FIVE!
A Shot in the Dark... and then there were TWO!
His Head Was Crushed... and then there were THREE!
The Sea Washed Him Up... and then there were FOUR!
WHO WOULD BE NEXT... AND WHO WOULD BE LAST... THE KILLER KNEW

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

Rene Clair's

Agatha Christie's world-famous Masterpiece of Terror... with the Screen's greatest all-star cast!

FITZGERALD • HUSTON • HAYWARD

Roland Young • June Duprez • Sir C. Aubrey Smith
Mischa Auer • Judith Anderson • Richard Haydn
Queenie Leonard • Harry Thurston

Directed and Produced by Rene Clair • Executive Producer Harry M. Popkin
Screenplay by Dudley Nichols • From the Story by Agatha Christie
Tall, slim, fair and impeccably dressed—Kurt Kreuger sat in the back row of Inglewood's preview theater nervously watching "Paris Underground" unreel on the screen. Next to him was his pretty girl guest; farther along the row were Constance Bennett, star and producer of the film, with her representative; nearby, sat Gracie Fields and George Rigaud, both prominent in the cast, with their guests.

The audience laughed when they were supposed to laugh; and sat tensely on the edges of their seats, holding their combined breaths and exhaling in relief at the proper moments—most gratifyingly. They liked the picture, they liked the whole cast and they showed it. But most of all—they liked Kurt Kreuger.

Their approval was so overwhelmingly evident that the young actor was embarrassed. Almost before the lights came on, Kurt rose, turning his back on the screen and shading his face with his cast sheets.

"Come on, let's run!" he whispered. (Continued on page 57)
MY VERY FIRST MEMORY
Is the ocean, wild and restless, and my mother leaning over me, trying to persuade me to go in. ... I was about three and a half. We were on the beach, with sand all around us. The waves leaping high terrified me. I kept crying: “No! No!” but my mother laughed. I can still feel that cold fright that choked me when she ducked me under the water.

UNTIL I WAS NINE
That underlying fear of water followed me. By that time I was going with other boys who had fun in the ocean. I felt I must do what they did. I still hated going in, but I went. The dread was with me for weeks, but I wouldn’t let anyone know.

I’LL NEVER FORGET
The day I was free of that fear. I could swim and dive and play in water like the other kids. It was wonderful.

I THINK
That experience gave me a taste for overcoming obstacles. I can not bear to let anything lick me. If it’s hard—if I dread it—I can’t rest until I’ve made myself go through with it.

I LIKE
Candles on dinner tables, Coney Island, driftwood fires, books bound in limp leather, the bobby sox set, music with my meals, music any time and any place.

I WISH I KNEW
How to read music; How to play the piano. I could have had lessons when I was a kid, but I was too impatient. “Heck, sit on a piano stool for an hour every day? Nothing doing!” I had time to study then, but I wouldn’t. I could kick myself when I remember.

MY FIRST AMBITION
Was to be an engineer; a civil engineer or an electrical engineer, I wasn’t sure which. My dad wanted me to study engineering, so perhaps I took it for granted that it was my ambition. I was always singing and I loved it, but it didn’t occur to me that music could be a career.
So I went through high school with the engineering idea. I studied it for six months and discovered that I never had a night to myself. “That’s not for me!” I decided, and walked away from it.

WHEN I WAS A KID
I was crazy about group singing; a quartet, three men in a barbershop, any bunch of people tuning up together got my attention.
In high school, I found out about Glee Clubs and joined. Pretty soon I was in there suggesting new ideas for group singing. I’d say: “Look—I’ve got an angle!” So
they started calling me “Angles” I went through high school under that name.

I USED TO
Book bands to play at our high school. The school could pay for them, but nobody else wanted to take the trouble to book them. So when I signed a band, I’d say: “I’ll sing with you!” And I did.

I LOVE TO REMEMBER
The summer I was fifteen. That was the year I met Nancy and we fell in love. I saw her on and off for the next four or five years, then we married. But that summer was the beginning of our romance. I can still remember the way the moon shone on those little crimped wet rims on the sand where waves had made a pattern, and that salty smell of the sea when I’d leap down the wooden steps to meet her in the early morning.

THE TURNING POINT OF MY LIFE
Was the day I married Nancy.

MY MOST EXCITING MOMENT
Was the day we got married. If any man’s not excited on his wedding day, he’s crazy!

I ENJOY
Prize fights, boogie-woogie, playing golf, a glass of milk and a piece of pie; playing with my babies and buying pretty things for my wife.

I’M GUILTY OF
Flying off the handle—and being sorry I flew. I like capable people, and it drives me mad when those who work for me forget or neglect simple tasks. I get in a jam, somebody’s hurt, and I’m furious. I’m over it in a minute—but there it is!

I LIKE
Basket ball, bowling, organizing things; Those fans who have been faithful to me for years, long before November, 1942, when my publicity first began; Pantomime. I know I can get a point over quicker with pantomime than with words. I use it on the screen and on the stage in personal appearances. I even use it on broadcasts, for my own amusement. I use it on hospital tours, army camp shows, overseas entertainments.

I AGREE
With John Galsworthy than an accidental move can change your life. I was singing at a road house in New Jersey in 1939 for $25 a week. I usually had Monday night off, while the girl singer took her night off on Tuesday. One week she asked me to change nights—she had a date. I said “Okay!” So I was there that Monday night when Harry James walked in. He had organized a band and was looking for a boy to sing. He took me. If I hadn’t changed nights, I’d never have met him.

I’LL NEVER FORGET
The time legal proceedings temporarily curtailed the band’s salaries. We were in California, we had no savings, knew nobody there, and our first baby was on her way. Nancy had developed an appetite for ham sandwiches and apple pie, and asked for them one night when I hadn’t a cent in my pockets. I gathered up and cashed in all the empty pop bottles in the building to satisfy her.

I’M MAD ABOUT
Music. I have five or six hundred albums filled with records. My favorites are Debussy, Ravel, Rachmaninoff and Wagner. I’m a rabid concert fan. I love ballet. I love all the arts and I’m envious of people who excel in any of them.

I PLAN TO
Expose my children to a (Continued on page 49)
Of course you know that "Good Night, Nancy" is Mrs. S. Dad wants Nancy Sondro, age 6, to be a fine harpist.

He started in school Glee Clubs, but doesn't read notes or play any instrument. Nancy Sondro and Frankie Jr. will be exposed to more sound musical training.

Travel must be broadening. He gained two pounds while USO'ing overseas. (At radio rehearsal with Lono Turner).

Lectures to youth groups throughout U. S. on "Tolerance". Plans a book on it, too. Above, with Toots Shor at a CBS broadcast.
FRANKLY FORTY

Most women are beset by the bugaboo of passing years. Not Ann Harding! She's content to look her age—and act it.
ANN HARDING . . . Say it once over slowly, and comes quickly the memory of the girl with long golden hair and a voice—what a voice! Many have said it's the most beautiful ever recorded on screen-track.

But the lady wants no truck with nostalgic recollections. She's much too busy focusing on the Now, with only the briefest glance toward all those past successes—"Paris Bound," "Holiday," "Devotion," and "East Lynne." Started now on her second screen career, Ann Harding prefers to let the lavender once-upon-a-time mellow naturally, undisturbed by any will on her part to intrude the Past Perfect on her new Present Indicative.

All the same, she couldn't help being touched—and more than a little bit—by the all-out reception which marked her return to RKO. It was "coming home". . . back to the lot where she'd been "top star," eight years before. And when she walked onto the set for the first day's shooting it was almost as if she'd never been away. There had been changes, to be sure. Still, such a number of familiar faces—Soundman Dick Van Hessen, Assistant Director Nate Slott, and the prop man with the canvas chair marked Ann Harding, saved all these years against her return.

Same people to welcome her back to RKO, and the same Ann Harding. Looking lovely as ever, Ann has lost none of the old charm and quiet humor—but she makes no bones about the passing years. She says frankly: "I am 42 years old . . . and don't mind at all!"

Which brings us to explaining that her return to pictures created something of a stir at RKO studio, because she was scheduled to play Laraine Day's mother in "Those Endearing Young Charms"—and it was a part she almost didn't get. "She'll probably think the part's too old," was the comment when casting selections were first being discussed. (Continued on page 68)
Transplanted from Vienna in 1938; he’d started a consular career.

His pet pastimes: reading, listening to music, long walks in the country.
ALL AND TRIM, Helmut Dantine is also young, handsome and vigorous. Underneath this “young appeal” (and he does have an appealing look of boyishness), he's idealistic, intelligent and capable.

There's nothing vague or wishy-washy about this Viennese-born movie Romeo; he is decisive rather than confused, when faced with important decisions.

He has good features and merry gray eyes with a serious purpose behind their gaiety. There's a warmth to his smile, and it's not merely a trick that he's learned to charm women—it's sincere!

His manner is composed and friendly without being effusive. He is humble without being whining; he is good-humored without being flip. He has a good voice, which is deep but very pleasantly modulated, and speaks with a throaty "Charles Boyer accent."

Helmut Dantine is really his name. The family originally spelled it D'Antin, and there's a Rue D'Antin in Paris today—a street named for one of his

The real Helmut Dantine—27 years old, smiles readily and warmly, likes American girls, believes in Fate, lives alone, has no extravagances
Six feet of bobby-sock appeal. But intelligent, too—and idealistic.

Will he marry again? Yes, he'd like to—someday, not just now.

Enjoys tennis, swimming, fencing and riding. All this and rowing, yet

Accent on

HELMUT

Continued
great (how many times great, he doesn't know) grandfathers, who was chief cook in the royal court, of Louis XIV.

He reads a great deal, this son of a forefather who fled from France at the time of the Huguenot persecution; tries to plan a schedule for his reading. Likes best-sellers—fiction and political books. Bought the Harvard Classics because he wants to familiarize himself with English and American literature. Enjoys Oscar Wilde's works. Is now reading Shakespeare—had previously read it in German.

He thinks American girls are beautiful dancers, that they have “an excellent sense of rhythm.” Is quite a hand himself at the tango and rhumba, and (being Continental) is most proficient at waltzes.

Provided they can manage to separate their careers from their home lives, Helmut doesn't object to working wives. However, if a career conflicts with home or children, one or the other is likely to suffer. “Career girls in Hollywood,” he adds, “are often unhappy because their jobs take too much out of them. Physically tired from their work, they’re handicapped for being successful wives and mothers.” For this reason, he’d rather not marry an actress, if he marries again. Considering himself an average man, Helmut realizes that there are too many odds against such a marriage working out.

He doesn’t have any ideal dream girl. If it’s to go dancing, he’ll choose a good dancing partner; attending a concert, his companion would be a more sophisticated girl; for horseback riding or swimming, his date would be a gal who is definitely interested in sports. Looks is the least important factor, though the girl must make a good appearance.

And will he ever find just one girl with all these attributes? He doesn't expect to. When the “right girl” comes along he knows “it will be a thing”; there will be a current of understanding flowing strongly between the two of them and they’ll know it’s love.

Helmut doesn’t like overdressed girls nor young ladies with hairdo’s. Likes hair simply dressed, hanging with abandon. He prefers tailored suits, or frocks designed along simple lines; doesn’t object to black if it’s accented with simple jewelry or a thin strand of pearls. His favorite clothes for himself are along tweedy lines. Very rarely dons a hat. Wears open sport shirts for comfort.

In “Shadow of a Woman”—for the first time in his screen career—the studio made him a half a dozen suits. The majority of his friends are people not connected with the movie industry; he feels that continuous shop talk can wear anybody down. (Continued on page 53)
VAN HEFLIN, Civilian

"Land and Live in the Jungle," AAF training film, was made under actual jungle conditions.

Welcome back! Officer G. Miller greets Van at MGM studio gate.
You don't take off years of Army life, along with a uniform; it takes time, to be rehabilitated—for actors, too!

VAN HEFLIN stood by the camera watching June Allyson and Peter Lawford rehearse a scene for "Two Sisters from Boston." It was his first time on an MGM sound stage in nearly three years—since he'd finished "Presenting Lily Mars" and left to present beginning cannoneers to their howitzers, for Uncle Sam.

Three years is a doggone long time, he was thinking. A lot longer than three years. At least it seemed so to him.

His home beat. But it all seemed so strange. Strange stars, strange new audiences, producers, directors. Things were the same, but different. There was the same chattering of extras moving up and down the studio streets; the same red lights over stage doors; buzzers ringing; familiar faces, together with new ones, looking out from behind cameras, down from cat walks. Familiar words: "Lights, camera, (Continued on page 94)
"Tomorrow Is Here" (RKO) stars Barbara Hale and Bill Williams.

"Blood On The Sun" was an independent J. Cagney venture. Above, with Mrs. C.

"Diary Of a Chambermaid": Gaddard and Meredith, stars and producers.

Lupino family tree has sprouted actors for 300 yrs. Ida started in pix at 15.

Dr. and Mrs. Francis Griffin (Irene Dunne). Their daughter Mary made her debut as a pianist.

Jeanette McDonald was an hand to greet Cal, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels when they returned to Hollywood from England.

"Legs" Lorraine Day, with her husband Ray Hendricks.
GOSSIP often makes Hollywood's wheels go round. You'd be surprised how many things have happened, and are always happening—just because Someone's column or Someone's broadcast began with: They say ...

There was that evening, not too long ago, when a popular young singing star urged throughout a five-course dinner that his beautiful blonde companion marry him. With the arrival of dessert it looked as if she might say "yes."

Suddenly, the cashier's radio tuned in on a famous high voice: "That sweet little Mary B. has just shown me an enormous sapphire diamond ring. Yes, friends, it means what you think it means. It comes from the man you think it came from. Mary and Dick will be married in March!"

"Dick" was the young man who had been trying to marry his blonde, whose name isn't Mary. The real Mary may or may not have had a sapphire diamond, but Dick had nothing to do with it. The rumor, however, was too much for the blonde. She said "No!"

But gossip isn't always a drawback. When Gene Tierney first came to Hollywood, she thought no one would ever realize it. Studio bigwigs were too busy to notice her. She talked of going back to New York. A widely read columnist mistook another girl for Gene and observed that 20th Century's new find was "that way" about Rudy Vallee, who wasn't married at the time. Gossip writers took it up; Gene was bewildered to learn that she and Rudy had been seen at the races, the Brown Derby, the Victor Hugo. He was only a voice on the radio to her. (Continued on page 72)
Everything's GOING HER WAY

Sweet and lovely—Rita Hayworth, wife and mother; cited by the fighting men for contributing most to their morale.

T HIS is a story having to do with the spectacularly beautiful girl—and the spectacularly brainy young man—who, not so long ago, eloped with a spectacular suddenness that rocked the romance fans of a nation.

It’s a current report on young Mr. and Mrs. Orson Welles, who now dwell spectacularly atop a canyon, in a mansion with so many pastel-carpeted rooms, and gleamingly-tiled bathrooms, and many-mirrored mantels they really haven’t gotten around to counting them all as yet; who take their morning dip in a turquoise-tinted pool so large it accommodates not only a couple of rowboats, but an island with palm trees in the center, and who have so many rolling greenswards descending from their front porch, a “garden party” can run into three orchestras and four hundred guests.

Paradoxically, it also has much to do with a couple of kids who, when no one is around, stand back and view their many-winged and many-terraced manse and make awed cracks like “wonder what time it takes off?” Or, showing close friends around their rented acres, grin and say, “A little crowded—but there’s a housing shortage.
you know!” Who, whenever they can find a vacant week-end, sneak down to a small, two-bedroomed cottage at Carmel, to splatter paint and drape chintz after ideas strictly their own, with results sometimes wondrous, sometimes fearsome. And who secretly cherish a conviction that the most fun of all would be some day to junk the whole business of being fabulous, and steer a tramp steamer around the world.

But before and beyond any of these items—even before we can report on the something new that’s been added, the super production known as Miss Rebecca Welles—it is essentially the story, or a part of the story, of Rita Hayworth, herself. The Rita who stood on a platform at the Walter Reed Hospital recently and listened gravely to the words read by a boy in khaki from a plaque in his hand:

“For sheer loveliness—and because of her willingness to share that loveliness—she has contributed immeasurably to the morale of the fighting men—”

An inscription carved by a fellow who wouldn’t leave his hospital bed for months to come, presented by a boy whose two arms would never be completely straight or strong again, and applauded by thousands of wounded veterans sitting out front. A citation to Rita Hayworth from the fighting men in eight different theaters of war: “—Who see in her the beauty of that American womanhood for whom they fight.”

Nothing is quite so perpetual as the Yank’s enthusiasm for nicknaming everything from his jeeps to his generals, and most of all for choosing “The girls he’d rather—” Yet, if all the snappy titles awarded to all the screen queens were laid end to end, they still would not quite reach up to this “certificate of feminine loveliness.” That puts into one small phrase the whole of the quality that is particularly Hayworth’s.

Rita is glamorous and gam-orous, both of these attributes being standard equipment in the movie star business. But that “sheer loveliness” of hers, the quality that can be shared with others in all the barren and bloody spots of the world, is something which can also be shared with an audience of one. It’s something you find on a dance rehearsal stage, when the flame-colored Hayworth hair is entirely hidden under a tight bandanna, and plain dark slacks and sweater cover the rest of the “glam” right up to her chin. Something ordinary, like the Hayworth “thank you” to a makeup man who’s merely doing his job. Or something extraordinary, like the day you saw the Hayworth hand resting on the arm of a chair, and after a prop man had taken the chair from under it, the hand still rested where it had been, in long-fingered, totally unconscious grace.

A little less than two years ago, Rita sat in her portable dressing room with the satin folds of a bridal gown spreading like white foam around her slim ankles. The dressing room walls were of pale green brocade, the gown had sprays of seed pearls clustering all the way up to her white shoulders, and a bridal bouquet of white orchids languished on her dressing table.

Through the door, the bridal setting for “Cover Girl” loomed colossal and glittering. Bridesmaids in tulle and Technicolor, guests in gala groups, a softly-stringed orchestra, a groom in tails and pearl studs—all of which was to be expected, for this is the manner of movie star weddings.

It was by mere coincidence that the “I do’s” were a repeat—the second ceremony in twenty-four hours. Just the day before, in a bare-walled and stuffy office, standing before a Santa Monica justice, Rita had become Mrs. Orson Welles. The bride wore a plain tan suit, no flowers, and a hint of tears in her eyes. The guests—the uninvited, perspiring, scoop-chasing press, who stood atop desk and chairs and filing cabinets—crowded best man Joe Cotten clear out into the hall. The groom was in pink shirt and business suit, and when he kissed her whispered “I’m sorry, dear—” in her ear. For this, too, is sometimes the manner of movie star weddings.

And now, between scenes of her reel romance, Rita sat trying to convince a movie reporter that she’d rather not make any fancy statements about that real, and more important, romance.

“Why not?” asked the scribe. “What have you got to lose by giving me a few statements on it?”

“I—I just rather not. Not right now, anyhow. Sometimes there just aren’t any words—especially for something that means so much to you.”

“Why not?” A reporter needs a sharp pencil to do a good job, and then again there’s the kind of reporter who mistakes her pencil for a pick-axe. “Why does it mean so much to you? Just what do you hope to get out of your marriage?”

(Continued on page 91)
Jean Sullivan

Within 2 weeks after this 22-year-old was discovered by a Warner Bros. talent scout, her green eyes, brown hair and amateur acting experience at U.C.L.A. landed her the lead opposite Errol Flynn in “Uncertain Glory.” She also appeared in “Roughly Speaking” and appeared in “Escape in the Desert.” Her next picture? Not yet announced.
YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER

Phyllis Thaxter—her life story, told here by her mother, who used to be an actress, too!

BY Phyllis Schuyler Thaxter
Phyllis Thaxter’s her real name. Dad’s a Judge of Maine’s Supreme Court. Brother Sid (now U. S. Navy), sister Hildy, Mother and Phyllis. Mrs. T. gave up stage but encouraged Phyllis to have career. Born in Portland, Me. Sisters (left and right) Hildy and Marie. Hollywood “discovered” her in stage “Claudia.” Left for stage training with Mother’s O.K.

TOOK three generations to make Phyllis an actress. First there was her grandmother, Marie-Louise Nelson, who wanted to be an actress. Then there was I—her mother, Phyllis Schuyler. I was an actress for a little while but gave it up when a promised part in a New York play didn’t materialize. When I went to sign my contract I found they had changed their minds and had given the role to someone else. Elizabeth Patterson, now a very fine character actress in the movies, was waiting for me outside the building where the producers’ offices were. When I came out—my hopes completely dashed—she said:

“Well, did you sign your contract?”

“No, Patty,” I answered. “They didn’t want me.”

It was Christmas week. A light snow was falling. Chimes were playing Christmas carols. Salvation Army Santa Clauses were on every corner. I turned to Patty and made a statement that was to change my whole life.

“Patty, it’s Christmas—I’m going home.”

Right here that mysterious force—Fate or Providence—took a hand. If I hadn’t lost the part and gone to Portland, Maine—where my clergyman father had just gone to be Canon Missioner at St. Luke’s Episcopal Cathedral—I never would have met my husband. It is this sort of thing that has made Phyllis and us believe that our lives are pre-arranged in a sort of pattern. We don’t always understand at the time.
why things happen as they do, but we know the way they happen is right for our particular design for living.

I arrived in Portland in December; met my husband in January; was engaged in March; and married in June. Like the Princess in the fairy tale, I lived happily ever after.

Phyllis was my third child. I wanted to call her Angelica Schuyler, because that is a family name. Her father said it was a perfectly terrible name and her nickname certainly would be "Jelly." I answered that it would be "Angel"—because that was what she was. He said she looked just like a football player because her hair stuck up all over her head like a crew cut. We finally called her Phyllis, for me—and St. Felix, for her father whose name is Sidney St. Felix Thaxter. Since
she has been acting she has dropped the St. Felix because it is too long.

Phyllis grew up in an average, happy, gay American home. My husband and I loved each other and loved our four children. He was trying to make his way as a young lawyer but there was always enough money and we had lots of fun.

I could never quite get the theatre out of my blood. Grease paint to me was like the smell of sawdust to a circus horse. There were stock companies in Portland in those days; resident theatrical companies that stayed for months at a time. Inevitably we became friends of the actors and invited them to our house. We also lent them things. It was not at all unusual for my husband to come home at night and find the theatre had borrowed our living room furniture; and that for a week the Thaxters would have to sit on the floor.

When the children were old enough they went to see the plays. Sometimes I was in them—then they came back-stage to watch me make-up and perhaps see the performance from the wings. Generally they sat in the front row with their father—and beamed at me. They never failed to send me a large bouquet of flowers that was passed up over the footlights at the final curtain. There were times—unfortunately quite often—one or two of them came down with mumps or measles on the opening night.

Portland, Maine, is a lovely place to grow up in. Because our house had four children in it, it was the Mecca of all the neighbors' children. (Continued on page 62)
THERE'S been a hue and cry for this particular "Guy" ever since he played the small part of Hal the sailor in "Since You Went Away." Born in Bakersfield, California, twenty-two years ago, he's still single and blessed with sea-blue eyes and a physique that makes him as athletic as he looks. Prefers the unusual sports of hunting with bow and arrow, surf-riding and diving for lobster and abalone. He wore his sailor suit in and out of his one and only picture (for United Artists), as he's been attached to the Coast Guard Reserve for the past two years and is stationed at North Island, San Diego. Used to climb telephone poles as a lineman for the telephone company, before the Coast Guard reserved him for their exclusive use. It's a safe-bet sure thing that he'll be climbing way up after the war—but next time it won't be telephone poles!

GUY MADISON
Dear Miss Wyman:

I am a boy of 20 and have a wife of 18. We have a baby girl 6 months old. I know we were quite foolish to marry so young, but we don't regret it. I have not been in the service on account of a heart condition, so worked in another way to help the war effort. I have a boyhood friend whom I've known all my life, and we are as close as brothers. He recently got his discharge and is now practically one of the family.

Recently I was in an automobile accident, and smashed up my left leg, so my friend (at my suggestion) has been showing my wife a good time. About a week ago, he told me he was in love with her and shouldn't stay around any more. I made him promise to stay until I got out of the hospital. Now I find I won't be able to walk again. My problem is this: What sort of a life would I be giving my wife with both a baby and an invalid to take care of? My friend, being in love with my wife, could give her happiness and life, while I can give her nothing but burdens and worry. I know my wife would never consent to a divorce, so the only thing I can do is to tell her I don't love her any more. She would then be free to marry a man who could take care of her and the baby. Do you think I am right in doing this? I would be happy knowing she would be happy the rest of her life. What sort of a life would I be giving my wife? About a week after our baby was born, I stopped seeing each other, but it didn't help. Loving John as I do, I could never live with my husband again.

There must be some way that John and I can have our happiness together without doing wrong. We have thought and talked about a solution to our problem without avail, so we are now seeking impersonal assistance.

Sincerely,

Martha

Dear Jane:

I am wondering whether your car¬

riage for John arose, from his resem¬

blance to your husband. Absence plays

queer tricks on us, and it may be that

when your husband returns, you will

find that your fondness for John is

just a reflection of your love for your

husband—a shadow instead of sub¬

stance. Before you met John, you

apparently were satisfied with your

husband and fond of him, so do not

close your mind to a life with him again

until you see him once more. Play fair

with him, give him the advantage of

being with you in person before you

make any decision. I feel certain that

you will find more happiness in your

present marriage than in one with John

under the circumstances.

Sincerely,

Jane Wyman

(Continued on page 85)
GREAT is the excitement, not to mention jubilation, at Bagdad-On-The-Hill, better known nationally as 20th Century-Fox Studios. Alice Faye is back, working in a picture that has the working title of "Fallen Angel" but which may be released under another name. (Seems the Hays office or some other deep thinker—forgetting Lucifer—has taken exception to the suggestion that an angel can fall.)

The first question asked of Alice (at least one quatrillion times) has been: "Well, well, and what has our beauteous blonde been doing during the two years she has been away from the cameras?"

Answer: plenty. Item: two engaging young daughters, Alice, Jr., aged 3, and Phyllis, aged 1, have kept her too busy to miss picture-making.

Phyllis is still too young to travel, but when Phil and Alice made a bond trip and hospital tour with the Benny troupe early last spring, they decided that Junior was a big girl now and (Continued on page 64)
HARRIS FAMILY

The Femme Faye-tale of Hollywood—
or how does Alice account for the
two years that she's been off-screen?
SALUTATIONS, Citizens! I know you’re busy shaking vacation out of your hair and getting ready to go back to work and back to school, but I’m sure you can take off a few minutes to see what’s doing in the music world.

Our name band leaders have a big problem at the moment—transportation. Of course it’s always been a problem, because packing a band around the country, with instruments, library, and equipment, is tough, even in peacetime. But now, with the strict rules for civilian travel which have been set down by the Office of Defense Transportation, leaders are faced with a bigger headache, especially those who have large organizations, like Harry James and Tommy Dorsey. You can be sure there will be fewer one-night stands from now on, too, at least until the situation eases up.

Of course Harry James doesn’t like to travel anyway, and it looks as if he’ll be spending most of his time on the West Coast, which won’t make Betty Grable unhappy. Harry is rumored to be set for a radio commercial this fall, with a cigarette sponsor footing the bills, and he’ll probably make another picture before long.

Well, Frankie Boy now has thousands of new fans, but not the bobby-sox variety. The G.I.s overseas went for the Sinatra brand of swoon in a big way. Here’s an excerpt from a story which appeared in one of the Army papers, which more or less sums up the way the boys felt about Frank: “Most of us went to see Sinatra, undecided as to whether we were going to jeer or cheer. However, after watching the fine performance that he and the rest of the troupe put on, there was no longer any question. In the opinion (Continued on page 50)
Jack Smith rehearses a song before the "Family Hour" broadcast.

WORDS of MUSIC

By JILL WARREN
Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea.

ROY ROGERS

80,000 people whooped it up for charity
at the Second Annual Roy Rogers Rodeo
held at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum

William Marshall and wife Michele Morgan.

Republic's King of Cowboys, Roy Rogers, and Queen of the Rodeo, Fron Longford.

Peter Lawford, Pat Kirkwood, Von, the Keenon Wynns.

Dick Haymes and the Mrs. give son Skipper a look-see.
sound musical training. Maybe it'll take.

I ADMIRE
John Charles Thomas, because he's a great singer;
Orson Welles, because he has tremendous imagination. I think he's a genius;
Bing Crosby, because he's a swell person besides being a swell singer.

Nancy—she's beautiful and sweet, and besides, she's the ideal homemaker. She cooks all our meals. The other day, I brought in a new sort of bow tie I'd found in New York, and inside half an hour Nancy had copied it for me in different material.

OUR HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA
Could have been a mistake, if it hadn't been for Nancy. She was in the east when I bought it. I chose it chiefly because it was on Toluca Lake, where the family could enjoy the water. I thought I'd have fun teaching Nancy Sandra, aged five, and Frank, junior, to swim. The house wasn't ideal, but there was a housing shortage.

Nancy was appalled when she first walked in and I saw it then through her eyes—depressing with its dark beams and dark walls, its cold, slippery tiled floors and stairs, with their danger of slipping. There was only one light shot out by heavy dark velvet draperies.

I was away part of the time, so most of the credit goes to Nancy for transforming that dismal house into a lovely, cheerful inviting spot. Nancy had holes drilled into the tile to fasten down soft green carpets over floors and stairs, and the children wouldn't fall as they ran. She had ceilings and walls painted in light creams and pastels, gay flowered chintz hung at the windows, and furniture upholstered in warm bright shades. She couldn't use much of the furniture from our eastern home, because the formality of heavy old mahogany didn't fit the bright informality of California.

I'VE BEEN INTERESTED
In fighters all my life. My father fought under the name of Marty O'Brien and my uncle was well-known as Babe Segar. I own a chunk of heavyweight fighter, Tami Mauriello. And my favorite exercise is boxing.

I'D LIKE TO
See my daughter, Nancy Sandra, acknowledged as a great harpist. She's only five, and I don't know if she'll care about a harp—but that's one of my dreams.

I LOVE
Children—mine and other people's. For kids, I'm a pushover.

I CAN'T STAND
Bureau drawers slightly open, knives and forks out of line, books in untidy heaps. I'm an automatic straighten-upper.

I ENJOY RIBBING
On "Anchors Aweigh," the first day on the set, I found a sign on my dressing-room door: "Bing Crosby." I suspected Gene Kelly, so changed his sign to read: "Pat Rooney." The first time we saw each other, we emerged from our rooms and came face to face under our fake signs. What a laugh.

GENE KELLY TAUGHT ME
To dance for our picture. Routines were so strenuous that I lost four pounds in our first rehearsals, and my sailor uniform hung on me. Wardrobe took it in, neatly. I drank six malted milks a day for two weeks and gained back eight pounds. Then I couldn't get into my uniform!

AMONG MY FAVORITE MEMORIES ARE
That night in Hollywood Bowl when I sang before 10,000 people. There had been quite a controversy about my singing in the Bowl, and I was a little nervous and a little worried; then when I got there, it was SO wonderful. That day I met our late great President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and had tea at the White House. When I neared him in the line, he cried: "Look, who's here!" and when we shook hands, he laughed in his unforgettable way and whispered: "How's about telling me what's first on the 'Hit Parade' this week? I won't tell anybody!"

THE FIRST THING I NOTICE
About a person is whether he has warmth. I shy away from aloof people. I don't understand them. You see, I go overboard to make friends with everyone—so I like warmth.

MY GREATEST HERO Is FDR.

MY BEST ADVICE
Came from Mervyn LeRoy. Returning from New York this year, he, Frank Ross and I fell into conversation. I had been traveling around giving lectures before high school and other groups on my favorite subject, "Tolerance," and we discussed that "You're wasting your time," Mr. LeRoy told me. "You could reach a thousand times more people if you told your story on the screen."

The three of us decided to make a short, each contributing his services: Mr. Ross as producer, Mr. LeRoy as director, and myself as actor. Albert Maltz, who wrote "The Cross In The Arrow" wrote the script. Our short, "The House I Live In," is now ready for release.

I HAVE FUN
Making odd pieces of furniture; I've finished a few of the many items I plan to make for the house; Painting, I've painted the boat, my little landing and my float on the lake.

Planning a Musical Scholarship Award Idea, whereby four-year musical scholarships will be awarded annually to deserving students. Such a thing would have meant the world to me once, and I hope some day it will help other kids on their way up.

I CAN'T
Seem to hang onto money. The more money I earn, the more ways I see to spend it to make long-cherished ideas come true.

I get so enthusiastic, I forget what ideas cost.

SOME DAY
I'll write a book, which I'll inscribe: "All That I Have, I Owe Period."

THE END

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!
Mail your overseas Christmas gifts from September 15th to October 15th. Christmas cards can be sent anytime, but seal them and mail first class.
LEADING LADY OF HOLLYWOOD

WORDS OF MUSIC
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 461)


Two of the most beautiful songs from the Theatre Guild musical, "Carousel," have been recorded by Frank Sinatra, and he does a great job on both, "If I Loved You" and "You'll Never Walk Alone." Axel Stordahl's orchestra and the Ken Lane singers.

Kate Smith, with the "Four Chicks and Chuck," do "On The Atcheson, Topeka and the Santa Fe," backed up by Ray Noble on the Kraft Music Hall?

COLUMBIA:

You can take your pick from two Harry James' platters this month, but you'll probably want both of them. The first is "Carnival," an instrumental, backed up by "11:60 P.M.," sung by Kitty Kallen. Then there's "I'll Buy That Dream," with Kitty Kallen again, and "Memphis in June."

If you like Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra, you'll want their album, "Favorite Melodies From The Hour Of Charm." The selections include "The Rosary," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "The Lost Chord," "Onward Christian Soldiers," "The Lord's Prayer," and others.

Ray Noble pops up with "The Wish That I Wish Tonight" and "So-o-o-o In Love," with both vocal choruses by Trudy Irwin. (Remember her with Bing Crosby on the Kraft Music Hall?)

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Kate Smith, with the "Four Chicks and Chuck," do "On The Atcheson, Topeka and the Santa Fe," backed up by Kate's solo "Johnny's Got a Date With A Gal In New York."

Woody Hermon and Jill got together for a good laugh and talked over music matters. It all had to do with Woody's band opening at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York.

of the G.I.'s in this outfit, he's an O.K. guy."

And everyplace he appeared, Frank was received in the same way. He has several picture deals pending, but he wants to go to the Pacific before he makes another movie. And his new one, "Anchors Aweigh," is so good that it will probably play for months and months.

Johnnie Johnston has been a busy lad, doing five shows a day at the Capitol Theatre in New York and ten broadcasts a week, subbing for Perry Como on the Chesterfield Supper Club program. He's due to arrive in Hollywood some time in October, to start his picture contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The housing shortage is no longer worrying Johnnie, thanks to the thoughtfulness of a former landlady, from whom he once rented a house in the Hollywood hills. She heard he was looking for a place to live and wired him that she was going to sell her home and would give him first crack at it. Johnnie wired "Yes" in a hurry, and then arranged the whole deal by long-distance telephone.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

CAPITOL:

COLUMBIA:

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Kate Smith, with the "Four Chicks and Chuck," do "On The Atcheson, Topeka and the Santa Fe," backed up by Kate's solo "Johnny's Got a Date With A Gal In New York."
Jo Stafford waxes ‘Gee, It’s Good to Hold You’

Ever since she became a single, Jo Stafford has climbed up high—and fast! Her latest, ‘Gee, It’s Good to Hold You,’ promises to keep Jo’s fan mail pouring in. Picture shows her with Johnny Mercer, Capitol’s president, the man with the sixth sense for turning unknowns into headliners. This, plus a canny selection of hits, tireless rehearsing and slick engineering, is the reason for the tremendous popularity of not only Jo but all the other great Capitol stars.

Quick Quiz! Here’s a list of outstanding artists who have one thing in common. Can you guess what it is?

- KING COLE TRIO
- DINNING SISTERS
- GILDERSLEEVE
- BETTY HUTTON
- STAN KENTON
- JOHNNY MERCER
- PIED PIPERS
- ANDY RUSSELL
- FREDDIE SLACK
- COOTIE WILLIAMS

You guessed it—they’re all exclusive Capitol artists! Want the inside dope about music and musicians? Then don’t miss a single copy of “The Capitol,” the free Hollywood Magazine, edited by Dave Dexter, Jr. Ask your dealer.

Carlos Molina now Capitol exclusive

Master of Latin rhythms is Carlos Molina (shown with his fiddle). Leading his orchestra through fast rumba-numbas, Maestro Molina has built up muchos aficionados. And now Carlos Molina is the latest Capitol “first”—having just been signed to an exclusive Capitol contract.

Tex Ritter started something!

The big yen today for cowboy songs is due in no small part to Tex Ritter, America’s most beloved Western star. His Capitol recordings of ‘Green Grow the Lilacs,’ ‘There’s a New Moon Over My Shoulder’ and ‘Jingle-Jangle’ have been hailed as hits by millions. It’s no wonder Tex is an exclusive Capitol artist. For Capitol picks only the “firsts”—the top-ranking talent and the top-notch tunes.
**DECCA:**

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra are represented with "Counting The Days," with Skip Nelson doing the musical counting, and "All By Myself," which is an almost complete rewrite with Eugenie Baird. This one was waxed before Eugenie cut out from the Casa Lomans to join Bing's radio show.

Hazel Scott is featured on "The Mar Vel Hòa" in Metro musicals, "Fascinating Rhythm." She sings and plays piano solos on both sides.

Decca has done a great job on their album of "That's It." As usual with their show albums, there is the original cast, chorus and orchestra from Broadway production to the numbers, which include "June Is Bustin' Out All Over," "If I Loved You," "This Was A Real Nice Clambake," etc. The dialogue is cleverly woven into the recordings so that you'll know what it's about, even if you didn't see the show.

Dick Haymes and Helen Forrest have joined their voices for "Some Sunday Morning" and "I'll Buy That Dream." Victor Young's orchestra and arrangements, Helen does it alone on "Strange As It Seems" and "From Out Of Nowhere." She sings the latter tune in the picture "You Came Along," but she got the worst end of it, photographically.

One of the best Guy Lombardo recordings in a long time is "Stars In Your Eyes," done as a beugine, and "Small World." Jimmy Brown does both vocals.

Johnny Green, the well-known composer and musical director for Metro, has done "From Out Of Nowhere," and an oldie, "Steam Is On The Beam." Ralph Blane, who, with Hugh Martin, wrote "The Trolley Song," sings the "Nowhere" side, and the lyrics for "Steam Is On The Beam," are done by Kay Thompson and Her Singers. Kay arranges and directs most of the vocal work you hear in Metro musicals.

Randy Brooks' first record for Decca is "I'd Do It All Over Again," with a Billy Usher vocal, and "Land Of The Loon." Decca is planning big things for Randy's band, and rightfully so—because Randy plays a lot of trumpet, and his band, though only a few months old, clicked fast.
His best friend is Peter Skipper, whom he met while he was attending U.C.L.A. He does have casual acquaintances amongst the film folk, however; speaks very highly, for instance, of Humphrey Bogart, attesting that it's a delight to work with Bogie . . . he's a man's man.

Helmut enjoys doing nice things for friends. Buying them little tokens of esteem isn't an extravagance, as he sees it, because he feels that friends are one of the few nice things you have in life.

Speaking of extravagances, he has none. He's practical, not a spendthrift. He is definitely aware of budgets, abiding by one himself. Realizing that a Hollywood career is not always a long one, and that every actor should save for a rainy day, he puts half his check into a savings account and lives within the remainder.

He is a fatalist. But he heartily disapproves of sitting back and letting fate take its course. His theory is that there are two fates—the "big" fate, which is lined up for you, and the "little" fate, which depends on you. You have to go out and do your best. How it will work out depends on God, but you have to contribute your share.

He likes American cooking—it's simple, healthy and tasty. But he hasn't as yet acquired a taste for sweet potatoes. When he first came to this country, he couldn't eat avocados and celery. Living in a small bachelor apartment, he has very limited facilities for cooking—just a heating plate. However, very often he does fix his own breakfast, and always keeps some food in the ice box for cold suppers. Has been living in the same apartment ever since he first came to Hollywood; took it then because the rent's low and he's saving a lot of money that way.

He doesn't mind being alone at times; says being on a constant merry-go-round is a superficial impression some people have gained of Hollywood, not necessarily true. He likes to play chess, is a frequent visitor, too, at the Hollywood Athletic Club, where he engages in many fencing matches. Once in a while he enjoys a movie.

Helmut recently learned to play golf, his teacher being his stand-in. Traditional in Hollywood are the stories of help and career-coaching that motion picture stars give their stand-ins. Here is a stand-in who has successfully coached his star!

Art Stewart, professional golfer, began giving the actor lessons in the game when the pair worked together in "Hotel Berlin." Dantine proved himself an apt pupil, and by the time their next picture ('"Shadow Of A Woman"") was completed, he was playing the 18 holes of Lakeside Golf Course with a score in the 90's, which is slightly over par.

Making his first personal appearance junket since he became a motion picture star three years ago, Helmut went East last May; was booked only for appearances in New York, but his p.a. proved so successful and created such a stir with the fans that his engagement was extended to include Philadelphia and Washington. He was away from Hollywood for nearly two months; didn't mind the tough grind, fact is he enjoyed every minute of it, though it meant doing four and five shows a day, and interviews and photographic sittings in between stage bows.

His first-night ovation in Washington was terrific. And he was moved—by all the niceties he received from those enthusiastic fans, and remembrances listing as hand-rolled handkerchiefs, sport shirts, attractive ties, candy, delectable fruits, rare delicacies, even celery and olives. In the past five months, Helmut has jumped to one of the leading spots in the fan mail department at Warners.

He had the great honor of meeting President Truman in Washington, and of attending a session of Congress. (Also something memorable: he slept in the President's bed—the one Truman occupied at Hotel Statler before entering the White House.) His first trip to the capital, he visited Mount Vernon, Lincoln's Memorial, Washington's Monument, The White House.

Helmut thinks America is wonderful. Will he return to Europe? If so, only for a visit—to see his parents, who're still in Vienna. The last letter he had from them was nearly a year ago, in November, through the Red Cross. In June, however, he was asked to make an OWI broadcast (In French, German and Italian), and was allowed to add a personal message to his fam-

(Continued on page 55)
New—Hair Rinse
safely
Gives a Tiny Tint
and...
Removes
this
dull
film

1. Does not harm, permanently
tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing — your
hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely
effect obtained from tedious,
vigorous brushings ... plus a
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your shade at any cosmetic dealer.
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FREE SAMPLE

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Makes
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LAST LONGER
Brush over nails daily
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everywhere

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

BUT cream rouge is easier to apply
than dry rouge. That's because it
can be controlled more readily. Dot
on sparingly, then smooth and blend
evenly with your fingertips:

BUT nails need never smear after
they've been freshly manicured. A
new type of oily sealer can be applied
over the top coat of polish to harden
it immediately.

BUT hand lotion is just as good a
cleanser as it is a softener. Pour
several drops into a palm, massage
hands together and wipe off all sur-
face soil on a clean towel.

BUT eyeshadow's chief function is
structural. 'Shadow' in inner corners
makes eyes seem wider apart. A touch
of color on the center lids of pro-
truding eyes creates hollows.

BUT dry shampoo is a year round
hair helper. Without disturbing a
wave, it removes all oil and dust.
Such a cleanup takes only ten minutes
in hot or cold-causing climates.

BUT anti-perspirants do a better job
of checking perspiration if they are
used at bedtime when there is no
activity to cause moisture and inter-
tere with their action.

BUT a fever blister may be the result
of nervousness or indigestion. Any in-
ternal upset can cause a sudden change
of temperature and bad health habits
contribute to mouth irritation.

BUT cake make-up can be the filmiest
*kind of powder base as well as a com-
plete make-up. For smooth flattery,
apply it with a soaking wet sponge or
cotton, blend quickly and blot dry.

BUT time of day makes no difference
in the benefits of exercise. Some peo-
ple find that early morning hours do
not suit their setting-up stunts. For
them, an evening workout is just as
beneficial for necessary contour control.

GOLDEN GLINT

IT MAY
Surprise YOU

BUT a combination of brown and black
eyebrow pencil looks more natural
than either used separately. Feather
strokes with brown pencil, then
go over them very lightly with black.

BUT your skin lotion will go further
and have full-strength effectiveness if
you avoid waste by moistening a cot-
ton pad thoroughly with water first,
then with astringent or skin freshener.

BUT white flakes on dark shoulders
do not always indicate dandruff. They
may be the result of excessively dry
scalp. If so, massage, brisk brushings
and frequent oil treatments are in
order.

BUT a fever blister may be the result
of nervousness or indigestion. Any in-
ternal upset can cause a sudden change
of temperature and bad health habits
contribute to mouth irritation.

BUT cake make-up can be the filmiest
*kind of powder base as well as a com-
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BUT time of day makes no difference
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not suit their setting-up stunts. For
them, an evening workout is just as
beneficial for necessary contour control.
ily. Arrangements were afterward made for beaming the program to Vienna, and his family was notified when the program would be heard. Delivering a serious but impasioned discourse on the advantages of "being an American,"—and he will, given the merest suggestion of an invitation—Helmut has lots to say about Freedom, in ways most Americans never stop to consider . . . "Freedom to travel about, without all the red tape of crossing boundary lines; different languages, different money and complicated rates of exchange. No passport problems here. And more important, the Freedom of Opportunity. "In Europe," he points out, "you're a cobbler or a professor or whatever, not just because you want to be . . . it's because you have no choice. And once started on that career, what European would ever think of changing to something else? Never! It's unheard of! While in this country, there are no insurmountable problems or limitations; what you want to be, you can be. And if you start out in one thing, and decide later you'd like to try something else instead . . . well, that's possible, too. I think of that in terms of my own future; it's a comfortable feeling knowing that if ever I tire of movies, or they tire of me, I can change careers. If I decide I want to sell real estate, or go into the poultry business or whatever, there's no reason I can't."

Helmut would like to spend about six months of every year in New York and six months in California. That failing, he'd like to make sure of getting back East at least once a year. Katharine Cornell was playing in "The Barretts Of Wimpole Street," while he was having his p.a. at the Strand in New York; they met, being just next door to one another (though in separate theaters), and from that meeting stems the possibility that Helmut will be cast for one of the leading parts in a play which Miss Cornell expects to open, the end of this year. Ambitious as well as eager, Dantine hopes in time to direct pictures. Has already had a stab at producing; in July he was sole producer of "To Hell We March," a play written by Peter Brooks, which concerns Allied soldiers in their tense as well as lighter moments during the occupation of Berlin. The Volunteer Army Canteen Service benefited from the entire proceeds. Helmut paid all production costs, as his personal contribution to the V.A.C.S. cause.

His rise to stardom hasn't been an easy one. He started from scratch and he's had to work hard for everything he's achieved. While he was studying at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, he opened two gasoline filling stations to help defray his expenses. In order to stimulate business, he bought autographed pictures of movie stars and gave them to his customers.

There's a recognizable and unmistakable power in this young man. His innate enthusiasm is that of a typical American who enjoys life. He has his feet on the ground and no wool in his eyes. He makes no extravagant gestures, no unnecessary remarks—but he's the kind who makes adjectives you've known all your life suddenly come alive: gracious, charming, captivating. He's top-drawer; or, in straight Americanese—a swell guy!

The End

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Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more, so much faster! Extra protection for you!

* * *

Meds' fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped insorber expands gently and comfortably—adapting itself to individual requirements.
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To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring... even after swimming, crying or perspiring, use "Dark-Eyes". This indelible darkener never runs, smarts or smudges. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks... thus ending daily eye make-up bother. Caution: Use only as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of "Dark-Eyes" today!

$1.00 (plus tax) at leading drug and department stores. If your favorite dealer does not yet carry "Dark-Eyes", mail coupon today!

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□ Brown

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They're shock absorbers.
They take the sting out of sudden bumps and jolts. They make a rough road smoother.
And if you're wise, somewhere in your desk, or bureau drawer, or safe deposit box, you have a lot more shock absorbers. Paper ones. War Bonds.
If, in the days to come, bad luck strikes you through illness, accident, or loss of job, your War Bonds can soften the blow.
If there are some financial rough spots in the road ahead, your War Bonds can help smooth them out for you.

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KEEP ALL THE BONDS YOU BUY

ONE YEAR AGO: Bette Davis spending her weekends with Lieut. Bob William... Judy Garland with "that look" in her eyes for Peter Lawford... "Going My Way" breaking all box office records... Ginny Simms and Pat Nearnery creating marriage rumors... Betty Grable reported back to work after ten months' absence... Ava Gardner and Howard Hughes a combination... Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward agreed to disagree... Jess Barker and Susan Hayward honeymooning in Palm Springs... Betty Hutton crazy for Mervyn LeRoy and vice versa... June Allyson and Dick Powell a steady twosome... Dinah Shore and George Montgomery back from belated Montana honeymoon... Mildred Harris, silent screen star and first wife of Charlie Chaplin, passed away... Susan Peters off work due to illness... "Strange Adventure" rumored as Clark Gable's return to the screen vehicle... Errol Flynn and Nora Edgington nightclubbing... Gypsy Rose Lee and Alexander Kirkland decided to call the whole thing off.

FIVE YEARS AGO: David Selznick, exhilarated by the success of "Gone with the Wind" and "Rebecca," discussing plans for million dollar production of "Joan of Arc"... Fred Brisson first on Roz Russell's list... Ray Milland gave out story to a fan magazine entitled "How to Win Back a Wife"... Anne Shirley and Johnny Payne expecting visit from stork... Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, one of the happiest couples in Hollywood... "Our Town" best picture of the month, with Martha Scott, Frank Craven, and William Holden... Wedding rumors flying thick and fast around Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart... Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh most exciting romance in Hollywood.

TEN YEARS AGO: Bing Crosby scolded by a Hollywood columnist because of weighty waistline. Said columnist predicted that Bing wouldn't retain his popularity with the fair sex unless this condition was remedied... Dick Powell said he was tired of singing—preferred to act.
Eyes of preview fans are sharp. A concerted roar of "Kurt!—It's Kurt!—Kurt Kreuger!" arose from a dozen throats. Bands of adolescents—mostly feminine—surrounded him, shrieking.

"Sign my book!"
"Gimme an autograph!"
"Say something on this, willya?"

Swarms of fans pressed about him, jostling and pushing. Screaming with excitement they swept him into the lobby, thrust autograph books, straw hats, white coats, bits of paper and assorted oddments at him. In a bewildered daze he signed whatever he could reach.

A tide of fans had surged around Connie, Gracie and George in turn, but it ebbed away again, politely—and they reached their cars without too much delay. Police had to rescue Kurt at long last, escort him to a taxi that took a roundabout way to his parked car, and guard him until he was safely on a boulevard. Then he discovered that his pretty girl friend had vanished.

Even overpowering success brings elation, but Kurt's was dimmed with worry over his young friend. He scoured the streets of Inglewood; decided that one of the cast must have given her a lift, and raced home to a telephone. No one had seen her.

It was well into the early morning when he reached her. Her guest—sensible as well as lovely—had calmly ridden two street cars and a bus to her own door. She was neither angry nor hurt.

"After all," she observed, reassuringly, "it was your night!"

Kurt's telephone began ringing before he was out of bed. 20th Century-Fox, RKO and Selznick Studios were among studios eager to sign the actor who had taken Inglewood by storm. It was wonderful to be able to pick and choose; to have agents calling up and calling back; finally, with the feeling that the favor was all on his side, to sign a lucrative contract with 20th Century-Fox Studios.

The only Swiss star in Hollywood had attracted attention in other pictures before his performance in "Paris Underground" made Hollywood history. In "Sahara," his portrayal of the German flier shot down in the desert brought sacks of fan mail. Theater audiences went out asking: "Who is Kurt Kreuger?" and next day RKO signed him to play opposite Simone Simon in a delightful little period picture called "Mlle. Fifi." It was his work in this film that convinced director Gregory Ratoff that Kurt must be the Nordic menace in the Bennett production. Between the two pictures, he played "Major Kauder" in Warner Brothers' "Hotel Berlin."

The first World War was raging when Kurt was born in St. Moritz, Switzerland, July 23, 1917. His father was a large landowner in Germany, but his mother, a Swiss, had returned to her native land for the event. Because of the Allied blockade and the increasing shortage of food in Germany, mother and child remained in St. Moritz for the duration, and the little family continued to live there until Kurt was eight.

Frau Kreuger's death changed his plan of life. His father removed Kurt from the St. Moritz school and took him to one of his farms, where a young girl cousin and a tutor for both children joined him. The tutor had a girl at a neighborhood farm; Kreuger, senior, was frequently away on business; and Kurt recalls with pleasure...
Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown celebrate their anniversary—an evening at "The Blackouts.""}

Plus picture stories such as these—

SOLDIER'S RETURN

PAGEANT OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHER OF WOMEN

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PAGEANT

on sale now—25c
All was for the best, however. Kurt played the part in Pittsburgh when the other man was ill, scoring a hit and getting good reviews. A year with Helen Hayes gave him prestige when he returned once more to Hollywood. Almost at once he stepped into “Sahara” and onto the pathway to fame.

It wasn’t quite so easy as it sounds. Zoltan Korda, producer of “Sahara,” had made many tests for the role of German flier, and was discouraged when Andre DeToth (then assistant to Alexander Korda) suggested that Kurt might do. Andre had known Kurt in Europe, when both were boys. A test was arranged, after which Korda shook hands graciously, and said: “I’ll let you know.”

Those fatal words usually mean: “Don’t hold your breath till you hear.” For more than a week, nothing happened. Kurt had given up hope and was packing his things when Korda himself telephoned. He was much pleased with the test and would give Kurt feature billing. All of which led you know where!

Twice since Pearl Harbor, Kurt has been on the threshold of induction into the army, but has been defeated by the combination of: bad heart, near-sight, and a tricky cartilage in one knee. When they refused him the first time, he took comfort from the fact that they hadn’t classified him as 4-F. That must mean that they’d make room for him later. When the second induction notice came, he took it for granted that he was in.

“My imagination leaped ahead,” he recalled. “I saw myself sitting at a long desk, dressed in uniform, getting information out of German prisoners. I thought I’d know exactly what to ask, since I’d lived over there and knew the countries so well. I was having a wonderful dream when they handed me a little slip. “Rejected,” it read. I was terribly downhearted until I heard that again they were taking only perfect specimens, guaranteed to stand up under anything.”

Kurt has an attractive little house set high in the Hollywood hills, next door to the DeToths. He’s building a swimming pool beyond the terrace that overhangs a cliff. He has a library and owns two police dogs. So far he hasn’t a wife.

“I’m not in love, I hope I shan’t fall in love soon, for I realize that when it happens to you—you’re helpless. I watch Hollywood people rushing to marriage license bureaus to get themselves bound to each other: presently rushing to Las Vegas or Reno to have those bonds cut.”

So until some beautiful young American girl breaks down his resistance (when he’ll probably overwhelm her with a headlong courtship), Hollywood’s newest find will pursue his career on the screen, beginning at once with the title role in “The Spider.”

On the side, he’ll study singing; read his favorite authors, Stefan Zweig and Somerset Maugham, plus whatever best sellers his studio may acquire; entertain his circle of writer, painter and actor friends, and have—as he’s always had—a PERFECTLY WONDERFUL TIME!
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Loder, John—RKO; Loy, Myrna—MGM; Lukas, Paul—RKO; Lupino, Ida—WB; Lynn, Diana—Par.
M—MacMurray, Fred—20; Marshall, Alan—RKO; Mayo, Virginia—SG; MeAllister, Lon—20; McCrea, Joel—Par; McDonald, Marie—Int; McDonald, Roddy—MG; Maggie, Dorothy—RKO; Milland, Ray—Par; Miranda, Carmen—20; Montez, Maria—U; Montgomery, Robt.—MG; Moran, Dolores—WB; Morgan, Dennis—WB; Morris, Chester—Par; Muni, Paul—Col; Murphy, George—RKO.
N—Neal, Tom—RKO; Nolan, Lloyd—20.
O—Oakie, Jack—U; Oberon, Merle—U; O'Brien, Margaret—MG; O'Brien, Pat—U; O'Hara, Maureen—RKO; O'Keefe, Dennis—Rep; O'Shea, Michael—20.
P—Paige, Robt.—U; Parker, Jean—Par; Patrick, Gail—UA; Payne, John—20; Peck, Gregory—MG; Peters, Susan—MG; Pidgeon, Walter—MG; Powell, Dick—RKO; Powell, Jane—MG; Powell, Wm.—MG; Price, Vincent—20.
R—Raft, George—RKO; Raines, Claude—WB; Raines, Ella—U; Rathbone, Basil—U; Reed, Donna—MG; Reynolds, Joyce—WB; Richards, Ann—RKO; Rogers, Ginger—RKO; Rogers, Roy—Rep; Russell, Gail—Par; Russell, Rosalind—RKO; Rutherford, Ann—UA; Ryan, Peggy—U.
S—Sanders, Geo.—MG; Scott, Randolph—RKO; Scott, Zachary—WB; Sheridan, Ann—WB; Shirley, Anne—RKO; Shore, Dinah—Int; Sinatra, Frank—RKO; Singleton, Penny—Col; Smith, Alexis—WB; Sothern, Ann—MG; Stanwyck, Barbara—Par; Sullivan, Barry—Par.
T—Taylor, Eliz.—MG; Temple, Shirley—DOS; Tierney, Gene—20; Tone, Frances—UA; Tracey, Spencer—MG; Trevor, Claire—RKO; Tufts, Sonny—Par; Turner, Lana—MG.
W—Walker, Bob—MG; Wayne, John—Rep; Wilde, Cornel—Co; Williams, Esther—MG; Woolley, Monty—MG; Wright, Teresa—SG; Wyman, Jane—WB.
Y—Young, Loretta—Int; Young, Robt.—MG.

**ELEANOR HOLM**

Wife of Billy Rose, owner of the famous DIAMOND HORSESHOE, says:

"I like to pick winners, don’t you? From the day I first started using Arrid, I knew it would be the most popular deodorant in America. I apply Arrid every day, and from that moment on never give perspiration a thought."

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

which SAFELY

STOPs under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men’s shirts.
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MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE

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THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT
I saved all my old evening dresses for the children to dress up in. My oldest child, Sidney, was a great fan of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., so I had copies made of Fairbanks’ “Robin Hood” and “Mark of Zorro” costumes for him. Sometimes, when I came home, I would find “Robin Hood” sitting on the front fence and a play going on inside the house, with the children dressed up in everything from the dining room curtains to my new Easter hat.

I think the first play with a grown-up audience that the children were in, was an adaptation of A. A. Milne’s Poems “When We Were Very Young.” Sidney was a guard at Buckingham Palace in a very snappy uniform, with my old muff strapped on his head for a busby. I remember him saying, “Well, Mum—oneon an actor, always an actor.” Phyllis distinguished herself in the part of Mary Jane in the poem called “Rice Pudding.” The first verse goes:

“What is the matter with Mary Jane?
She’s crying with all her might and main.
And she won’t eat her dinner—
rice pudding again—
What is the matter with Mary Jane?”

Phyllis was a natural for this part because she loved to cry.

Phyllis was seven when she told me of her decision to be an actress when she grew up. I told her that if she really wanted to be one, she probably would be; and I would do all in my power to help her. I think the reason for her decision at this time was that she had just been in a play called “Joseph and his Brethren.” I don’t remember whether she was Joseph or one of the brothers. I do remember that there was a stage wait when one of the characters failed to appear in answer to his cue. With perfect stage presence, Phyllis filled in with a long speech, made up entirely out of her own head. It kept the audience entertained until the missing actor was found.

The next few years were spent just in growing up. There were boys, of course. I have always laughed about her first boy friend—he is still a good friend. After school we skated at a place called Deering’s Oaks. One day she came home furious. “That old Lloyd . . .” she said, “Every time I skate by him he trips me up.” She was so upset I became angry, too, and telephoned Lloyd’s mother.

“Mrs. Thaxter,” she laughed, “Lloyd is greatly crazy about Phyllis and the only way he can get her to pay attention to him, is to knock her down!”

The cave man tactics evidently worked, because Lloyd was the boy friend for a long time.

We live in Portland only in the winter. In the summer, we move to a cottage on Casco Island in Casco Bay. I have to tell you about the island because it is one of the things that has made Phyllis the outdoor person she is. It was there she learned to swim, ride, play tennis and sail.

Each summer, the day that the Thaxters moved from one house to the other was quite a sight for the neighbors. My husband’s hobby was raising incubator chickens, so we had several crates of chickens to move. We had a cow, so the children would have fresh milk; and in winter kept it in a shed in the backyard with the kids’ pony—Dickie. Of course there was a dog and sometimes a canary. You can imagine the excitement the day we moved. We had to round up the children, who were always somewhere else when we wanted them; get one man to lead the cow through the streets and another the pony. Somehow or other, we never failed to make it.

Phyllis began her career in earnest at seventeen when she became an apprentice at the Ogunquit Summer Theatre. The story of her career until she played Ellen Lawson in “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo” has appeared before in Movieland. Her ambition now is to be a really good moving picture actress.

Here are some of the things that I told her out of my own experience that I thought would help her in her career.

1. No one should embark on a theatrical career who has not plenty of courage—what the boys call “guts.” You are not always on top of the world, but you will be lots of hard times coming to you and you will need to be brave and believe in yourself to take them.

2. There are only two kinds of people in the world—good people and bad people. They are in every profession, the church, society, the theatre and in business. Learn to discriminate between the good and the bad. Seek out the good; avoid the bad.


4. Work hard on the parts you hate. The parts you love will take care of themselves.

5. No person wants anything from you but the knowledge that you will make money for him. You are part of an industry. If the public will buy what you have to sell, that is all he cares about.

6. If you put yourself in the public eye—as you do if you are a motion picture actress—you must be willing to accept the public’s criticism as well as their praise.

Last November Phyllis married the man of her dreams. Capt. James Thomas Aubrey, Jr. of the Army Air Force. Phyllis is a sister and any parents could desire: handsome, clever, good and sweet. His background is very much the same as hers. He is one of four brothers from a happy, fine American home. At Exeter and Princeton he was one of the stars of the football team. Jim wants Phyllis to keep on with her work. He believes they can fit their lives into their business—not their business into their lives.

At present she is on suspension from M-G-M because the child will be born. She believes she can be a successful wife and mother and a successful movie star. With Jimmie’s love and help, I think she can be both!

The End
ADVICE FOR  
ABUSED SKIN

DON'T BE AFRAID AND STOP WORRYING NOW ABOUT EXTERNAL SKIN TROUBLES. FOLLOW THESE EASY DIRECTIONS.

By Betty Memphis

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars that you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

Almost everyone can have a natural, healthy, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you must do is follow a few simple rules. Models and screen stars must give their skin special attention. So should you, because everyone looks at your face. Your social success may depend upon your being good looking, because a lovely skin may be a short cut to success in love and business. Your pleasure is worth it; and you owe it to yourself to give your complexion a chance to be healthy and beautiful.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust in the air all the time. When these little specks, which are in the air get into an open pore in your skin, they can in time cause the pore to become larger and more susceptible to dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the misery of pimples, irritations or blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care it requires, you leave yourself wide open for external skin miseries.

When you know that your skin is smooth, white and fine, you have more confidence and it helps improve your personality, and it helps improve your entire well being. A flawless skin is priceless, yet it costs you only a few pennies daily to keep it normal, natural, healthy and lovely. Many women never realize or even suspect that the difference between a glamorous complexion and an ordinary one may be caused by having blackheads and pimples.

The proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly abused skin. The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a doctor, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One jar contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of abused skin, it must help you, too, or your money will be refunded. Use it for ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is as smooth and clear as you may want it. Then, use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dust specks that infect your pores and to aid in healing external irritations. When you prevent blackheads, you prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples. While your two jars and the doctor's directions are on the way to you, be sure to give your face enough attention and wash it as often as is necessary. Wash with warm water and then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully, and then go right to it with these two fine formulas.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of The New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 23J, New York City 2, New York. By return mail you will receive both of the Viderm formulas, with full directions for using Viderm Skin Cleanser and Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. The doctor's directions and both jars are packed in a sealed carton, safety sealed. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing your two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. Both of the formulas you receive have been fully tested and proven, and are reliable for you. They must help you or your treatments cost nothing. After you have received your Viderm, if you have any questions to ask concerning abused skin, just send them in.—ADV.
could accompany her parents as far as Chicago. From Chicago onward, the itinerary involved a series of arduous one-night stands, but they decided that Young A. would enjoy at least that much railroading.

They had been in their Chicago Hotel something like five hours when it became apparent that Miss Alice Harris knew every bellboy, every maid, most of the waitresses in the dining room, and the housekeeper on terms of mutual admiration. Currently, a good many of these people keep up a steady correspondence with Alice, Jr.

On the day the curly-headed youngster was to leave her father and mother westward with her nurse, Alice and Phil took Junior to the station. They had assured her that they would be in the next drawing room, so she was content to settle down for a nap “until the train pulled out.”

Both of them knew that their daughter was in expert hands; they realized that they would see her within two months’ time; she was in perfect health, they were in perfect health—there was no reason for even so much as a moment’s qualm.

But as Mr. and Mrs. Harris hurried down the platform, away from the train and toward their car, they suddenly—without one of them swallowing, tried to say something—anything. Both of them had to blink back hot tears before Phil said, “We’re a couple of sentimental saps. Here’s a kiss for you and another for Alice.”

Alice, Jr. bit her lip, and he handed Alice his handkerchief. But he used it himself before he restored it to his pocket.

As for the cause of this dissolving; she awakened refreshed from her nap, asked where Mommy and Daddy were, was told that they had to stay in Chicago, but that she was to have the fun of going on, like a big girl, to California. Accepting this explanation with sunny composure, she wriggled into her clothing and went for a tour of the train. The door of the drawing room down the hall from her own accommodations was standing open, so Miss Harris strode in, chubby hands behind back, dimpled face tipped upward so she could study the nice lady who was reading a book.

“Where’s your man?” asked Alice, Jr., without preamble.

The lady put down her book, chuckled, and said that—much as she regretted the fact—she didn’t have a man.

Alice, Jr. shook her head in con¬
delence, “Well, then,” she pursued, “where’s your baby?”

The lady, rapidly developing an in¬
feriority complex, was forced to ad¬
mit that she had no baby either.

“Well, I’ll come back again some time,” said Alice, withdrawing with the air of having stumbled upon a creature totally different from anyone she had ever met.

In a nearby roomette, Miss Harris made friends with a man. “Where is your lady?” she wanted to know. He said his lady was in Los Angeles with his boy and his girl.

“You’re NICE!” beamèd the pint-sized Emily Post, delighted to meet such a proper gentleman.

These brief conversations clearly reveal Alice Jr’s concept of an ordered universe: it consists of a family in which there is a man, a lady, oneself, and a baby. In applying her rule of thumb to the passengers, each one of whom she met or tried to meet before the trip was over, she found that most of them fell into this satisfactory category. To this day, a great many of her train acquaintances still write to Alice. As things stand now, her daughter’s social commitments are keeping Alice, Sr. in such close association with a pen, that writer’s cramp threatens.

In the evening, Alice, Jr. encour¬
gages her mother—when there are no letters to be answered—to indulge in a session of nursery rhymes. This has been going on for almost two years now, because demi-Alice is keenly intelligent and she has been learning rhymes ever since she learned to talk. She has now reached the jocular state. When called upon to recite some of the traditional favorites, she stops her family in their tracks by adding modern improvements, to wit:

“Tom, Tom the Piper’s son, stole a pig and away did run.
Fie, Fie, Fo, Fun! I smell the blood of an English MUM!” or

“Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Eating his curds and whey.
Leave them alone and they’ll come home, Never no more to stray.”

And then her round cheeks grow rosy with laughter.

Someone on the set asked Alice, Sr. if she had heard a certain quiz program. “I live with a quiz program,” she smiled, “I can’t take them on the radio, too.”

No matter what anyone tells Alice, Jr., she is at that stage of development in which her instant reaction is “Why?” Why do birds sing? Why does grass grow? Why is fire hot?

“Why is the refrigerator cold?” she asked Alice, Sr.

“Because cold is good for things—it keeps them fresh so they don’t spoil,” said the cook, a patient soul.
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No long hours practicing
Scales or exercises . . .
PLAY SONGS FIRST DAY

Dave Minor's famous complete
Home Course that teaches piano
playing quickly without music,
his wonderful new 72-page song
book of 50 songs you quickly
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If you want to quickly learn how to play the piano . . . if you want to
play song hits, waltzes, marches, hymns, two steps, red hot numbers and
western songs like "Don't Fence Me In" . . . here's amazing news. Now
at last Mr. Dave Minor has perfected a wonderfully easy play-by-ear
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cost. No scales, no long exercises. You start playing songs from the first
lesson, and so soon it's amazing . . . you're playing the piano surprisingly
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complete. It contains all the pictures, all the instruction, everything you
need. The complete course sent for your inspection, trial and approval.

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Dave Minor's play-by-ear piano course arrives just deposit
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entirely satisfied and delighted with your discovery, return
the course and get your money back. Piano playing is more
popular than ever. DON'T WAIT BUT WRITE TODAY!
If you act now you will receive (without extra cost) the
wonderful, big, 72-page Dave Minor piano song book of 50
songs you quickly learn to play the Dave Minor play-by-ear
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"A Nurse Needs to be SLIM..."

— says Miss Louise Boor of Martinsburg, W. Va.

“—and with the DuBarry Success Course I changed from a size 20 to a size 12!”

Look closely at these two photographs of Miss Louise Boor, registered nurse, and you can see why she writes, “I can’t tell you how much happiness and vitality I have gained since taking the DuBarry Success Course. A nurse... or any other woman who has to be on her feet a lot... needs to be slim, for her own comfort! Now, not only am I comfortable but I enjoy everything... my work, my food, and even—believe it or not—my exercises!”

The trim girl on the right below is the same person as the heavy woman on the left... but with what a difference! Waist...6 inches less! Bust...6 inches less! Hips...7 inches less.

“The DuBarry way is a safe and sane way to lose weight,” says Miss Boor. “Learning to ‘eat as a beauty eats’ was a complete re-education for me. Best of all, the new food habits ‘stick with you’; I have lost my taste for fattening foods altogether. My skin, hair and nails are healthier and nicer than they’ve ever been... and I wouldn’t give up that daily few minutes in the Beauty Angle position for anything in the world!”

HOW ABOUT YOU?
Do you consider yourself an “exceptional” case? So did Miss Boor! And look what she was able to accomplish for herself through the Success Course at home.

The Course is sensible... it’s practical... for even the busiest people... and it’s individual. The methods are exactly the same as those taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon in New York. From analysis of your measurements, your coloring, your “type,” the Course shows you how to bring your figure to normal whether you’re over or under weight... how to style your hair, how to select becoming clothes, how to use make-up in the right way for you.

More than 225,000 women have discovered the secret of healthier, happier living and how to bring out BEAUTY, through the DuBarry Success Course. Why don’t you send in this coupon, right now?

An hour later she found the following items ensconced in the refrigerator, chilled against spoiling: one egg beater, a pair of salt & pepper shakers, two second-hand grapefruit shells, one tired orange from the dooryard grove, and a doll.

Shortly before demi-Alice’s third birthday, which took place May 19, she let it be known that she was deeply interested in two gifts: a tricycle and a blackboard. Her local friends, she said, owned and operated these possessions as recreational items, and she felt that it was high time she was placed on neighborhood par. These were not her exact words, of course, but the meaning was there. Incidentally she speaks no baby talk aside from struggling determinedly with the sound of “uh.” She is inclined to pronounce this sound “s.”

Sample conversation: “I sink sat man is bigger san sat oser man.”

So, for her birthday she received several little dresses, a bathing suit (large enough to blindfold a Pekingese), a blackboard, and a tricycle. Phyllis, her running mate, was already the proud owner of a scooter, so the sisters promptly staged a series of races. For a time, any adult attempt to cross the living room, dining room, or kitchen was fraught with peril.

Miss Alice, herself, took several bad tumbles. Riding up and down the driveway, she decided to use the space sideways instead of lengthwise, and overshot the field, landing in a culvert. She sat still for a long time while her mother watched ruefully from a window. Then Missy struggled to her feet, brushed herself off, spoke a few eloquent words to the tricycle, and returned it to the driveway. She apparently was unwilling to cry for fear the tricycle would be taken away.

Alice, Jr.’s interests are not entirely athletic. When she was extremely small, her mother began to teach her the value of money. She was allowed to hold her own pennies when making a minor purchase, and when she set up an outcry for some inappropriate object, Alice, Sr. explained that the object cost so-and-so number of pennies. The sum was usually so astronomical that sub-deb Alice instantly withdrew into a mathematical trance, ignoring the erstwhile object of her interest. While she has a penny bank that jingles satisfactorily when shaken by a junior financier, Miss Alice is not one to put trust in a single investment medium.

One day when Alice, Sr. was running the household, an odd metallic sound flick into the nozzle. Investigation revealed three pennies. "Phil must have dropped them from his pocket," she surmised. "Oh no," corrected her elder daughter, "those are mine. I hid them under the rug. On occasion she also has hidden coins under the paper covering of closet shelves, behind cushions on the lounge, and under the chest of drawers.

The little lady recently discovered the feminine delight of cosmetics. She was so taken with her mother’s lipstick that Alice, Sr. bought a stick of colorless pomade—explaining that this was made especially for little girls—and installed it in demi-Alice’s purse. Also in the purse is a diminutive compact containing a large powder puff as spice will permit. When this small package of feminine vanity goes shopping with her mother and her younger

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66
sister (not yet interested), Alice may be seen to open her compact, scrutinize herself critically, then apply pomade and a generous slapping of a powderless puff.

Her use of cologne is phenomenal. One afternoon she came sailing into the room where Alice, Sr. was lengthening a junior dress, and sat down with a great sigh. Within a few minutes, there was more fragrance in the room than there was air. "Darling, have you been using Mother's cologne?" asked Mrs. Harris.

"Just a dash," said her daughter. "A teeny dash."

Her other depredation in her mother's room consists of trying on Alice, Sr.'s high-heeled slippers. The small lady already has learned to balance herself and will stroll around by the hour—making wooden shoe sounds—but feeling very elegant indeed.

Alice and Phil are both excellent swimmers; they go in every day, of the year, rain or shine, and last summer young Alice was allowed to join them. She rode on Phil's back, and Alice taught her to float. When the two older members of the family were ready to leave the pool, Miss H. wasn't inclined toward a towel at all. On several occasions she set up a masterly howl.

This year she will be big enough to learn to swim, and Phil intends to employ a professional to coach his aquatic daughter. Most little girls love their daddies, naturally, but the way Junior feels about her daddy is the way Scotch tape feels about a book page, which is to say that she really sticks to him. She sits on his lap when he reads; she follows him when he fusses around the car or attends to some household chore; when she sees him coming home at night, she stands at the window yelling, "That's my Daddy. Here comes my Daddy! OH, MY DADDY!"

Since babyhood she has listened to Phil talk to her on the telephone when he called Alice; for one of the holidays, a fan of Alice's sent little Alice a rather efficient toy telephone, complete with movable dial. Not so long ago, Alice, Sr. overheard her daughter carrying on a pseudo-conversation with the grocery. "I'll have some potatoes, and a loaf of bread, and a pound of butter, and a roast. What! You have no roast today. Oh, dear! Now, what shall I cook?"

As soon as the war is over (and by that time Phyllis will probably be old enough to participate, too) Alice and Phil plan to go horsebacking in a family group. They own several horses at present, but the mounts are all out in pasture. The army long ago took over the area through which the nearest bridle paths to the Harris home ran, and the problem was complicated by the fact that it was impossible to get help to care for the horses. But when the bridle paths are open again and competent grooms are available, the Harris family will go cantering through the calendulas.

In Hollywood, there is a photographic organization that contracts to prepare a dossier of the childhood of a family's progeny. Once a year an ace still cameraman comes to the home and spends an entire day with the children. He snaps them before they have awakened in the morning; he takes candids while they brush their teeth and dress themselves. He catches them in typical poses while they are having breakfast, and afterward when

**HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW**

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**Overglo**

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**O**VERGLO has a lanolin and oil base . . . Does not give an artificial masked appearance . . .

Overglo effectively hides tiny wrinkles, lines, and minor blemishes . . . Goes on evenly—does not streak. Easy fingertip application—no sponge or cotton needed . . . Gives you a flawless looking complexion and a fresh, well-groomed appearance for the day without constant repowdering . . .

Overglo comes in six flattering skin-tinted shades . . . One bottle lasts for months. $1.50 plus tax.

**NEW . . . OVERGLO FACE POWDER . . . ONE SHADE FOR EVERY COMPLEXION**

A make-up discovery! Overglo Face Powder . . . completely different . . . one practically colorless shade perfect for every foundation-tinted complexion. Permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with natural youthful beauty. A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. $1 plus tax.

**PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE**

Bud Westmore, make-up expert, who with his brothers, Pete and Wally, comprise the famous trio of Hollywood make-up artists, the Westmores.
Greaseless Suppository Gives Hours of Continuous Medication!

For years among highly intelligent and exacting women there has been desire for an easier, daintier and more convenient method for feminine cleanliness. Now thanks to Zonitors—they have it! And here's why Zonitors are one of the greatest discoveries ever made for this purpose:

1. Zonitors are snow-white, greaseless, stainless vaginal suppositories—easily inserted and so convenient.
2. Powerfully germicidal yet so safe to delicate tissues. Non-irritating, non-poisonous, non-smarting.
3. When inserted—Zonitors quickly begin to release their powerful germicidal qualities and continue to do so for hours. They're not the type which quickly melt away.
4. Thus Zonitors give you hours of continuous medication.
5. Zonitors immediately kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure Zonitors kill all reachable living germs and keep them from multiplying.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

Mail Christmas Overseas packages from September 15 to October 15.
Here's a New Lazy-Way to REDUCE
-Quickly and Safely

10-Day Miracle Diet—Lose 10 Pounds in 10 Days! —and Still Eat 3 Delicious, Satisfying Meals a Day; Not Do a Bit of Extra Exercise!

PARTIAL CONTENTS

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The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. How you can reduce quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pains, no drugs, gurgles or gadgets.

2. HOW DO YOU WANT TO REDUCE?—How Fast? Your choice of diets that reduce weight quickly or gradually, as you wish.

3. WHY YOU DON'T GET SLIM

Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Milk, Water, Fruits, Rice. How these affect weight control—when and how.

4. HOW YOU CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

How Protein Helps. Help to Stop Hungering without hunger or sacrificing vitality. The Simple Affirmations of Reducing. Easy way to eat your calories wisely whether you're a housewife, war plant worker, migratory, etc.

5. 10-DAY MIRACLE DIET. Red, easy way to lose a pound a day for 10 days. Daily menus.

6. HEARTIER DIETS. Daily diets for losing 10 pounds a month. How to substitute other foods if you like better. "2-TAX Slim" diets.

7. THE FASTEST SAFE SLIMMING PROGRAM. Diet safe for infants, pregnant women.

8. HOW YOU COUNT YOUR VITAMINS THE EASY WAY


9. EAT FOR BEAUTY, CHARM AND—YES, REALLY—SEX APPEAL


10. V. Fasting for "OMPH!


11. THE NEW WAY TO EAT AND GET SLIM

Examines it 5 Days FREE

IT costs only a stamp to examine this book FREE. No money need be sent now. "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper) will be sent with the understanding that you may keep it 5 days. If you are not convinced it offers you the quick, safe, lazy-way to reduce—return it without obligation. Otherwise, keep it for only $2.00, plus few cents postage.

A body that is slim, healthy, and wire will win admiration. Take the first step toward lovely, alluring slenderness now. Mail Free Examination Coupon at once.

WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. E, 3210 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

YES, it's true—this new 10-Day MIRACLE DIET thanks to latest discoveries in weight control! Now—WHETHER A MAN OR A WOMAN—you can lose 10 pounds in 10 days, 30 pounds or more within 3 months—comfortably, pleasantly, healthfully. WITHOUT strenuous, difficult exercises. WITHOUT sweat baths. WITHOUT dangerous pills or drugs. WITHOUT sweats or indigestion. WITHOUT exertion. WITHOUT suffering the dizziness, nausea, and torture of self-imposed starvation!

You'll eat three delicious, fully-satisfying meals a day, including a big breakfast. You'll be allowed to "snack" between meals. This new scientific lazy-way is described in the fascinating book, "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim," by Donald G. Cooley—brings you a slimmer, more attractive figure, and also greater health and beauty! Your skin becomes smoother, clearer . . . your hair softer, more lustrous . . . your eyes more sparkling. You have more energy, pep, get-up-and-go.

What Is This Amazing Secret?

The whole secret lies in your food—no just how much, but also which kinds. And it isn't (as you may have imagined) merely a matter of "calories." It's the kind of calories that makes the difference! Some foods are high in fat-producing calories. Others are high in energy-producing calories. If you merely cut down the amount of food—without being sure to get more energy-calories than fat-calories—you don't lose weight at all. Your body simply "slows down"—and continues to store fat!

Many people think they know about calories. But do they? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and a slice of steak? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, the steak would give you 15 times as many precious ENERGY-calories. Yet the total number of calories in each is roughly the same!

What This Book Can Do For You

Mr. Cooley's book shows you, quickly and clearly, how to apply this simple principle of selecting energy-calories instead of fat-calories. It gives you a 10-Day MIRACLE DIET by which you lose a pound a day for 10 days; a diet for losing 10 pounds in 30 days; a "tapering off" diet for losing 15 lbs. in 4 months and 20 lbs. in 5 months; and a new "New Way" diet so that when you reach the right weight, you STAY there.

You don't have to adhere rigidly to these diets, either. The book's Substitution Table gives you dozens of ways you can substitute other foods you may eat instead. The partial contents, on this page, suggest only a few of the ways this book goes about improving your health, appearance, and general disposition.
Tampax has grown to be a famous name but many women still may not have clearly in mind just what advantages there are in this method of monthly sanitary protection. Here are the facts:

1. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, very absorbent and compressed to a small, dainty size. Tampax is worn internally, in accordance with the well-known medical principle of "internal absorption."

2. The insertion is quickly and easily performed by the use of a patented disposable applicator—so dainty that your hands need not touch the Tampax.

3. No belts, pins or external "pads" are required at any time. Tampax can cause no bulges or ridges under the clothing—and no odor! Sanitary deodorant be¬ fore "waning" days . . .

Remember, in accordance with the well-known medical principle of "internal absorption."

There's the completely informal law that the Janssens mutually enjoy, for Ann has never been one for chi-chi, or pomp and circumstance. Even when it comes to clothes, she says, "I've never been interested. I have always just delivered the body, and let the studio designers cover it any way they wish."

And then there's Janie! Not a Joyce Reynolds, fictional Janie; but a Janie of flesh and blood—Ann's own lovely daughter. "And Janie would make it impossible for me to lie about my age, even if I wanted to," Ann laughs "since she's now in her last year of high school, and towers over me at five feet seven!"

In that laugh you can hear the pleasure, amusement, devotion, and occasional exasperation of all intelligent mothers of adolescent girls. The mothers who sometimes wonder if girls that age all live in a state of semi-coma, and who find it necessary, from time to time, to lay down the law. "I did, last summer," says Ann.

She approached her attractive and definitely non-swooning daughter with parental sternness. "There's going to be no lyin' until noon this vacation," she warned. "And no going to movies every afternoon. You're going to get a job! I don't care what it is, just so it's something that you have to do every day of the week!"

Ann told Janie how she'd heard over the radio that the telephone company was badly in need of opera¬ tors; or she could go to work as a salesgirl at one of the department stores.

So, Janie went to work. But she took one of her mother's suggestions, proving herself to be an extremely independent young lady. She studied to be a Volunteer Nurse's Aide, and then worked five days each week at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles. When she came home at night she would fall on her bed with all her clothes on, completely ex¬ hausted. "I could have waked her for dinner," her mother says. And when Ann suggested to Janie that she take a holiday for the week before she went back to school, Janie refused. Ann's great pride is surely pardon¬ able!

Janie isn't sure what she wants to do and at moment is without a definite ambition. All this somewhat bewildering, since she herself is always certain that she wanted to be an actress. She worked for this with clear sighted purpose from the days of her first acting les¬ sons at Bryn Mawr, and on into parts at the Provincetown and Hedgerow Theaters. "I could not rest until I was a star left out!"

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Shirley (Ciro's) Marsha's next picture is and announced maybe she'd be a model!

"Of course, there's a great future in that!" was Ann's comment. "Especially with your awful slouch! Stand up straight!" And a gentle whack on the back apparently wrote finis to that ambition. But in spite of worrying from time to time about her daughter's non-existent ambition, she's inclined to agree with Janie that some of the girls who want to be things like physicists and electrical engineers are "awful drips".

Janie is in boarding school this year—the Douglas School at Pebble Beach, California. Ann finds it rather embarrassing to report that now she's away from home, Janie's grades are better than ever before; the reason being, Ann is convinced, that in Pebble Beach it is no longer possible to carry on three-hour telephone conversations with her girl friends each and every night!

Besides Ann's activities as a wife, actress and mother, she has a "hobby" which is the most unique in the whole of Hollywood—namely, Bookkeeping! And if you feel inclined to yelp with pain at the very thought, Ann goes off into such an ecstasy of enthusiasm from the pastime, she almost convinces you. "People just don't understand," she says. "Numbers are wonderful! They're just like Bach. They always come out right. And," she adds, still more fervently, "there is something really beautiful about a double entry!"

As a result of this remarkable passion, Ann handles all the business affairs of the Janssen household. Once a month she settles down for an orgy of fun with the books. "You don't ever need a budget if you keep your own accounts. If the figures are right there before you, you know where the money's going. If one column gets too long, you quickly put a stop to so much spending in that direction."

But as for carrying her mania further, and making out her own income tax returns ... "No!" she shudders, "I'm pretty good at figures—but after all, I'm not a genius!"

The End
Rudy sang at a big Hollywood fiesta. Gene sat at the far end of the room, regarding him with interest. When he finished, he sauntered down the applauding room. "I really must—" he laughed—"meet the woman I'm so mad about!" He indicated Gene.

It was a pretty scene. Sid Skolsky and other writers, remarking it, wrote some readable paragraphs about it. Seeing Gene in a spotlight, her studio hurriedly cast her in a big production and her career began to zoom. No romance, understand. The two are now married to two other people.

Once upon a time, Josef von Sternberg, then nobody trying to get a start, had an idea for a picture and no money. He canvassed the industry for a loan, and wound up, after many disappointments, with thirty or forty thousand dollars from the late Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and Charles Chaplin. That's not much money to make a picture, but it's a lot to lose, and both genial money-lenders woke up next day and wondered what had got into them to lend it.

"How do we know he can make a picture?" they worried. The more they thought of it, the worse they felt. A Bright Lad in the Fairbanks' office said: "Leave it to me."

Like a wind rising in the night, a whispering campaign went the rounds: This new chap, Sternberg, or whatever his name is, is a genius! His little picture is going to be a masterpiece! It's hot! It's new! It's better than good! I wish I had a piece of it. It'll make millions! It didn't make millions, but it didn't lose money. The backers got their money back and Josef von Sternberg was labeled Genius.

Two decades ago, Ronald Colman came to Hollywood. Close-mouthed then, as now, he didn't say he was married—in fact, he didn't say anything—and Hollywood took him for a very desirable bachelor. Invited to big parties as escort for this star or that, his name was linked with theirs in newspapers and fan magazines.

Ronald was escorting Lois Wilson to a box-party at a local theater, when a woman astounded the audience by pointing him out and crying: "That's my husband!" Jack Holt took Lois home; Ronald vanished. The woman was actually Mrs. Colman, from whom the actor had long been separated. Gossip items in fan magazines had brought her across a sea and a continent to try to make up their differences. She chose the wrong method and years later they were divorced.

Barbara Hale, RKO lovely, was as-signed as one of the young hostesses for a producer's party. She found herself at a table with a wealthy visiting fireman. A columnist, thinking to do her a favor, rumored that the two were "excited" about one another.

Barbara's fiancé, fighting in the South Pacific, received the paper with the item by airmail. His next letter observed that other men had told him how quickly girls forget, that "a woman's a two-face, a worrisome thing," but he'd never thought Barbara was like that! Barbara was in anguish for weeks before things could be set right.
Lupe Velez' temperamental outbursts and wild romances kept her name in print even when she wasn't on the screen. At her death she thanked the press for being so good to her. But the rumors that dogged Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter after the murder of William Desmond Taylor wrecked their careers. Top stars of the time, they slid down the ladder of fame overnight. Their innocence made no difference.

Gossip has a thousand tongues. "They said" something was wrong with Tony Gaudio's eyes. Tony is one of our finest cameramen and that rumor wasn't good. It did him plenty of harm before he scotched it. His sight is keen and he's still in the top bracket.

Chatter, chatter, chatter . . . Were Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin married or not? That was good for years, in fact up to the time Paulette filed suit for divorce.

Talk, talk, talk . . . "Barbara Stanwyck doesn't like Bob Taylor to fly; she doesn't like him to wear a mustache; she doesn't like this, or that, she wants to handle his career." Barbara, newly married, was frightened; Bob took it lightly. "How's the old henpecker?" he'd laugh. Barbara couldn't laugh. Scared to death, but gallant, she went flying with Bob; she never criticised him, even in fun; she told everyone she met that her own career was trouble enough without trying to handle his. In the end, she had to let the gossip die of its own accord.

It was deep depression when someone figured out that Connie Bennett was making $30,000 a week. The item got her name in the papers, but the public resented her vast earnings when so many fathers of families couldn't bring home bacon and beans.

Charges that Jimmy Cagney was independent with producers helped him with his many fans who demanded his triumphant return to the screen.

Women were intrigued with George Sanders' reputation for woman-hating. It was a let-down when they discovered the woman-hater was married. George survived that for next time he was interviewed he hated everything and everybody. "He's bitter," wrote a fan. "Maybe his wife doesn't understand him." Maybe she does.

Whether or not the woman-hating angle was George's idea, Victor MATURE claims credit for being a heel in print. He gloried in keeping producers and directors waiting, forgetting dates with important people, pretending to be conceited, to run away from women, etc. He never was rude to weaker or less important people and he got in all the papers. Now he's in the Coastguard, where the Beautiful Hunk of Man is making good. To suggestions that it might be time for him to have a leave to make a picture, he replies: "Yeah, Bo, AFTER the war. I'm busy till then, see?"

"Way back before Pearl Harbor, a new and attractive boy-friend asked Ginger Rogers for a date.

"I can't go out Tuesday night," she regretted. "I'm dancing all day. I'll only have strength to fall into bed."

Someone at the Mocambo found that Tuesday dull and enlivened his copy by observing that Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Stewart were cheek-to-cheeking. The new b.f. telephoned
before Ginger was up next morning. "How were the beds at the Mocambo last night?" she asked. What might have been Romance was over. He never believed her.

Laraine Day had a happier experience. In her picture "Bride By Mistake," Laraine was publicized as "best-legged lady of the land." She returned to her home studio (MGM) while billboards raved about her underpinnings. For seven years, her passing on the lot had not raised an eyebrow, but now practically every important executive went out of his way to welcome her, his eyes riveted below her knees. They called her "Gam Girl," "Dietrich Junior," and "Legs Laraine." RK2, the studio that started the whole thing, fell victim to its own publicity and bought a $150,000 picture to star her. In "Those En demand Young Charms," however, Laraine's legs don't show.

June Allyson missed the item that had caught her to Van Johnson. Its publication synchronized with the premiere of "Two Girls and a Sailor," wherein June made a smash hit. She was puzzling over a message from her mother in New York, which read: "Why not tell your mother these things?" when a friend telephoned congratulations. Thinking they meant her picture, she beamed.

"Where's Van—let us talk to him?" the friend went on.

June's baffled denial of knowledge of Van, of quarreling with him, and finally of marrying him was scarcely believed. She had hung up and was working on a message to calm her agitated parent, when the telephone rang again, with more congratulations. "It's not true, you know," she replied, warily.

"Weren't you in the picture?" gasped the caller. "I could have sworn . . ."

"You can't win," murmured June, "I mean, thank you very much."

Whisper, whisper, whisper . . . Whenever Ida Lupino had a headache, she was critically ill; if she sneezed, she was headed for a sanatorium; if she coughed, it was laryngitis, strep throat, bronchial pneumonia. It sounded as if she had one foot in the grave all the time.

Whenever Ida Lupino had a head-ache, she was critically ill; if she gasped . . .

"It's not true, you know," she replied, warily. "Weren't you in the picture?" gasped the caller. "I could have sworn . . ."

"You can't win," murmured June, "I mean, thank you very much."

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No sickly star has appeal and Ida had to campaign vigorously against the whispers. She went in for outdoor sports, took on a full-time program of war work, made pin-up pictures to show her plump curves. No invalid

**Answer to Puzzle on Page 12**

```
ALDA  SMITH  SALE
HERR  WAVES  IDAS
ANAT  ALAN  ADANO
SABUN  MANNER
ROEPY  DANE
TYRONE  JOSLYNS
HOUSET  TARS  ALE
OUFL  MAMIE  GAY
SNE  AMIES  SWED
GRACIES  SWALE
BAND  DALL
CHARMS  CUT  KAYS
CANOE  SANE  EPE
LINA  MARTE  RITA
IRED  ELLEN  SASS
```

Send no money! We add all C. O. D. orders promptly. Or, if you prefer, enclose check, cash or money order for $10 plus 10c postage and save C. O. D. charges. In Missouri add 25% sales tax.

SALLE ANN, BX100, 1409 Washington, St. Louis 3, Mo. Send your "Rain Beau" raincoat $10 each plus 10c postage and save C. O. D. charges. In Missouri add 2% sales tax. Order for $10 plus 10c postage and save C. O. D. charges. In Missouri add 2% sales tax.

**Sensational Low Price Includes A Beautiful Anti-tarnish Case**

Here’s the Silver-plated silverware you’ve always wanted. Gracious design. Long-life quality, basic service for six. It’s hard to find its equal anywhere in the country today at our low price of only $1.95. You can plan almost any sort of entertainment and feel proud to have this lovely set grace your table. 24 beautifully matched perfectly-balanced pieces. Each piece nickel silver plated overall and unconditionally guaranteed to give you absolute satisfaction or your money back. This Jean Pattern set is one you’ll adore on sight and treasure always. A marvelous value at only $1.95 including the beautiful anti-tarnish case shown.

**Hurry! Silverware Production Has Been Sharply Curtailed!**

The production of all types of silverware has been sharply cut due to War needs. This offer may have to be withdrawn. So confident are we that you’ll be positively thrilled and delighted with the Jean Pattern set of Silver Plated Tableware at a sensational savings. But hurry before our available sets are sold.

**Examine for 10 Days at Our Risk!**

To convince you that you’ll be positively thrilled and delighted with the Jean Pattern set of Silver Plated Tableware at a sensational savings. But hurry before our available sets are sold.

**Send No Money—Rush This Coupon!**

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

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**Jean Pattern Set of High Quality Silver includes Beautiful Anti-tarnish Case.**

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Send this coupon with no money. Your order will be sent to you at once. Don’t wait. Send it today. We’ll immediately ship you the complete 24 piece set in the anti-tarnish case as shown. Upon arrival give Postman only $1.95 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. Then examine set for 10 full days. If you are not completely satisfied, return the set in 10 days for full refund.

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This Lovely 24 Piece Set of Quality Silver Plate

10c postage. Ring your size: 10, 12, 14, 16, 18.

Pure Sterling Silver Plate On Heavy Steel Base!

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**Send No Money—Rush This Coupon!**

**Send No Money—Rush This Coupon!**

**Send No Money—Rush This Coupon!**
I said, "Lisl and the actor, smiling, "so Lisl and I had Vienna," admitted Lisl. "Each armed with a foil."

He called to his wife to ask if she had ever expected you’re amazed to find everything, valuable sheet music, study way for only that covers any instrument this easy, home-study way for only 7c a day. That covers everything: printed instructions, diagrams, and cost of more than 15" long or 36" in length plus girth. This year send only one package."

Send coupon at right for our Free Booklet.

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THEATRICAL COLD CREAM

The stars’ cleansing cream that fits extra girls’ budgets... Now millions of smart women everywhere agree... "it’s foolish to pay more."

DON'T SEND AN OVERSEAS PACKAGE . . .

If your soldier is on his way home, or about to come back home.
If it weighs more than 5 lbs.
If it is more than 15” long or 36” in length plus girth.

This year send only one package.

PLAYS ON RADIO . . .

"As a proud student I can’t keep from telling you that as a result of my course I have a good position playing from KTHS every morning."

J. S. Heavonor, Okla.

IT'S FUN Be Your Own Music Teacher!

- Yes, it's a great pastime learning music this short-cut, Print and Picture way, right at home without a private teacher. That’s because you can learn to play by playing real tunes by note with the very first lesson.

No matter which instrument you are learning, once you begin a U. S. School Course you look forward to the time you can spend on your lessons. No boring exercises, no lengthy, baffling explanations. Instead of hard work, learning to play becomes a genuine pleasure. You progress as quickly as you want to.

And Print and Picture Sample which explain all.

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SAVE 2c—Stick coupon on penny postcard

It's easy as A-B-C!

Diagrams like this explain everything

Follow the dotted lines from the notes to the piano keyboard and before you know you're playing the famous "Dixie".

THE END

Footnotes:

1. "That can't be," said Paul, surveying it. "Lisl could never wear armor."

2. He called to his wife to ask if she had ever expected you’re amazed to find everything, valuable sheet music, study way for only that covers any instrument this easy, home-study way for only 7c a day. That covers everything: printed instructions, diagrams, and cost of more than 15" long or 36" in length plus girth. This year send only one package.

3. If your soldier is on his way home, or about to come back home.

4. If it weighs more than 5 lbs.

5. If it is more than 15” long or 36” in length plus girth.

6. This year send only one package.

7. "As a proud student I can’t keep from telling you that as a result of my course I have a good position playing from KTHS every morning."

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

Brand new Hollywood peasant style! Big puffed sleeves and rows of red ric-rac on crisp WHITE cotton. Sizes 32 to 38.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 324
Please send me “Ric-Rac” Blouse at $3.98 plus postage. (White only)
Sizes: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size wanted)
Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City __________________ State ______

version of “Lili Marlene” only to be interrupted by a waiter grumbling “Pardon me” and sweeping a plate of French fried and a steak past the singer’s left ear. It is nothing at all for a stimulated citizen to join the singer at the mike for a few hilarious stanzas. In a rigidly conventional town, always on its good behavior in public (with a very few notorious exceptions), it is delightful to find a truly Bohemian spot for a change. Long-ago favorites like Alice Terry and Rex Ingram are seen there frequently; beautiful Dolores Moran and her escort of the evening like to drop in; Richard Cromwell and Angela Lansbury have a favorite corner table. Which is to say that the Madelon is sort of a night club schwabadero.

IMPOVERISHED:
Mr. Cornel Wilde, probably the greatest current sensation in Hollywood, was cast as Dick Harland, the writing hero of Ben Ames Williams fascinating book, “Leave Her To Heaven,” and was asked to appear in some of his own clothes for a wardrobe test.

When the studio officials saw the successful Mr. Wilde, wearing the best his suit hangers had to offer, they shook their heads. “We’ll have to have something tailored for you,” they said apologetically. “You see, as you are you don’t look like a wealthy author.”

Impoverished actor Wilde intends to buy the wealthy writer’s suit when the picture is finished.

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Impoverished actor Wilde intends to buy the wealthy writer’s suit when the picture is finished.

—when it’s so easy to keep cuticle trim with Trimal!

The safe, gentle way to remove cuticle is the same method used by professional manicurists. Simply wrap cotton around manicure stick and apply Trimal. Then watch dead, loose cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You’ll be amazed and delighted with results! Ask for the 10c or 25c size now (manicure stick and cotton included)—at drug, department or 10c stores.

BACALL CALL:
Bogey now has a whistle on his watch chain, larger but similar to that which Lauren Bacall wears on her bracelet; they toot at each other, according to Hollywood legend, when they are in different parts of their new house, when they are across the lot from one another at the studio, or when they are on the boat.

Added note No. 2: A startled Warner Brothers Publicity Department employee couldn’t believe his ears when he heard Bogey telling him over the telephone, “I want you people to kill that ‘Baby’ business.”

The harried employee performed mental somersaults, to wit: had some press story announced a blessed event for the Bogarts in error? Or were Miss Bacall’s enthusiastic...
insistences that she wanted a large family, so might have to relinquish her picture career, to be deleted from copy hereafter?

Bogey went on, "I've never called Betty anything except Betty, Slim, Charlie, or Sluggy. I referred to her only once as 'The Baby' . . . but the thing is getting out of hand. I wish you'd do something about it."

Sighing with relief, the employee said he would do something. Afterward, he wasn't certain just what steps to take. The 'Baby' nom-de-Bacall appears to have sunk deep into the consciousness of press and public alike.

**MOUTHS OF BABES:**

Virginia Van Upp is one of the most important women in Hollywood, although theatre-goers, for the most part, are unfamiliar with her name. She is a dynamo with magnificent red hair, sense of humor to match, and the peachbloom complexion that goes with such coloring. She has written some of the best scripts to be produced in Hollywood, and was recently made executive producer at Columbia. No other woman in town holds a similar post, although both Harriet Parsons and Joan Harrison are meteors in their own right.

On the day the news was announced, Miss Van Upp's niece was visiting her. The telephone began to ring as her friends by tens and twenties offered congratulations; a special delivery note or two arrived; Western Union "boys" limped up the stairs and peered at Miss Van Upp from beneath their Civil War hats as she signed for their messages.

In the midst of all this todo and hullabaloo, Miss Van Upp's small niece fixed the flustered one with a pinioning eye. "What's this all about?"

Miss Van Upp attempted to combine modesty with the facts of the case. At the close of her aunt's speech, the small critic shrugged. "Well, you STILL didn't produce 'Going My Way,' did you?" she squelched.

**SUCESS:**

Lieutenant (senior grade) John Howard Coxe, famed in Hollywood as John Howard, was recently ordered to Cornell University to serve as an instructor for the Navy. Previous to this assignment he had participated in a series of naval operations to the notable extent of having been awarded the Navy Cross.

While at Cornell, John also served as director for the annual play—which happened to be "The Drunkard." The night of the presentation, the villain fell ill, there was no understudy, so John was persuaded by the rest of the cast to enact the evil squire.

Commenting upon the results of his performance in a letter to his mother, John wrote, "Apparently I haven't entirely forgotten all I ever knew about acting, because I was so convincing as the scoundrel that I got hissed off the stage!"

The cast, having high regard for a good bad man, presented John with a wrist watch.

**REBUTAL:**

At this moment, Paulette Goddard is sick and tired of having people who don't know the situation, saying that her hair has been blondined as a publicity stunt. Nothing could be more removed from the fact of the matter. Miss Goddard's next picture is to be "Diary of a Chambermaid," and it is to be directed by Jean Renoir, son of the cele-
"I'm so very, very happy," writes Bettye Howell. "Meet me!"

Short cuts to beauty through the famous Bonomo streamlined beauty. You are learning quickly, easily—how to streamline your figure—dress better inexpensively. How to select your bra. How to choose the styles most becoming to you. Learn to have a healthy scalp and glowing hair.

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Mr. Joe Bonomo, founder and director, with over 20 years experience in Hollywood and New York opens the way to a new happiness for you through his inexpensive home course. You'll soon see that what others have done, you can do, in so short a time it will amaze you. So why not take advantage of this opportunity to greater popularity by mailing the coupon below on Mr. Bonomo's generous terms.*

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Check here if you enclose $2.95 for delivery postpaid. (Canada and Foreign $3.50 with order.)

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"I feel like a new person since taking the Bonomo Home Course," says BETTYE HOWELL of Albany, Cal.

Loses 20 Pounds
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Gains New Charm and Confidence
as she learns New Beauty Secrets

"I'm so very, very happy," writes Bettye Howell. "Meet me!"

Strutting around, showing off. What a wonderful world is happening to me."

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Joe Bonomo
world famous beauty authority and publisher of . . . "Your Figure" Publications, your Guide to Grace, Beauty and Charm . . . at all newsstands.

YOUR FIGURE—How to streamline your figure with ease, healthful positive exercises. Have a figure you'll be proud of.

YOUR HAIR—How to select the styles most becoming to you. Learn to have a healthy scalp and glowing hair.

YOUR MAKE-UP—How to select and apply cosmetics in a professional manner. See what it means to have a clean-cut, natural-like complexion.

YOUR BUST CONTOUR—How to develop a firm, round, fashionable line . . . how to select your bra.

YOUR DIET—Simple charts to aid you in reducing or gaining in a healthful way.

YOUR CLOTHES—How to wear smart but inexpensive clothing gracefully . . . confidently.

YOUR POSTURE—How to stand, walk, sit for grace and charm.

* * *

DRIZZLE PUSS:

Unhappiest man in the state of California in June was Mr. Tommy Dorsey. He had been scheduled to take his band into the Hollywood Bowl for a concert, an innovation in Bowl concerts that represented a high compliment to Mr. Dorsey. "It was the dream of my life," said a despondent maestro when the concert had to be cancelled.

It rained. In June. In Los Angeles. Mobs formed with the intention of lynching local meteorologists, and it is rumored that the Chamber of Commerce threatened to commit hara-kiri. Incidentally, June is always the most putrid month of the year in Southern California, abounding in all sorts of freak weather—100% bad.

TIMELESS TUNE:

Veronica Lake and her husband, Andre de Toth, went to an auction recently, just for the fun of it. The exploit became serious when Veronica espied an antique music box 250 years old, constructed of inlaid, hand-carved woods gathered from a dozen countries and fashioned with the skill and love of an artist.

Breathlessly, she said to Bondi, 'I've got to have that . . . no matter how much it costs—I've GOT to have it. We can live on potatoes and oatmeal. We can burn candles for light, but I've got to have that music box.'

Bondi won it for $500. A week later it was appraised by an expert at nearly three thousand. It has ten discs, each of which plays six different melodies. A lid can be lifted to reveal the glass-enclosed mechanism that operates the instrument, and a delighted Veronica can sit for hours, watching small clappers ringing tiny bells, minute cymbals chiming, and slender percussion sticks beating a monotonous rhythm.

Veronica remained up until 3 A.M. the morning after she had acquired the instrument, oiling it under the expert guidance of a connoisseur of music boxes who lives and works in Long Beach. He has promised to keep an eye on it, so that its performance will continue perfectly.
SILVERWARE SHOWER:

When June Haver was singing with various dance bands, and was touring the country, supervised by her mother, the supervision was never stringent enough to forestall June's appropriation of souvenir silver. Whenever Mrs. Haver packed or unpacked a bag, she exclaimed with horror over June's gradually increasing hoard of items engraved with hotel and railroad names.

"No one will ever know," said the souvenir hunter, and blithely continued to add to her collection. Finally, in desperation, Mrs. Haver purchased a small suitcase and ordered Miss June to pack all her ill-gotten gains in that one container, and to carry it personally.

Came the frantic day when the band, June and her mother, were to catch a train leaving the Dallas station. Everything had gone wrong; the packing had been done in frenzy, the trip to the station had been made in jumbled confusion. And ... as June scorched through the station, the clasp on her trophy pack gave up the fight and collapsed, scattering illicit silverware for yards.

Every individual who stooped to assist the blushing blonde knew, after one glance at the strewn contents, just what and how Miss Haver collected. For five full hours, after she and her mother were installed safely and more or less intact in their drawing room, June refused to face the senior Haver eye. Finally, still staring morosely at the scampering landscape, June muttered, "Never again."

INCOMPARABLE BETTE:

By the time you read this, Bette Davis will be somewhere in the European Theatre of Operations, giving shows for the boys who are sweating out their trip back to The States. Those who see her touring production of "The Little Foxes" will have no idea of the difficulties Bette encountered in planning the show.

When she first offered her overseas services to the War Department, she suggested that her vehicle be "The Letter." It was a dramatic sketch, it was interesting to me, it was easily costumed and could be done with one backdrop. No, said the War Department, the theme of the play was infidelity, a problem which should not be brought to the attention of men away from home.

The next suggestion made by Bette was "Voice Of The Turtle," a happy comedy dealing with the intention of a boy to wolf a girl. No, said the War Department, too suggestive for the pure members of our armed forces.

Miss Davis placed the burden of proof on the War Department. What play would they like her to produce? After months of waiting, back turtled the answer: "The Late Christopher Bean!" This is the story of a middle-aged woman's reminiscences about her departed husband and his interest in art — wonderful theatrical fare for G.I.'s, if you want them to walk out on you.

When Bette rejected this suggestion, an alternate was offered: "Mr. and Mrs. North," a bit of fluff in which Gracie Allen originally appeared, but which was certainly not fitted to Bette's talents.

But Miss Davis is a patient and a determined woman. Finally she persuaded the War Department to allow her to take overseas a somewhat softened version of "The Little Foxes." But by that successful time she felt like the Spartan boy who, you may recall, had some little fox trouble of his own.
HERE'S A SENSIBLE WAY TO RELIEVE cramps, headache, backache of "CERTAIN DAYS" of the month

Helps Build Up Resistance Against Such Distress!

If you suffer this way due to female functional periodic disturbances, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This famous liquid formula does more than relieve such monthly pain. This great medicine also relieves tired, cranky, nervous, blue feelings of such days—when due to this cause.

Taken regularly — Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. A very sensible thing to do!

HELP NATURE: There are positively no harmful opiates or habit forming drugs in Pinkham's. This medicine helps nature. It's one of the most effective and best known medicines of its kind. Also a grand stomachic tonic! Inexpensive!

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

PICTURES IN PRODUCTION (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141)

storage vault. Others in the cast are Joseph Cotten, Lionel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Walter Huston, Harry Carey, Scott McRae, Butterfly McQueen, Steve Dunhill, and Victor Wong. All this and Selznick too.

WHISTLE STOP is Ava Gardner's first big part; George Raft, Victor McLaglen, Tom Conti, Alice Faye, Florence Bates, and Charles Drake (remember him as "Handsome" in YOU CAME ALONG?) are also cast.

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID won't be as frightening a picture as the title would indicate. It is actually a continental farce and costume picture with Paulette Goddard, Hurd Hatfield, Judith Anderson, Reginald Owen, Irene Ryan and Burgess Meredith.

ABILENE, in honor of the Texas city, is keeping Randolph Scott, Ann Dvorak, Edgar Buchanan, Rhonda Fleming and Lloyd Bridges busy.

AT MGM:

THE YEARLING is the cinema version of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' great book, starring Gregory Peck, Jacqueline White, and Claude Jarman, Jr. The cast and company spent two months in Florida, filming exteriors; Greta Peck spent the time with her husband, and the stories they have brought back indicate that the picture will be one of the year's best.

DIARY STRANZE, A HAUNTED HOUSE marks Clark Gable's return to the screen as a merchant seaman who falls in love with librarian, Greer Garson. Joan Blondell, Thomas Mitchell, John Qualen, Larry Burke and Esther Howard are also appearing in this picture that wild horses wouldn't make you miss.

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE is the dramatic murder mystery derived from the hard-hitting novel by James M. Cain. Lana Turner is the wife of the restaurant owner, Cecil Kellaway, and John Garfield is the man who happened along one day. Leon Ames, Hume Cronyn and Jeff York are doing brilliant additional parts.

(Continued on page 83)

Danny Kaye gets some tips from trainer John Indrisano for role in "The Kid From Brooklyn.”

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If you suffer this way due to female functional periodic disturbances, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This famous liquid formula does more than relieve such monthly pain. This great medicine also relieves tired, cranky, nervous, blue feelings of such days—when due to this cause.

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NEW PICTURE GUIDE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

THE HIDDEN EYE (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
—The Far East loses some mystery when your old favorite, the blind de
tective Captain Duncan Maclain (Edward Arnold), his seeing-eye dog
Friday, and body-guard Marty Cor
tett (Wm, Phillips) put the bead on
the murderer determined to wipe out
Sumatra Tin King Arthur Hampton
(Raymond Largay) and his family.
The murderer has been doing a good
job (three gone and two to go) when
Jean Hampton (Frances Rafferty)
asks the help of the master detective
to prove the innocence of fiancée
Barry Gifford (Paul Langton), ac
cused of doing the dirty deeds.
Caped Maclain goes at the case with his
usual suave vigor, but even he isn't
prepared when the ruthless killer turns...on him! It all comes out
orth—in a breathless sort of way!

DUFFY'S TAVERN (Paramount), modeled
after the radio program of the same
name and starring Ed Gardner (since
given an audience by the Pope, when
he was in Rome entertaining troops),
as Archie.

With-Charles Cantor as Finnegan, Eddie Green as Eddie, and Ann
Thomas as Miss Duffy, it's just about everyone else on the Para
mount lot, including the four sons o' Crosby.

It's with lots of laughs—Archie's special brand, already familiar to his
radio audiences, and added contributions in the fun department from
Robert Benchley, Eddie Bracken, William Demarest, Victor Moore and
The Bing.

FIRST MAN IN TOKYO (RKO)—It's the
old "American plans captured by
Japanese—we got to get 'em back" idea...but something new has been added. Tom Neal is the American
Army pilot who gets to Tokyo. Bar
bara Hale, Marc Craven and Keye
Luke are on our side in this one, with
Richard Loo bidding to be voted
"most insidious son of a Nip."

LOVE, HONOR AND GOODBYE (Republic)
—A comedy that travels from the
home of the wealthy Baxters (Edward
Ashley and Virginia Bruce) to the
theater, where Virginia is trying to
become an actress, to the Penny Arc
 cade, where they find adorable, three
year-old and orphaned Jacqueline
Moore—also a tattoo artist (Victor
McLaglen) and Veda Ann Borg.

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME (PRC) isn't
always a mystery...but in this case it is! When news reporter Chris Wil
liams (Sheldon Leonard) dragged
Diana Leslie (Pamela Blake) out of the
river, he didn't realize he was
making a date with murder.

Of 'em, the fact—that sure Diana
was pushed into the water, not an
attempted suicide as a note specified.

From then on, Chris' nose for news
(pulse interest in the pretty gal) lead
him on an exciting chase. He exposes
a huge gambling ring run by Lola
Lane and Paul Guilfoyle, and finally
catches up with the villains, who live
long enough to regret having made
his acquaintance.
YOU CAME ALONG (Hal Wallis production, released through Para.)—Originally titled “Don’t Ever Grieve Me,” Robert Smith and Ayn Rand did the screen play, John Farrow directed.

With Robert Cummings (his first picture since he’s been in the Army, and he still is), plus a trio of newcomers—Elizabeth Scott, Don DeFore and Charles Drake. The boys do more than all right, as returned Army flyer selling bonds for Uncle Sam; Missy Scott doesn’t very often get fair breaks on camera angles, and she’s handicapped with having to be “an other Lauren Bacall”—but, given a chance, she promises much!

More way up through, the script is gay, witty, runs at a lively pace. Then the story gets in the hay, and the whole thing goes off on a tangent of sentimentality which isn’t sentiment.

The large cast includes Jillie Bishop, Kim Hunter, Helen Forrest and Rhys Williams.

HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY (M-G-M)—Identifying from left to right: Hedy Lamarr, beautiful princess (which seems logical!); Robert Walker is the bellboy.

Alas, the princess, who lived in a far-off country, is very sad—because her true love (Wendell Anderson) has returned to America, to write a daily column for a New York newspaper.

The bellboy had a pal, Albert (“Rage” Oglesby), and they both had a little crippled friend, Leslie (June Allyson).

Fantastically delightful, if not profound.

SHADY LADY (Universal) is a comedy where in jovial card-sharper “Colonel” Appleby (Chas. Coburn) tries valiantly to stay on the Primrose Path for the sake of his niece, Lee (Ginny Simms). He doesn’t fare too well after he meets gambler Marty Martin (Alan Curtis) and his cohorts — and then finds Lee’s love in Bob Pendle (Robert Paige), deputy State’s Attorney. He manages to out-deal them—but, of course!

THE HOUSE ON 92nd ST. (20th Century-Fox) was the German embassy, headquarters for the intricate German espionage system in the U. S. It’s a true story, taken directly from the FBI files and reenacted as and where the happenings originally took place. Lloyd Nolan is cast as F.B.I. Inspector Briggs, Bill Eythe is the American counter-spy, and they’re supported by Signe Hasso, Leo G. Carroll, Lydia St. Clair and Renee Carson.

MAN FROM OKLAHOMA (Republic)—That King of the Cowboys, Roy Rogers, in an engrossing outdoor extravaganza highlighting a Hatfield-McCoy feud—only this time it’s the Whittakers (Gabby Hayes) and the Lanes (Maude Eburne). Dale Evans makes her screen debut, and her appearance as Roy’s leading lady, Roger Pryor is the villain.

ADVENTURES OF RUSTY (Col.)—A boy-meets-dog story that spells nice family entertainment. Ace, the Wonder (Rusty in this picture) manages to catch some German spies, also to reconcile the relations of young Danny (Ted Donaldson) and his step-sister, Rosalyn (Margaret Lindsay) and the man of the house, Conrad Nagel.
PICTURES IN PRODUCTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON is the musical dream starring Kathryn Grayson, June Allyson, Jimmy Durante, Lauritz Melchior and Peter Lawford.

THE HOODLUM SAINT is a delicious comedy drama with William Powell, Esther Williams, Angela Lansbury, and James Gleason.

AT MONOGRAM:
FRONTIER FEUD is another whop-pin', gun-totin', rootin' tootin' western with Johnny Mack Brown, Raymond Hatton, Riley Hill, Ed Parker, Steve Clark and Dick Dickinson.

SUSPENSE is in its first week of shooting, a murder mystery with Warren William and Peter Cookson cast thus far.

AT COLUMBIA:
RENEGADES is the Technicolor picture formerly called THE KANSANS. The stars are Evelyn Keyes (unbelievably beautiful in bodice dresses with long sleeves and graceful flowing skirts), Willard Parker (one of our biggest stars-to-be, and that means in every respect, since the altitudinous Willard is something like 6'4"), Larry Parks, Edgar Buchanan, Jim Bannon, and Forest Tucker.

SNAFU is a comedy (the title is derived from the army statement Situation Normal, All Fouled Up) starring Robert Benchley, Barbara Jo Allen, Conrad Janis, Enid Markey, and Marcia Mae Jones.

SONG OF THE PRAIRIE is another western with Ken Curtis, June Storey, the Hoosier Hot Shots, Jeff Donnell, and Robert Scott.

AT REPUBLIC:

SHERIFF OF REDWOOD VALLEY is the latest chapter in the leather adventures of Bill Elliot, Alice Fleming, Bobby Blake, Bob Steele, and Peggy Stewart.

DON'T FENCE ME IN, from the song of the same name, is occupying the time of Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, George Hayes, and Trigger.

AT RKO:
THE KID FROM BROOKLYN is Danny Kaye's latest Technicolor triumph. You won't miss this one, and it would be impossible to describe the plot anyhow. Fellow players to the kinetic Mr. Kaye are Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, Steve Cochran, Walter Abel, Eve Arden, Lionel Stander, Clarence Kilb and Charles Cane.

RIVERBOAT RHYTHM is a tuneful new picture having to do with adventures on a Mississippi showboat, starring Jean Newton, Glenn Vernon, Jonathan Hale.

HEARTBEAT is the first picture to be made by Jean Pierre Aumont after his return from France. Ginger Rogers is working opposite him, as are a brilliant cast composed of Adolphe Menjou, Basil Rathbone, and Melville Cooper.

New-Design Sanitary Napkin Gives You Triple Protection!
And SANAPAK Gives You Extra Comfort, too!
-AT NO EXTRA COST!

So say SANAPAK - and be SAFE
cornered is another hard-boiled drama with Dick Powell, Walter Slezak, Micheline Cheirel (who was once Mrs. John Loder), Ann Hunter and Jack LeRue. The day your reporter visited the set, big Mike Mazurki was also a visitor. It had been bruited about in the studio that he was shortly to become a bridegroom. During a brief silence in the scene, immediately before a take, Dick Powell said softly, "Once there was a lousy prizefighter," said Jack LaRue, picking up the cue very fast. "Who became a lousy actor," said Director Edward Dmytryk, "So decided to get married and become a lousy husband." Then everyone howled at visitor Mike Mazurki's expense. Thus are motion pictures happily made.

THE LIE DETECTOR is a who-dun-it with Bonita Granville (whose engagement was announced one day, denied the next), Morgan Conway, Rita Corday and Edward Norris. Apropos of nothing at all, did you know that whenever Eddie Norris and Pat Knowles have a day off from their respective studios, they hop on their motorcycles and tour small inland towns in search of antiquies? The New York studios protest the Inspector's considerable motorbike riding during picture production an act of tweaking the beard of Father Fate himself.

AT UNIVERSAL:
FRONTIER GAL, the Technicolor spectacle, is in its third month of production with Yvonne DeCarlo, Rod Cameron, Andy Devine, Fuzzy Knight, Sheldon Leonard.

As it was before is likely to be one of the pictures of the year; the story of the mixup in the life of a young man and his beautiful wife. This picture is the second to be made by handsome, intense Charles Korvin. Merle Oberon plays the wife's role, and others in the cast are Claude Rains, Jess Barker, Ann Codee, Doris Merrick and Sue England.

THE ROYAL MOUNTED RIDES AGAIN, bang-bang, William Kennedy, George Dolenz, Milburn Stone, Daum (how about that spelling?) Kennedy and Robert Armstrong.

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Dear Miss Wyman:

I am a sailor nineteen years of age. I have a very bad handicap which almost makes me have a nervous breakdown. I have been a stutterer almost all my life. I am so self-conscious of my stuttering that I don’t know what to do. I joined the Navy because I thought that everything new would help me overcome my self-consciousness, but I find that it has hindered more than it has helped. How can I overcome my handicap?

—Jack

Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:

We have a problem which we hope you can solve for us. It has been quite some time now since we have seen any women, and we are about to enter that great civilized place, the United States, so could you give us a few pointers about the women we will meet there? Do they want us to be the same as we were left? We want to know how to go about approaching a woman without frightening her to death. We’re not the wolves that we are reputed to be, but anything can happen unless we get someone’s advice. Will you help us?

Lee and Sandy

Dear Jane:

I’ve gathered all the facts, examined them carefully and come to the conclusion that I’m physically and mentally a woman—emotionally immature. It probably started when I was a tomboy. I refused to act as other girls my age did and I just didn’t “give a damn.” To tell the truth, I’m glad I had the experience; I’m glad I had the opportunity to prove myself to the world before I found out I was a woman.

—Jack

Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:

I am so self-conscious of my stuttering that I don’t know what to do. I joined the Navy because I thought that everything new would help me overcome my self-consciousness, but I find that it has hindered more than it has helped. How can I overcome my handicap?

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—Jack

Jane Wyman
When closed eyes judge Beauty

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Dear Miss Wyman:
I am seventeen and four feet, eleven inches tall. Could you suggest a few exercises or other means for me to grow a few inches.

Cheryl

Dear Serina:
I know of no exercise which will actually cause you to add a few inches, but you might try this one to give you that tall feeling: Grasp the top of a door with both hands and lift feet from the floor. You will get a stretch through your whole body. Then kick one leg backward, stretching it all the while, after which kick the other leg. This should be done four or five times with each leg.

Even if you are short, you can give an illusion of height by your posture and dress. Carry your shoulders back and your head high. As I said above, give yourself that tall feeling. Platform soles should help, as well as straightline skirts. The same color combination should be chosen in costume and accessories, and keep everything to your size; small bag, small hat, etc.

Avoid horizontal lines and contrasting belts, for they cut down height. Avoid horizontal lines and contrasting colors in your costume.

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BLONDES
Wash Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY!

BLENDING TIPS
- Let your hair grow out if you have a lot of blonde hair. This will give you more volume.
- Use a full amount of shampoo for best results.
- Avoid horizontal lines and contrasting colors in your costume.

When closed eyes judge Beauty

New Home Shampoo Helps Keep Blonde Hair From Darkening
Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, in rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

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point where my wife is neglecting our child to see pictures in which it appears. My problem is how can I win my wife's love and affection again and wake her out of this ridiculous dream. I do hope you can help me as you have helped many others.

Henry

My dear Henry:

Crushes, such as your wife's, are usually confined to unmarried adolescents, and they get over them when a real interest comes along to take the place of their dream hero. In your case, the problem becomes more difficult, since you must reawaken her interest. Suppose you try a complete change of character. You say nothing you do seems to please her, so turn the tables and let the pleasing be on her side. You are the head of the family, tell her you are tired of her fussiness, throw the pictures out, and demand that she be a good mother to your child. In other words, be a man and not a woman; then see if that does not please her again. If this treatment does not seem applicable, the only other course I can suggest is that you develop a fictitious infatuation for a female star, such as Lana Turner, and carry it to even more ridiculous lengths than she. Ridicule is a potent weapon if handled correctly, and may be your solution.

Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:

I am ashamed to write anyone about my problems, but an outsider sometimes can give one peace of mind.

I am 33 and have been married 13 years. I have never been satisfied but believed in sticking; besides I now have three boys.

My husband has never let me handle the money or run the affairs of the home. This has caused trouble. He runs the store and all the children's clothes. They have them almost worn out before he will buy any more and growls about the way they wear things out. He refuses to give me an allowance to take care of expenses.

I worked in a defense plant at one time and made good money. I kept myself dressed and paid someone to care for my children, and managed the house. But my husband nagged me so that I had to give it up.

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I have never been satisfied but I know that an average of one person out of every ten becomes a hospital patient each year. More than $5,000 patients enter hospitals daily. You, or one of your family might be next! Don't go into debt or bankrupt your savings when Sickness or Accident strikes. Be prepared—protect yourself NOW!

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This dependable Hospitalization Plan PAYS YOUR BILLS FROM THE VERY FIRST DAY of Hospitalization, exactly as provided. Do not confuse this policy with the others that skip paying benefits for the first 7 of 14 days.

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Dear Miss Wyman:

I have been married three times and every time I ended up in divorce. I was married for the first time at the age of twenty—I am now 26 and as you can see, I did not stay married very long to each of my husbands.

The cause of these divorces has been my disagreeable temper which would be very hard to cure. I divorced my third husband last June, and in August I met a very handsome man three years my senior. We both love each other very much, and he has asked me to marry him, but I have been putting him off. I haven't told him of my past and he thinks I have been putting him off because I don't love him. But I do, very much. Should I tell him of my past? I am all mixed up. If I marry him now, it may end up in another divorce. I love him very much but am afraid of my horrible temper. Please help me.

Elizabeth

Dear Elizabeth:

Your letter has left me with mixed emotions and practically at a loss for words. I cannot conceive of anyone admitting to having tossed three marriages into the discard so nonchalantly within six years and brazenly blaming it on her bad temper. You are an adult, and after one unhappy experience, I should think you would have taken steps to curb that temper, instead of pampering it and bragging about it as though it were something to be proud of. You also must hold love lightly to have fallen in love with four men within six years.

Until you have learned to control your temper and know what real love is, I suggest that you steer clear of matrimony, for the boy’s sake. It certainly would not be fair to marry this man without telling him of your past experiences, and if you do tell him, he would be more than brave to chance marriage with you until you have put a control on that temper of yours.

Jane Wyman

Dear Mary:

Just recently I received a letter from a friend of mine in the air corps, asking me for advice. I don't know what to tell him, so please see if you can help me in answering his request. The trouble is his mother. He is one of two children, both in the service. His brother is a prisoner of war. The mother is continually worrying about him and his requests. The trouble is his mother. He will be leaving for overseas soon and he dreads to leave his mother in such a state of mind. What can he say to her to assure her in some way so that she will be comfortable?

Please tell me what to write him to make him feel he has gotten the right kind of advice.

Mary
Dear Sheila:

You certainly have a trying situation with which to contend, and it will need tact to work it out amicably. I would suggest that you talk this over with your husband. After all, he is your house and furniture that are being hurt, and have him take the matter into his own hands. It will be a lot easier for him to talk to his mother about his sister; his mother will take it from him more gracefully than from you, and you will be saved any hard feelings on her part.

Should I be hateful and perfectly frank with her mother and tell her, or just what would you suggest. My mother-in-law and I get along nicely, and I want to keep peace in the family without letting my husband be aware of the many other mothers who are bravely meeting this situation, even though their fears are as great as hers; point out to her that with the long months of war for so long that his whole family gave him up for dead, but not so his wife—her faith never waivered, she knew he was coming back to her, and went about her duties bravely, planning his return the face of no word from him for months. When Germany fell, he was liberated and is now home with her, and I am confident it was her complete faith that brought him back.

In case your friend for some reason does not want to adopt this plan, let him write his mother along this line, using a bit of psychology and putting her on her mettle, by telling her how proud he is going to be of her because he knows she will be brave over his going. I hope this suggestion will be of some help and my wishes for the best of luck go out to this boy.

Jane Wymann

bewitchingly ...)

If this doesn't work, you will have to decide for yourself that she is the one who is unfaithful, and work it out amicably. I would suggest that you talk this over with your husband. After all, it is his house and furniture that are being hurt, and have him take the matter into his own hands. It will be a lot easier for him to talk to his mother about his sister; his mother will take it from him more gracefully than from you, and you will be saved any hard feelings on her part.

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into his old top-kick, "Pappy." "Remember him, Maxie?" he asked me, in his modulated drawl. Sergeant Klein, otherwise affectionately known as "Pappy," was Top Sergeant of the 83rd Field Artillery at Camp Roberts, when Van went there to help train cannoneers. Yes, I remembered Pappy. He called 'em the way he saw 'em. And it remembered the time I asked the camp and how Pappy had "called" Van. "He's a good 'un," said Pappy. That summed up Van Hefflin in his books. It was a four-ball review. He was a good 'un.

When the GI's at Camp Roberts heard they had a motion picture star on the arrivals due list, they'd spot on the arrival order and wonder what the field artillery was coming to, when it took a movie star to help them keep those caissons rolling. On top of which, Van had just won the Academy Award for supporting performance for an actor, in "Johnny Eager," and the attendant publicity only made a bad thing worse, to the men in the cadre.

Yep, he started off with many stripes against him. But Pappy, reporting later, had said, "He's doing the dirty work and no kicking. He likes artillery and is making the new boys like it, too."

Van's Commanding Officer, Captain Hoghaug of Devil's Lake, North Dakota, held the office—seconded Pappy's motion. "He could’ve turned it down, the field artillery, you know," he told us. "Could've had a high rank in a soft job." And he fairly spat the "soft" out. "We admire him for picking a hardworking, hardfrighting outfit."

It was a motley assortment, Van's cadre. Included an ex-duck hunter, a cowhand, a Hollywood plumber, a Chinese crooner and a mutt dog, the mascot of the 83rd—a canine cannonner named "Butech."

"Come to report on Lt. Heffin?" said the ex-plumber. "He's doin' okay. I've been a plumber around Hollywood for a long time, and I've been into a lot of those movie guys' houses," he said, adding that as far as he was concerned most of them could go down the drain. He'd been prepared not to like Van Hefflin. "But he's okay," he said.

Yeah, Lt. Hefflin was okay. But he needed and used his ability as an actor to inspire enthusiasm in the new recruits handling the blisters gun pieces in that 120-degree summer heat. At nights, he boned up on field artillery manuals, or maybe, obliged at Camp parties with a throaty rendition of "When your gold bars have turned to silver, I'll love you just the same."

His own gold bars didn't turn to silver. He was all set, ready to go back to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for a brush-up course in field artillery, and probably get a raised rank in a "hard" job. Then go overseas with his own battery command. But rough and tough as he seemed to the other cannonners, the Army doctor knew better. An old back injury that he'd had raised a few things up, just at the wrong time. No overseas duty for Van, the Army doctor said. Limited service, maybe. It was a disappointed Lt. Hefflin who saw the caissons roll on without him.

The next time I saw Van he had changed branches of the Service, switching to a camera unit in the AAF. It's the only combat job I'm
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If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters in the kidneys are usually capable of eliminating excess acids and poisons from your body. Yet a few Americans may need help from the kidneys with this work.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous material to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatism, leg pains, indigestion, gas, and fatigue. Acid and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness and various symptoms of old age. A good tonic for weak kidneys is vinegar, milk, lemon juice, or any solution containing citric acid.

Kidney tubes are so delicate and sensitive that they must be nourished and cleansed. The process of cleansing is called dialysis. It is the most important function of the kidneys. A kidney patient, therefore, must have a diet high in proteins and low in sugars and fats. A kidney diet is recommended to all patients suffering from kidney disease.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your doctor, or the folks at home, if you need help.

Excess Acids Must Remove

Kidneys need help the same as bowels, so ask your doctor, or the folks at home, if you need help.

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Little Vanna, of the red-gold curly hair, had the most embarrassing habit of toddling up to Van in the presence of company, handing him one of the books, and asking "What does it say, Daddy? Van, who can't speak a word of French, would cover up as best he could.

**Dissolve**: Van Heflin in Civvys.

They moved to a humble cottage on Westwood, with a front yard for Little Red to play in. Van's old C.O. gave the youngster a Sealyham pup, solid white with a black ear, named 'Penny'. He replaced the era. Harry, who remained AWOL. And her parents enrolled her in a nursery school... "Because there aren't any children in our neighborhood for Little Red to play with." Van explains. "I want her always to have neighbors; to work and play with them.

If you were to ask Van what motion picture role he likes most to play, you'd get a decisive answer: the hard-hitting young architect in "The Fountainhead." He's received hundreds of letters from men saying they can't see anyone else in that role, and Van would love playing it.

Certainly no actor could play it more realistically than Van Heflin—part of the individualistic young architect who fought for the creative rights of human beings, and who always built as he believed to be right, allowing no person or persons to fit him into a set pattern or groove.

Perfect for Van who, in real life, has never dodged any one-way street, when it looked like the right way.

But even when you come down to it, he'd like "any part that's real." says, "Experience makes you a better human being. Very often we actors lose sight of the fact that we're human beings. We get stylized and phony."

"There's a part I've played that couldn't play better now. There's no part that any of us have been mixed in. In this thing we have ever played that we couldn't play better now."

**Dissolve**: Interior Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Sound Stage.

A tanned Van Heflin in civvy tweeds that had been brought out of storage after three years, and cleaned, tweeds that had been brought out of Goldwyn-Mayer Sound Stage.

"Cut!" said the director.

"Hello, Mr. Heflin. Say, this is something! You watching me?" said Junie.

"I've looked forward to meeting you, Van," said Peter.

The make-up man came over to shake hands. "Swell having you back. Junie. You watching Peter Lawford finish a scene."

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"I've looked forward to meeting you, Van," said Peter.

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Each tiny, separate strand of hair seems to leap to radiant life with just an added hint of natural-looking color! Will not hurt permanents... and never leaves the dull soap film on your hair to steal its natural lustre and beauty. Today, now... get richer flowing Tintz that gives fresh, glowing color to your hair so easily, safely! Seven lovely shades. Only 50c or 2 for $1.00 plus tax.

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**Learn about Hair-dos from the girls who know!**

*Here's lovely Norma Richter...* one of New York's top-flight fashion models, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"! On this page she shows you three stunning hair-dos, keyed to the kind of simple clothes smart girls will wear this fall and winter!

**To bring new enchantment to your profile...** this unusual new "up" hair-do, with its lovely sculptured lines. That wonderful polished look of Norma's hair... that sleek, lustrous smoothness are due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

For hatless occasions, on windy winter days, tie a small silk scarf around your head. Sweep hair up and arrange ends in big puffs, right over forehead. Slip ends of scarf through puffs. But make sure your hair has the lustrous smoothness which only Drene with Hair Conditioning action can reveal!

*Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping*

Multi-colored plastic combs add a perky touch to the classic simplicity of this smooth page-boy and complement the colors of the gay sleeveless jacket. Norma says no shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves her hair so shining, yet so smooth!
Are you in the know?

Too bad she doesn’t care about—
- Her competition
- Boogie-Woogie
- The Three D’s

Men never make passes at untidy lasses—dooms who ignore the three D’s. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks pulp tattle on such callousness. So, take note! Busy perspiration glands are always with us... working time-and-a-half on problem days, moreover! Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, now there’s a deodorant in Kotex. It’s locked inside each Kotex and can’t shake out—because it is processed right into each pad, not merely dusted on. Try Kotex with deodorant for daintiness—next time!

A long face loveth a—
- Scoop neckline
- Turtleneck
- Crossed surplice

Be it a blouse, dress, coat—the voice of the turtle is heard in the neckline! It’s The Look—the turtleneck. And if yours is a long or oval face, it’s swoonderful: high necklines flatter you. Appraise a style for the “plus” it gives you. Likewise, when shopping for sanitary napkins, consider the plus protection you get with Kotex—thanks to that patented safety center. By keeping moisture from the sides of the pad, the special safety center of Kotex offers extra security. A “bonus” that helps build confidence when it means so much to you.

Which would you use?
- The guest towels
- The Turkish towels
- The end of your slip

Freshening up at a friend’s house? Let’s pray those dripping little paws will reach for the guest towels—not the family’s! Even if they look unapproachably lovely, use them. Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it’s Kotex that has the different kind of softness that doesn’t just “feel” soft at first touch. You’re cushioned-in-comfort for hours and hours, because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. And no bunching or roping to plague you!

Can you be picture-perfect—
- With a shiny nose
- Without benefit of bangles
- In winter pastels

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, “phey” clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks, Simple winter pastels photograph best. You can be at your best even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. The flat tapered ends of Kotex free you from worrisome “outline” fears, for the flat pressed ends of Kotex don’t show—don’t cause revealing outlines. You’re the picture of poise, with Kotex!

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

Sometimes we get to thinking about titles like “Our Vines Have Tender Grapes”. Why do authors choose ‘em?

Take a recent M-G-M picture—“The Clock”, for example. That was about a soldier on a 48-hour pass. So the title was quite logical.

Now try to figure out “Our Vines Have Tender Grapes” and what does that tell you? Well, plenty if you’ve seen the picture, and love it as much as we do.

That’s why it’s a great title—and a great picture! It reaches straight down to your heart—without pretense or sham.

And it’s brought touchingly to life by the finest performers it has ever been our pleasure to watch: delightful, winsome little Margaret O’Brien; granite-faced, golden-hearted Edward G. Robinson, hard-boiled and hilarious little “Butch” Jenkins. What wonderful contrast of character.

Like a promising young vine herself, Margaret O’Brien grew beautifully past “Meet Me In St. Louis” and “Music For Millions”. Now, in “Our Vines Have Tender Grapes” she matches her brilliant talent with the rough, earthy greatness of Edward G. Robinson.

Yes, a truly fine wine has come from these grapes: a taste of romance with James Craig and Frances Gifford—flavor from Morris Carnovsky and Agnes Moorehead—and a bit of tang from “Butch” Jenkins—the belligerent brat you loved in “National Velvet”.

A great vintage, with screen play by Dalton Trumbo, direction by Roy Rowland, production by Robert Sisk.

This fine motion picture had its World Premiere at Radio City Music Hall. We urge you to see it as soon as you can.
THREE GREAT PERFORMANCES
IN M-G-M's
THRILLING TRUE-TO-LIFE DRAMA!

• The screen's tough guy in an
  absorbing new role!
• Never greater! She wins your
  laughter and tears!
• The hard-boiled hilarious brat,
  "Butch" himself!

EDWARD G. ROBINSON • MARGARET O'BRIEN

Our Vines Have
Tender Grapes

with
JAMES CRAIG • FRANCES GIFFORD
AGNES MOOREHEAD • MORRIS CARNOVSKY
and "BUTCH" JENKINS

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Based on the Book, "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," by George Victor Martin • Directed by ROY ROWLAND
Produced by ROBERT SISK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
So Proudly We Hail

This is the first in a series of special features dedicated to Hollywood's war veterans and men still in service. Some are stars, many might have been by now if their careers hadn’t been interrupted.

Albert Morin, before December, 1941, was definitely on his way “up” in movieland. You’ll remember him as Mary Anderson’s husband in “Gone With the Wind,” the cameraman in “Too Hot to Handle,” and the impetuous French officer shot in Humphrey Bogart’s “Casablanca” bar. For four years now, Albert has been dodging real bullets in the Army Air Corps.

Entering the Army as a buck private, he worked himself up to a master sergeant, and upon discharge, Albert had to buy a special duffel bag to haul away his medals—the Purple Heart, the Soldiers’ Medal, the Good Conduct Medal, the African Combat Medal, the Croix de Guerre, and the Silver Star. Whee! Anyone hefty enough to tote all those around deserves one more medal—for strength.

But Albert doesn’t display his medals. In fact, he rarely talks about them. He fought the good fight, and now he’s back in Hollywood ready to take up his screen career where he left off. He hasn’t been assigned a part yet, but Movie-land Magazine is pulling for him, and we’re sure that you are too.

Another guy we’re proud of right now is Jim Davis. Remember him in “Swing Shift Maizie,” “Presenting Lily Mars” and “White Cargo”? Jim’s a six foot three-er, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. Before coming to Hollywood, he had an odd assortment of jobs, such as circus roustabout, elephant tender, rock crusher, and oil salesman.

In 1943 he enlisted in the Coast Guard, trained on Catalina Island, and was off to the South Pacific for more than a year. Now Jim has his medical discharge, has taken off his Coast Guard uniform just in time to hop into an olive drab—but for picture purposes only. Jim (Continued on page 76)
THOSE

Lovely ★ Glamorous ★ Scandalous

DOLLY SISTERS!

THEIR LIVES AND LOVES...
IN THE GREATEST MUSICAL STORY EVER

Thrilling as they are beautiful! Glorious as they are gay! Dazzling a world with the songs they sing and the things they do!

A picture spectacular as their own flamboyant drama!

Starring BETTY GRABLE and JOHN PAYNE - JUNE HAVER

with S. Z. SAKALL - Reginald Gardiner

Directed by Irving Cummings - Produced by George Jessel

Original Screen Play by John Larkin and Marian Spitzer

Dances Staged by Seymour Felix

20th CENITY-FOX PICTURE
MILDRED PIERCE (W.B.) was ambitious, mainly for the sake of her children. Determined to see that they have a life of ease to compensate for privation and misery she endured, Joan Crawford as Mildred Pierce, tells the story of her start in the business world as a waitress, her evolution to a restaurant owner, finally attaining wealth and success only to bring ruin, unhappiness and murder within her midst before the scales start to balance again. Ann Blyth is Mildred's neurotic daughter; Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, Eve Arden and Bruce Bennett are part of a substantial cast.

BLITHE SPIRIT (Two Cities, released thru U.A.) Noel Coward's scintillating stage success turned into a fast-moving British film. It's that amusing version of the eternal triangle; the third party being an ectoplasmic former wife whose starting appearance for a "return visit" keeps her one-time husband and his second wife frantic trying to devise ways to send their "spirited" guest back. Rex Harrison, Constance Cummings, Margaret Rutherford are part of the cast that takes part in this verbal and visual frolic.

THE LOST WEEKEND (Para.) — The much-talked-about novel by Charles R. Jackson comes to the screen as both an artistic venture and an object lesson. The film loses none of the hard punch of the novel... and Ray Milland's sensitive portrayal of Don Birnam, the alcoholic hero, beset by the tortures of alcoholism and subjected to the agonies of the damned, without sympathy from a supposedly medical-wise society, has earned him a new place in the halls of the acting profession. Jane Wyman, as the sympathetic fiancee, and Phil Terry's patient "good brother" are but two of the more than adequate characterizations to be found in this screen venture that cannot help but impress every movie-goer.

DANGEROUS PARTNERS (MGM) — Four identical wills, each for a million dollars and all naming one person as beneficiary, seems slightly illegal... but interesting. So James Craig and Signe Hasso discover (almost to their regret) when they investigate an international plot. Audrey Totter, Edmund Gwenn and John Warburton all are dangerous partners in this set-up. (Continued on page 72)
IT'S THE PROMISE OF A RARE GOOD TIME!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

FRED MACMURRAY in
Pardon My Past

WITH MARGUERITE CHAPMAN
AKIM WILLIAM RITA
TAMIROFF DEMAREST JOHNSON

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY LESLIE FENTON
ORIGINAL STORY BY PATTERSON MCNUTT AND HARLAN WARE
SCREENPLAY BY ERL FELTON AND KARL RAB

A MUTUAL PRODUCTION
Dear Jane:
I am supposed to be engaged to a soldier who is now overseas. At one time I thought I was in love with him and so, of course, when he asked me to marry him, I said yes. I now find myself not in love with him any longer.

My problem is that my mother will not allow me to stop writing to him while he is overseas. She insists on my telling him I still love him and all. I am very much in love with a sailor and do not want to keep pretending that I am engaged to the soldier.

Would you advise me to keep writing until he comes back, as my mother wishes, or should I break my engagement immediately. I would appreciate any advice you can give.

Eloise

Dear Eloise:

If you could hear the stories of those who have returned from overseas about boys who have been let down—as you propose to let your fiance down—and the demoralizing effect it has on them, you would think twice before you inflicted the hurt.

Your friend went away believing you loved him—you had told him so—and has been living for, dreaming of and depending upon that love. Though I do not believe in deceiving a person, I think you owe it to him to keep writing and not to disillusion him until he returns.

As I wrote once before, I do not think love can be turned on and off like a faucet. If you loved him once, you may find this new interest is a mere fill-in because you are lonely, and when your friend returns, the old love will be rekindled. Memories have a way of becoming wraithlike and dim during absence, but with the return of the loved one, they take on substance and warmth, and become living things again. So I hope it will be with your love for this man.

Jane Wyman

My baby was born several months after he returned. Now he and this other woman have a child. My child is ill and Lenny will not give me funds for a doctor's care. I am expecting a child in January. I am living in a shabby home with my one child and no one to support us. Since I am still young, I would like to marry a young soldier who has long been my childhood sweetheart. Lenny refuses a divorce. What should I do?

Carol

Dear Carol:

What a mixed-up situation you are in—in fact so mixed-up that I cannot straighten out all the angles. Evidently you are still living with your husband, even though he has married another girl without benefit of divorce, since you say you are expecting another child in January.

Since your husband will not support you and your child, and since he has broken the law in marrying a second time without a divorce, it seems to me that you need legal help to unscramble your problem, and I suggest that you consult an attorney for advice.

Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:

I am in love with a man 16 years older than I, and my mother won’t let me see him. I am only 15, you see.

George loves me, and tries to see or phone me, but mother tells him he can’t see me any more.

I managed to see him last Sunday and we planned an elopement. I need your advice. Should I elope with him or should I listen to my mother. She says he is much too old, but I’ll never forget him because I love him very much.

Jeannette

Dear Jeannette:

I agree with your mother, not only because of the disparity in your ages, but also because you are much too young to get married. A man who is double your age should realize this and be willing to wait until you are old enough to know your own mind.

Elopements sound exciting and romantic, but under these circumstances, for your friend to plan to elope with

(Continued on page 66)
A man's love letters to a girl he didn't know... Letters of tenderness and longing that set her heart afire—and kindled murder.

Jennifer Jones
Joseph Cotten
In Hal Wallis' Production
"Love Letters"

Based on the Novel of Suspense
And Mystery by Chris Massie

With ANN RICHARDS and Cecil Kellaway
Gladys Cooper • Anita Louise • Robert Sully
Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • A Paramount Picture
HI-HONORED DIAMONDS are genuine diamonds of high quality, supremely brilliant and beautiful, as only fine diamonds can be. Hi-Honored Diamonds have been sold exclusively by fine jewelers for many years. They are offered DIRECT now for the first time at GREAT SAVINGS. You save the middleman's profit. Now you can have the fine diamond you have dreamed of at a price you can conveniently pay.

Consider the amazing value of the Wellesley pictured here. A radiantly beautiful Brilliant Cut genuine Hi-Honored Diamond, in a finely carved 14K. Gold solitaire setting at only $39.50, including tax.

ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE
Hi-Honored Diamonds are offered under an absolute guarantee. Your money back in full within 30 days if you are not completely satisfied. This guarantee is made to you in good faith under the exacting requirements of United States Post Office regulations. Orders filled as received. ORDER YOUR HI-HONORED DIAMOND RING TODAY.

Save Money on Fine Diamonds
The Wellesley $39.50 incl. tax
Buy Direct!

Hi-Honored Diamonds are genuine diamonds of high quality, supremely brilliant and beautiful, as only fine diamonds can be. Hi-Honored Diamonds have been sold exclusively by fine jewelers for many years. They are offered DIRECT now for the first time at GREAT SAVINGS. You save the middleman's profit. Now you can have the fine diamond you have dreamed of at a price you can conveniently pay.

Consider the amazing value of the Wellesley pictured here. A radiantly beautiful Brilliant Cut genuine Hi-Honored Diamond, in a finely carved 14K. Gold solitaire setting at only $39.50, including tax.

ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE
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Hi-Honored Diamonds
29 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y.

MOVIELAND'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Berate
5. "Johnny Petrich" in "God Is My Co-Pilot"
10. "... Dick"
14. He is in "The Thin Man Goes Home"
15. "Chris Linden" in "It's a Pleasure"
16. Unicorn fish
17. Eat sparingly
18. Decrease of a Mohammedan ruler
19. Spring Byington in "Thrill of a Romance"
20. "Capt. Becker" in "Escape from the Desert"
22. Movie fade-outs
24. Harem room
25. Emperor
26. "Emily" in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay"
29. "Paul Carrell" in "Without Love" (initials)
30. "Charlie Martin" is ... role in "A Medal for Benny"
35. "Shoulder..."
36. Bulldog in "Since You Went Away"
38. "Jamie Rowan" in "Without Love"
39. A Negro people in Liberia
40. Ever (poet.)
41. "Gabby" in "I'll Tell the World"
43. "In... Oklahoma"
44. Near to a center
46. "...Four Sons"
49. "Caroline" in "Can't Help Singing"
51. Mr. Asher in short (anag.)
52. Gallagher and ... .
53. Angered
54. Affliction
56. Edward ... is in "The Town Went Wild"
60. "Nora Hedden" in "Thrill of Romance"
64. "Sally Knudsen" in "Take It Big"
65. Jack ... is in "Take It Big"
67. Jane Bell in the "Keys of the Kingdom"
68. "...We Will..." in "France"
69. "Re..." in "Paris"
71. "...Daley"
72. Ella ... is "Mary" in "The Suspect"
73. Gratify to the full

DOWN
1. "Sally O'Rourke"
2. Locale of 5 down
3. Nurse in "Three Russian Girls"
4. Most of ... roles are Westerns
5. ... Sky"
6. Movie short (anag.)
7. Anecdotes about Hollywood
8. Boy ... in "Bells of Rosarita"
9. "The Drunk" in "The Clock"
10. "Alexei Kulkov" in "Counter-Attack"
11. River in Asiatic Russia
12. Oscar winner
13. Affirmative votes
21. "Janie Anderson" in "The Impatient Years"
22. French coin
23. Hero who rode on an eagle (Myth.)
24. "Duke Ferguson" in "The Flame of Barbary Coast"
25. John Hodiak in "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier"
26. "Lake Placid Serenade"
27. "Lora Tedder" in "Escape to the Desert"
28. Character in the "Arabian Nights"
29. "Rosarita" in "Bells of Rosarita"
30. "Angelo Rosalee" in "The Man's Navy"
31. "Wilma" in "It's a Pleasure"
32. "Emily" in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay"
33. "Pillow to Post" (inits.)
34. "Mike and Me"
35. "Henry Pepper" is ... role in "What a Woman!"
36. "Lora Lee" in "Desert Night"
37. "Molly and Me"
38. "Conrad" in "The Prodigal"
39. "Emily" in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay"
40. "Dollars"
41. "Gypsy" in "The Story of GI Joe"
42. "Molly and Me"
43. "Bugsy" in "The Big Clock"
44. "Jesse James" is in "The Story of GI Joe"
45. "Queen of the Harem"
46. "...Shaw" in "The Harem"
47. "Molly and Me"
48. "Mulligan" in "She Gets Her Man"
49. "Emily" in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay"
50. "Janie Anderson" in "The Impatient Years"
51. "Molly and Me"
52. "Molly and Me"

(FOR SOLUTION SEE PAGE 84)
The Night you will Never Forget...

Heaven was in her Eyes...
And her Lips were Paradise

Night in Paradise in Technicolor

The screen's glorious new love-match!

Starring MERLE OBERON TURHAN BEY

THOMAS GOMEZ • GALE SONDERGAARD • RAY COLLINS • ERNEST TRUEX • GEORGE DOLENZ • JEROME COWAN

Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN • Produced by WALTER WANGER • Associate Producer: Alexander Golitzen
From the Novel "Peacock's Feather" by George S. Hellman • Screenplay: Ernest Pascal • Adaptation: Emmet Lavery
AT COLUMBIA:

JUNGLE RAIDERS is exactly what the title indicates, starring Kane Richmond, Eddie Quillian, Veda Ann Borg, Janet Shaw and Carol Hughes. The musical Coast Guard show that would have been started three months ago, had it not for the strike, produced by Janet Blair, brilliant Mary Plunkett, Jeff Donnell, and Sidney Caesar. Make up the cast.

SONG OF BROADWAY is a Big Town story giving Mario Rawlings her first breath of Columbia air. She is a Paramour. Also in the cast are Fred Brady and Jinx Falkenburg who will skip the company with stories about their overseas entertainment tour. In Capri, she met her bridgegroom, Tex McCrary; the mercury stood at 120, but Jinx and Tex swam, rode horseback and jeaped themselves a good coffee brown.

PRISON SHIP is in its first week. So far only Robert Lowery and Nina Foch are working.

HIT THE HAY is the Judy Canova starer with a calico flavor. Ross Hunter plays opposite.

HAIL THE CHIEF is a wondrous Bill Walker, Willard Parker, Marguerite Chapman and Janice Carter.

* * *

AT METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER:

THE YEARLING is the Technicolor dramatization of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' great novel of Florida two generations ago, with Gregory Peck, Jacqueline White, and Claude Jarman, Jr., as well as Florida natives recruited on the spot.

THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE is in its third month of production with Clark Gable, Greer Garson, Joan Blondell, Thomas Mitchell, John Qualen, Lanford Wilson and Esther Howard.

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE is being made from James M. Cain's hard-hitting story about a waitress and the itinerant with whom she falls in love. Lana Turner, John Garfield, Ceci Kellaway, Leon Ames, Hume Cronyn and Jeff York.

TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON is in its second month of shooting with Kathryn Grayson, June Allyson, Jimmy Durante, Lauritz Melchior, and Peter Lawford.

THE HOODLUM SAINT is straight drama, the first Bill Powell has ever done in years. Esther Williams, Angela Lansbury, James Gleason, and Louis Jean Heydt are also cast.

WHAT NEXT, CORPORAL HARGROVE? is a sequel to the first Hargrove yarn from the author of the same name. You will notice that Robert Walker now has two chevrons on his sleeve, Keenan Wynn still on his neck, and Jean Porter, Chill Wills, Cameron Mitchell and Arthur Walsh to add to the ingredient.

BOY'S RANCH is the current James Craig picture with Butch Jenkins, Skippy Homeier (the little Nazi in "The Master Race"), Dorothy Patrick, Sharon McManus, Hay Collins and Darryl Hickman.

BAD BASCOMB is the story of a sentimental brigand, Wallace Beery, who is putty in the hands of Margaret O'Brien, Marjorie Main, Frances Rafferty, Marshall Thompson, J. Carrol Naish, Connie Gilchrist, and Warner Anderson.

UP GOES MAISIE is the first picture made since she became a mother and everyone in Hollywood is raving about her increased beauty and her superb figure. George Murphy and Hilary Brooke are also winners.

* * *

AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX:

THE ENCHANTED VOYAGE, in Technicolor, is the picture photographed—for the most part—in New Orleans. John Payne, June Haver, Charlotte Greenwood, Connie Marshall, Charles Russell (new swoon rage), Clem Bevans, John Ireland, and Irving Bacon make up the cast.

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN, also in Technicolor, is the moving dramatization of Ben Ames Williams' great book...
ONE-MAN
Invasion!

One lone Yank secretly embarks on a dangerous mission . . . infiltrates the heart of Japan . . . lives the war's most exciting adventure!

FIRST YANK into TOKYO

WITH
TOM NEAL • BARBARA HALE
MARC CRAMER • MICHAEL ST. ANGEL
LEONARD STRONG • RICHARD LOO
KEYE LUKE

Written and Produced by J. ROBERT BREN
Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS
HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW
USE WESTMORE'S

OVERGLO

FROM HOLLYWOOD ... WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL
NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

FOR the flawless-looking complexion of the stars ... one drop of Overglo ... and presto! Quickly, evenly applied with your fingertips, this new liquid-cream foundation of the Westmores camouflages large pores aud little lines. Adds youthful smoothness under powder and rouge. Keeps make-up fresh all day. Never gives a masked appearance. Non-drying, definitely! Its emollient lanolin and oil base helps defy dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts for months. Seven flattering shades. $1.50 plus tax.

NEW ... OVERGLO FACE POWDER ... ONE SHADE FOR EVERY COMPLEXION

A make-up discovery! Overglo Face Powder ... completely different, ...one practically colorless shade perfect for every foundation-tinted complexion. Permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with natural youthful beauty. A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. $1 plus tax.

AT UNITED ARTISTS:
DUEL IN THE SUN is the vivid story being filmed from Niven Busch's titanic novel. The Jennifer Jones-Gregory Peck love scenes are said to be among the most torrid ever recorded. Also adding to the caloric value are Joseph Cotten, Lionel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Walter Huston, Harry Carey, Butterfly McQueen, Steve Dunhill, and Charles Dingle. (Maybe now that the war is over, Steve Dunhill will get some relief from those eager beavers who thought he belonged to the lighter family, and wanted him to get them just one little lighter for grandmother's birthday.)

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID is the nineteenth century story of a coquette. Turning in beautiful performances under the direction of Jean Renoir are Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith, Hurd Hatfield, Francis Lederer, Judith Anderson, Reginald Owen, Irene Ryan, Florence Bates and Almira Sessions. Make a note of this one—you won't want to miss it.

TOM BRENNEMAN'S BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD is something that no early morning tuner-inner throughout this broad land will want to miss. Tom Breneman, complete with hats, plays Uncle Corny; also cast are Bonita Granville, Edward Ryan, Beulah Bondi, Raymond Walburn, Billie Burke, Zasu Pitts, Lois January, Margaret Early, Spike Jones and his City Slickers, and the King Cole Trio.

AT REPUBLIC:
DAKOTA is the new John Wayne western with Vera Hruba Ralston, Walter Brennan, Ward Bond (hooray for him) and Mike Mazurki.

THE PHANTOM RIDER is another bang-bang with Robert Kent, Peggy Stewart, George Lewis, Kenne Duncan, and Hal Taliaferro (pronounced Tolliver.)

CONCERTO is a picture you won't want to miss. Frank Borzage is producer-director and the picture is being photographed by Tony Gaudio. Stars are Maria Ouspenskaya, Philip Dorn, Bill Carter (war hero), Catherine McLeod, Felix Bressart and Fritz Feld.

AT UNIVERSAL:
AS IT WAS BEFORE is the second picture for that brilliant actor, Charles Korvin. Playing opposite him is Merle Oberon, and the cast includes Claude Rains, Jess Barker, Ann Codee and Doris Merrick.

SCARLET STREET is another thriller with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea (the sterling trio who made "Woman In..."

(Continued on page 70)
THE KIND OF WOMAN
MOST MEN WANT —
but shouldn't have!

She knew there was
trouble coming... trouble
she made for herself!

WARNERS' daringly bring to the screen
the daring novel by James M. Cain!

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ
PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD
Screen Play by Ranald MacDougall - Based on the Novel by James M. Cain - Music by Max Steiner

With
EVE ARDEN • ANN BLYTH • BRUCE BENNETT • ZACHARY SCOTT
By SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

A POPULARITY poll or a reputation for raising spirits do not usually rest on rapier-like wit. The girls who are nicest to be near are those who smile easily—and prettily. So if you’re not rating as many dates as you might, look to your lipline. And beyond it! Look, for instance, at lovely Jan Clayton whom you can see in MGM’s “Jennie Was a Lady,” and follow her hard and fast rules for the smile with a sparkle.

According to Jan, a dentist is one of the most important men in your life so the professional part of your plan for a prettier mouth must include these things. Your dentist should clean your teeth to remove stains and tartar. He should make minor repairs as they are needed before extensive and noticeable damage can cause pain—to you and to your pride.

For the personal part of mouth hygiene, you can do no better than follow Jan’s own program. She allows ten minutes each and every morning and night to give her teeth and gums their proper cleansing. Strong silken dental floss, held firmly and drawn gently into all crevices removes the more difficult to reach particles of food. Her toothbrush (and she has at least two to assure a firm one for each cleansing) polishes and cleanses the surfaces; stimulates the gums too, when the brush is drawn down and over the top jaw, up and over the lower. Finally, she swishes away all debris with a fragrant antiseptic mouthwash.

Bows, Missy Clayton, it’s not only what you say—it’s the way that you say it!
How do you buy your favorite beauty aids?
By their brand names no doubt. That's right.
It's the only safe smart way to shop . . .
to make sure you get exactly what you want.
More and more women are now discovering it's also the best way to choose a permanent wave.
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Dear Miss Cline:
What do English fans like best about American movies? I don't think I could speak for the older people, but most of us in the 'teens are all in agreement about one thing: we like to see young film actors and actresses as much as or more than the older, well-established stars.

Of the pictures I have seen lately I liked "Home in Indiana" and "Meet Me In St. Louis" the best of all. Musicals are always great favourites over here, and I can honestly say I have never heard anyone say he didn't like Donald O'Connor. He is a universal favourite.

I thought that "Laura" and "The Woman In the Window" were the best murder films, and most people rush to see a Bette Davis film.

Sincerely,
Margaret Bunyan
Aylesbury, Bucks, Eng.

Thank you, Margaret Bunyan. Your letter was written some time ago, I note. Meanwhile, being a fan for musicals, we hope you've seen "Anchors Aweigh," with Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra and Kathryn Grayson.

Editor, Movieland:
Please have a story of Roddy McDowall. There've been so few stories that I'd never have known him if I hadn't had the pleasure of meeting him in person recently.

Mercedes Demers

Weren't you the lucky one, though! Guess by now you've seen the "Swim Session" picture spread of Roddy in September. MOVIELAND. And wait—there's more coming! A full-length story, in a near-future issue. Watch for it!

Dear Miss Cline:
In your July issue you mentioned the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Kitten on the Keys." Your final sentence reads: "Did you know that Zez Confrey, who wrote 'Kitten on the Keys,' died recently?"

Many thanks for being concerned enough to write my obituary, but I assure you that I still feel pretty much alive.

It was my brother, James, who passed away recently and the newspapers got matters mixed.

Cordially yours,
Zez Confrey
Elmhurst, N. Y.

This is one time we're really glad to be corrected on an error. Sorry to have added to the confusion, but happy to find you are still with us.
Ray Milland reaches full acting maturity in his outstanding characterization of Don Birnam, the frenzied alcoholic "hero" in "The Lost Weekend" by Kate Holliday

If you have any preconceived notions about the sort of guy Ray Milland is, I'd suggest you set about instantly getting rid of them. Throw them away! For you are about to see Ray, the erstwhile Bright Young Man of motion pictures, as Don Birnam, the alcoholic in "The Lost Weekend."

Before we go any further, the shock I must prepare you for will in no sense arise from the picture itself. I've seen the film twice and I know. It is one of the truest, most powerful pieces of drama Hollywood has ever put upon a screen, and one which you definitely should see.

The shock will come from the fact that Ray, in this role, is so completely different from anything you have ever dreamed him in, that you'll find it hard to believe he's the same guy. And he is superb.

The whole business began, Ray tells me, when he started seeing copies of the novel by Charles Jackson in his friends' houses. It was on a table at Cary Grant's. It was in a bookcase on a boat of George Brent's. He had heard of the tome, of course, and naturally figured that his pals were reading it because they were to do it on the screen. And then he spotted it on the desk of Billy Wilder, who, with Charles Brackett, has written and produced and directed some of the finest pictures in recent years. The pair of them did "Double Indemnity," among other things. And that was no slouch!

Well, anyway, when Ray saw that Wilder was metaphorically clutching "The Lost Weekend" to his bosom, he began asking questions. It developed that the firm of B. & W. was considering doing the story, and Wilder suggested Ray take the book home and read it. This he did—with the result that he was still awake, hanging onto the volume for dear life, when four o'clock boomed through the morning air. And the next day, when Messrs. Brackett and Wilder inquired delicately whether or not he would be interested in playing Don, he answered in such a resounding affirmative that the walls of Paramount are still shaking.

Because of its subject matter, Hollywood (and Milland) wondered how on earth the picture was ever going to be made. There was, you know, the Hays Office to consider. But Mr. Brackett tells me that the censors were extraordinarily kind. They not only agreed that the film could be made, but declared that the script submitted to them was a gem (Continued on page 99)
Could he ask for more? Glenn Ford's career is going great, he's married to Eleanor Powell,
It's an ill wind that blows no good . . .
Many stars have found that yesterday's tragedies are tomorrow's blessings

WHAT are YOU crying about?
Dry those tears! More than likely your tragedy will prove to be the springboard to a greater blessing. So wipe your eyes, open them wide—and come with me.

Look, here's Greer Garson. When she was a little girl, she was ill so often that her nightgowns got more wear than her dresses. Was that bad? She thought so then, but later on she realized that it was the omnivoruous reading she did in bed that won her a scholarship before she was eight. Illness taught her to concentrate so well that she could overcome almost any handicap.

That's Marlene Dietrich over there. She meant to be a violinist, but just as she was ready to appear in concert, she broke her wrist. Musical career gone. Marlene turned to stage and screen. A song she sang in “Blue Angel,” and a pair of incomparable legs, drew Hollywood's attention—and what was a wrist and a violin?

Before Van Johnson's near-fatal accident, he was just another juvenile around the lot who had done a few films without getting much notice. The accident put him in headlines; for Irene Dunne, Spencer Tracy and Victor Fleming were so concerned about him that they stopped making “A Guy Named Joe” until Van recovered, and then staged a big welcome for him. Van's mail began before he (Continued on page 57)
Phil Terry

He lives the quiet life with actress-wife Joan Crawford and Christina and Phillip; their five and three year-old "junior members." New additions to this happy quartet are two black French poodles, who are almost as photogenic as the rest of the family. Likes to putter around his lovely home . . . latest "puttering" ambition being to put up a brick wall around the place, which proved to be more of a project than he'd counted on . . . so he gave up, after a few days, and called in an expert! Claims climbing ladders makes him nervous because heights bother him . . . Looks as if he'll have to get accustomed to the view from 'way up thar since doing the part of the "good brother" of Ray Milland's alcoholic hero, in "Lost Weekend." Is excited about his next role . . . a dramatic one in Paramount's "To Each His Own" . . . and with Olivia DeHavilland!
SUB-SIXTEEN

By JAMES SCOTT

THE theatrical profession can boast of scores of comedians, from clowns up to and including Bert Lahr, Bob Hope, Phil Silvers and Danny Kaye. But comediennes don't come in droves, which is the reason why Charlotte Greenwood, Carmen Miranda, Joan Davis or Betty Hutton and a few others can practically write their own tickets at the studios.

Until now, whatever child actresses existed usually were confined to the tiny, pretty type—mostly on the obnoxious side and dubbed by the film folk as "the little heavy."

But Barbara Whiting, moppet of thirteen, who plays the straight comedy role of Fuffy Adams in "Junior Miss," is strictly from hilarity—and no mistake. Her next is MGM's "Home Sweet Homicide."

Producer William Perlberg and George Seaton snagged her away from the sacred precincts of Beverly Hills' fashionable Westlake School because she happened (Continued on page 98)

More minx than moppet—13-yr.-old

Barbara Whiting, the bobby sock

sophisticate in "Junior Miss"

She wanted glamour, but in the role of Fuffy her only ornament was—a plastic skunk!
Lauren Bacall Bogart, avec Charles Boyer on the set of "Confidential Agent." (With Katina Paxinou, Peter Lorre.)

By FREDDA DUDLEY

LATTER DAY ADAM: While the company making "Leave Her To Heaven" was on location in Oakcreek Canyon, a scenic spot 37 miles outside of Flagstaff, Arizona, in Coconino County, Cornel Wilde and Gene Tierney decided, one afternoon, to take a quick dip in a nearby lake. Neither was to be needed while a set-up was being changed, so they hurried to their respective portable dressing rooms and hopped into swim togs.
Gene was ready first, so plunged in. Suddenly she noticed that she was not alone in the lake: a fine large snake was circling around, planning—as Gene viewed his behavior—the most strategic moment at which to attack. She wasted no time; she began to scream at the top of her lungs.

Cornel, reaching the bank on the double, plunged in, swam to Gene, and laughed heartily at her cry of "Snake." Lightning fast, he grasped the snake and flung it, with his best pitching technique, onto the distant bank. He said to Gene, "Aren't you ashamed! Making all that noise over a harmless little water snake."

Called the sheriff from the bank, "We've just killed your WATER MOCASSIN!"

Cornel and Gene emerged from the lake, far too weak to swim.
Joel McCrea and his missus (whom you know as Frances Dee), with Joel's manager, Frank Vincent.

They used to be married, but not any longer. It's Alan Curtis at La Rue's with his lovely ex-wife, Ilana Massey.

WELL DEVELOPED IDEA:

Peggy Ryan recently received a letter from her brother, who is in Germany. Having served 125 days in the line without a change of shoes, he suffered a serious case of trench foot and spent several miserable weeks in an army hospital. During his convalescence, his thoughts turned to commercial possibilities along these lines:

Germany was filled with G.I's not allowed (at that time) to fraternize. They were bored. They were writing many letters home. They were eager to purchase souvenirs. So, as soon as young Ryan was out of the hospital, he and a buddy set up a photographic studio. Business, he reported, was terrific.

If you have a relative sweating out transportation home, and if you have received a picture of this chap recently, it may have been taken by Tenderfoot Photographer Ryan.

in publicizing children, no matter how lovely they may be.

Donald O'Connor is currently stationed in Atlantic City, putting on radio shows for an encampment of WACs. He wrote to a Hollywood friend, "I've spent many, many hours wearing out the boards of various stages, but this is the first time that I've built the stage from scratch."

The Charles Korvins have a delightful member of the household named "Piglet." He is a ragdoll pig with a nose like a tapir, and Piglet alone is responsible for all domestic Korvin problems. If someone forgot to deliver Gaza's suits to the cleaners—Piglet's fault. If Helana burns the roast—Piglet's to blame. Very handy household gismo.

CONJUGAL:

The production schedule at Universal is currently distinguished by three husband and wife teams: Walter Wanger is producing "Scarlet Street," starring his wife and Edward G. Robinson; Deanna Durbin is appearing in "Lady On a Train," produced by her husband, Felix Jackson; Merle Oberon is starring in "As It Was Before" with Charles Korvin, and is being photographed in the role by her husband, Lucien Ballard.

It may be rather late for a Bogart-Bacall wedding anecdote, but this one is worth repeating. Seems that the day before Bogart left for Mansfield with Miss Bacall, to be married at Louis Bromfield's ranch, he was having a terrible time trying to deliver fines for his part in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls." He made a dozen trips to the telephone to complete last minute arrangements; he scribbled notes on weary envelopes carried in his breast pocket; he spent spare moments staring into space. He had, in short, the jitters.

Barbara Stanwyck (working opposite him) noted the perturbation of the thrice-previously-married Mr. Bogart, and observed in honeyed tones, "I understand how nervous you are, Bogie. After all, when a man is about to become a bridegroom for the first time . . ."

Retorted Mr. Bogart wryly, "That's what I like about you, Stanny. You're so sensitive!"

BACK TO THE LAND:

Mr. Gable gave the problem a good deal of thought, to wit: he had worked every single day for 65 working days; he was driving a long distance from his ranch to the studio each day; surely it would be more sensible to find a small, casual house near the studio, than live so far away; ergo; he should sell his ranch. (Continued on page 66)
EYELASH DARKENER

To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring . . . even after swimming, crying or perspiring, use "Dark-Eyes". This indelible darkener never runs, smarts or smudges. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks . . . thus ending daily eye make-up bother. CAUTION: Use only as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of "Dark-Eyes" today!

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All over this broad land there are gazelle-ish young men who, finishing a pas de chat before the imperturbable practice room mirrors, have said to themselves: “Astaire? Who is he?”

And, when Miss Ginger Rogers expressed herself as desiring only dramatic roles in future, agile Annies throughout the country moved themselves up one rung on their mental ladders of success.

At present, in Hollywood, there are three vivid new-comers—two men and a girl—who are adding impressive footnotes to the paragraphs already tapped out by Astaire, Rogers & Company. And the amazing fact about all three is that not one of them set out originally with the leaping purpose of becoming a dancer. Each fell into the profession; landing, naturally with a tour jete, by accident. One protested the accident forcibly, but Johnny Coy’s mother had a persuasive hand.

So we introduce to you the new toe and torso torna-does, Vera-Ellen, Johnny Coy, and Marc Platt.

You saw Vera-Ellen for the first time in “Wonder Man”—when she did, among other things, “Bali-Boogie” with Danny Kaye. You will (Continued on page 67)
TOE and TORSO

by BYRT BARNELL
Jean Pierre Aumont—one of the first to get into the war, overseas 18 months, and what a welcome when he returned to Hollywood!

Before Jean Pierre Aumont arrived for his luncheon appointment at the Beverly-Wilshire, a friend of his at the table said, "He'll come rushing in here any minute now, so sorry to be late, and so charming about it! He's always late—he just can't help it."

And that's just the way it was. Suddenly he appeared in the doorway, looked anxiously about the room until he located the table, then came hurrying over, mingling his greetings with apologies, and radiating more charm than any one man has a right to have.

"I don't know why it is," he said regretfully, as he sat down. "I can never be quite on time. I just never am."

"No one expects you to, really, Jean Pierre," teased his friend.

"But I always try to be, you know," he protested, with that engaging smile. "When I first came to America, people said to me, 'Now, look, young man, this is not Europe. You cannot be late to everything. You must learn to be on time.' And I made up my mind that I would be. And always I try, but something happens at the last minute: a phone call just as I'm leaving the house, or the traffic lights. . . . That is one trouble—there are too many red lights!" (Continued on page 63)
By KATHERINE LAKE

Strangers with Children

Bob Hope . . . a Yankee Doodle who really went to town!

The guy who chalked up more

than 300,000 miles of travel,

entertaining Allied troops

all over the war-torn world

Testimony to popularity "over there"—10,000 troops of Allied Nations jam-packed London's Albert Hall from floor to ceiling to see him; thousands were turned away.

Where there's Hope . . . there's a crowd! Recipient of many honors, Bob's latest is a reproduction of himself in Madame Tussaud's famous London wax museum.
Once again teamed with Lamour and Crosby in laff-provoker "Road to Utopia" (Para.). Above, Mrs. Hope and Linda. Tony (5) stayed home.

OB HOPE recently met a friend on the Paramount Studio’lot, where he was working in a picture titled "The Road To Utopia."

"Howdy," said the friend. "I saw that pretty wife of yours on the golf course yesterday afternoon."

"How was she?" asked Bob.

The friend hesitated. "Do you mean how was her score?"

"How did she look? What did she say?" amplified Bob sagely. "If I'd known you were going to see her, I would have had you tell her 'hello' for me. Do you realize that it's reached the point where Dolores awakens toward morning, leans over and stares at my nearby form, quivering in nervous slumber. 'That,' she whispers, 'must be my husband.' We are, you might say, strangers with children."

This was not entirely a comedian's exaggeration. Mr. Hope is a whirling dervish with wings, a supercharged engine, and a pogo stick. He works long hours at the studio, extended by long hours at the broadcasting station. (In addition to his regular show, he has been known to give three or four additional broadcasts a week.) His Sundays are taken up by charity golf matches, appearances at bond rallies, or entertainment tours of army and navy establishments or hospitals. An observer, bearing in mind that Bob is British-born, once said in admiration, "Anyone who has ever seen how much Bob Hope can do, in a week, can understand how an entire nation made up of such men could have won the Battle of Britain."

Bob Hope, as a public personality, is so well established in the minds of the world that he is seldom regarded as an individual with an ordinary man's desire to withdraw from the spotlight and relax at home with his wife and children.

When the golf course conversation was reported to Mrs. Hope, she smiled ruefully. "Only yesterday I received a letter from a school chum of mine who is now living in the East. One of her paragraphs began, "How does it feel to be married to a famous man?" I answered her by admitting that there had been a time in my life, not too long ago, when I had yearned to be the wife of a banker, an attorney a plumber or a farmer. Such a wife can plan an orderly life. Conversely, the wife of a man in Bob's position never knows at what time dinner will be served to a complete family, if it is served at all. She never knows in the morning where she will be that night. Yet I've grown so accustomed to the breathless pace, to the spontaneous character (Continued on page 92)."
BILL EDWARDS is the tallest guy in pictures. But I warn you, don’t say “How’s the air up there?” if you want to stay on speaking terms with him. Not only is he justifiably tired of the corny crack, but for some strange reason he is sensitive about his height of 6’6”, as if it were something freakish or astronomical, and no one apparently can convince him that most of Hollywood’s leading men would give a good right eye to approximate it.

Sonny Tufts, for example, is a tidy 6’5”, yet I happen to know that Sonny actually wore “lifts” in his shoes for his scenes with Bill in “Miss Susie Slagle!” That ought to prove something to the “big guy,” but doesn’t. Likewise I would suggest you never flick cigarette ashes on his mother’s rugs, or the floor of his Indian tan convertible coupe. The careless habit gripes the jeepers out of him, and cost one young glamour girl I know the chance to be Mrs. Bill Edwards.

Not many people in Hollywood, even at his own studio, Paramount, know Bill. Really know him, I mean. Everyone is well aware of his face and name, of course, and that his performance in “Susie Slagle” (his first real chance) has earmarked him for top roles in important pictures henceforth. (Continued on page 52)
Six cents plus a sense of humor were all Mama May and son had, not so long ago!
Songwriter Dave Rose was a beau, once.

Her latest picture? "A Sailor Takes A Wife" (MGM).

Bachelors are a past history. (Steve Crane.)
TO RECORD this romance between June and Dick is like writing a history of the Bedlam Asylum. It must have had its sweeter moments, but if so, they were in the minority, and incidental to the wacky goings-on between the two.

For instance, June—the incorrigible sentimentalist—hasn't yet gleaned a sentimental moment. For years she dreamed of the day the man in her life would slip the engagement ring on her finger. And it happened this way:

Dick picked her up at her dentist's office, drove to a quiet spot and stopped the car. He fished in his pocket, drew out a small box and opened it, to disclose a star sapphire, set in gold and surrounded by diamonds. June's eyes were misty—until he put the ring on the fourth finger of her right hand.

"Please," said June, "let's get the right hand. That is to say, the left."

The correction made, Dick leaned over to kiss her, and was startled when she drew away. He made a firmer approach, and drew away himself, even more startled.

"What is the matter with your mouth?" he said. "It—it slips all over the place."

"Novocaine," replied June sadly. "The dentist gave me novocaine and I'm out of control."

But to begin at the beginning. One starry night Dick Powell was driving home from his studio. He didn't particularly want to go home; there was no one there and nothing to do. When he passed June's apartment he noticed the windows ablaze with light. He had met June on the set of "Meet The People" and she had seemed a nice kid. So Mr. Powell made a quick U-turn and parked his car in her driveway.

He found the apartment straining its seams with June's crowd from the studio, and spent an hour stowed in a corner with the hostess's housekeeper-companion, (Continued on page 98)
CHARLES KORVIN . . .
as he is

A Continental look . . . quick sense of humor . . . delightful conversationalist . . .
and added to all this, a very nice guy

By JAN WILSON

They met at the Stage Door Canteen and 'twas love at first sight.
CHARLES KORVIN just missed being born in America. His parents were packed and ready to leave Hungary, when his uncles returned—having been in this country—and persuaded them to stay where they were. So they did, and two months later Charles Korvin put in his appearance.

It is difficult to picture what kind of man Korvin might have been, were he New York City-born, instead of in the village of Pastyen. One thing is certain, however: that his having lived such a gypsy life in so many countries gives him a personality that's thoroughly saturated with "continental atmosphere."

In addition to which—yes, he's one of the handsomest men to hit Hollywood in a long time. Six feet tall, on the button. One hundred and seventy-five pounds, dark hair streaked with iron gray, hazel eyes—he even has a dimple in his chin! And he has a quick sense of humor, is a delightful conversationalist . . . with an accent reminiscent of Boyer's, a decade ago. He's a nice guy, Charles Korvin. And girls, listen to this! He prefers American girls! He thinks they are by far the best dressed, that they have "the courage of color." French women, he says, always look as if they are going to a wake, swathed in dead black from head to toe.

And that brings us to tell of his marriage; the story which began about five o'clock one fine spring afternoon, in 1941. Helena Fredricks, actress, was making coffee at the Stage Door Canteen. Mr. Korvin, entering the kitchen on a new shift of busboys, spied the cute blonde wrestling wearily with the coffee urn, sneaked up behind her and whispered, "Hi, beautiful."

Helena swung with her towel; she thought he was fresh, and she said so. The Canteen cemented the friendship, however. And as Charles later told her mother, in phrasing that's characteristic: "Helena is one of the beautiful ones."

So they were married. They live now in a small, tastefully decorated apartment in Hollywood. One entire wall of the living room is lined with record albums, and the kitchen is well-stocked with strange spices and herbs—all necessary for Korvin's expert meddling in things culinary; he has a special dish for every country he's lived in, which adds up to quite a few dishes!

To start with, there was Hungary—although the town where he was born has been within the boundaries of Czechoslovakia since 1919. Korvin's father had only two years of formal schooling, but he made and lost three fortunes in his lifetime. The family moved about considerably—from Pastyen to Budapest, where the elder Korvin owned a cafe, then to Lake Balaton for a ship-building project. There Charles learned to love ships, and everything about them; but after his mother's death, in 1926, the family moved back to Budapest.

Charles got his first job, in Budapest—in the Ministry of Economics, where he was required to wear black-striped (Continued on page 81)
 Rooms of improvement and homes with a future . . . what the movie decorators predict for post-war planned interiors

By KOLMA FLAKE
FORESHADOWING YOUR HOME

STREAMLINED EFFICIENCY is another accepted contribution to modern living, popularized by “movie set” homes. This modern kitchen is for “Be It Ever So Humble” (Univ.).

COMFORT PLUS CHI-CHI. Significant of the present indicative of the future ... this living room from “Stork Club” is in accord with most post-war homes.

WITH all this talk of the home of the future—talk which glitters with push-button living, outside-inside rooms, disappearing walls and ad flabbergastium—it seems pertinent to query the men who create homes for the motion picture screen.

Phony though these homes may be, they have caused more human beings to sigh for home improvements than almost any other medium. Long ago a smart linoleum promoter sold studio art directors and interior decorators on presenting stylized linoleum in entry halls, nurseries, recreation rooms and even drawing rooms. (Continued on page 78)

PROCLAIMING THE FUTURE. Glass, plastics, original linoleum patterns and interesting door effects are forecast in this foyer. (“Stork Club”, Paramount).

PREDICTION OF THINGS TO COME. Upholstery and draperies of glass, practically everlasting, will be a must! (Above, farmhouse in “Christmas in Conn.”)
HEN Jennifer Jones was awarded the Academy Oscar in 1944 for her portrayal of the little peasant saint in "The Song of Bernadette," Hollywood split up into a dozen camps expressing all shades of opinion between the two opposite views (a) that Jennifer definitely did, and (b) that she definitely did not deserve the Oscar.

Jennifer herself was among the latter. On the night she received the award, as she walked back to her seat, carrying the Oscar, she stopped to say to Ingrid Bergman (who had also been a candidate for her Maria, in "For Whom the Bell Tolls"): "I'm sorry. You should have had it." Ingrid smiled and shook her head, saying, "No, Jennifer, your Bernadette was greater than my Maria." Afterwards, Jennifer always maintained that she had won the award on other people's work. She gave all the credit to Henry King, who had directed her in "Bernadette," and to others connected with the production.

Granting that no award ever satisfies everybody, this one to Jennifer stirred up more of a hornet's nest than usual. Nobody denied the beauty of her performance, but the theme of the oppositionists ran something like this: "The Academy Award is supposed to be for the best performance. And how do we know that 'Bernadette' was a performance? Jones may be just a natural type for the part. Until we see her in other parts, it's impossible to tell whether she's an actress or just being herself. Only time will tell."

On the other hand, it was argued that the Academy award was based on quality alone, apart from all considerations of length of experience. On that basis, a girl who could begin her screen career with such a portrayal had as much right to the award as anyone else. Time would tell, they also said, that Jennifer had it in her to give many award-calibre performances; so let her win as many Oscars as she could, and more power to her!

Jennifer's right—or non-right—to the Oscar for that performance has been a popular gossip topic ever since, though the line-up as to who thinks what is constantly changing. Meanwhile, Jennifer goes serenely on her way, giving one outstanding performance after another, in roles as widely varied as opinions about her ability. And as everybody said it would, time is telling.

But the experts didn't have to wait for time. They recognized Jennifer's potentialities early in the game. For instance, Director Henry King, who's in a position to know, had this to say: "Jennifer Jones definitely is an actress, a very rare kind of actress. She had to be, to play the role of Bernadette. Nobody could have injected Bernadette into her. Bernadette had to come out of her. She is like a very sensitive musical instrument which, with very careful manipulation, will produce wonderful effects. Contrary to popular belief, she was not selected because she was an unknown. She was selected because she was the best actress we could find for the part."

Those who predicted a quick fade-out for Jennifer after "Bernadette" (remembering Betty Bronson's eclipse after "Peter Pan" and Charlotte Henry's after "Alice in Wonderland.") reckoned without the shrewd management of David O. Selznick. To prove that Jennifer was neither a flash in the pan nor a natural Bernadette-type, he cast her, immediately after that, as Jane, a sweet, wholesome girl in these United States during this World War II, in "Since You Went Away." This picture brought her back from the remote and hallowed niche she had carved for herself as Bernadette, and established her as "the girl next door."

Next came "Love Letters." Producer Hal Wallis borrowed Jennifer to play the part of an idealistic girl, who, as a result of severe emotional shock, becomes a victim of amnesia. An intensely exacting role this was, and handled with such skill you could not remember, while seeing the picture, that here was acting being done. It was even difficult to believe that this was the same girl whom you had seen in the two previous pictures.

When asked why he selected Jennifer (Continued on page 59)
When Chuck Foster leaves, J. Long band takes over the New Yorker.
GREETINGS, boys and girls! Lots of music news this month, so let us be off!

Guy Lombardo and his band have started work on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s new musical, “No Leave, No Love.” Though the picture stars Van Johnson, the story is really centered around the life of the Lombardo family, so Guy and his brothers will have some acting to do, with plenty of dialogue, in addition to their musical duties.

Walt Disney has signed some big musical personalities for his next production, “Make Mine Music.” The picture will be in technicolor, and all-cartoon, with a voice or a band behind every number. And the cartoon characters will be new ones. So far, Disney has nabbed Dinah Shore, Nelson Eddy, Benny Goodman, Cozy Cole, Sid Weiss, and Teddy Wilson, with more big names to come.

Tom Breneman’s “Breakfast In Hollywood,” which has been one of the most popular daytime radio shows, is being made into a movie, and will be released by United Artists. They say the film, though based on the program, will be more of a variety musical. The rhythmic chores will be handled by Andy Russell, The King Cole Trio and Spike Jones And The City Slickers.

Frankie Carle and his orchestra will have five numbers in R.K.O.’s “Riverboat Rhythm,” including his famous “Sunrise Serenade.”

Harry James told me just before he left New York that he hopes his next picture will be “Young Man With A Horn.” The screenplay of the famous novel formerly owned by Paramount, at one time was to have starred Burgess Meredith. An independent producer, Bruce Manning, now has the rights to the story, and Harry says he and Manning may make a deal. Of course James still owes Twentieth Century-Fox two pictures on his contract with them.

WHAT’S BRISK ON THE DISC:
COLUMBIA:
Well, here’s the (Continued on page 50)
record you Sinatra-atics have been waiting for, and it’s a goodie. Frank and Xavier Cugat’s orchestra together on “My Shawl” and “Stars In Your Eyes.” Now, don’t rush, kids. On second thought, maybe you’d better.

If they’re all gone, maybe you’ll settle for “Cugat’s Favorite Rhumbas,” an album of Cugie’s pet Latin-American ditties, including “Begin The Be¬gine,” “Green Eyes,” “Besame Mucho,” and others: eight sides in all.

Then there’s a single Cugat disc, “No Can Do,” and “You Forgotcha Guitar.” Both vocals are sung by radio singer Leah Ray, who got her start in the music business several years ago as Phil Harris’ singer.

The Modernaires, with Paula Kelly, have done their usual good job on “The Night Is Young And You’re So Beautiful,” and “Jog Along,” with Mitchell Ayres’ orchestra.

“I’m Gonna Love That Guy,” and “Till The End Of Time,” are the songs Ginny Simms has chosen for her newest record; and the titles are timely, inasmuch as Ginny is a brand new bride.

Count Basie jumps in with two instrumentals, “Feather Merchant” and “Ain’t It The Truth.”

“Along The Navajo Trail,” and “A Tender Word Will Mend It All” have been waxed by Gene Krupa and his band, with Buddy Stewart in for the lyrics. You’ll hear some of Charlie Ventura’s tenor sax on both tunes.

Benny Goodman offers “It’s Only A Paper Moon,” and “I’m Gonna Love That Guy,” with vocals by Dottie Reid. Dottie has since left the band.

Harry James’ “11:60 P. M.” has been a big hit, but his new one is going to furnish some competition. It’s “Au¬tumn Serenade,” and “It’s Been A Long, Long Time,” with a Kitty Kallen vocal.

A new recording star on the Colum¬bia label is a young lady by the name of Pearl Bailey, and her first record is “Fired,” and “Fifteen Years” (And I’m Still Serving Time). I’m sure most of you have never heard of her, but unless I miss my bet, you will. I pre¬dict she’ll be the next vocal sensation. Her style is completely unlike anyone else’s.

DECCA:
If you like Gershwin music, (and who doesn’t?) you’ll want the album, “Porgy and Bess,” with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein.

Dick Haymes has recorded two of the tunes he sings in his latest pic¬ture, “State Fair.” They’re “That’s For Me,” and “It Might As Well Be Spring,” with Victor Young’s orches¬tra. (Music and lyrics by the famous Hammerstein-Rodgers team.)

Russ Morgan and his “Music In The Morgan Manner” are represented with “Remember When,” with a vocal by Marjorie Lee; and “The Wish That I Wish Tonight,” from the picture “Christmas In Connecticut.” Russ sings this one himself.

Les Paul and His Trio are heard on “Begin The Be¬gine” and “Dream Dust.” This is one of the very best trios, consisting of two guitars and bass fiddle, with piano accompaniment.

Eugenie Baird and Mel Torme and his orchestra have a pleasing duo in “Am I Blue?” and “I Fall In Love Too Easily.”

The Andrews Sisters’ latest platter should bring plenty of nickels into the nation’s juke boxes. It’s “The Blond Sailor,” and “Lily Belle.” The “Sailor” tune is an adaptation of an old Bavarian melody, and sounds like it will ring the hit bell. It’s been a big hit, but his new one is going to furnish some competition.

Rand Brooks has Marian Hutton as the vocal lass on his second record for Decca. The tunes are “I’m Gonna Love That Guy,” and “No More Tou¬jours L’Amour.” The latter tune is the

(Continued on page 53)
For the first time, the inspired artistry of lovely little Margaret O'Brien is available on phonograph records. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's beloved star tells "Two Stories for Children," with delightful musical accompaniment. Three full size records in a colorful album that will make a treasured gift. At your favorite record store $2.75* 

*PLUS TAX
They know he is exceedingly hand¬
some in a clean blond way, friendly
enough on the surface, and a thor¬
ough-going gentleman given to the
habit of drawling "We-e-11, I don't
know-o-w!" so frequently that it has
become his trademark around the
studio.
Few people, however, know what
makes him tick as a person, and the
fault is entirely his own. Almost pain¬
fully reticent by nature, he refuses to
lower his guard until he knows you
well and believes you like him. This
trait, naturally, is somewhat baffling
to those many souls given to calling
everyone 'Darling!' within 10 minutes
of a casual introduction, and hence
often is misinterpreted as conceit on
his part. Actually Bill has surpris¬
ingly little conceit, especially in view
of his youth, good looks, and great
appeal to women, who have a tendency
to throw themselves at him. When
that happens, I might add, Edwards
has a tendency to run.
Once his guard is down, the stiffly
polite and reserved Bill turns into a
fun-loving young man with a grand
sense of humor and unexpected wit,
excellent company, and a devoted and
thoughtful friend. Like everyone else,
I had to discover that the hard way;
when I first met him I honestly
thought he was a stuffy stupe! So did
his fellow actor, sophisticated Billy
DeWolfe, who now is his closest friend
and biggest booster. Billy, inciden¬
tally, has done much towards giving
Bill a certain poise, suavity and self¬
confidence he badly lacked.'

One of the things I like best about
Bill is the way he is neither self¬
conscious nor (praise be!) noble now
about all the tough raps he has taken
from life in getting where he is. Some
of those raps were heartbreakers, be¬
lieve me, and for years it was nip and
tuck just to keep eating. On one oc¬
casion, when he and his mother were
returning from an ill-fated trip West,
they drove straight through, day and
night; their limited funds made it
necessary to choose between eating
and the price of lodgings for the night.
They chose to eat.
Another thing I like is the lack of
Hollywood ham in him. He never
struts or poses, in or out of public, and
actually is embarrassed when some
little incident draws attention to him.
Even at home base, the studio, where
"gestures" of various sorts are the ex¬
pected thing, Bill bends over back¬
ward to escape being thought actor¬
ish. The other day, for example, we
were walking to the commissary for
lunch, and a boy from the fan mail de¬
partment thrust a large package of the
week's fan letters into his hands. As if
they were hot potatoes, Bill dumped
them in my arms.
"Please, for Pete's sake, will you
carry 'em?" he asked, blushing guilt¬
ily. "Somebody might think I was
trying to show I was good enough to
get fan mail!"
Shades of Hollywood! And the guy
really meant it!
Perhaps best of all I like Bill's quiet,
selfless devotion to his mother, May.
That devotion comes straight from the
heart, not from any sense of filial
duty: they have faced the world to¬
gether since he was a kid of 7, and
together took whatever hard knocks
came their way.
Incidentally, someone recently wrote
that you "either want to neck Bill or
mother him". Baloney! Even May
doesn't mother him in the conven¬
tional sense. They are, rather, the
greatest of pals, who love each other,
understand each other, and because
laughter helped them over many a bad
break, rib each other in good-natured
fun. Recently, among Bill's fan letters
was one effusive bit of mush about his
eyes "like deep pools of sapphires",
his teeth, "like stars", and his (wow!)
"3 ft. wide shoulders and wavy hair!"
"What a dream boat," May sighed,
"and to think you're all mine!"
Mother Edwards is no slouch her¬
self when it comes to good looks and
charm. Alongside of Bill she looks
tinier than she is, and is friendly and

(Continued on page 54)
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50)
latest composition of one Hoagy Carmichael.
Here's another fine album from the Brunswick Collector's Series. It's the "Frank Teschemacher Jazz Album," and it's sandwiched between "I've Found A New Baby." "There'll Be Some Changes Made," with such artists as Eddie Condon, Red McKenzie, and "Wingy Manone." If you're a jazz fan, this album will be on your list.

VICTOR:
Freddy Martin and His Orchestra have two new items, "Lily Belle," sung by Gene Conklin and the Martin Men, and "And There You Are," with an Artie Wayne vocal.

"Stephen Foster Favorites." That's the name of the first solo album Sammy Kaye has made. The "Swing and Sway" maestro, with Billy Williams and the Five Kaydettes, has recorded some of the best loved Foster melodies. There are ten sides in all, with such favorites as "Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee," "Old Black Joe," and "I Dream of Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair."

Sammy is also in with a single platter, "Promises," sung by Betty Williams, "Do You Will In My Honey" (Soon, Soon, Soon) by Billy and Nancy Norman dividing the vocal honors.

Earl Monroe has done the novelty tune, "Down In Chi-Chi Hotcha Watchee," backed up by "Something Sentimental." Vaughn and The Noroton Sisters capably handle the lyric department.

"That's For Me," and "Yolanda" are the numbers selected by Artie Shaw for his new one. They're both ballads with vocals by Hal Stevens.

Tommy Dorsey's popular "Boogie Woogie," has been re-issued on his latest platter, backed up by "There You Go," with Stuart Foster on the chorus.

CAPITOL:
Lots of good things from the Capitol Corner this month. First off we find Jo Stafford's that "That's For Me," and "Gee, It's Good To Hold You," with a beautiful trumpet chorus by Billy Butlerfield, now Private B.B. of the U.S. Army.

Betty Hutton bounces forth with a coupling that is sure to be popular with her fans. She does "What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes At Me For?" from her recent picture, "Incendiary Blonde." On the flipover she whips through "Doin' It The Hard Way." In the same vein is forth coming "Duffy's Tavern." This one is a worthy successor to her sensational "Rocking Horse."

And Coottie's "With Papa" and His Orchestra make their bow on the Capitol label with two powerful instrumentalists, "House of Joy," and "Everything But You." And Coottie's trumpet is very much in evidence.

Margaret Whiting and Paul Weston have joined forces for "How Deep Is The Ocean," which is being revived in the movies, and "It Might As Well Be Spring." Capitol has a fine series of albums entitled, "The History Of Jazz." There are four volumes, "The Solid South," "The Jazz Sound," "That Came Swing," and "The Modern Age."

Many of the all-time greats in the jazz field are represented with their recorded work; such as, Louis Armstrong, Zutty Singleton, Red Stewart, Eddie Miller, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Jack Teagarden, Red Nichols and others.

Well, Kiddies, that does it for now. See you next month. In the meantime, if you have any little musical puzzles, send them along, and I'll do my best to answer you.

But please, not too many questions, and be sure to enclose a SELF-ADRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE. Just write Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 476 Broadway, New York City 18, N. Y.

JAM NOTES:
Carla Ravanza is a clickeroo at the Roxy Theatre in New York, where he has been signed for six months as a vocal soloist and M.C. Carl gave up his drums to become the library man. Harry Cool, who decided to become a leader instead of a radio singer, of course Harry is handling some of the vocals with his band, and has been very successful at the Blackhawk successful in Chicago. A neat trade that has worked out O.K.

... Moe Zudoff, well-known trombonist, formerly with Tommy Dorsey, is planning his own band and will call himself Buddy Morrow ... Marjorie Hyams has left Woody Herman ... the head man of the Herd may land a big name next month.

When the Hotel New Yorker in the big city site has been offered Frank Foster, it marked the first time in over five years that they had featured a sweet vocalist. This one being Mrs. Bob Thiele during the summer, may record for her husband's company, "Signatures."

Jukebox: Bob Water is reorganizing a band styled somewhat like the old Glenn Miller outfit, which wouldn't be bad, at all, at all. Speaking of Miller, when his Airy Forces Orchestra returned to the States, they were all given a thirty-day furlough, but before being processed, they were guests at a special show at Camp Shanks, and the old friend, Marion Hutton, was the surprise star.

It looks like Frank Sinatra said "So Long, Max Factor," and "Hello, Old Gold," in a quick switch of radio sponsors, which was all very amiable.

... Jane Froman and Hal McIntyre have extended their overseas tours.

Eileen Barton is the happiest girl in New York because she is being starred on her own program, "Teen Timers Canteen." ... Carlos Ramirez has been breaking all kinds of records in his concert tour through South America, and the old friend, Marion Hutton, was the surprise star.

... It looks like Frank Sinatra said "So Long, Max Factor," and "Hello, Old Gold," in a quick switch of radio sponsors, which was all very amiable.

... Jane Froman and Hal McIntyre have extended their overseas tours.

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... Jane Froman and Hal McIntyre have extended their overseas tours.
Mrs. Wacker's Gift Shop

(continued from page 52)

Easy to know. My favorite story about the two of them dates back to Bill's early days in Hollywood when the going was tough and the future looked anything but promising.

Once a week it was their custom to treat themselves to a movie on Hollywood Boulevard. They always rode the bus to the theater in order to get in before the evening price change, but walked the 4 miles back to their small apartment. Enroute home they always stopped at a drive-in for a cup of coffee and, being on foot, naturally had to sit at the inside counter. Sipping their coffee, they would watch with envy as people drove up, beeping their horns, and were served in their cars.

"Gosh," they would say longingly, "do you suppose we'll ever be able to do that?"

You can guess, therefore, where they went first on the day Bill acquired his first car—a second hand jalopy. Straight as an arrow they drove to that same drive-in, and believe me it was a good loud beep they sounded on the horn. No coffee ever tasted better, either, they still agree.

Bill was born in Closter, New Jersey, shortly before the end of World War I, and it was in youth in a succession of small New Jersey towns, graduating at 16 from the Englewood, New Jersey high school. Horses were his consuming passion from the time he was ankle deep in kindergarten. In the meantime, Bill's parents separated, and therefore May was not as taken aback as she might have been when he acquired his first one, Bessie, at the ripe old age of 10. Bessie became his property via the trade of a rifle and $12, his lifetime savings. After Bessie, also via the trade route route, came Star, an ex-circus horse. Snippy, who was a glutton for carrots, and Mona, a polo pony of questionable merit.

"Then we went broke," Bill explains the end of his horse-owning days.

Currently Bill's hobby is fish. If you're a fish fancier you'll know the varieties he has, and if you're not you don't care about the names anyway), and it seemed harmless enough interest until the other day, May returned at that time to find their apartment swarming with mosquito larvae for fish. Bill, still enticed, had bought a lot of mosquito larvae for fish food, and the whole darned mess suddenly had hatched! At that it wasn't quite as disconcerting as a little habit of Snippy's; after Bill had watered her each morning, Snippy would open the back door with her teeth, and walk right in looking for carrots!

During his high school days Bill earned a few dollars now and then by exercising a string of polo ponies belonging to a townsman. This experience, coupled with his summer spent working as a wrangler and guide for hunting parties on a ranch near Cody, Wyoming, resulted in his becoming an excellent horseman. Therefore, when he faced the need of earning a living upon being graduated from high school, he joined the Hertz rodeo and spent a year with it on tour. A bad spill from a bucking bronc resulted in a broken leg for Bill, but when it was healed, he again joined a Wild West troupe. Just as he was beginning to win something of a name in rodeo circles, a second spill again sent him to the hospital, this time with a broken arm, several cracked ribs, and what he thought at the time was a wrenched back. Not until 5 years later, shortly after his advent in Hollywood, did he learn the injury in reality was a broken back! Properly treated and braced, the fracture finally mended, but it made any military service impossible. Bill still is super-sensitive about that too. The Red Cross Blood Bank, by the way, knows him as a regular donor.

The two injuries discouraged him from further exhibition riding, and he turned his ambitions toward an oddly contrasting field, art. Although none of his forebears had been artists, except one aunt whom Bill says 'painting flowers on teacups', he had liked art from the time he was a kid, and always had been good at it in school. By 1939 he had finished his studies at the Art Students League in New York and was trying to establish himself as a commercial artist in that city.

Bill was, and is, a good artist, which gives him a sound second string to his middle. In case his Hollywood career should hit an unexpected lull, but it always is difficult for a newcomer to get started. To supplement his rather meager earnings from occasional book jacket covers, magazine illustrations, and drawings for ads, Bill took whatever jobs he could get—clerking in John Wanamakers, office boy for an advertising company (May was receptionist at the same company, and the time, and together they earned $30 a week. Bill telephoned. He had gone to their little furnished room (with its two daybeds and a gas ring for a stove) to find his place that maybe a miracle had taken place and one of his drawings had sold.

"Maybe it was a miracle at that, but there in the mail was a check for $10 for a picture of a typewriter I had drawn weeks before," Bill recounted. "To celebrate we had the $6 dinner that night!"

It was one of the many magazine art lay-outs for which he posed, or styled Bill to Hollywood, and even that event seemed destined at first to prove a dud. The layout was an advertisement for an island resort, and with the lovely blond model, Kay Williams, he illustrated the theme of "Love On An Island." Some time after its publication, the dining room in style at the swank Copacobana, the photographer who had shot the pictures was entertaining an out-of-town client, and the client had a daughter, so Bill got a hurry-up call to be her escort. Joe Pincus, N. Y. talent scout for 20th Century Fox, happened to be there that same night and spotted Bill.

"Thought of being in pictures?" Pincus asked after an introduction had been arranged.

"Yes and no," Bill answered honestly. "I've never thought of it, but the man at the corner drug store, and the lady in the delicatessen, they keep saying I ought to go to Hollywood."

"I think so too," Pincus replied.

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The End
left the hospital, and now tops everybody’s at MGM—or maybe anywhere else.

Not that I recommend accidents. Take your Red Cross courses and learn how to treat them. Still and all, look at Frances Rafferty, now making a place for herself at the same studio.

Frances studied for eleven years to be a ballet dancer. A mere baby when she enrolled at Edith Jayne’s School of the Dance, she was star pupil when she entered into roles with the Los Angeles Civic Opera. Then she began understudy to Zorina, who was starring in ballet at the Hollywood Bowl. One day at rehearsal she was doing a thing around between numbers, doing simple, highly original leaps, when she came down hard and her knee went out of joint. It was a trick knee; always before Frances a pal could rotate it back into position. This time the injury was serious, and the young dancer was directed to stop all exercise for eighteen months.

The young redhead had always kept herself in top form by dancing and now she began to go to pieces. Rumors of her plunge into black despair reached Alexis Smith, who had been star pupil at Jayne’s the year before of Frances. Alexis stopped by to see the invalid.

“Pull yourself together,” she recommended. “I’m not doing so badly, am I? Why not study drama until you can dance again?” Audiences don’t storm in to see ancient balerinas, but they put up S.R.O. signs when Ethel Barrymore comes to town.

Frances studied drama with Madame Ouspenskaya. The next thing you know, she had a contract with MGM and was being given critical attention for her work as the tragic young Chinese wife in “Dragon Seed.”

Maybe it’s a natural handicap that the homely child longed for friends, and finally decided she’d have to earn them. So she learned to sing, developed that odd comedy style, and got a job with a band. While girls (let alone boys) had nothin’ to do with Betty, Betty, who was born in Hell’s Kitchen, where gangsters thrived in prohibition days. George grew up the hard way, rubbing elbows with crime.

Pretty grim, yes; but it paid out, for Tom Conway, who swore he was too tired to go to Seymour Nebenzal’s party after a hard day as the “Pal con.” However, Mrs. Conway had a new hair-do which she didn’t intend to waste, so she dragged Tom out. He had to go, but he didn’t have to like it. Tom imbibed cocktails and found himself relaxing. He didn’t know his host, so wasn’t aware that George’s screen gangsters were so true to life that he has been a star for ten years and is still going strong.

There’s Ava Gardner, the leading lady in “Whistle Stop.”

Ava visited her sister in New York the Easter she was fifteen, and was taken to her first night club. A band leader noticed her, and came to their table to ask if she sang. Ava’s sister replied for her, since Ava was too overcome to utter a sound, with a brief: “No, thank you.” The b.l. suggested that Ava come for an audition next day, as he was looking for a singer to go on tour with the band. Ava took the audition, trembling all over. He told her she hadn’t a great voice, but perhaps she could learn to sing faster over the telegraph. She did.

“I had to go home to school,” recalled Ava, “but he wrote to me and sent me songs to learn. My mother objected to the whole idea, but I kept dreaming. Finally I managed to go back to New York. I was so excited about my career, and my sister and I spent hours getting me prettied up to go to see him. He brushed us off, like that! He already had a girl.”

“I thought I’d die of a broken heart. Which shows how silly I was. For right away MGM tested me and sent
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for this role, Mr. Wallis said, "The part of Singleton in 'Love Letters' called for a girl of keen sensitivity, a strong and expressed personality, together with strong dramatic ability. And as I read the story, I kept thinking that the girl should be played only by Jennifer Jones."

Following that, she went into 'Duel in the Sun,' again under the Selznick banner, in which she plays a half-breed Indian girl who comes to a tragic end. Her director, King Vidor, has this to say of Jennifer's performance in 'Duel': "Since the day we made the first tests on this picture, I have been constantly amazed and highly pleased at the strength and beauty she has brought to the performance. It seems incredible that an actress who so convincingly played Bernadette in Song of Bernadette, and Jane in 'Since You Went Away' could portray the wild excitement and brooding temperament called for by the part of Pearl Chavez in 'Duel in the Sun.'"

With just barely time to catch her breath after that heavy role, she went back to Twentieth Century, where she turns comedienne in the acting plum of the season, the excellence in 'Cluny Brown' for Ernst Lubitsch. Any top actress in Hollywood would have given her eye teeth for such an opportunity. Mr. Lubitsch, who knows what he wants and how to get it, also knows why he wants it. Said he, of his choice of Jennifer for this role: "The role of Cluny Brown requires great, deep humor, not just a technical humor, a routine comedy with double-takes that the audience knows are coming three steps ahead. Jennifer Jones is capable of this rare humor, and that's why she was put into Cluny Brown. I welcome the fact that this will be Miss Jones' first comedy role, for it will provide a fresh performance."

If you've read the book, you know that the character of Cluny Brown has no experience with the bad times that have been a part of people, you'd be always happy, if you could put into picture making that she can't put it hard to understand her sometimes. Her mind is absolutely one-track, and when she's absorbed in her work, she's likely to be oblivious to other people, or do absent-minded things, such as passing by somebody she knows without speaking. Being very thoughtful of others by nature, she's always disturbed and sorry when she realizes she's done anything that seems wrong.

"She has terrific drive and concentration when she's working—so much that people who don't know her find it hard to understand her sometimes. Her mind is absolutely one-track, and when she's absorbed in her work, she's likely to be oblivious to other people, or do absent-minded things, such as passing by somebody she knows without speaking. Being very thoughtful of others by nature, she's always disturbed and sorry when she realizes she's done anything that seems wrong.""But those who have worked with her, and understand her, simply adore Jennifer. She's natural and sweet toward everybody on the set, and so thoughtful. At the close of a picture, she always has gifts for all her co-workers. She goes to a lot of trouble to find out what would really please every person, and then selects the gifts personally if she can, or if time doesn't permit, gets her mother to do it for her.

"While we were in Tucson, she heard the wardrobe girl talking one day about a bracelet she had admired in a shop window the night before. Jennifer listened closely, and later asked her assistant to find out where the shop was, then sent her mother to buy the bracelet and gave it to the girl. And while I was in the hospital there with pneumonia, she kept making her spare time visiting with me. She's always doing thoughtful and kind things for people who are ill or in any kind of trouble. She really spends more than she should on other people, but she wants everybody to share in her good fortune. She's often said, 'It's just like practicing the piano. If you keep on doing all the exercises that tell you, you eventually develop to the point where you can play the things you want to.'

"If you say which exercise has helped the most, but you know that each one is extremely valuable."

But if you want the real lowdown on how Jennifer works and what she thinks, the person to talk to is Anita Colby, who is probably her closest friend. Anita is a veritable gold mine of information on Jennifer.

"Jennifer realizes," says Anita, "that her success has come to her very young, and that because of her youth, she has to work all the harder to deserve it. Success to her is not anything to be contecd about; it's something to earn. She has great respect for her success, feels that she has a great responsibility toward it.

"She's very serious about her work, gives her best to everything she does, and is never satisfied with anything she does. In preparing for her roles, she's amazingly thorough. Before beginning 'Duel in the Sun' she spent two weeks studying how to walk like the Indian girl, until she got it down to perfection. She took dancing lessons to prepare for the dance she does in the picture, and voice lessons to acquire that low-pitched, sexy voice she uses. She worked hours on end every day to perfect every motion, mannerism, and inflection she could possibly need.

"She has terrific drive and concentration when she's working—so much that people who don't know her find it hard to understand her sometimes. Her mind is absolutely one-track, and when she's absorbed in her work, she's likely to be oblivious to other people, or do absent-minded things, such as passing by somebody she knows without speaking. Being very thoughtful of others by nature, she's always disturbed and sorry when she realizes she's done anything that seems wrong."

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"If you say which exercise has helped the most, but you know that each one is extremely valuable."
I had a dollar, I'd live on it. If I had a million, I'd live on that.

"She has a shyness that's refreshing, but there's a lot of gayety within her. She loves to be around gay people; she needs gay people to draw her out. When she came back from the Arizona location, the crew at the studio fixed up her dressing room with all sorts of gag gifts, and signs like 'Poi! you're a great goil!'—and she simply adored it.

"She's absolutely hungry for learning of all kinds, and is always studying something. We're taking French lessons now, three times a week. And then, she absorbs from everybody she talks to. You see, Jennifer knows that she hasn't the sophistication that comes from meeting all kinds of people, and from travel and study. Those things normally come to a person before success does; but with her work, her early marriage, and her children, Jennifer hasn't had much time nor opportunity to branch out in that way.

"She's just like a younger sister to me, and it's been fascinating to me to watch her. I get such a kick out of being with her. She's cute, she's fun, she makes me giggle inside. She always has a lot of things to tell me—and she's been, whom she's seen, what she's been doing. I always ask her a lot of questions, tease her, treat her like an imp—and she leaves me breathless.

"She's trying very hard to acquire everything she feels she lacks. When I tell her stories about my pals—people like Hemingway, Quentin Reynolds—he-eyes me coldly. And when we've been in New York together, and she's met those people at parties, she simply hangs on every word I say.

"She's very naive in a way, and yet in many ways she has wisdom far beyond her years; a tolerance and breadth of vision that you don't expect in such a young person. I remember one time when we had just heard news of some fresh horror in Europe, and I said, 'They ought to take those Nazis and kill off every one of them!' She looked at me and said quietly, 'Oh, no, Colby—we can't do that. The whole world can't be Nazis.'

"Jennifer's greatly in demand by hostesses here, though she doesn't have time to attend many parties. But she's a delightful guest, and whenever we've gone to parties together, I've had a lot of phone calls the next day from people who want to tell me how charming they think she is, and ask for her phone number.

"Once at a party at Cobina Wright's, she met Lucille Leimert, who has a society column. And afterwards Lucille wrote that Jennifer was one of the most charming and polite girls she'd ever met. She expressed it something like this: 'While talking to me, instead of looking longingly over my shoulder at somebody she'd rather talk to, Jennifer looked me straight in the eye and gave me her complete attention, as though I were the only person in the room.' It's that interest in other people that makes her such a good guest.

"Between doing one picture practically on the heels of another, her work as a Nurses Aide, and her children, Jennifer is a very busy girl, though she never gives you that impression. She always seems to have all the time in the world. That's because she has her life worked out so that there's order and ease in what-
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THE FLYING FRENCHMAN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

It's hard to get the attractiveness of Jean Pierre Aumont down on paper. So much of it depends upon his warm friendliness, his rapidly changing facial expressions, the inflections in his voice, the grace of his hands. Perhaps most important of all is the whole-hearted attention he gives each person he talks to. He makes you feel that you're exactly the person he wants to talk to at this moment. There ought to be a special word for what all this adds up to. The Greeks probably had one, but as for us, we'll just have to stick to "charm" until a better word comes along.

Luncheon ordered, Jean Pierre exclaimed, "My father is here, did you know? No, no, not here—in New York. He came last night. He wanted to come out to see me, but he cannot get transportation, and so he said, 'Well, it is too bad, but I will just have to see you the next time I come.' I said, 'How can you be so calm about it?' You haven't seen me for two years, and now you say, 'Well, I will just have to see you the next time I come!' But, of course, it can't be helped. I was so excited I forgot to ask him what his plans are, how long he will be here. I will have to call him again tonight!"

As you listen to this effervescent young man, it's hard to think of him as one who has known first-hand, the bitterness of war and the difficulties of readjustment. Yet he has made the change from civilian to military life, and from military back to civilian life not only once, but twice. He was fighting with the French tank corps when the Germans invaded France in June, 1940. Escaping to unoccupied territory just ahead of them, he gradually made his way to New York by a roundabout route which led him first to Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, and Lisbon.

After several stage appearances in this country (one opposite Katharine Cornell in "Rose Burke") and two motion pictures ("Assignment in Brittany" and "The Cross of Lorraine"), and shortly after his marriage to Maria Montez in July, 1948, duty called again, and Jean Pierre sailed to join the Fighting French Forces, as a lieutenant.

A few months ago, the French government sent him back to the United States on a military mission. Maria, knowing that he was coming—which not the date of his arrival—went to New York and waited for him. When they came back to California together, and Aumont went on to San Francisco and Montreal to accomplish his mission. Then, just as he was preparing to return to France, Germany surrendered, and he was notified that it was unnecessary for him to return. His honorable discharge papers were forwarded to him here, and as suddenly as that, the way was cleared for continuing with his career in movies.

Most people have to really work at it to accept such radical changes in their lives. But not Jean Pierre. He's blessed with a remarkable flexibility in his nature which enables him to adjust to new conditions with the greatest of ease. Another thing that helps him is his intense interest in immediate surroundings. Curiosity, he calls it.

"I am very curious about everything," he said. "Maria always asks me, 'Why do you ask so many things to people?' Well, I do that because I am very much interested in every little thing around me."

Asked whether he felt any home-sickness for the theater when he first joined the French Army, he shook his head.

"When I am in the Army, I forget all about the theater and am a soldier; and when I am out of the Army, I forget all about the military things and am an actor again," he explained. "I am not a military man now. It would never occur to me to be a soldier, except when war comes and it is necessary. I am not a tactician. I am not interested in military things and all that was going on. In the war, I learned much that fascinated me. I especially enjoyed coming in contact with all sorts of men that I never would have known without that opportunity."

"I think it is better," he added thoughtfully, "if you find yourself in any situation that doesn't seem quite natural, to be interested in things. It's just easier to make the best of things than to be bored, or to moan and say, 'Oh, gosh! How can I stand this!"

This gift of being completely absorbed with the here and now is worth cultivating, you realize when you see how gracefully Jean Pierre Aumont has taken the hurdles. No trouble with remembering what was done in the future, or worries about the future, because what's done is done, and what's about to be, is assumed to be pleasant until proved otherwise. What a million dollar philosophy!

All this, and modesty, too. When Jean Pierre returned from France, he wanted to go to the studio to see his old friends. Fearing they wouldn't remember him after so long an absence, he phoned a friend at the studio and asked her to meet him at the front...
gate. This she did and gladly, but she was soon lost in the shuffle, for everybody, from gatekeepers to top executives, fell on her and greeted her with a joyous shout, "Jean Pierre!" His trip around the lot looked like a rehearsed number for "The Pied Piper." In the competition, he placed second, but when he had worked at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Jean Pierre Aumont had built genuine friendships with all classes of people. As he went around that first day, renewing acquaintances, everybody, from the most enthusiastic to the most cynical, kept saying, "What a sweet guy!"

His soldier days being over, Jean Pierre immediately put his attention back to peacetime pursuits; the first thing being to buy a home in Beverly Hills large enough to accommodate his increased family. For during "The Absence," Maria brought her three young sisters (aged 16, 17, and 18) from Santo Domingo to make their home with her. Jean Pierre had never met the girls till his return from France. But he's delighted to have them here, and they adore him. "They're the sweetest girls," he smiles. "They wait on me hand and foot; they are my slaves, if you can imagine that!" ( Easily.)

His friends love to kid him about his "harem." And it's true that to make the folks stop, look, and whistl when handsome Jean Pierre and the gorgeous Maria step out of an evening, accompanied by the three young beauties.

The new house provides ample quarters for the family as is, and for any future additions. Jean Pierre and Maria both have slaves—lots of baby, more the merrier.

With the housing problem settled, the next thing was to get to work again, and Jean Pierre's first assignment was opposite Ginger Rogers in "Heartbeat" for which Metro loaned him to RKO. He said of the picture, "It's a charming romantic comedy, the sort of thing that Grant, Robert Montgomery, Irene Dunne have made. In this story, Ginger Rogers is a little thief, and I am a young diplomat. I won't tell you the rest of the story, but we meet, we fall in love, and little by little, she becomes an honest girl."

"Heartbeat" will be his first light romantic comedy in the States. Both "Assignment in Brittany" and "The Cross of Lorraime" were made when the time was right for war stories, and both had a very serious tone.

"I like big parts," he added. "That's what I played all the time on the stage, but it's funny, I never did that on the screen. Always I played in roles."

It's not likely that Jean Pierre Aumont will ever be issuing ultimatums as to what type of role he will or will not do in the screen, because he's interested in all the roles, and fully understands the importance of variety. Just so he's busy, that's the main thing. With all his animation and enthusiasm, his friends say Jean Pierre is not moody, is not a worryist, has no strong likes or dislikes, never gets terribly unhappy nor bored. "Oh, but there was a bore, too. It was when they were getting ready to start 'The Cross of Lorraime' and I was so eager to get to work. Every day I would come to the studio and say, 'When are they going to start the picture? When are they going to start?'. And they would smile and tell me, 'Jean Pierre, this is the picture business, and this is the way things go. You'll just have to learn to wait.'"

Jean Pierre cannot remember the time when he didn't want to act. His great-uncle being the celebrated Georges Gerr, of the ComedieFrancaise, Aumont's family was already conditioned to having an actor in the family, so his theatrical ambitions did not meet with any parental opposition. He studied at the National School of Dramatic Art in Paris for two years, and then was engaged by Louis Jouvet, a producer, to be in one of his plays. That was the beginning of a busy career on the French stage and screen. Besides in more than 15 films, he appeared in French adaptations of many American plays, including "Romance," "Outward Bound," "White Cargo," "Rescue," "Kiss Me Kate," and "As You Like It."

The main question about his countrymen, Charles Boyer and Jean Gabin, he replied, "No, I never worked with Charles Boyer in France, but in 1934, when he was making 'Caravan' in this country, he kept cabling me, 'You ought to come over and make this picture.' But I was playing in 'Oedipus' at that time and I couldn't get away. Of course, I always admired his work and really it is a pleasure to see him and I was very nice to me."

"But I did make two pictures with Jean Gabin in France. One called "Mamelle Mire" was a wonderful story. I'd like to do it again. It would be a wonderful story for Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. It's about two men working in the mines. The older one talks a lot about his wife, and the youngest, from hearing about her through the other man, becomes in love with the wife without knowing her. He gets under the spell of the other man's love for his wife. Then because he is sick, he goes back to Paris, and goes to see the wife. And she starts being in love with him; not an actual list of what he tells her about her husband, for she is very much in love with her husband."

"Then the husband comes back, and he feels something in the atmosphere, in some way senses the situation. But one day the wife comes to him and says to him, 'You need not be troubled any more. And that is because I (as the other man) have killed myself and left a note saying, 'I know that I was only a link between you.'"

It would be a wonderful story for Spencer Tracy. I would like to do it with him." The more he thought of this, the better he liked the idea. "Yes, I think I will talk to somebody about that. I think I will talk to Tracy about it very soon."

Mr. Aumont has found no great difference between American and French audiences.

"I expected there would be some difference when I first came here," he said, "but I was amazed to find the reactions of audiences here so much the same. When I was working with Katharine Cornell in San Francisco, I noticed that they laughed at the same things they did in France, they were worked on the same things. The most wonderful thing for an actor is when you feel that great silence and you know you have them with you."

"The main difference, of course, is in the size of the theatres; your theatres are so much bigger than ours.
That doesn't seem to affect the public's reactions, but an actor has to think of reaching the people in the last row as well as those in the first row."

When asked if he had any ambitions toward producing or directing, he said, "Not producing—I have not the necessary business ability for that—but I would love to direct. I directed a few stage plays in France, and there are one or two French classical plays I would like to put on here. The French public is well acquainted with Shakespeare, Sheridan, and many English playwrights. I would like to do some of the French classics for the American audiences. Maybe that idea wouldn't succeed—maybe it doesn't have the required quality—but I think it is worth trying.

"And I'd love to write. I wrote a great deal the last two or three years. Not plays, but novels and short stories. I haven't tried to get anything published yet. Every time I read over something I wrote, I think, 'Oh, this is rotten!' and then I put it away again."

Such modesty doesn't grow on every bush in Hollywood or anywhere else, and it's a refreshing trait, especially when accompanied by Jean Pierre's gay humor.

Another thing he hopes to do some day is to make a picture with his wife, Maria Montez; though there is no immediate prospect of it, what with Maria under contract to Universal and Jean Pierre to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"The play I would like very much to do with Maria," he explained, "is 'The Pirate.' The girl in that play is from Santo Domingo, which is Maria's birthplace. But there is also a sentimental reason. You see, the first time Maria and I ever met in New York, we went to see that play together."

All these plans he regards as pleasant possibilities for the future, but he's not eating his heart out about any of them. His contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has four years to go, so for that period, he feels his career is in their hands. Unless the studio should send him, he doesn't expect to return to France to make pictures, though he would like to go over for a visit sometime.

Jean Pierre is too absorbed with the present to be very much concerned with the future. Anyway, whatever happens is bound to be interesting.

THE END
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Those spectacular routines Universal’s Johnny Coy does are his own. Above, with Peggy Ryan.

see her again with the same kinetic Mr. Kaye in “The Kid From Brooklyn,” in which she again dances with impressive agility.

Vera-Ellen, legally Mrs. Robert Hightower, is wife of Lt. Hightower who is currently flying a P-38 in the South Pacific. But she was born Vera-Ellen Rohe (pronounced Roe), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Rohe of Cincinnati. Her childhood friends call her Bunny.

She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 111 pounds, has maple-sugar blonde hair and brown eyes. She is utterly without artifice and filled with good common sense. If you met Vera-Ellen without knowing anything about her, it would never occur to you that she was an actress. Your appraisal would be, “What a swell girl—simple, natural, sincere. That Hightower is a lucky character.”

Vera-Ellen’s dad was a piano-tuner, when she was a youngster, so it seemed like a good idea for her to take piano lessons. Meanwhile, she was maintaining a straight A average in school, so her mother decided that she should have physical exercise. “Sitting at a piano for two hours a day, practicing, isn’t giving you muscles and rosy cheeks,” she opined. “Let me see . . . how about some dancing lessons?”

That did it. By the time she was ready to enter her senior year in High School, Vera-Ellen had danced before practically every available audience in Cincinnati. Mrs. Rohe heard one sentence over and over again until she could spot the first syllables at eighty yards: “You should take your daughter to New York or Hollywood—she’s so talented.” Mrs. Rohe decided on New York.

In those days Major Bowes’ amateurs were hot stuff. In New York Vera-Ellen enrolled in the Sonia Serova Dancing School. Her mother took a secretarial job in the same organization.

One day a telephone message arrived for Ted Lewis—who happened to be auditioning in the building—so Vera-Ellen, who happened to be passing with her Fairy Godmother sitting on her shoulder, was sent to the auditioning room to deliver the message. She stayed to become a member of his road show, doing a tap and toe number called “Estrellita.” Little star, to you, with augmentation about to set in.

After that tour closed, she danced in the Paradise Restaurant, International Casino, and for Billy Rose in the Casa Manana; then had a line in “Very Warm For May.” Her meeting with Mr. Rose is notable. It happened the day after she was 18, hence was eligible to work in a night club. Mr. Rose had asked a huge group of girls to try out. They were doing a time step and a high kick for him, being catalogued and dismissed. It was the first try-out Miss Vera-Ellen had ever attended and the entire proceeding struck her as being highly lax and inefficient. How could a man tell about a girl’s ability from so small a demonstration of it? To this day she swears that, had she known the routine followed in try-outs, she wouldn’t have spoken up. Which fact illustrates the advantage of being a novice.

When it was her turn to perform the simple formula, she spoke up—loud and clear—to wit: “I don’t see how you can judge a girl’s ability by
Ingrid Bergman finished “Spellbound” for U.A., then rushed off to catch up to the Jack Benny working and 12-year-old Marc was. When his father passed away, Marc and his mother were in Seattle, plat. When his father passed away, Marc and his mother were in Seattle, plat in Pasadena, California, the son of the late Maurice Leplat, concert violinist; and Henrietta Lemuth Leplat in. He discovered almost at once that he could do anything that the rest of the pupils could do; but he could do more of it, faster, higher, with greater elan. “This is for me,” quoth Marc. He began to assist in the teaching. But all the time, in his secret heart, he planned to combine acting with pirouettes, so at 13 he got a job with the Henry Duffy players. From that stint he went into stock in Seattle with the Repertory Playhouse, doing some radio work on the side. “Higher And Higher,” she noticed, “this pinwheeler, limbering himself during morning rehearsal, an active gentleman who was turning cartwheels across the stage. “Himm,” she thought, “what a character! Who does he think he’s impressing?” This pinwheeler, limbering himself but not seeking to impress anyone, scrutinized the haughty profile of Miss Rohe and thought, “Well, well, hail the ka-ween! Wonder who crowned her?” This should have been a warning to both of them. A year later, during the run of “Panama Hattie,” they were married. After that she worked in “By Jupiter,” dancing with Ray Bolger; then she signed to dance in “The Connecticut Yankee,” Goldwyn saw her on opening night, signed her without a screen test, and expects to see the name Vera-Ellen blazing in star-sized letters on every marquee in America. Incidentally, her engagement and wedding rings are interesting. The solitaire is mounted in a heart-shaped setting, and the wedding band consists of a circlet of tiny hearts, with a perfect blue-white diamond in the center of each. The heart is Vera-Ellen’s motif: her dressing room mirror is a heart, a comb and brush set are heart-shaped, the decorations on many of her dresses are hearts. Don’t be astonished if she dances her way into your heart. Marc Platt was born Maurice Leplat in Pasadena, California, the son of the late Maurice Leplat, concert violinist; and Henrietta Lemuth Leplat. When his father passed away, Marc and his mother were in Seattle, where they settled. His mother was working and 12-year-old Marc was suspected of being a candidate for mischief. Mrs. Leplat had a friend who was running a dancing school, and this friend (Mary Ann Wells) suggested that the tall, lightning-eyed, blonde youngster be employed as a messenger boy. This was to keep him busy after school, and to give him a chance to earn some pocket money. For several days he dashed around, paying light bills, buying bring-in sandwiches, buying music, and otherwise making himself useful. During idle moments he lounged around the studio, watching a chorus of industrious little girls going through the initial flexings of the ballet. There was one little girl with personality heretofore unsuspected by Marc in the feminine gender. He said to Miss Wells one day, “When you don’t have anything for me to do, could I dance with the pupils?” Once again this proves the power of love, actual or incipient; it can lead to anything. In the case of young Leplat it led to an unexpected interest in the ballet. He discovered almost at once that he could do anything that the rest of the pupils could do; but he could do more of it, faster, higher, with greater elan. “This is for me,” quoth Marc. He began to assist in the teaching. But all the time, in his secret heart, he planned to combine acting with pirouettes, so at 13 he got a job with the Henry Duffy players. From that stint he went into stock in Seattle with the Repertory Playhouse, doing some radio work on the side. When Colonel de Basil’s Ballet Russe played Seattle, our enterprising hero went backstage and asked for an audition. He got it, was accepted as a member of the troupe, and was re-baptized. Because everyone in the troupe was supposed to be Russian, and since the American public believed that no one trained west of the Muscovite border was capable of anything more agile than the waltz, his name was changed to Marc Platoff. People soon were taking their hats off to Platoff. Three years later he joined the Bal-
let Russe de Monte Carlo, with Leonide Massine, and his experience on tour established some sort of rhythm for his life. For instance, the troupe was in Barcelona during the big strike that preceded the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. They were unable to find housing, but a tip from a hazy-looking character on the street sent them to a remote hotel. They were admitted in the good old "Shh... I know Louie" style, and learned afterward that, had the situation been discovered, a flock of people would have died of lead poisoning.

That was his first experience with strikes. The second occurred in Hollywood, that rendezvous of world mishaps. Marc was all set for his second picture. His first was the Technicolor triumph, "Tonight And Every Night" with Rita Hayworth. His second was to be "Tars & Spars," the Coast Guard Show. When a hot first picture is followed by a caloric second, a dancer like Marc is set. But really set!

Just at this time the set designers' strike was called. Since so lavish a production as "Tars & Spars" can't be filmed without extensive new sets, the picture was delayed.

The Barcelona episode was Marc's first experience with war. His second was not long delayed. He was in Monte Carlo when Germany invaded Poland in 1939. Because he was a citizen of a neutral nation, he was allowed—after appropriate delays—to leave. Certain other members of the troupe had to be smuggled out.

His next professional step was a flier on Broadway, distinguished by three near misses and a hit: "Oklahoma." During rehearsal of this play, Marc sprained his foot so badly that indications were he wouldn't be able to go on opening night. "I'm going to dance the premiere if it kills me," said Mr. Determined Platoff...er, Platt. So a physician anesthetized the foot and Mark danced; chancing with each step the breaking of his leg. He finished the performance, then was out of the theatrical cast for three weeks, and into a plaster one.

After a year in "Oklahoma," he was signed by Columbia and brought to Hollywood. He is married to the former Eleanor Marra, whom he met while they were dancing in the Ballet Russe. They have a son, Marc, Jr., who was born on February 29, 1944.

Remember the sailor in "Bring On The Girls" who leaped over grand pianos, did time steps around mop buckets, and generally reduced audiences to a rhythmic tizzy? That was Johnny Coy, born John Ogilvie in Montreal. He took the name Coy because he knew it would be easier to spell and more convenient on the theatre marquees he hoped one day to populate with the letters of his label. Coy is a shortened version of McCoy, the name of a family of dancers much admired by John Ogilvie.

Johnny's career was not only...
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GOLDEN GLINT

Cary Grant keeps ‘em all guessing these days. Above, with Kay Williams of N. Y. model fame. The End

PICTURES IN PRODUCTION

(CONTINUED FROM P. 16)

The Window”) and Jess Barker, Mar-
garet Lindsay, and Samuel S. Hinds.
The FUGITIVE is another Sherlock
Holmes story with Basil Rathbone,
Nigel Bruce, and Marjorie Riordan.
Perhaps this will be a good-luck part
for Marjorie, who has had trouble
since her Warner option was dropped.

OUTLAWS OF TWIN FORKS is
the current Universal equine saga,
with Kirby Grant, Fuzzy Knight, Poni
Adams and John Kelly.

AT WARNER BROTHERS:

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT is the
Charles Boyer-Lauren Bacall picture
for which you will stand in line for
hours and hours. Now, introducing:
Katina Paxinou (remember her brilli-
ant Pillar in “For Whom The Bell
Tolls”), Peter Lorre, Dan Seymour,
Victor Francen, Wanda Hendrix,
George Coulouris, and Reginald

NIGHT AND DAY is being shot in
Technicolor with Cary Grant, Alexis
Smith, Jane Wyman, Monty Woolley,
Henry Stephenson, Donald Woods,
Selena Royle, Eve Arden, Sig Ruman
and Alan Hale.

NEVER SAY GOODBYE is Errol
Flynn’s present vehicle, with Eleanor
Parker, Lucille Watson, Hattie Mc-
Daniel and S. Z. Sakall.

THE MAN I LOVE is the Ida Lu-
pino starrer with Robert Alda (the
first picture he has made since “Ger-
shwin”) Andrea King, Martha Vickers,
Dolores Moran, John Ridgely, and
Monte Blue.

HER KIND OF MAN is a gay
comedy with Zachary Scott, Janis
Paige, Faye Emerson, Dane Clark,
and George Tobias.

AT PARAMOUNT:

CALCUTTA is the adventure story
starring Alan Ladd, Gail Russell, Bill
Benda, June Duprez, Edith King,
Lowell Gilmore and John Whitney.

TO EACH HIS OWN (bad title) is
the story of one Miss Josephine Norris
in bombed—end—blasted London. There
are five men in love with her, which
is nice work for Olivia de Havilland,
John Lund, Mary Anderson, Philip Terry,
Bill Goodwin, Alma Macrorie, and
Frank Faylen.

THE BRIDE WORE BOOTS is a zany
comedy about a girl who adores horses
(Barbara Stanwyck) and a man who
adores them (Robert Cummings).
Assisting in Adrian’s shot, the well-
known horse laugh are Diana Lynn
and Patric Knowles.

BLUE SKIES is the Technicolor
picture hung on the framework of
Irving Berlin songs that have been
popular during the past quarter cen-
tury. Bing sings, Paul Draper dances,
Joan Caulfield looks beautiful, and the
cast is further enhanced by the pres-
ence of Olga San Juan (her next Rita
Hayworth) and Billy De Wolfe.

AT MONOGRAM:

SWING PARADE is in its first
month with Gale Storm, Phil Reagan,
Connie Boswell, the Three Stooges and
Louis Armstrong.

BORDER BANDITS is the Johnny
Mack Brown picture with Raymond
Hatton, Rosa del Rosario, Riley Hill
and Charlis Stevens.
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with it, if you can bear to part with it, if you can give up the praise and
compliments that its wearing has brought you — simply mail it back and
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□ 3-Strand 16” Halo Necklace @ $8.98
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"If only I had known how easily I could become slender," says Mrs. Lois Clarke, "and what fun it would be, I could have saved myself years of unhappiness. I read again and again about women who had taken the DuBarry Success Course, but I felt that somehow they must be different. So I went on—tired, irritable, overweight. Self-conscious about my looks, I dropped out of the Parent-Teachers Association and the Red Cross—just stayed home.

"At last, finding myself so out of proportion that I had to buy matronly dresses in size 42, I desperately decided to do something. That was when my mother, worried about my health, gave me the DuBarry Success Course. With her encouragement and my husband's tongue-in-cheek approval, I sailed in—went through the Course twice. Results: Down from 181 pounds to 128. Down from size 42 to size 14. That "middle-aged look" is gone. My skin is fine and clear, and my hair, once so stringy, is now truly lovely. As for the Success Course, I want to say that Ann Delafield should have an extra-special star in her crown for bringing health and beauty to so many women."

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Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you, just as it helped Mrs. Clarke and more than 225,000 others to find a way to beauty and vitality. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. Then you follow right at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. When this Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the convenient coupon to find out what it can do for you?

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]
BURNED UP:
Plenty browned off is Pat O'Brien, whose patio playroom adjoining the swimming pool was recently gutted by fire caused by some¬
one's carelessly neglected cigarette. Ruined beyond repair was a collage piano papered with theatre programs saved from each play in which Pat had appeared. Also destroyed were most of the caricatures in Pat's gallery of motion picture great—pastels done by Don Barclay, who is now serving with the Navy. Replacement of the pastels will be Don's first discharge-paper assignment.

VITAL STATISTICS:
Genesis:
Coquina Wright, Jr. and her husband, Palmer Beaudette, announced the arrival of a baby boy, who has an older brother born October 2, 1943, named Palmer, Jr.
Katherine de Mille and Anthony Quinn welcomed a young gentleman named Duncan Christopher, who weighed in at 8 pounds, 10½ ounces. He has two older sis¬
ters.
Oona O'Neill Chaplin and her husband announced that a second child is due in the spring. This younger-to-be has a sister now a year old.
Deanza Durbin and Felix Jackson will be singing lullabies next March.
It is also rumored that Merie Oberon and her husband, Lucien Ballard, will have a similar announcement to make about the spring.

Exodus:
Lina Romay has filed suit for divorce from Seaman 1st Class John Lawrence Adams, using her legal name Elena R. Adams. They had been married a year and a half.
Johnny Weissmuller was sued by divorce by his wife, the former Beryl Scott; this makes the third suit filed, since the previous two were dropped, one in 1940 and one in 1943. Tarzan has three children.

HEARTBREAK:
The news ruined the day for a great many employees of 20th Century-Fox, where Lynn Bari has long been the favorite actress of literally hundreds of fellow workers. She was taken to the hospital three weeks before her child was due, and delivered of a daughter, but the child lived only a few hours. Despite her ordeal, Lynn came through okay.

GIFT OF THE MAGI:
Glenn Langan has acquitted himself with honors in a number of little parts around Hollywood, and has now completed the plum part of the doctor in "Dragonwyck." Wisen¬
helmers around town are predicting that Glenn's future looks like night on Honshu Island—which is to say, incandescent.

"Tenny rate, he and his wife recently celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary. The Langans aren't yet in the big money; as a matter of fact, they have been known to wonder, not long ago, how many meals may be derived from ten miles of spaghetti. But this anniversary was to be a turning point: Glenn and his wife each determined to buy the other some item for which a preference had been expressed. Something imaginative, something of permanent value.
On their anniversary morning, each indicated to the other a rather large, certainly...
impressive, very heavy package. Eagerly the partners stripped off the wrappings. Then they fell into one another's arms and screamed with laughter. Each had bought a second-hand set (new editions are not currently available) of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Yes, they were able to return one set.

LITTLE GRASS SHACKS:

Bette Hutton is breathlessly enthusiastic about her new home. It isn't at all movie-starrish, having only two modest bedrooms and six additional rooms, and it will not be entirely furnished until the war is over, of course. Because there were two garages on the property, Betty is converting one into a playroom. Three walls will be paneled with knotty pine, or some such material—but the other is to be smooth white plaster and is to be used as a gigantic guest book.

KEELED OVER

The instant Gene Kelly joined the Navy as an enlisted man, he applied for sea duty. His application was rejected on the ground that the Navy needed him, since he is the photogenic type, for the purpose of making training films. Every time Gene saw a transfer blank for months, he filled it out with the same plea: let me see some action. Finally, after making as much fuss as a man dares, Gene won his point: he was given orders to take a crew to Okinawa, there to join up with a battle fleet in order to photograph certain phases of the Japanese invasion.

On the morning of August 10, he reported to the office of Captain Gene Markey for final instructions. He discovered that his orders had been cancelled the day before, pending outcome of peace negotiations.

LIFE WITH MIKE:

If you saw "Junior Miss," you need no further introduction to Michael Dunne, who enacted the part of the returned uncle, suspected by an impressionable Peggy Ann Garner of having served a penitentiary sentence.

While Mike was making the picture, his small son took a tremendous interest in the paternal excitement clearly evidenced. Every evening he listened to Mike's recital of the day's events on the set of "Junior Miss." Every morning he kissed his dad goodbye and heard his mother say, "Lots of luck with Junior Miss today, dear."

Finally, Mr. Dunne, Junior, asked his mother, "What's a Junior Miss?"

"A girl," said his mother. "Not exactly a little girl—a medium-sized girl."

Obviously this worried our small hero. On the morning of August 10, he reported to the office of Captain Gene Markey for final instructions. He discovered that his orders had been cancelled the day before, pending outcome of peace negotiations.

FROM DEN TO DEHN:

A few months ago, Ginny Simms secured her release from her Metro contract, thus escaping from Leo, the Lion's den. A few months later she became Mrs. Dehn by marrying Hyatt R. Dehn. New York and Los Angeles socialites.

The wedding ceremony was performed in the Beverly Hills Community Presbyterian Church by the reverend Dr. William E. Roberts. Ginny's maid of honor was Marjorie Davies, and the best man was Captain John Rogers.

As the bridegroom is head of the local Defense Housing Corporation, so is stationed in Los Angeles, Ginny will continue her career.

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ZIA TRADING Co.
GALLUP, NEW MEX.
GUEST WIFE'S GUESTS:

If you haven't yet seen the Claudette Colbert-Don Ameche-Dick Foran picture "Guest Wife," locate it, and spend an evening holding your sides. It is an exquisitely funny farce comedy in which Claudette delivers one of her socko performances. Ameche is flexibly brilliant, and Dick Foran's career should zoom after producers have observed his comedy technique.

Here is one of the reasons for the delight many of us take in being Hollywood writers: International planned a day-long junket for 100 of us, preparatory to previewing the picture. We boarded three chartered buses at the studio at nine one Wednesday morning, Yvonne de Carlo, Mona Freeman and about a dozen starlets were in our party, and we were joined later by Mr. and Mrs. Ameche, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Carmen Miranda and her sister, Aurora.

When we boarded the buses, we were handed Guest Wife envelopes; each contained an identifying badge (similar to a State Fair blue ribbon), a program of the day's events, several gold drink checks good at the Del Mar bar and several white beer checks for the same location, and two crisp one dollar bills for use in backing our judgment on the speed of some enterprising equine.

We reached the Del Mar Hotel (a charming spot surrounded by pine trees, but lying not more than a hundred feet from Pacific breakers) in time for luncheon. From there we went to the track and remained for four races. Here occurred a really memorable event. A representative of the Associated Press, a charming grey-haired woman who is a grandmother and boasts about it, rushed to the betting window with a five dollar bill, intending to place $2.00 on Horse No. 6. Confused by her bill, she said "Two on No. 5." Then she realized her error, but bravely strolled away, saying nothing. Naturally, No. 5 came in and paid $27.60. This is known as the luck of the Associated Press. A horse named Star Actress, heavily backed by the superstitious scribes, horrified the entire theatrical profession by coming in a good remote last.

From the track we drove to Camp Pendleton, the enormous Marine base, there we were the dinner guests of General Howland M. Smith, a crisp, dapper, grey-haired man who became instantly and permanently installed in Hollywood's Favorite Person file.

After dinner we drove to the camp amphitheatre where Don Ameche, Pat O'Brien, the starlets, Yvonne de Carlo, and the Mirandas put on an excellent show. This was followed by the press preview of "Guest Wife." The marines loved it. So did we.

This was the most successful publicity junket most of us had attended, and for its precise timing, its thoughtful arrangements, and its skilful management throughout, a friendly gentleman named George Glass was responsible.

TAPS:

One of the best beloved character actors in Hollywood was George Barbier, who recently died at the age of 80, in Hollywood. Having made a career of playing earnest but bumbling business men, and kindly but astonished fathers. Mr. Barbier closed his life with a gesture: he set aside, in his will, a sum sufficient to provide lifetime care for his dog, Skippy.

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Two improvements in baby-feeding are showing up in healthier American children. More mothers are discovering the advantages of prepared baby foods, and babies now begin taking strained foods at an earlier age than was thought possible some years ago.

No wonder they fence me in...

When it's feeding time, and Gerber's is coming up! Babies just love Gerber's Strained Foods because of these four advantages: (1) Extra good taste, (2) Cooked the Gerber way by steam to retain precious minerals and vitamins, (3) Uniform, smooth texture, (4) Every step laboratory-checked. Do as so many mothers do, get Gerber's with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

2 Cereals That Babies Like

Your doctor will tell you that most babies need extra iron after the age of three months, or more. Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal have generous amounts of added iron and Vitamin B1. Both these cereals are extra tasty. Both are pre-cooked—and ready-to-serve.

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.
Stepping up in Hollywood smartness and comfort is this ration-free Pump, a "Footnote" to your smartest suit or most glamorous party frock. Open back and toe, sling-pump heel of eye-catching, ever-wearing gabardine with grosgrain edging the platform sole and forming the gayest bow imaginable since it's set with rows of sparkling brass-like nailheads. Colors are black, brown, green and red. Narrow sizes 5 1/2 to 9. Medium sizes 3 to 9. $4.95 plus mailing costs. No shoe stamp is needed.

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30 Shampoos with mitten applicator 100 c.

HOME FROM THE WARS—Cpl. Bill Lundigani is being seen around again in Hollywood, between jaunts to the hospital for treatments on an old back injury... Bill has been a Marine combat motion picture photographer, overseas for more than a year. He recently married Rena Morgan (Helen's daughter).

Lt. Jackie Coogan returns to civilian life with commercial airfields on his mind. He and a local publicist are buying one. Jackie's also to do a part in "Task Force," for Warners.

Gig Young has been released from the Navy and is back on the Warner lot.

We hear tell that Lew Ayres is planning to do a religious film for MGM as soon as he gets his Army release.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

Albert Morin is ready to resume his promising acting career. Remember him in "Casablanca"?

David Niven appeared in "The Way Ahead" for Two Cities, but his next will be for Goldwyn.

We're all rooting for you, Kent. Best of luck!

BEMEDALING—Well, here's what we call a medal record. Our favorite "Elephant Boy," Sabu, who has completed 42 missions and 427 combat hours as a ball turret gunner on a B-24 Liberator in the Pacific, has won the D.F.C. He also has the Presidential Unit Citation, Philippines liberation ribbon, and the air medal with three oak leaf clusters.

Lt. Henry Fonda has been awarded the Bronze Star medal with a citation for meritorious service as an assistant operations officer and air combat intelligence officer in the Marianas. By the time you read this, Lt. Fonda will probably be in the United States emceeing a Navy radio program. Also in the offing is a deal with the Navy Department to allow Henry to play the lead in "Boomerang," true story of the capture of a Jap destroyer.

Cesar Romero is coming out of the Coast Guard and goes back to 20th to take up his contract there. His first picture—"Three Little Girls in Blue."
ABUSED SKIN

DON'T BE AFRAID AND STOP WORRYING NOW ABOUT EXTERNAL SKIN TROUBLES. FOLLOW THESE EASY DIRECTIONS.

By Betty Memphis

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars that you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

Almost everyone can have a natural, healthy, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you must do is follow a few simple rules. Models and screen stars must give their skin special attention. So should you, because everyone looks at your face. Your social success may depend upon your being good looking, because a lovely skin may be a short cut to success in love and business. Your pleasure is worth it; and you owe it to yourself to give your complexion a chance to be healthy and beautiful.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust in the air all the time. When these little specks, which are in the air get into an open pore in your skin, they can in time cause the pore to become larger and more susceptible to dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the misery of pimples, irritations or blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care it requires, you leave yourself wide open for external skin miseries. When you know that your skin is smooth, white and fine, you have more confidence and it helps improve your personality, and it helps improve your entire well being. A flawless skin is priceless, yet it costs you only a few pennies daily to keep it normal, natural, healthy and lovely. Many women never realize or even suspect that the difference between a glamorous complexion and an ordinary one may be caused by having blackheads and pimples.

The proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly abused skin. The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a doctor, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One jar contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of abused skin, it must help you, too, or your money will be refunded. Use it for ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is as smooth and clear as you may want it. Then, use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dust specks that infect your pores and to aid in healing external irritations. When you prevent blackheads, you prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples. While your two jars and the doctor’s directions are on the way to you, be sure to give your face enough attention and wash it as often as is necessary. Wash with warm water and then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully, and then go right to it with these two fine formulas.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of The New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 23-K, New York City 2, New York. By return mail you will receive both of the Viderm formulas, with full directions for using Viderm Skin Cleanser and Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. The doctor’s directions and both jars are packed in a sealed carton, safety sealed. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing your two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. Both of the formulas you use have been fully tested and proven, and are reliable for you. They must help you or your treatments cost nothing. After you have received your Viderm, if you have any questions to ask concerning abused skin, just send them in.—ADV.
FORESHADOWING YOUR HOME
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

Pretty soon carpet manufacturers were tearing their hair over their decreased sales. Getting smart, they then offered their newest products and ideas to motion picture studios. Countless manufacturers followed suit and Hollywood is dotted with manufacturers’ representatives who earn their salaries by making their products pass screen-tests.

Combined bedroom-sitting rooms, all white rooms, structural glass brick, streamlined kitchens and countless other accepted contributions to modern living were popularized by motion picture homes.

Even as you and I, the studio decorators have been pretty restricted on what they can do in creating homes for the screen today. But they, too, have ideas for the future.

Hans Dreier, Paramount’s authority, says, “We shall see radical changes in factories, shops, offices, hospitals and apartment houses. Being functional buildings, they will utilize all the new functional materials. There will be light shafts in the center of apartment buildings to eliminate the now dark hallways. Drapery and upholstery materials will be made of glass; for easy cleaning, fadeproof and practically everlasting. New plywoods and plastics will replace natural wood.

“But,” he cautions, “homes which families select for permanence will not be too different from what we have now. No family living room can be strictly functional. People and their characters are not streamlined yet. They will not throw overboard the charming heritage of such periods as Georgian Colonial. The kitchen, bathroom, laundry room and other such purposeful rooms will take every advantage of streamlined efficiency, but other rooms will continue to reflect the personality and background of their owners.”

John Goodman of Universal Studios concurs with Dreier. His own office is a perfect example of efficient modernity, with warmth and color. His home is definitely of the Federal period of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century in America. “A home is a woman’s province,” he philosophizes, “and most men want it that way. They want to come from the efficiency of an office into the distinct personality of a home.”

Ed Willis of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer concedes Goodman’s point. He continues, “Women don’t care for the modern feeling in their homes. They consider it too harsh a background. As a whole they prefer houses such as those shown in ‘Heavenly Body’ or ‘Come Live With Me’. Interiors are not like women’s clothes. They should do something for the occupant of the home, just as clothes do something for a woman.”

Fifteen years ago, we presented a combined sitting-bedroom in the first version of ‘When Ladies Meet’. We know it had a definite influence. The women’s magazines played it up because it provided a new and flattering background for women. Even very modest homes now feature bedrooms as something more to sleep and dress in.
"For the future, I see many changes. But they will not be all that the post-war planners rave about. True enough plastics, glass cloth, lucite, processed woods, plastic floor-coverings and other such processes are already practical and can be made in quantity when peace returns. All of them can make a home more practical, more easily maintained and permanent. But that will offer no particular attraction to most women. Women like to refurbish a house every so often. They like change. But they are sufficiently practical that they need the excuse of shabbiness before they feel justified in spending the money. Draperies and slipcovers offer a reasonably inexpensive way to redecorate a home, yet retain its original character. The durability of glass drapery and upholstery material will remove the excuse. There is no more durable and practical upholstery material than leather, yet with few exceptions women delegate it to men's chairs and recreation rooms."

"However, there will be many changes. With servants and part-time household help practically non-existent today, women are more conscious of the actual functional needs of their work-rooms. As a result, they will demand and get more mechanical help such as electric dishwashers, garbage disposal units, deep-freezing units permitting storage of pre-cooked foods, more storage space and more effective arrangement of it. Buffet dinners have largely replaced more formal dining: as a result dining rooms may well disappear from the home of the future. This is but one of the indications toward greater simplicity of living and of homes."

Goodman enlarges upon the matter of more storage space. "There will be out of sight places for card-tables, games and such. Linen closets as we know them today will be decentralized. Towels will be stored in bathrooms; table-linens in dining rooms; sheets, pillow cases, blankets and comforters in bedrooms; tea-towels in the kitchen."

He also prognosticates a new kind of room—a room built almost entirely of glass for day-time living. However, he doesn't hold with those who say we will be living in all glass houses. "One room will provide enough of that," he explains, "because people do like privacy and semi-light a good part of the time."

Tom Little of 20th Century-Fox Studios, responsible for the "Claudia" house of the screen, advises women to continue to dig up furnishings out of attics and to modernize them and blend them with more modern living. He considers modern furniture alone too impersonal for a home. Although he points to the Gene Tierney apartment in "Laura" as a beautiful example of modern, he calls attention to the fact that English Victorian Baroques is used to give character and warmth to the apartment."

Tom Douglas, who created the Hilton home in "Since You Went Away", says that one cannot make a mistake choosing strictly modern, because it has no defined character as yet. For this reason, he recommends it to the person who hasn't time to devote to studying a home and its furnishings.

D'Agastino of RKO Studios predicts that, rather than a complete about-face, home-owners will work out details such as placing a work surface beside the refrigerator, inter-
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The End
trousers, a black coat and a stiff collar. The directors were all professional diplomats who went about clicking their heels, and making Charles click his. He hated it—as much as he'd hated school, and for the same reason. He disliked, and still does, regimentation of any sort.

Under force, he had completed twelve years of school (having run away twice, but neither time with successful results). In Hungary, such an educational preparation entitled a man to an apprenticeship in a trade. So he left the Ministry and was apprenticed to an optician. The choice was not out of a love for eyeglasses, but for cameras and lenses. He “borrowed” a camera on weekends, went hiking and skiing, and always came home with about fifty photographic gems. To this day, he has a special passion for cameras—although he now has so many it would be difficult to fathom which is the favorite.

His evenings were very frequently spent at the National Theatre Academy. Ask him why, and he'll say, “Oh, just a natural curiosity, I guess.” He had done a few plays in school and already the bug had bitten him, though he was yet to be aware of it.

Then he saw Paul Lukas, idol of twenty years ago; it was in a National Theatre production of “Catherine the Great.” That did it. Charles wangled a contract with the theatre and studied with a Lukas colleague.

Came then a wire from his brother in England: “I'm going to America. Come with me.” And not three days later, Charles had quit his job with the optician, left the theatre, said goodbye to the rest of his family, and was on his way—to England.

In London, he found he could not obtain a visa, as he was only a visitor in the country. His brother sailed for the States, leaving Charles with just one pound to his name and the additional handicap of not knowing the English language.

But ever-resourceful, and using an English-Hungarian dictionary (also a German-Hungarian dictionary, but under cover), he taught English children how to speak German, thereby picking up a few shillings—and, a little English.

He traveled to the coast, and through sign language and a few words pulled from what was still a very meagre English vocabulary, got a job at the docks, hauling hundred pound loads on his back. His income was augmented with giving German lessons to an English night watchman, he was happy to be working around ships, and he stayed on the dock job until he had saved eleven pounds for a camera.

Then from the docks he went directly to two Hungarian brothers, who ran a news picture agency. Armed with his camera, he got a job taking “the continental type of news picture,” which Korvin describes with the example of “the Minister of Health kissing a chorus cutie.” Such a picture was probably never taken; but if it was, Korvin took it.

In between all this, he sandwiched in some extra work in a film starring Herbert Marshall. The picture was being made some forty miles outside London, and very often he got home
at dawn, just in time to report to the agency office.

All the while, however, the thought of America was bouncing around in his head. After almost a year in England, he returned to Hungary to get his visa—making the trip via Paris, where he borrowed 200 francs from a friend. Quite by coincidence, it was with the same capital—and 25 francs extra—that he arrived back in Paris, shortly afterward. The return to Hungary was a mistake, where Charles was concerned. For after sniffing the fresh air of freedom in other countries, he was stifled by the militarism and regimentation of his native land.

The visa attempt failed, so he hocked his camera and set as far as Munich, and at Munich, he loaded railroad cars for the additional fare to get back to France.

His friend pulled strings for getting him a job as a cleaner at a Parisian hotel. Charles liked this new job, and promptly made friends with all the hotel guests—among whom was a trio of vaudeville stars from the States, who did a fascinating act on roller skates. This chapter in his life was a brief one, though. Korvin had four suits, all well-tailored; his fellow-employees were jealous, and when they found he was working without a permit they quickly saw to it that the hotel was less one cleaner.

Nothing daunted, Korvin went over to the Louvre Museum to see about a job as a guide. He'd been brushing up on his French—not only with fellow cleaners, but in his spare time he'd been listening to lectures at the Sorbonne. He had, in fact, taken a public course on art at the Ecole de Louvre, so that he knew his way around the building inside out.

All of which prepared him for the guide job, and he got it. When he had his fill of the Louvre, he decided he wanted to see Fontainebleau. From the library he obtained several books on the subject, then applied to a travel agency for a position—again, as a guide. Charles likes this guide business, he decided to see France that way, and he did, very successfully, too.

He worked at Napoleon's tomb, where he occasionally mislabeled a body and was corrected by monocled Englishmen. He was a guide through the Eiffel Tower, where one day two American women, gazing upward and thinking of the ancient, wowed and mumbled it to M. Korvin and complained: "It's thrilling to be able to design clothes for yourself and family is a real personal accomplishment and a very enviable money. Now it's possible for those with aptitude and talent to become a thoroughly basic training in Costume Designing in spare time, at home. Fascinating Field

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famous Luxembourg Gardens.

After that, he sold unbreakable combs. He went into a tavern, a tray-full of combs suspended from a strap around his neck. When he had spotted an amorous looking couple, he thrust his arm between them and banged a comb on the table.

"Regardez," he said loudly. "Break-proof." The escort always bought a comb to get rid of him.

Then he bumped into a painter who sold landscape postcards. The painter wanted a photographer to take pictures throughout France, after which they were hand-colored. Charles was his man. He traveled through France for three months; then one night found himself in Marseilles, flat broke and no money coming in from the painter.

He spent the night in a shelter, and prayed aloud with his 200 derelict roommates, before he was assigned a bed of hay. Next day, he unloaded the orange boats which came from Spain to Marseilles; and after 10 hours' toil, had wine and a good dinner at a tavern.

There he met two Italian truckers, who were driving to Paris with a load of eggs and almonds. They agreed to take him on as a rider.

Back in Paris, Korvin met Dr. Norman Bethune, who was doing blood transfusion experiments. He wanted a photographer to make a newsreel of the work he was planning to do in Spain.

"Can you do it?" he asked Charles. "Certainly," Korvin replied confidently, never having had a motion picture camera in his hands before. "I'll give you $50 a week.

Korvin’s eyes glazed over; he threw out his hands, helplessly. "That's too much," he protested. "I'll do it for twenty-five."

Dr. Bethune hired him, and gave him 10,000 francs to buy equipment. Charles stumbled around at first, but learned fast. They were in Spain only three months—and Korvin learned to speak Spanish.

On their return to Paris, Dr. Bethune announced that he was leaving for the United States in a few days, and asked Korvin to join him.

"Just get my entry visa and I'm ready," said Charles.

The visa was obtained, with pressure from the press, and 24 hours later Korvin found himself, with one valise and one suit, watching the lights of France slip away over the sea.

The last day on the boat, in third class, Korvin was snapping pictures up on the first class deck. There was a woman standing at the rail, with a bored air.

"Look at those rich people," said Korvin. "They don't have half as much fun as we do."

But just as he snapped the shutter, the woman saw him, and a look of recognition crossed her face. She caught at the arm of the man next to her and said: "Jimmy—look! It's Charles Korvin!"

'Jimmy' was James Hilton. Korvin had met Hilton and his wife, in England; and once you've met Korvin, you don’t forget him. They are "best friends," to this day. As a matter of fact, it was the Hiltons who persuaded Charles to go to California. Korvin had to stay in Mexico a month before he could get his formal entrance papers for coming to the United States, and it was the Hiltons who drove him down to the Mexican border, laden with shirts and socks for their immi-
grant friend. Thus Charles Korvin arrived in the U.S.

To keep things in proper sequence, however... here's what happened: he was six weeks in N.Y., where he finished the Spanish picture, then Korvin hitch-hiked to California. Then the Mexican junket, to get his papers. On his arrival in Hollywood, he tried to find work as a cameraman. No takers. Then he tried as an actor. Still no luck. So he went back to Europe, made two travelogues, and returned to Hollywood. He stayed there a year, on his second try; found no work and went back East, thoroughly disgusted, and almost ready to give up.

He attended Porterfield's Barter Theatre, in Virginia, and during the dress rehearsal of his first play in ten years, he fainted dead away. He did radio work in New York the following winter, was inducted into the army and rejected. He went back to the Barter Theatre and did five plays, directing one. (Some of his conferees, during this period, were Gregory Peck, Hume Cronyn and Jeffrey Lynn.)

His first Broadway play was "Winter Soldiers," and although the play itself was ill-fated, Korvin got good notices and went directly into the lead of "Dark Eyes," which ran 11 months in New York and then went on the road.

By that time, as usual, Hollywood wanted him. He married Helena in New York, brought her to Hollywood, and signed a contract with Universal Studios.

You saw him in "Enter Arsene Lupin". His next will be "As It Was Before," in which he is starred opposite Merle Oberon. His first really big picture, and Korvin's mighty excited about it. It's his claim, however, that a man will get anything he wants, if he has the patience and perseverance to wait for it.

He wanted a camera—he got it. He wanted to travel—and he did. He married Helena in New York, brought her to Hollywood, and signed a contract with Universal Studios.

He wanted to come to America—and he did. He set his heart on the first Capehart he ever saw wanting to own one—and that very Capehart now decorates his living room. He wanted Helena in New York, brought her to Hollywood, and she is. He is a dog that looked like Mr. Asta—and he has it, except that "Mr. Asta" name is Mrs. Millmoss, in honor of their favorite dog, "Mr. Asta."

So that's Charles Korvin... as he is, and as he was before. And we repeat, he's really "a nice guy."

The End
“My most constant friend has been Harold Clifton, director of the Santa Monica (California) Players. Harold worked with me, wept over me, shouted at me, bullied me, suffered with me, encouraged me, and finally just collapsed from sheer exhaustion and relief when I made the grade.”

With an impressive stage background, Clifton began organization of the Santa Monica Community Playhouse some years back and discovered talent in the leggy, gangling, fifteen-year-old high school student with the strange Welsh name. Gwyllyn Ford was enchanted with the theatre. He haunted the Playhouse, earning his right to hang around by sweeping out the place twice a day, working the light board, manipulating the curtain, and shoving around scenery with adolescent agility.

To make worthwhile the great affection young Glenn (he changed his name, of course.) showered on his brain-child, Clifton began giving him a few small parts. He kept fanning that tiny spark that set Glenn apart from the other tyros, and it wasn’t long before he began coaching the boy personally. All of which led to sessions of talks about dramatics in general, Stanislavski in particular, and the vast and uncharted future of the budding actor.

This idyll lasted about three years, after which Glenn tucked his high school diploma under his arm and went out to look for a job. Simultaneously Santa Monica support of the Playhouse lagged and soon died of sheer boredom. Out of the void arose another group, The Mummers, and Glenn turned his attention in that direction.

He went to work and was, in turn, hot dog hawker, bus driver, reporter and delivery boy for the Santa Monica Evening Outlook, manager of a paint store, window glass installer, mirror maker, pool man for the Edgewater Beach Club, photographer’s model, plane valet at Metropolitan Airport, and car lube expert—and he lived in constant fear that the hydraulic equipment would fail and he’d be crushed dramatically beneath the car he was working on.

During this period he set himself a weekly savings goal of sixty cents, which sum represented the cost of a round-trip ticket, via public conveyance, to the local metropolis of Los Angeles, where he wore a path between the car station and the Curran Theatre.

Once there, he sat around in the lobby hoping that Homer Curran, the manager, would get a good look at him, clasp his hands in sheer delight and make him a star overnight. What actually happened was that Mr. C. got so weary of tripping over Glenn’s outstretched legs that he finally sent him backstage to relieve the lobby clutter.

At the stage door Glenn wangled from director Herman Shumlin the job of stage manager for “The Children’s Hour.” It was a job he’d been trained for by Clifton, who believed in knowing “theatre” from the back of the house on out to the box-office. But the smell of greasestrip got Glenn down and he began badgering Shum-
FOREMOST EDITOR
REVEALS SECRETS OF CHARM AND POPULARITY

New York: — It is announced that Helen Valentine, now editor of the sensationaly successful magazine "Seventeen," is the co-author of a remarkable guide to charm which recently was made available to women of all ages. The volume is called "Better Than Beauty" because it reveals the secrets of charm which are even more effective in gaining popularity than natural beauty.

"Better Than Beauty is designed to help every woman, no matter what her age, bring out her most attractive personality through proper use of make-up, clothes, social and business manners. One of the important features of the book is its simplicity, for it shows easy, inexpensive ways that every woman can use to make herself more attractive. Some who have already benefited by the advice in "Better Than Beauty" say that just one simple fact in the book helps them change from "wallflowers" to popular, sought-after women.

Among the hundreds of different popular "Tricks" revealed in "Better Than Beauty" are: Professional make-up secrets; how to have a good time at a party; how to walk gracefully, how to appear shorter if too tall, or taller if too short; how to add charm to one's voice, how to overcome shyness, and many, many others. The volume is illustrated throughout with intriguing line drawings.

The publishers will send a copy on approval to any woman mailing in the attached coupon. The price of the book is now only $1.00; it was formerly published at $2.00.

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"It was horrible," Glenn says. "I wore top hat and tails, my hair was slathered on an inch thick. I looked like a dyspeptic gigolo."

When Schreiber got a look at the test, Moore was close to being fired. The test was so rank it justified every-thing Schreiber said. And he said plenty. But Moore's faith in Glenn's ability was unshakable, and he bided his time for another attempt at putting the Ford face on film. 

"Naturally I was disappointed about flopping the test" Glenn says, "but it turned out to be just one of a series of things that hurt but helped me grow. Both mentally andationally. It was heartbreaking, being de-feated at every turn, but the knowl-edge that even just two people had faith in me gave me a certain sense of security."

"Then my agent, Marty, threw in the towel, and I thought the bottom had dropped out of everything for me. I remember what he said. It was, 'Listen. I know you've got something. But I can't sell it!' That was the well-known straw. I left for New York within the week as stage manager of 'Soliloquy,' and under-study to John Beal, the star."

Thanks to the critics, the opus folded the night after opening and Glenn found himself scouting jobs along the Great White Way. Not adverse to a little sight-seeing on the town, he took in Radio City Music Hall and came face to face (from the nineteenth row) with a very talented and personable young dancer named Eleanor Powell. The impact was ter-rific. He left the theatre tripping headily on a series of small, white clouds.

He'd just landed a role in Tallulah Bankhead's "The Little Foxes," when the devoted Clifton wired that he'd convinced Curran our boy was the perfect lead for the Los Angeles pro-duction of "Our Town."

Glenn threw over the Bankhead play and arrived in L. A., to learn that Curran had changed his mind and had booked in the Chicago "Our Town" company. Glenn found himself back at the old stand with Clifton, who still wouldn't give up hope.

After a long period of thumbs-widdling, and a West Coast tour with Irene Rich in "A Broom for The Bride." Tom Moore came through with his third bid.
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This time it's a cinch," Moore said. "The studio's in a spot. They have to find a juvenile character right away."

"Not interested," Glenn said. "I'm packing to go back to New York."

Moore protested. Glenn countered, finally capitulated. He made the test wearing a day's growth of beard, a leather jacket, and some dirty dungsarees. Three hours later the studio waved a contract in front of his nose.

"Seven years?" Glenn howled.

"Don't be silly! I'll do this one picture and then make tracks for Broadway, as planned."

So "Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence", his first venture into feature length celluloid, finally got under way. And when that was finished, Glenn began packing for his trek East. But Moore stepped in again. "Look," he said, "you haven't got an agent. Give Gummo Marlin ten days to find you somewhere. If he doesn't swing it, go on to New York—and good luck to you."

It was a fair proposition and Glenn agreed to sit it out. Three days later he signed his name to a Columbia contract and proceeded to hypo his box-office appeal until he enlisted in the Marine Corps in December of 1943, he was one of the top leading men in town.

Despite a sizable list of film successes his one screen venture with Edward G. Robinson and "So Ends Our Night", with Margaret Sullivan, he is downright sentimental over "Flight Lieutenant", which he made with Pat O'Brien. It was during production of this particular picture that O'Brien introduced him to Eleanor Powell, the girl he'd lost his heart to from nineteen rows back in the Music Hall. Those silly clouds scudded back under his feet and he walked around moon-eyed for a couple of years until, dazzled by her Marine dress blues—and incidentally by him—Eleanor became Mrs. Ford.

Ellie and Glenn took a tiny apartment in La Jolla, near the San Diego Marine Base, and found that happiness did grow on trees, after all. Then, on Pearl Harbor Day in 1944, Glenn returned to Hollywood and his familiar tweeds and fastened his discharge pin in his left lapel.

He took time out to look over the local scene and try to get the feel of the place again. It wasn't easy. Star names, unfamiliar two years before, flashed from every theatre marquee in town. It was pretty discouraging.

Then he met Bette Davis. One look was enough to convince her that Glenn was tailor made for "A Stolen Life", her first producing stint for Warner's. But there was studio trouble over Glenn's loan-out that dragged on for endless weeks. It looked like another losing battle for Glenn. Down, but not out, he found the ever-present helping hand with star, declaring herself a staunch new friend, went to bat for him and won hands down, against all odds. Glenn quickly slipped into the role that is certain to put him right back on top of the heap where he was before his enlistment.

"It's not a case of luck, at all," Glenn says. "In everyone's life it's friends like Bette Davis, Tom Moore and Harold Clifton who are responsible for your success. Their trust and faith and strength are vital; without them you're like a Lady Luck? Let her go whistle for kudos—she won't get them from me!"

The End
JUNE BRIDE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

Bees Van Dyke. As he talked, he noticed that June was the only one who wasn't vibrating the apartment with jitterbug routines. As a matter of fact, she was sitting rather quietly...and he noticed that in moments or repose, her face had a sad, wistful expression.

So he asked her to have dinner with him one night. He took her to a nightclub, figuring that would be her choice. He discovered that night that June didn't like to jitterbug, that she didn't like nightclubs, that she had a sense of humor, liked books and Chinese food. June found that Dick was averse to nightclubs, that he was fun to be with, and that he liked books and Chinese food. In short, they each found a friend.

Dick was more taken with the small blonde than he liked to admit. He had just gone through a divorce, and another marriage was the farthest thing from his mind. He decided to invite June to while away a day on his boat. For Dick, this was an ultimatum. His boat is the only place he feels really free and happy. And as a rule, women make fools of themselves on boats. He was sure June would step on the varnish and smear the brass and complain about the spray and the windiness of it all. Or maybe she'd jabber endlessly about port and tack and starboard and hawsers, misusing every term with neat Malapropism.

When he called for her, she was wearing an old sweater, rolled up jeans and a pair of sneakers that looked as though they had trod the decks of the Santa Maria. On the boat, June examined everything in open-mouthed wonder. Listened patiently to Dick's explanations and confessed she didn't understand a word of it. Would he please just sail the boat and could she lie down on the deck and not talk for a while?

Mr. Powell didn't know it at the time, but he was a dead duck.

It went on like that, always fun. Sometimes it was quiet fun, like the evenings they spent at home, their immersion in books broken only by an occasional smile at each other. Or noisy, quite noisy. June has the incurable habit of learning for herself, inevitably winding up with disaster and an abashed grin. She grew bold enough at the harbor to ask Dick in the farthest thing from his mind. He had a sense of humor, liked books and Chinese food. In short, they each found a friend.

He decided to invite June one day if she could take the small speedboat for a ride. Dick agreed, patiently to Dick's explanations and confessed she didn't understand a word of it. Would he please just sail the boat and could she lie down on the deck and not talk for a while?

"Sure," said June, and away she went.

An hour of gleefully missing every boat in the bay, and she slowed up alongside Dick's yacht. He wasn't in sight. Maybe she'd put this small plaything into the slip itself. What the heck? She made a wide turn with the throttle full out, and headed for the slip. Except that she forgot to put it into reverse gear. The "plaything," zoomed hellbent toward the row of shining boats bobbing peacefully on the quiet water.

Even lying full across the bow, and grabbing wildly at passing boats, didn't stop her. After removing the paint from several skiffs, June's water chariot came to rest, half on the dock, half in the harbor. She opened one.
eye cautiously, spied Dick standing on the deck of his own boat. He was passing one hand slowly over his face in what is known in Hollywood as a slow burn. She grinned sheepishly—and when June grins there isn't anything to do but grin, too. By the time Dick had jumped across the bows of a dozen boats to rescue her, they were both doubled up with laughter.

Their companionship had reached a point where marriage seemed the next, the inevitable step. But Dick was reluctant about popping the question. He wasn't free to marry until July, and he thought it only fair to June to wait.

Then June collected a small group of cold germs and landed in bed. She was propped up on pillows one evening, wearing a pale yellow bedjacket and a yellow hair ribbon. The table beside her bed was loaded down with a vase of red roses, sent her by the studio. In back of the roses was a large picture of June and Van Johnson, which a fan had just left for June's autograph.

When Dick walked in, he saw the yellow bedjacket and hair ribbon and the sad blue eyes, and he melted. Then he saw the picture—and the roses—and his heart did a quick freeze. The time had come.

Five minutes later my phone rang. It was Dick, his voice one pitch higher in excitement.

"I would like you to talk to the future Mrs. Powell," he said.

I picked up the phone again, and June's voice came over the wire, half laughter, half tears. I don't remember what she said, and it's a cinch she doesn't.

They have both changed in recent months. June has become less sensitive and more practical, and Dick has grown more sentimental and more thoughtful. At this writing, the two of them blend like the sea and the sky, and are as inseparable. Any evening about six-thirty, before they were Mr. and Mrs., Dick Powell could be seen driving along Melrose Avenue, headed for dinner with June, and looking as though speed laws were invented by the devil. If June finished at her studio earlier than usual, he would rush home, and when June grins there isn't anything to do but grin, too.

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She removed her makeup as she ran to her car, then headed for Dick's studio, she asked. "I'll tell you how it's going! Not a trace of professional jealousy between them—only pride in each other's work. When Dick made a personal appearance tour for "Murder, He diced Now," he was called into the front office of a studio bigwig. He told her to sit down, and for a half hour flung compliments at her, congratulating her on her work. He made it for Posie-For-Allison Day. June looked up at him dreamily.

"Towels," she said. "I got a dozen towels." There is not a trace of professional jealousy between them—only pride in each other's work. When Dick made a personal appearance tour for "Murder, He diced Now," he was called into the front office of a studio bigwig. He told her to sit down, and for a half hour flung compliments at her, congratulating her on her work. He made it for Posie-For-Allison Day. June looked up at him dreamily.

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of our life together, that I'm afraid I'd be bored by the very routine which I think I covet.

Mrs. Bob Hope was born Dolores De Fina, in New York City, the daughter of an Italian father and an Irish mother whose maiden name was Kelly. She attended Holy Spirit grammar school and Evander Childs High School, then adopted the professional name Dolores Reade, and began to sing in the better Manhattan night clubs.

Her voice was a low contralto, rich and throaty, and won for her an instant success.

Into the Vogue Club one December evening walked a loved-time friend of Dolores Reade, namely George Murphy. He was accompanied by another gentleman whose appearance was magnified by what he described as a ski-slide nose. When Dolores had finished her number, she joined the two men at their table and the friend of Mr. Murphy was introduced.

Miss Reade was, as all theatrical people are, a walking encyclopedia of important local names. That of Bob Hope awakened her cross-index in her mind; yet, despite his obscurity, she was aware of a certain aura of success.

Mr. Murphy excused himself to go shopping; so Miss Reade, being an assiduous young woman whose suggestions were customarily accepted with alacrity by any escort, said to this Mr. Hope, "Would you like to dance?"

Mr. Hope's profile scarcely turned in her direction. "No, thank you," he replied with dignity. "I'm tired."

Those five words rendered him the friend of Mr. Murphy was introduced. Conversation languished; Mr. Murphy, returning from the room, swept Miss Reade away to dance. The band was playing "Did You Ever See A Dream Walking?" They had the room three or four times when Mr. Hope cut in. "I've changed my mind," he announced casually.

The band played "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." They danced. The band played "It's only a paper moon, shining over a cardboard sea; but it wouldn't be make-believe, if you believe in it" and the music continued.

Bob escorted Dolores home (he had reached first name status) home that night. They sat, oblivious to sub-zero weather in Bob's car and talked until dawn. After saying goodnight at sunrise, Dolores floated upstairs on that palpable vapor of ethereal romanticism induced by fatigue, cold, hunger, and bliss, and awakened her mother.

"I've just met the man I'm going to marry," she announced, sighing.

Mr. Hope, entranced from opening her eyes. "What does he do for a living?"

"I didn't exactly ask, but I think he's a photographer in 'Roberta,'" breathed Dolores.

"You are out of your mind," groaned her mother. "Go to bed."

The following day George Murphy sent Dolores tickets to see "Roberta," the show in which he, too, was ap
is this Englisher?"

reiterating her distaste for Mr. Hope as a son-in-law. "You should marry a nice Irish boy," she insisted. "Who

for twenty-eight days had been

and collected her protesting mother, 

option at the end of the month's ap­

bassy Club in Miami with whose

January 14th to appear in the Em­

Dolores had to leave New York

maxing their gaiety appropriately

asked Miss Reade to marry him.

there that Mr. Hope, in character,

town that brisk December night, cli¬

the girl and found her to be charming.

plain to Dolores, who promptly met

upon the perfidy of mankind.

turned to her dressing room to brood

So it was a foursome who did the

pear for whom Bob had been convoy¬

cally ruined did the gentleman ap¬

tion while Bob, with the aid of a nap¬

ask her for a date that night, but he

waved. She half expected him to

ask her a date night, but he

was so engrossed in the garment, the

show, and a new routine he was plan­

ning to introduce, that he had no time for social amenities. 

Miss Reade excused herself, escaped
to George Murphy's dressing room,

thanked him for the tickets, then hur¬

ried away to do her Christmas shop¬

ing. 

The following night, Bob telephoned her at the club and asked for a date. She counted to ten, then said with

reserve that she would be glad to see

him.

His arrival at the club strongly re­

sembled a scene from a Hope-Crosby picture: upon his arm clung a fragile and lovely blonde whom Dolores had never met. Dolores, singing at the moment, nodded a chill in his direc­

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hair. It's inexpensive and easy to apply,

and lovely blonde whom Dolores had

resemble a scene from a Hope-Crosby

style and cut. She said the suit was

ask her to give an opinion as to its

and lovely blonde whom Dolores had

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Do you want to be totally unconscious of her presence, associates agree that he usually puts on his best shows, ad libs with surpassing brilliancy, and reaches the zenith of hair¬

tight wit when Miss Hope is some¬

where in the audience. He encourages her to accompany him whenever she can conscientiously leave the children. The Hope children are Linda, now

ing in Erie, Pennsylvania. So Dolores, with her fascinating mother, went to Erie— and back to New York—19, 1934, at eight in the evening, Miss Dolores De Fina became the wife of Mr. Leslie Towne Hope.

"Roberta" closed in April, by which time Bob had perfected a vaudeville skit for himself and Dolores. They opened in Brooklyn. The plan was for Dolores to sing a verse, a chorus, and repeat the chorus, whereupon Bob was to emerge from the wings and toss off a comedy routine.

Although the new Mrs. Hope was thoroughly conversant with nightclub situation, this was her initial experience on the stage. However, it didn't happen to her that there would be the slightest difference in her attraction to the two media. She emerged from the wings, bowing with confidence, and sang the first verse and chorus. During this time she became aware of the polka-dotted darkness of the nightclub audience was near and friendly; this was distant and dismaying. It was a sea of ink in which floated the sounds of fish.

She parted her lips and tried to join the orchestra in the second chorus. No sound came forth. The orchestra repeated the opening phrase in an effort to start her singing voice. No success. Bob sauntered from the wings and, in his inimitable manner, asked the leader to repeat the phrase. He listened attentively.

"Again, please," he said.

The leader complied.

"Just the same FOUR times," observed Bob, turning upon his wife.

"How many times do you let them stutter before you interrupt?"

The gag was so successful that, even when Mrs. Hope's stage fright had vanished, they used it to every advantage. From time to time the routine was changed. As a team, they had to observe but one rule: Bob had to remain unconscious of her presence, associates agree that he usually puts on his best shows, ad libs with surpassing brilliancy, and reaches the zenith of hair¬
tight wit when Miss Hope is some¬

where in the audience. He encourages her to accompany him whenever she can conscientiously leave the children. The Hope children are Linda, now
six, and Tony, five. Each has secured from The Cradle in Chicago, and each has an introductory story of merit.

Linda was introduced to her parents when she was an ingenue of six weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Hope had just returned from Europe on the Queen Mary, which had been east of New York for twenty-four hours when war was declared on September 3, 1939. Bob had given repeated shows in the far-away, blacked-out ship as it anchored in the famous North Atlantic. His mind was filled with war and the threat of even more widespread destruction. Mrs. Hope, who had been talking adoption for several years, said, "Bob, I think we should stop at The Cradle and sign a petition for adoption," she stated at her incredulously.

"This is no time to start a family," he protested.

"During a war, a family is the most important thing," explained his wife. "Times of great change, it is the one value that remains unchanged."

So they stopped at The Cradle. As Bob later reported it to friends, 'The attendants stuffed me into one of these rear-entrance zoot suits and a surgical Santa Claus Beard. They then marched me into a glass case and exhibited me to a series of little characters who went wild about me. At least they clawed the air and screamed."

Because of some formalities, Linda was not available for two weeks, so the Hopes continued to California. There, Mrs. Hope employed a nurse and returned with her to Chicago to claim their new child.

Naturally, each of the newspaper and syndicate services was eager to photograph the event, but Mrs. Hope had established a set of rules for herself as a mother and No. 5 on the list was "No pictures." The nurse smuggled the baby out of the hotel via the freight elevator, while Mrs. Hope walked through a lobby clicking with cameras.

When Mrs. Hope boarded the train, the nurse and baby were already at the station. Dolores' mother had joined her in Chicago for a few days, but was returning to New York instead of continuing to California, so she was standing on the platform, waving goodbye. Abruptly she began to make frantic gestures just as the train began to move, indicating that something unusual was happening. Dolores then adjourned that occupied by the Hope family. Dolores couldn't understand, of course, but jumped to the heart-stopping conclusion that something was wrong. "Kidnappers!" she thought.

The train was rattling westward, gaining speed to match the momentum of Mrs. Hope's apprehension, when an obvious fat fist hammered on the door. "Who's there?" quavered Dolores.

"Open up and see," said a familiar voice.

With a cry of sheerest relief, the apprentice mother unlocked the door and admitted Bing Crosby, veteran father and Pythias to Bob Hope's Damon. He sensed Mrs. Hope's perturbation at once. "Settle down," he advised comfortably, inspecting Linda. "An old hand like myself can assure you that baking is perfectly indef-structure. But if you need advice, Betty and Bob Montgomery are in the third drawing room in this car, and Betty has brought up a colt and a filly.
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the woman explained, adding the name of Mr. Hope's dancing partner on the occasion.

Controlling her voice, Mrs. Hope explained that the girl in question had been a guest on a Bob radio show and that afterward the entire group had gone dancing for brief relaxation. She, herself, had been unable to go because of a cold.

The first time this happened, Dolores was furious. The second time, she was angry. After that the denials became a routine. The fact remains, however, that the wife of a celebrity is constantly asked, even by close friends, "Aren't you jealous of the lovely girls with whom your husband comes into contact or in his work?"

Her answer has always been prompt and fearless: "Every woman's husband is attractive to some other woman, and, in the only thing any woman can do: I have kept busy, strive to remain interesting, and clung to my small conceits. When doubt has troubled me, as it must every life, I have thought, why shouldn't he love me in preference to anyone else?"

The Hope marriage has been complicated by Bob's long absences, away on trips and by the odd hours his profession forces him to keep. When he is working in a picture, he must arise around six. Mrs. Hope usually prepares the fruit juice and coffee that he enjoys for breakfast, then she attends to the children.

When Bob isn't working on a picture he sleeps until noon, a luxury he enjoys for breakfast, then she attends to the children.

Convivial as Bob is, however, he has the usual husbandly aversion to dinner engagements made without his consent. "Dolores," Bob confided to his friend, Mr. Crosby, "has a genius for making friends. She meets and makes pals of more people than any other woman alive. And they all ask her to dinner. Once we get there—although I'm supposed to be the public figure in the family—she's the one who keeps everyone laughing. What a routine that gal has!"

And Mrs. Hope usually adds, with a wistful smile, "But a good laugh is probably the finest type of marriage insurance."

An insurance, naturally, which she never lacks. She and Bob were driving along one day when she asked, "Do you really love me?"

Mr. Hope rolled his eyes skyward in an effort to think. "Yes," he decided. "Why?" pursued his wife, voicing a question popularized, no doubt, by Eve.

He turned briefly to regard one of the handsome women in Hollywood. "The only reason I can think of," he said firmly, "is that you are kind to my children."

THE END
to be a natural for the role of the lumpy, imaginative and highly original character they had in mind. Bill Burton, once Hollywood's highest powered agent, immediately took her under his wing, and now Holly- wood bigwigs agree that she's destined for a unique career in pictures.

Because Barbara Remington has lines with neat little twirls and fanci- es of her own, she colors a script with more imagination than some of the top script writers. These accom- plishments also include some fancy faces that are almost as horrifying as they are mirth-provoking. Yet, when it comes to being interviewed she has the simplicity a veteran of long-stand- ing. Nothing ruffles her. Nothing ex- cited her. She has an answer for every question.

For instance, she says quite freely, "If Peggy Ann Garner is the Junior Miss of this outfit, and they tell me she is because Twentieth Century- Fox bought the play for her to star in, then I am simply the Junior Mess. They won't let me have a decent hair-do. I'm either wound up in rag curlers like an old topsy doll or just coming indoors out of a high wind. And you know, a girl looks like in that condition!"

Maybe it's the current condition of things, maybe the war, or maybe it's simply that her younger generation is growing up quicker than we did. But today, a young lady at thirteen has problems and thoughts not exclusively devoted to Sinatra, Van Johnson and Robert Walker.

There's time for swing and jitter-bugging but there's also a time and place for serious considerations—such as one's future career.

At least these are the candid opinions of young Barbara Whiting, Hollywood's newest career woman.

The "Junior Miss" company and crew call her "the kid you'd love to touch—with a cat o' nine tails!"

But this is only because evidence of her prodigious talent is so realistic, even the most nervous studio workers watching her do her stuff before the cameras. She makes them feel she's actually a brat.

Twentieth Century-Fox signed Miss Whiting to a long-term contract which totals up to some fifty thou- sand dollars. She's being heralded far and wide as the first really sensa- tional comedy. And since Jane Whithers bang-banged her way across the screen,

Barbara—and she's not the type you can call "the kid you'd love to touch"—is a solid youngster; a lumpy little gal who uses her head for other purposes than effecting new and fetching hair- styles. Fundamentally, she's really a swell kid, quick on the trigger when it comes to straight-from-the-shoulder talk, and A-plus when it comes to classroom. She comes by her tal- ents honestly. Her older sister, the late Dick Whiting, composer of some two hundred song hits. Her sister Mar- garet is a radio star in her own right. And Miss Whiting herself has been yam- mering to get her fingers on a studio contract ever since she was gapped out of the song, "The Good Ship Lollypop," which her father wrote for her but which he was too (Continued on page 102)
THE LOST WEEKEND
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

and gave their O.K. for the shooting to start.

The point was, you see, that B. & W. considered Don Birnam a sick man, as Brackett told me "a man with an illness which wasn't accepted by society but condemned by it." Birnam was not a guy who enjoyed drinking. He drank because he had to because there was something in him which made liquor his only escape. He suffered, he fought the world and himself; he went through agony while the weekend was in progress. But he could not help himself. He was therefore a tragic character, completely acceptable to the censorial powers.

And Ray, who was to put Don on the screen, felt that about him, and more.

"Birnam was a defeated romanticist," he told me. "In the past, he had created his own world, his own conception of what life should be. He had done it idealistically. And really, he'd had the props knocked out from under him when he discovered that living could never come up to his expectations.

"He was a guy who was born many years too late—after knighthood had flowered and died. And he couldn't adjust himself to the century in which he lived."

"Other men have had the same difficulty. Some have reacted one way, some another. Birnam's solution was to drink himself into a stupor."

When Ray was telling me his own ideas of the man he portrayed so magnificently on the screen, I had the screaming meemies. For, six months ago, when we were talking to him about what sort of a guy he was himself, he had used almost the same words.

"I am a romanticist," Ray had said then, "who has learned to reconcile myself to the fact that life is never as magnificent as I would want it."

Ray, in other words, believes himself inwardly the sort of man Cortez was: a colorful figure in shining armor who sailed towards a New World and conquered it. Or, he is Leonardo da Vinci, to whom all art, all science, all mankind was an adventure. Or he is Johann Strauss, writing waltzes to which the earth made love.

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This is the type man Ray would like to have been, and probably would have been in another era. This was the motivation for his entering the service of the English king, donning a flamboyant uniform, recapturing for a few years the splendor of chivalry. And, though there was in Ray (and still is to a certain extent) a wide, painful streak of shyness and inferiority, brought on by his fantastic height when he was a child and by his self-comparison with his three unbelievably beautiful sisters, it was this romanticism which led him into acting, into the playing of parts which, in many cases, were completely incredible compared to normal living.

He didn't enjoy making "The Lost Weekend." No one would have, no one with an arm left. For Don was too tortured, too desperate for comfort. And Ray, because he knew in himself so much of the pain in Don's make-up—because he, too, is a romantic, because he, too, has fought against a sense of inferiority in the past—felt more deeply about Don.
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Jane Eyre
By Charlotte Bronte
What Terrible Secret Cursed Their Love? Most banned book of 19th Century. Story of a man seeking perfect love in a wife driven mad, a French dancing girl, Viennese milliner, Neapolitan countess—and at last a girl barely more than a child! What terrible secret tore them apart?
How are you feeling?  

Isn’t it the truth that one movie gives you one kind of feeling, and another another?

We’re recommending a dancing-on-clouds, falling-in-love feeling—

The feeling you get from M-G-M’s wonderful, spectacular new Technicolor musical, “Yolanda and the Thief”.

And the feeling you get from those experts in make-love-while-you-dance, Fred Astaire and Lucille Bremer.

You met Fred before, but never more dash¬

You met lovely Lucille in “St. Louis”, changing along in that well¬

No matter what the dictionary says about “extravaganza”, you’ll find more of it in “Yolanda and the Thief”.

It’s a musical fiesta as colorful as a cockatoo, with a story to match and music in the mood.

You’ll be humming like a humming bird after hearing “Will You Marry Me?”, “I’ve An Angel”, “This Is A Day For Love”, “Yolanda”, and “Coffee Time”. Arthur Freed and Harry Warren really wrote their hearts into these.

The good provider of fun is Frank Morgan—aided by Mildred Natwick (of Broadway fame), Mary Nash, and Leon Ames. Jacques Thery and Ludwig Bemelmans wrote the story and Irving Brecher fashioned it to the screen.

Director Vincente Minnelli brings his M-G-M Magic touch to “Yolanda”. Arthur Freed felt so good about producing it that he helped write the songs.

How do we feel about it? Oops ... there we go! We’ve got that dancing-on-clouds, falling¬

- Leo

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YOLANDA and the THIEF

STARRING

FRED ASTAIRE • LUCILLE BREMER

FRANK MORGAN • MILDRED NATWICK • MARY NASH • LEON AMES

in Technicolor

HIT MELODIES! "Will You Marry Me?" • "Angel" • "Yolanda" • "This Is A Day For Love" • "Coffee Time"

FINISH THE JOB! BUY VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE
So Proudly We Hail

This is the second in a series of special features dedicated to Hollywood's war veterans and men still in service—keeping up with the stars who've been away, and reporting on the many who might have been stars by now if their careers hadn't been interrupted.

Edward Ashley, Australian born, blue-eyed six footer, became an American citizen the fast way: by enlisting in the U.S. Army Air Forces!

Before the War, Edward had been identified with a series of smallish parts—he was Mr. Wickham, for example, in "Pride and Prejudice." But discharged from service, he went directly into the lead of Republic's "Love, Honor, and Goodbye." And all the result of a lucky accident, you might say.

While on a routine flight in the Ferry Command, Edward crushed an ankle, hospitalizing him for months. It was special duty for him after that, and when "Winged Victory" came along, he was given the role of Captain Payne. Finally, when even stage work proved too much for the weakened ankle, he was honorably discharged. And just in time for the plum role at Republic, in the picture with Virginia Bruce. His first big break, and take it from us: he's made the most of it!

* * *

And remember Bill Holden? Bill's pictures before the war—he's been away from moviemaking more than three years now—included things strictly memorable like "Golden Boy," "Our Town" and "I Wanted Wings." By the time he made "The Fleet's In," with Dorothy Lamour, he'd graduated to leads.

Bill heeded the call to arms in April of '42, and it wasn't long before the powers that be picked him as "officer material." So it was no longer Bill Holden, movie actor, but Lt. Holden, of the United States Air Corps.

When the point system was instituted, Bill was one of the first to qualify for discharge. He came home to Hollywood, and "home" means a little Valley cottage and glamorous movie actress Brenda Marshall. Right now Paramount and Columbia (they hold a joint contract) are competing to get Bill first, for his first post-service assignment.
“Hold That Blonde”

Eddie Bracken
Veronica Lake

HOLD YOUR SEATS FOR THRILLS THAT’LL CHILL YOU...
HOLD YOUR SIDES FOR LAUGHS THAT’LL KILL YOU...

Veronica’s got what it takes, so Bracken took it till she turned the tables with some taking ways of her own!

He’s got a Kleptomania for beautiful blondes, and when his ears twitch his fingers itch — from then on nothing is safe in the merriest comedy you’ve ever seen!

Finish the job! Buy Victory Bonds at your movie theatre.

FINISH THE JOB! BUY VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

ALBERT DEKKER
and WILLIE BEST
Produced by Paul Jones
Directed by George Marshall
A Paramount Picture

Blouse Beauty—High, round neck...ruffled ‘cuffs. Smooth rayon in white only. Sizes 32 to 38. $3.98, plus postage.

WE MAIL C. O. D.—However, you can speed delivery and save C. O. D. charges by enclosing check or money order, plus 25¢ postage.

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD
Dept. 361, 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California

PROMPT DELIVERY

Hollywood was especially glad to welcome home HARRY LEWIS; for when Harry speaks of his “little gray home in the West,” he really means it! He’s one of the very select few who was actually born in Hollywood.

Three years ago, Harry was right on the threshold of a bright movie career. You probably remember him as one of Errol Flynn’s crew in “Desperate Journey,” and as the dying soldier in “One Foot in Heaven.” Fortunately, Harry’s real-life soldier role ended less tragically, and now his future looks brighter than ever. In fact he already has a very “sweet” part in “Her Kind of Man” (Warner Bros.), which stars Faye Emerson and Zachary Scott. Harry plays the role of a baby-faced killer called “Candy.”

From private to Colonel is a long haul, and JIMMIE STEWART (the first big star to enlist in the Army) made it strictly on his own! Jimmie is home from the wars now, and ‘tis rumored that MGM has “High Barbaree” picked for his first picture—it’s the story of a young flyer. Others say Jimmie won’t do a war picture; he wants to find a good comedy. But be it comedy or drama or whatever, if it’s Jimmie Stewart it’ll be good!

Jane Wyman and Ann Sothern are two of the happiest lasses in town, these days; for it’s no longer CAPT. RONALD REAGAN and LT. BOB STERLING—just Ronnie and Bob, on the Warner and Metro lots. Both returnees will probably have their first pictures set, any day now.

LT. WAYNE MORRIS has been honorably discharged and is back at Warner’s. His first job? One of the more important roles in “Task Force.”

MAJOR GENE RAYMOND is reading scripts submitted hopefully by RKO. Always one of the most entertaining of Hollywood raconteurs, he is now terrific. His yarns range from experiences in England to quaint occurrences on the California desert—all screamingly funny, as he tells them.

LT. COMMANDER DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, who has the Distinguished Service Cross and the French Legion of Honor, is expected to be out of the Navy in January, and back in Hollywood.

You’ve been reading lately about MAJOR ALLEN MARTINI, but not in your favorite movie column. Major Martini, the pilot of the Flying Fortress in “Dry Martini,” holds the world record for shooting down German planes—15 in 22 minutes! Back in civvies now, he’s been signed by RKO to play the part of an officer in “The Bamboo Blonde,” starring Frances Langford and Russell Wade.

Edward Ashley and the Moore twins, Jackie and Judy, who doubled tor one another in “Love, Honor and Good-bye.” (Lower left) Harry Lewis, in civvies. Coast Guardsman Chris Adams has the first postwar movie contract ever negotiated. (Selznick signed him 2 yrs. ago, for Vanguard.) Photographed with him here is Shirley Temple—Mrs. John Agar, Jr., as of her September marriage vows.
WATCH HER LIPS ANSWER THE CALL... WHEN

Charles Boyer whistles for Lauren Bacall!

They're burning with yearning in Warners' screen scorchers.

HE'S GOT THAT LOOK IN HIS EYES . . . AND "THE LOOK" IN HIS ARMS! WHEN SHE KISSES HIM, YOU'LL KNOW WHY IT'S STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL!

"Confidential Agent"

WITH KATINA Paxinou • Peter Lorre • Victor Francen • George Coulouris

DIRECTED BY HERMAN SHUMLIN • SCREEN PLAY & PRODUCED BY ROBERT BUCKNER • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN

FINISH THE JOB! BUY YOUR VICTORY BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRES!
KITTAY (Para.)—Stars Paulette Goddard in the title role, and she's terrific! Except that Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg based their screen play on the Rosamond Marshall novel, you might suspect that Goddard had the part written just to her order.

The story is romantic, and in costumes appropriate to 18th Century England, when Tom Gainsborough was the fashion in celebrated painters. Ray Milland, as Sir Hugh Marcy, is the titled but penniless hero responsible for transforming Kitty, the gutter-snipe, into Kitty, the grand lady. That as the Duchess of Malmunster she sometimes slips off into speaking like the lowborn Cockney she really is—well, that's to mention but one of many phases of the situation making for amusing incidents. For in addition to being good comedy, it's witty satire and rating acting honors for Patric Knowles, Reginald Owen, Cecil Kallaway, Constance Collier, Sara Allgood and Eric Blore, as well as the principals. Mitchell Leisen directed.

SCARLET STREET (Universal)—When better psychological dramas are made, Fritz Lang will produce and direct them! And it's no coincidence, we're sure, that "Scarlet Street" is the best of its kind since "Woman in the Window." Fact is, the lineup is the same—Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea—with Rosalind Ivan added. (And Sam Hinds, too.)

DEADLINE AT DAWN (RKO)—is not a war story, although the central character is a sailor (Bill Williams) who finds himself in the midst of a murder mystery a few hours before termination of his leave... with suspicion directed right at him! But comes love disguised as a taxi-dancer (Susan Hayward), and a new-found friend (Paul Lukas), and the murder finally is solved.

"Deadline" marks the first starring picture for white-hope Bill Williams and it looks as if he's here to stay. Supporting cast: Joseph Calleia, Lola Lane, Jerome Cowan, Marvin Miller.

DOLLY SISTERS (20th Century-Fox), with Betty Grable and June Haver in the sister roles—and looking so nearly-identical that they might be twins! It's Johnny Payne's return to the screen (he plays Harry Fox, song-
The hilarious **BROADWAY** play... *Now on the screen!*

The story of a returned boy hero whose family still thinks he's a baby!

COLUMBIA PICTURES

presents

![Image of the movie poster](image)

**SNAFU**

A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION

Stageplay and Screenplay by LOUIS SOLOMON and HAROLD BUCHMAN

WITH ROBERT BENCHLEY - VERA VAGUE - CONRAD JANIS - NANETTE PARKS

JANIS WILSON - JIMMY LLOYD - ENID MARKEY

Produced and Directed by JACK MOSS

FINISH THE JOB! BUY VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE
FREE FASHION CATALOG and Christmas Gift Bulletin

Stunning New "Hollywood Jumper"

ORDER BY MAIL from California WE SEND C.O.D.

Squares raglan style shoulders

ACROSS
1. . . . Romay is in "Week-end at the Waldorf"
2. She's in "Johnny Angel"
3. Disable
4. . . . bomb
5. "Mary" in "State Fair"
6. . . . Sten
7. The . . . is Green
8. Barbara Hale in "West of the Pecos"
9. She loves Gregory in "The Valley of Decision"
10. "Captain Kidd"
11. "Corliss Archer" in "Kiss and Tell"
13. Anagram for Mr. Rogers
14. He's in "A Thousand and One Nights"
15. "The . . . Front"
16. Dan Andrews in "State Fair"
17. "And the Angels . . . (anag.)"
18. Max . . .
19. He's in "Duffy's Tavern" (anag.)
21. "Razor's . . . . ."
22. . . . Gwyn
23. "Young -- . . ."
24. "Mrs. Buzz Fletcher" in "It's a Pleasure"
25. Dane Clark in "Pride of the Marines" (anag.)
26. Lend assistance again
27. "A Guy, a . . . . and a Pal"
28. He's a 'Love, Honor and Goodbye'
29. Mr. Norris in short
30. Fred and Lynn . . . . . . in "Captain Eddie"
31. Barbara in "Christmas in Connecticut" (anag.)
32. Dorothy lush in a "Pride of the Marines"
33. Author of "Blithe Spirit"
34. Movie studio term

DOWNS
1. Anagram for Mr. Esmond
2. Restless hankering
3. Betty Field in "The Southerner"
4. Roman cupid
5. "...... in the Night"
6. Don McGuire in "Pride of the Marines"
7. "A Guy, a . . . . and a Pal"
8. "A Thousand and One Nights"
9. Maureen O'Sullivan
10. "A Thousand and One Nights"
11. "One Thousand and One Nights"
12. "Pride of the Marines"
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MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

For Solution See Page 60
Even now she stood between us...
The taunt of her smile
Like a black curse
On our love!

In his arms, a girl of glorious love... In his mind, a girl of terrible fascination!

Screen's most gripping drama
Of murder... and desire!

Alice Faye
Dana Andrews
Linda Darnell

in

Fallen Angel

with
Charles Bickford - Anne Revere - Bruce Cabot
John Carradine - Percy Kilbride

Produced and Directed by
Otto Preminger

Screen Play by Harry Kleiner - Based on the Novel by Marty Holland
Song "Slowly" by David Raksin and Kermit Goell
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Finish the job! Buy your victory loan bonds at your favorite theatre.
YOUR PROBLEM and MINE

by Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:
I am a young girl of twenty and no longer have the desire to live. I just can’t adjust myself to the kind of life I will have to lead. Here’s how it is: About four months ago, I was in an automobile accident. As a result, both of my legs were amputated. You can imagine how I feel. I won’t be able to do any of the things I had hopes of doing.

Now there is nothing for me. If I only had something to do. I’d appreciate it very much if you would help me. Is there anything that a girl in my condition can do?

I know if I am kept busy, I may forget about how I feel. Please advise me, Miss Wyman, and thank you very much.

Jo Anne

Dear Miss Wyman:
I have always wanted to come to California for my health and employment. I would like to live in a nice home and be a child’s nurse. I love little children and would treat them as they should be treated. I would appreciate it if you could give me information about getting such a position, and would be very happy if there were some way in which I could come to California.

Cornelia

Dear Miss Wyman:
The best advice I can give you is DO NOT COME TO CALIFORNIA AT THE PRESENT TIME.

We are completely overcrowded here —living quarters cannot be found, and without local experience and references, it might be quite difficult for you to obtain the kind of position you desire.

Where you are until the war is over, and save all the money you can, so that if you still want to come out here thereafter, you will have sufficient funds to tide you over until you find employment.

Jane Wyman

Dear Jane:
I was engaged to a boy and we were going to get married; then he went into the service. When he had gone, I told everyone that we were married.

Now we have both changed our minds, and decided not to get married after all.

The best advice I can give you is to explain this deception to your friends and take whatever blame that may come your way.

Jane Wyman

(Continued on page 57)
"Once we were like this... can we bring it back?"

The question every woman asks of her love... the story most women keep locked in their hearts.

Universal presents
MERLE OBERON
CLAUDE RAINS
CHARLES KORVIN

This Love of Ours

with CARL ESMOND • SUE ENGLAND • JESS BARKER
RALPH MORGAN • FRITZ LEIBER • HARRY DAVENPORT

Screenplay by Bruce Manning, John Klorer and Leonard Lee • Based upon the play entitled "Come Prima Meglio De Prima" by Luigi Pirandello

Associate Producer, Edward Dodds • Produced by Howard Benedict

FINISH THE JOB! BUY VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE
Hi - HONORED DIAMONDS are genuine diamonds of high quality, supremely brilliant and beautiful, as only fine diamonds can be. Hi-Honored Diamonds have been sold exclusively by fine jewelers for many years. They are offered DIRECT now for the first time at GREAT SAVINGS. You save the middleman's profit. Now you can have the fine diamond you have dreamed of at a price you can conveniently pay.

Consider the amazing value of the Wellesley pictured here. A radiantly beautiful Brilliant Cut genuine Hi-Honored Diamond, in a finely carved 14K Gold solitaire setting at only $39.50, including tax.

**ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE**

Hi-Honored Diamonds are offered under an absolute guarantee. Your money back in full within 30 days if you are not completely satisfied. This guarantee is made to you in good faith under States Post Office regulations.

Orders filled as received. ORDER YOUR HI-HONORED DIAMOND RING TODAY.

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Please send me by insured mail, immediately, one Wellesley Hi-Honored Diamond Engagement Ring at $39.50, subject to your unconditional guarantee.

☐ My check or money order for $39.50 is enclosed.

☐ I will pay $39.50, plus postage and insurance charges on delivery.

**MURDER MANSION** won't take long to make, working are Kent Taylor, Virginia Grey, Robert Lowery, and Martin Kosleck.

**AT METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER:**

**ADVENTURE**, the story about a merchant mariner who meets a librarian to discover that the bookworm is mightier than the wolf, is now in its fourth month of production with Clark Gable, Greer Garson, Joan Blondell, Thomas Mitchell, John Qua- fen, Larry Burke, and Esther Howard.

**THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE** is now in its third month of production, having been delayed somewhat by Lana's minor illness. It is the dramatization of James M. Cain's hard-berled novel, and Lana herself has been quoted as saying she thinks the Hayes office dreamed through the script. Opposite Lana is John Garfield, and others are Cecil Kellaway, Leon Ames, Hume Cronyn, and Jeff York.

**TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON** is the tuneful little ditty starring Kath- ryn Grayson, June Allyson, Jimmy Durante, Lauritz Melchior, and Peter Lawford.

**THE HOODLUM SAINT** is about to be finished; it is one of those unpre- tentious thrillers, never given a chance for Academy recognition, but royally deserving attention. Bill Powell gives a ringing performance in a somewhat different part, Esther Williams, Angela Lansbury, James Gleason, and Louis Jean Heydt are crazy about the picture.

**BOY'S RANCH** is in its second month of production with James Craig, Butch Jenkins, Skippy Homei- dor, Dorothy Patrick, Sharon McManus, Tommy Cook, Edgar Barrier, Iris Flores, Helen Gerald, Lillian Molieri, and Kay Solinas.

**SOME MUST WATCH** is one of RKO's top-duper pictures. This all takes place in 24 hours, and it rains during all but two of those hours. Dorothy McGuire is the pathetic mute, George Brent is the professor who believes that beauty can only be as- sured to the world by eliminating everything imperfect, and Ethel Barrymore is his mother, who does not agree with him. Kent Smith is get- ting his first break since being honor- ably discharged from the army, as the sympathetic doctor and hinted love interest. Elsa Lanchester and Rhys Williams also has excellent parts.

**AT UNITED ARTISTS:**

**THE SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLE-BOCK** is Preston Sturges latest brain storm with Harold Lloyd, Raymond Walburn and Jimmy Conlin cast so far.

**AT UNIVERSAL:**

**SCARLET STREET** is the picture in which Edward G. Robinson commits his 151st screen murder, this time with an ice pick, the cold wretch! Recipient of his attention is Joan Bennett, and also involved are Dan Duryea, Jess Barker, Margaret Lindsay, Sallie S. Hinds, and Russell Hicks.

**CANYON PASSAGE** is the Technicolor western being shot on location at present. Roughing it are Dana Andrews, Brian Donlevy, Susan Hayward, Patricia Roc, Andy Devine, Hoagy Carmichael, Rose Hobart, Ray Collins, Ward Bond, Fay Holden, and Dorothy Peterson.

**BECAUSE OF HIM** is Deanna Durbin's last picture before she becomes a mother. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, Helen Broderick, Donald Meek and Stanwyck are also cast.

**THE DALTONS RIDE AGAIN** is another Western with Alan Curtis, Kent Taylor, Lon Chaney, Martha O'Driscoll, Jess Barker (two-pictures- at-once Barker, they call him) Noah Beery, Jr., and Douglass Dumbrille.

**Francis Lederer is the villain in the Poulette Goddard starrer, "Diary of a Chambermaid."**

**AT RKO:**

**THE KID FROM BROOKLYN**, in its third month of production, is the story of a little midgetast guy who accidentally knocks out the champ, thus getting himself into a lovely mess. Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Von-Ellen, Steve Cochran, Walter Abel, Eve Arden, Lionel Stander, Clarence Kolb, and Charles Cane are having a wonderful time.

**HEARTBEAT** is notable for the presence of Jean Pierre Aumont in his first post-war picture. Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou, Basil Rathbone, Melville Cooper, Mikhail Rasumny, Mona Maris and Eduardo Ciannelli guarantee a great evening of entertainment.

**TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD MEN** is your cinematic funny paper with Johnny Weissmuller, Brenda Joyce, Johnny Sheffield, Acquanetta, Tommy Cook, Edgar Barrier, Iris Flores, Helen Gerald, Lillian Molieri, and Kay Solinas.

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WHY FAMOUS MOVIE STARS

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BAD BASCOMB is in its second month of production with Wallace Beery, Margaret O'Brien, Marjorie Main, Frances Rafferty, Marshall Thompson, J. Carrol Naish, Connie Gilchrist, Warner Anderson.

UP GOES MAISIE is a continuation of the adventures of Ann Sothern, whose svelte new figure is the envy of Hollywood. George Murphy and Hillary Brooke are also present.

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO is the lavish Technicolor musical in which at long last we again have the delight of hearing Ilona Massey sing. Put down HOLIDAY IN MEXICO in your must see file. Walter Pidgeon, Jane Powell, Josie Hurni, Xavier Cugat, Roddy McDowall and Helen Stanley complete the superb cast.

THE GREEN YEARS is the pictorial version of Cronin's powerful book in which Charles Coburn, Tom Drake, Selena Royle, and Hume Cronyn are cast.

NO LEAVE NO LOVE is a delicious comedy starring Van Johnson, Pat Kirkwood, Keenan Wynn, Marie Wilson (of "Blackouts" fame) and Edward Arnold.

* * *

AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX:
SMOKY in Technicolor is in its second month of production with Fred MacMurray, Anne Baxter, Burt Ives, Bruce Cabot, Esther Dale, Ray Roberts, and Jay Farrell MacDonald.

DOLL FACE is the story of a burlesque queen who attracts a college professor. Vivian Blaine, Dennis O'Keefe, Carmen Miranda, Perry Como, Michael Dunne (funny as a feather as the erudite professor who can lick his weight in double-talk), and Reed Hadley.


CENTENNIAL SUMMER in Technicolor is a picture you won't want to miss. Jeanne Crain, Cornel Wilde, William Blythe, Constance Bennett, Linda Darnell, Walter Brennan, Dorothy Gish and Barbara Whiting (Puffy in "Junior Miss") make up the cast.

PRECINCT 33 is a who-dun-it with Carole Landis (more beautiful than ever), William Gargan, Reed Hadley, John Ireland, Charles Russell, Mary Anderson, Richard Crane, Mabel Paige (who was Alan Ladd's mother in "Salty O'Rourke"), Stanley Prager, Henry Morgan, Roy Roberts and Don Heddoo.

* * *

AT COLUMBIA:
TARS AND SPARS is the Coast Guard show with Janet Blair, brilliant dancer Marc Platt, Alfred Drake (formerly of "Oklahoma"), Jeff Donnell, S 1/c Sidney Caesar.

SONG OF BROADWAY is the comedy drama for which Columbia borrowed blonde Marjorie Reynolds from Paramount. Also involved in the festivities are Fred Brady (far more handsome than necessary), Jinx Falkenburg, Allen Jenkins and Gene Lockhart.

HAIL THE CHIEF is in its second month of production with Chester Morris, Willard Parker, Marguerite Chapman, Janice Carter and Roscoe Karns.

GILDA is the delicious new Rita Hayworth picture with Glenn Ford, George Macready, Joseph Cellea, Ludwig Donath and Steve Geray.

(Continued on page 89)
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Letters to the Editor

Dear Doris:
I have just received the October issue of Movieland. I am delighted and thrilled! This is the first cover and I am very, very proud of it. It makes me especially happy, and I am particularly grateful to you, because in a way it will explain to my parents what I have accomplished in the past five years.

It was only a few days ago that I heard from them—for the first time since the end of the war in Europe. They are well and happy and, naturally, most anxious to learn what I am doing. As soon as the regular mail service to Austria is opened, I am going to send them a copy of your magazine. I know they'll be pleased.

With all best wishes,
Helmut (Dantine)
Hollywood, Calif.

We love you, too! And how relieved you must be, having news from your parents. The first since V-E Day, you say . . . your last word, I remember, had been in Nov., 1944.

Dear Miss Cline:
In my opinion, Cornel Wilde is the greatest star today. His "A Song to Remember" will live forever. I have seen it already 129 times. He is very good, too, in "A Thousand and One Nights," which I've seen 30 times.

Yours very sincerely,
Jose Maria Maldonado
New York City

As we once heard an amazed little Margaret O'Brien comment, after meeting a small-boy admirer who told her he'd seen "Lost Angel" four times: "Whew! That's really a fan!"

Dear Doris Cline:
Would you be so kind as to tell Loretta Young that I, and millions of others think she is a good writer? Enjoyed her recent article in Movieland called "I Like These Men."

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Isabel Greenwald
Davenport, Iowa

Will see that your message is duly delivered, and thanks. By the way, did you see the item about Loretta's new baby? It's a boy—her second!

Dear Editor:
This is to thank you for the article and pictures of Mary Pickford, in the August issue of Movieland. None of the new stars have ever been able to fill the place she had in our hearts, and it was so much fun to read about her and see new pictures of her in your magazine.

Yours very truly,
Charlotte McCallum
Salem, Oregon

How nice of you to say so! We've forwarded your letter to Mary, knowing she will think so, too.

Sofskin Creme is a thoughtful, charming Christmas gift. Because every woman desires lovely hands, every woman on your Christmas list will appreciate your present of Sofskin for hand beauty.

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"I don’t think one family is big enough for two careers, so I’m going to give up acting to make a home for my husband when I get married. I’d like to have four or five children." And this from the mouth of Connie Marshall—seven-year-old.

The little girl who so passionately defended her pet chicken, Miss Easter, from becoming the "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier" defends her philosophy of life just as passionately. She can cite cases where this or that marriage didn’t work out because of conflict over the husband’s and wife’s career. And although she realizes there are exceptions to every rule, she doesn’t intend to tempt fate.

Right now she loves acting, memorizes her lines with a once over lightly, adores the fascinating and talented people she meets every day, thrives on the excitement at the 20th Century-Fox lot, but she’s a far sighted young lady who knows what she wants out of life and is going to get it.

(Continued on page 92)

Moviedom’s “quiz kid”—Connie Marshall, age seven years, has an I.Q. of 135
Horatio Alger's heroes were pikers compared to Dick Conte, the "poor boy" who made good.

By MARION COOPER
It all began when Dick Conte was working as a waiter at a summer resort in Nichols, Conn. The hotel where he worked put on a play once a week—which was okay by Dick, except that he had no idea he'd be asked to participate.

But one day (Dick remembers that he was washing silverware, at the time), in walked the boss with the “good news” that a member of the play cast was ill, and Dick was to be the replacement.

Yes, just like that. But to appreciate the situation for what it was, you must know that Dick Conte, waiter, was a shy laddie . . . why, he could hardly greet his own mother, without blushing!

“Nope, can't do it,” he said, flatly refusing the offer. But wait a minute; it wasn't an offer, the boss pointed out. It was part of his job. “Either you play this part,” was the ultimatum, “or you're fired.”

So, the unwilling but drafted Thespian changed his tune to “I can't, but I'll try.” He went to his first rehearsal shaking noticeably with nervousness. Fortunately the part given him was that of defendant unjustly accused of murder—requiring him to be on the verge of hysteria from curtain to curtain—so Dick was perfect for the role.

And two scouts from the Group Theatre of New York apparently thought so, too; for they offered him a scholarship to New York's Neighborhood Playhouse. But by this time Dick was tired of being pushed around. “No thank you,” he said. “I can't afford to be an actor. I've got to earn a living.”

And back he went to the quiet seclusion of his kitchen; back to polishing knives and forks again.

All the same, the experience had started him thinking. “I began then to wonder about plays,” Dick tells now. “I wondered what they were like. There was a performance that evening—Clifford Odets' 'Waiting for Lefty.' When I was through with my work, I walked over to see it. The theatre was packed, by that time, and I stood in back. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. Chills ran up and down my back; I found myself crying. When it was over, I ran over to the men from the Group Theatre. 'Okay,' (Continued on page 78)
Signe holds Scandinavian acting awards equivalent to our Academy "Oscars."
Everyone expected Signe Hasso to be silent and mysterious.

IF YOU expect Signe Hasso to be like other Swedish stars ... well, she's not! Signe was a "big noise" in Sweden, in more ways than one. But there's nothing silent nor mysterious about her, only this: that it's a mystery to many people why her American career should have taken so long getting started!

She was being particularly "unsilent" one day, about four years ago. About to leave Sweden for Hollywood, she was busy denying a rumor.

Oh no, Hollywood has no monopoly on rumors; and they're not required to make sense in other places! The fact that Signe Hasso was a well-known screen and radio actress in her native country—even, than Greta Garbo or Ingrid Bergman—made the rumor experts have it that she was going to Hollywood for the express purpose of writing for the Stockholm Tidningen. Everyone she knew (there were few exceptions or omissions!) was to ask: "Is it true? Are you really?" Then in the paper! (Continued on)
people claim to have a sixth sense, whether it be about the weather or the
Louise Allbritton is no mystic-minded sister of a seventh daughter. Admittedly she can tell the future, with or without the magic assistance of a crystal ball, a deck of playing cards, or a few leaves in the bottom of a cup. But—

She does have the darndest hunches about herself and the darndest things happen with those hunches! It almost scary, the way they work out. For instance, a couple of weeks ago she was zooming along the coastal highway in her car, headed for a holiday at Carmel, as she said, happy as a clam about the world in general. Parked in the back seat were a couple of hitchhiking sailors she had picked up en route, and the three of them were chatting away as gay as you please.

Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, Louise slowed the car to a mere 20 miles per hour. Just prior to that, she confessed, she had been exceeding the speed limit more than a little, loving as she does to drive fast. Immediately the sailors began to kid her.

“What’s the matter?” they asked, “Are there speed cops ahead?”

“Could be,” Louise answered noncommittally. No use trying to explain to strangers that she had just had one of her famous hunches. A hunch of danger ahead.

A moment later they rounded a sharp bend in the road, and there, completely blocking the highway, were two overturned produce trucks! Had she been at the former speed, a head-on smash into the trucks could not have been averted.

“I’ll be damned!” one of the sailors said. “What have you got, second-sight or something?”

Louise herself doesn’t have a name for her “little blue fairies,” but whatever it is, she has it since she was a child living in Wichita. Although frequent demonstrations of its power make friends square-eyed, it never frightens her, she uses it only as an added protection, and deliberates on how to use it as such.

On hunch days, for example, she drives her car around Hollywood at a snail’s pace. (Continued on page 80)
BIOG BRIEFS:
Have you heard that: Judy Garland and Vincent Minnelli are to be parents in the spring?
Ann Harding and her husband, Werner Janssen, the symphonic conductor, have bought “Falcon Lair”, once owned by Rudolph Valentino, for a reputed $75,000.
Mr. and Mrs. Noah Berry, Jr. are the boasting parents of a nine-pound baby boy, who has been named Bucklind. Buck, the first half of the name, was given in honor of Mrs. Berry’s father, Buck Jones, and the final syllable also honors a member of her family.
Mr. and Mrs. Don De Fore, who already had a daughter, recently became the parents of a son.
Farley Granger is currently kept
busy on Oahu, booking U.S.O. shows for the Navy. In a humorous letter recently received by a friend in Hollywood, Farley light-heartedly denied his reported engagement to Jane Withers, and insisted that his heart belonged to Haver.

Last Christmas Frank Sinatra invited Sammy Cahn, song writer, and actress Gloria Delson—along with many other people—to a party at the Sinatra home. Recently, Gloria and Sammy were married, giving Frank a certain stature as a matchmaker.

V-J DAY IN HOLLYWOOD:

Stories about V-J Day in Hollywood will be told unto the third and fourth generations, probably—but some of them are really worth recording here. Frank Sinatra, for instance, hopped into his convertible (top down) and whipped onto Vine Street. Instantly, he was pounced upon by a battalion of service men. He was wearing a very expensive tie which he pulled off promptly and handed to the G.I. whooping it up beside him. In turn, he was given the overseas cap of one of the other men. Civilians in other cars began to hand over their ties. Finally, a civil officer had to divest Frank's car of about half of its passengers, because the fenders were pinioned to the tires, and he couldn't move the car.

No one noticed Darryl Zanuck weaving in and out of the crowds, listening, looking, sensing, discovering (for future reference)—exactly what was said, thought, sung, and enacted on this greatest Victory date in American history, the end of mankind's most horrible war. One of the reasons for the excellence of Mr. Zanuck's pictures is clearly his eagerness for accuracy, even if he has to get it himself.

Over at Paramount, on Stage 4, there has been a picture of Mussolini, Hitler, and Tojo since one of the early bond drives. When the whistles started to blow, Bing Crosby borrowed Joan Caulfield's lipstick, climbed a 40-foot ladder and crossed off Mr. Tojo.

A famous actor, who shall remain nameless, was leaving the hospital where he had been visiting the wife of a friend. He was about to take the elevator when several of the nurses called out, "Don't go now. In about five minutes, President Truman is going to make the peace announcement. You've GOT to hear that!" Replied the gentleman, "I really can't wait. You see, I have a date to have my haircut, and that's something that, in my business, can't wait."

Mrs. Dana Andrews had gone to the Union Station, deep in downtown Los Angeles, and had discovered, just ten minutes before frenzy broke loose, that she had a flat tire. She managed to call Dana and the automobile service club, then settled down to wait. Because of the excitement, the service club decided that it would be folly for a man to try to change a tire in the street, so a wrecking car was sent to hoist the rear of the Andrews car into the air, and pull it to a garage. In the front seat sat the blonde and embarrassed Mrs. Andrews at a precipi-

(Continued on page 85)
You have to be good, to be selected as the only girl in an all-male cast—especially when the picture is "They Were Expendable." In M-G-M's dramatization of the W. L. White best-seller, Donna plays Sandy Davis, heroic Army nurse, opposite Robert Montgomery.

Donna Reed wins coveted role

Donna Reed—the farmer's daughter—is reaping a full harvest of happiness. Not only is she getting bigger and better parts at Metro, but on June 13th, she signed a life-time contract with actor's agent Tony Owen to be his wedded wife. . . . It's been known not to fail that all girls appearing in Andy Hardy pics are bound to rise in their own right not long after. Donna kept the tradition going, and minor roles turned to meaty ones. She appeared opposite Hurd Hatfield in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and during production of the film Donna and Hurd were rumored to be on the wedding path, but it was just a perfect blending—of friendship!
By JESSICA RYAN

"TO EACH HIS OWN"

Olivia DeHavilland comes back to the screen as a sort of modern Joan of Arc; she won a precedent-making law suit, you'll remember, establishing once and for all that seven years are seven years in any movie studio's language. But in that her picture now ("The Well-Groomed Bride," for Paramount) is the first she's made after eighteen months of battling retirement, the natural question is: what has she been doing, in the meantime? I called on Olivia the other day, figuring that the best way to find out about these things is to put the questions direct to the gal best able to answer them. Oh, but I forgot to tell you . . . she's moved again! And to the list of how Olivia DeHavilland is "known to," we should add: she's known to real estate agents as the girl who moves oftener than anyone else in Hollywood!

"It's not my fault," Olivia explained. "It's just that houses are constantly sold out from under me. However," she added, "I sometimes wonder if it wouldn't be simpler to move into Bekins' Storage, and be done with it!" Take her last move, for instance. Olivia returned from the South Pacific, a very sick girl. She was still in bed when came a "your lease is up" notice, but she had heard that some friends were moving from their house to Bel Air. So, over the telephone, she made all the necessary arrangements for taking over their house, without having seen more than the living and dining rooms of the place. She was carried from the bed of the old house to a bed in the new one; and weeks later, when at last she went downstairs, she was simply appalled. Why, the menage was at least two times bigger than she needed! "I rattle around in it like mad," (Continued on page 78)

The name Olivia DeHavilland means many things. To you, she's a movie star; to Hollywood, a fighter for what she believes is right; to Paramount, the star of their new picture, "The Well-Groomed Bride"; to the kids of the Fiji Islands, she's "Missa Dell." But to the boys in service, she's the gal who'd be nice to come home to.

![Image 1]![Image 2]

*regular beau, to date: Capt. Joe McKean.*

*The girl who had the GI's worried about her morale.*
Swim exhibitions catapulted Bill Williams off the diving board into a theatrical career, and movie fans have decided he's here to stay!

Bill is a boy from Brooklyn; a boy who is in the process of making good. You saw him first in Metro's dramatization of Captain Ted Lawson's book, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." You saw him next as the solid citizen who lost Laraine Day to city slicker Bob Young in "Those Endearing Young Charms." And you will see him next in a co-starring role with Susan Hayward and Paul Lukas in "Deadline At Dawn."

Bill read every line of Betty Smith's "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," and relived his boyhood. He, too, used to sell junk for pennies. He, too, used to contrive ways of shortening his wait for day-old pastry at the neighborhood bakery. He, too, knew early bereavement: his father died when Bill was about six.

His father, as Bill remembers (Continued on page 64)
It takes all kinds to make a movie, and training pets for pictures takes knowing how.

Joan Leslie's "Too Young to Know" about black cats.

"Duel in the Sun" stars J. Jones, G. Peck and trick horse, "Diesie".
Andrea King's cinematic climb has been sensational. Stardom, after 3 pictures is fast going ... in any talent league!

"The Man I Love" (W.B.) is hubby Lt. Nat Willis. Mother brought Andrea to U. S. at 4 months; dad was killed in World War I.

Movie Queen
In 1943 Lieutenant (jg) Nat Willis kissed his brunette stage actress-wife goodbye, and returned nineteen months later to be greeted by a blonde movie star! To say that confusion entered the good lieutenant's heart would be wildly under-stating the case.

True enough, Georgia King had written her guy out in the Pacific that she was working for Warner Bros. She'd even told him they'd changed her name to Andrea. But stars are built slowly, and Nat knew his wife had been unknown when he'd left her. Pictures were few and far between on his particular coral atoll, and he'd missed such cinematic successes as "The Very Thought of You," "God Is My Co-Pilot," "Roughly Speaking," and "Hollywood Canteen."

Andrea pulled her hat down self-consciously over her unfamiliar blonde locks and trotted her sea-legged spouse down to the corner film factory for a look-see at her latest, "Hotel Berlin," with Helmut Dantine.

Nat Willis emerged from the theatre some time later, and stood aside as a swarm of clamoring kids came down upon his wife and plied her with autograph books. Andrea shrugged hopelessly in Nat's direction.

"I suppose," he said wearily, "I'll get used to all this in time."

By actual count it was old stuff to him two weeks later, and he began mentally patting the fans on their heads. He was glad they recognized his winner.

Anyway, Andrea hadn't changed much—except outwardly—and if he asked her to ditch the peroxide bottle, he was pretty sure she'd do it (with the studio's permission, of course).

Andrea isn't the type of gal to let anything but peroxide go to her head. Becoming a star after three pictures is pretty much of a feat, especially when you're not the glamorous type and haven't a low slung look, an acrobatic slink, or a cameo phizz to (Continued on page 83)

She doesn't like to waste time! Made five pictures in less than 1½ years. Got star rating before starting her sixth. Her mother recognized daughter's talents early; stage training started at 2 yrs.
1. Gene Tierney and Cornel are a new "Claudia and David" team. Her real life husband is Lieut. Oleg Cassini.

2. Wilde about the girl and he isn't reluctant about saying so! Above, with Mrs. W. (Pat) and their daughter, Wendy.

3. Left, Jeanne Crain and steady beau, Lon McAllister, during his last furlough. Since this, he's been shipped to Alaska.
“Leave Her To Heaven,” the fascinating book by Ben Ames Williams, offers one remedy for dealing with a jealous person: Leave her to Heaven.

A cinematic version of the murder drama currently is being filmed at 20th Century-Fox, with Cornel Wilde as Dick Harland, the novelist, Gene Tierney as the mysteriously beautiful Ellen Berent, and Jeanne Crain as her half-sister, Ruth Berent.

Between takes one afternoon, Cornel, Gene and Jeanne fell to discussing the plot of the story and to comparing the viewpoints of the author, Mr. Williams, with their own.

Here is Cornel’s version: “There has never been, so far as I am concerned, and there never will be a true, profound, passionate love without jealousy. I’ll admit that I’m jealous of Pat (Cornel’s beautiful (Continued on page 67)
Shooting Stars

The Mocambo fairly glittered with Hollywood stars the night of the Victory Ball.

A new twosome: Bab Hutton and Cleatus Murray (Ken's ex).

Marjorie Reynolds, hubby Jack and Ed Gardner.

A November wedding for Esther Williams and Sgt. Ben Gage.

Newlyweds: Anna Lee and Capt. George Stafford.
A civilian now, Elliott Roosevelt and Faye Emerson (NotchI). Errol's next pic? "San Antonio". Above, Mrs. Flynn.


Marie McDonald (The Body) and hubby Vic Orsatti.

Erral's next pic? "San Antonio". Above, Mrs. Flynn.

A civilian now, Elliott Roosevelt and Faye Emerson (NotchI).
"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" about . . .

By FLUR VAN DYK

Are Joan Crawford and "Mildred Pierce" the same people? That's been the question in Hollywood, ever since Warner Bros. first announced that she'd been cast for the James Cain role; it's more than ever a question now, for those who have seen the picture—and I daresay, it will be the question asked by many of Joan Crawford's fans, when the picture is released for general showing.

Already I've heard many discussions on "is she the same, or isn't she." And it has occurred to me that for a long time to come it will be the "what next" question that's raised—as a successor, say, to: "did Ayn Rand really know a Howard Roark, when she wrote "The Fountainhead"?"

But being a close friend of Joan's, and knowing her to be one of the most normal personalities of the screen, I've always felt that her understanding portrayals stemmed from an "awareness" of the characters she played. She has seemed to understand them so well. This "awareness" of people can be traced back to her childhood, I think; for it would take more than a successful picture career to exorcise the recollections of the drab existence from which she came. Joan always has been conscious of the poverty she experienced as a child, and perhaps it has made her hyper-sensitive; but it also has given her an understanding of human behavior.

Joan Crawford is one of the most normal people on the screen. In fact, she sometimes gives the impression of being a psychologist herself; however this isn't strictly the case, for her approach to people is based on the "feeling" level. She misses out on being a "natural" psychologist, too; because there is constant danger that her feelings may betray her, plus a tendency to be insecure of her instincts.

I've often had the feeling that Joan is driven by an unconquerable fear of failure. As if she were always climbing one hill, getting to the

EDITOR'S NOTE: As an experiment to determine whether a movie actress—in this case, Joan Crawford—really conforms to being what she is, we asked one of the Hollywood friends who knows Joan as well or better than anyone else to give us this story. Meanwhile, samples of her handwriting, and the letter which appears here, were submitted to an eminent psychologist and graphology expert, in New York, for an analysis prepared without any previous or actual acquaintance with Miss Crawford. The result given you here was in no sense a collaboration; Mrs. Van Dyk tells us about the star as she knows her, the graphologist tells you about her through his graphological findings—i.e., what's revealed by her handwriting, and the scientific interpretation thereof. You'll be amazed, we think, to note how nearly exactly the two reports are parallel; how in nearly every instance, the scientific evidence explains, qualifies or confirms the reporter's points. For the sake of clarity, we've inserted the excerpts from the analysis as italicized notations in the story.
Continued

(Dramatic “Rain” (1932) with Walter Huston.
A big jump from the “Dancing Daughter” days.

U. S. Flappers (1929) waited with bated breath
for pix like “Untamed” (with R. Montgomery).

Clark Gable and Franchot Tone entered movies
via Crawford dramas, like “Dancing Lady”, 1933.

top and wondering if she could get to the top of the
hill beyond. (Because of her intensity, she’ll never be
completely satisfied with her acting results; she’s al¬
ways wanting to improve, to reach new heights.)

When she signed her contract with Warner Bros., and
began to read the scripts they submitted, she went at
it with such a vengeance. Getting just the right role
—particularly if she has a say in the selection—is an
important thing, of course, to any actress. But to Joan
it becomes an obsession!

Before hitting upon “Mildred Pierce,” she’d con¬
sidered dozens—I might say hundreds, without exag¬
gerating more than “just slightly”—of other movie
stories. And more often than not, she’d have me on
the telephone for thirty minutes, an hour at a time,
depending on how long it took to tell me the plot of
the story and give a point-by-point characterization of
the part which would be hers if the script were ac¬
cepted. My comments, you must know, were more in
the nature of confirmations—for that’s about what it
amounts to, giving Joan “advice” when she asks for it.

In that respect, you might say that she’s quite “typi¬
cally feminine.” When it comes to selecting new ward¬
robe, for example. “New clothes,” to Joan, is practi¬
cally synonymous with “making a trip to Adrian’s.”
(Fact is, it wouldn’t surprise me if I’m known at
Adrian’s Beverly Hills salon as “the friend who sits
and looks on, while Joan Crawford is here!”)

But I’m rarely called upon for advice or opinions, or
to make specific suggestions. Joan knows what she
wants; what’s more, better than anyone else, she knows
what’s best for her. It’s rarely possible for her to whip
up much enthusiasm for anything that's not either an Adrian suit, or a dinner dress. But they're "right for her," and she knows it! She has an instinctive "color sense," too, and an expertly developed feeling for "good lines" and design.

Not that it was always so, however. Joan herself will admit—and has often told interviewers—that she has had to overcome a lot of misguided notions about clothes, just as she has acquired good taste in many other ways, too. It's to her credit, though . . . that she's "learned the hard way." Through sheer dint of determination, and a careful observation and study, she transformed herself into a woman of admirable poise, good taste and becoming sophistication.

There is a great tendency to broaden her horizons. This is expressed not only in her propensity for adventure and travel, but is found to some degree in the spiritual realm. Actually everything about her personality is "broad"; she's broad-minded, has broad feelings.

Joan's "learning" developed step by step, as her career progressed; she found herself moving in a circle that was new and different to her. Her friends were artistic people; and meeting those people, Joan made important new additions to her fast-accumulating fund of knowledge, personal and objective. She became more "worldly," more an "interesting person."

Fact is, Joan's capacity for self-improvement has more than once quite astonished people—particularly her rivals, who've been hard put to it to meet the challenge and deliver with anything like (Continued on page 101)
Several years ago Orson Welles, the One-Man Crowd, stood on a small-town lecture platform and gazed commiseratingly down at his audience. It was the most uncomfortable looking audience he had ever encountered in all his performance-packed life. A handful of stout souls who had plodded through the year's record downpour now sat limp, lonely, and leaking at every seam.

"Good evening—nevertheless," said Orson in his best basso profundo. The entrepreneur, it seemed, had bogged down somewhere, so the evening's attraction proceeded to introduce himself:

"I'm an actor on the stage, screen and radio. I write, and I'm a director. Also I'm a producer. I'm only sorry . . ." he paused and gave them a kindly smile, "that there are so many of me, and so few of you."

Although it might not have been noted at the time, the Wonder Boy's genius had just taken a turn to thumbnail description. Because, unless you are merely considering the Welles-es of some one given year, no such quick catalogue will suffice.

Unmentioned was Orson the artist, who paints well enough to have made a name for himself in that field, if he hadn't had so many other fields where the green stuff grew quicker.

Or Welles the One-Party Cook's Tour, who has done enough first-hand inspecting of the world and its various picturesque peoples to lecture or write on the subject. Who, at the ripe old age of 11 took a solitary walk through Europe (looking back, he thinks "maybe it served Germany right—") and at various other times dropped in on both Asia and Africa. Who, just a few seasons ago camereaed his way through South America with such lasting effect that although he is probably unaware of the honor, U. S. flyers are still discovering native dugouts on inaccessible Brazilian lakes with "Orson Welles" lettered hugely and proudly across their sails by the owners.

A complete introduction would, of course, include Welles the magician, whose $65,000 tent-show for California stationed servicemen was not only a spectacular display of legerdemain, but also one of the most tangible tokens of appreciation tendered the fighters by any U. S. citizen (on his own (Continued on page 105)
All-in-one Orson Welles has been a stage, screen and radio actor, writer, director, producer, magician, politician, and artist—among other things!

By Dorothy Deere

Rebecca and Christopher Welles, aged 8 mos. and 8 yrs. Chris is daughter by his first wife.
Hi, Customers! My musical notebook is really filled up this month; so if you're not too busy, you might like to tag along for a paragraph or two.

Sgt. Ray McKinley, who took over the leadership of Major Glenn Miller's Air Forces Band after Glenn's disappearance last year, has received his discharge from the Army. And just before going off Uncle Sam's payroll, Ray was given the Bronze Star for meritorious service. He is going to organize a new band, but he tells me he'll take his time about it because he wants to get the best possible musicians. When I asked Ray what style outfit he would have, he said, "No set style, I just want it to be a good band. And believe me, we're going to spend a good two months in rehearsal before we play our first date."

Speaking of new bands, it looks as if the scramble is on. Tommy Pederson, Gene Krupa's trombone star, is planning to go out on his own about the first of the year; he has already signed an agency contract. Johnny Bothwell, who played such fine alto sax with Boyd Raeburn, is another lad who has a managerial contract in his pocket. He joined Krupa for a while, but he will front his own crew in 1946. Then there's always Buddy Rich, who swears he'll have his own band one of these days—if and when he leaves (Continued on page 58)
Should the Christmas question have you in a quandary, consider cosmetics—

By SHIRLEY COOK
Beauty Editor
CORNERED (RKO)—A post-war prophecy of the ulterior ambitions of defeated Nazis and their collaborators, laid in a period immediately following the collapse of Germany at the end of World War II in Europe. Dick Powell heads the cast as a Canadian flying ace discharged from prisoner of war camp, who finds his wife has been murdered by Nazis . . . and swears revenge. Walter Slezak is the mysterious stooge of fugitive collaborators; Micheline Cheirel (making her debut in American films), is a "questionable collaborationist." An excellent supporting cast includes Anne Hunter, Steven Geray, Morris Carnovsky, Jack Larue and others.

MEXICANA (Republic) is a series of romantic clinches involving Mexico's Sinatra (Tito Guizar) and an American songstress (Constance Moore). The background—a colorful Pan American Festival. The outcome—inevitable; with good neighbor relations firmly established with aid of clergy, press agents, Leo Carrillo, beautiful songs and swooning Mexican bobby-soxers.

THE HARVEY GIRLS (MGM)—Gorgeous Technicolor, music and laughter supplied by Judy Garland, John Hodiak, Ray Bolger, Angela Lansbury, Preston Foster, Virginia O'Brien, Kenny Baker, Marjorie Main and Chill Wills. You're bound to enjoy this tale of the (up to now) unsung pioneers of the famous Harvey Restaurant chain—those winsome waitresses who, in 1890, captured the West, not with powder horn and rifle—but with beefsteaks and coffee.

ALLOTMENT WIVES (Monogram) tries to expose the bigamy racket of women who marry servicemen for their allotment checks. Kay Francis is the shady-lady brains of the outfit that flourishes until Justice triumphs. (Justice being Investigator Paul Kelly). Reid Kilpatrick, Maty Fain, Otto Kruger, Gertrude Michael, Bernard Nedell and Teala Loring help out on this one.

THE LOVE OF OURS (Universal)—A tender love story about Dr. Michel Touzac (Charles Korvin) and his estranged wife, Karin (Merle Oberon). A series of flashbacks explains their separation, and leads up to the reconciliation—but explaining Karin's reappearance, that of the child, Sue England, whom thought her mother dead and managed to idealize her, presents a huge problem. Claude Rains, Jess Barker, Ralph Morgan and Ann Codee help to straighten out the situation.

SUSPENSE (Monogram) is strictly a cat and mouse game; the "cat" being (Continued on page 90)

(Continued from Page 101)

writer); also, it's plugging a new face—Frank Latimore—which is justification enough, we suppose, for making a sentimental musical that should have been better than most. But that it isn't! Oh well . . .

THE ENCHANTED FOREST (PRC)—Photographed in Cinecolor, this is an "oldie" about the old man (Harry Davenport) who lived in a forest and commended with the animals. One day a wicked man from the city (John Litel) ordered the trees cut down for his mill. Without going into detail about how the trees never came down, on account of the forest was enchanted, credit Edmund Lowe, Brenda Joyce and Billy Severn for doing their best with a not-the-best story.

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Bare Facts

Don't don a formal frock unless you can face the facts! Complemion care must continue below the chin line if you want to make the stagline swoon.

IT'S a funny thing about a formal party, you feel fragile, somehow—grown-up and glamorous. Now we're not suggesting that you go all out for slinky satin in Martha's movieland manner. But we are pointing out her beautifully cared for arms and shoulders which point up this pretty picture. And we do urge you to follow La Vickers' backless beauty campaign before you shed your sweater and saddle shoes for that dream-date dress.

Two or three times a week, at bedtime, she takes her regular rich-in-oils cleansing cream and strokes it generously from her wrists, up over her shoulders, on around the chest, and all the way up to the chin line. Tissues remove all cream and with it, little dry flakes and surface soil.

Next comes a tingling, toning treatment. Taking a large square of cotton, she dips it first in ice water, squeezes it to mere moistness, then dampens it again with iced skin freshener. The cotton square takes the place of a little paddle as she slaps the skin briskly (all over arms, chest and throat) to bring up circulation to the peak of pinkness.

Finally, when she feels completely, clean, glowing and refreshed, she strokes on hand lotion which quickly disappears, leaving an invisible and non-sticky, film to soften and whiten her skin as she sleeps. Reap results? Well, LOOK!
PERFECTIONIST DE-LUXE

It isn't always a compliment when they call you a perfectionist in Hollywood. Quite often it's just a polite way of saying you're an ineffectual fuss-budget.

But when they call Director Fritz Lang a perfectionist, it's an A-No. 1 compliment—and they doff the chapeau as they say it. He's earned that title by the meticulous care he puts into every phase of every picture he makes, his constant insistence upon perfection in every last detail. The result is a list of films ("Woman in the Window," "Ministry of Fear," "Hangmen Also Die," etc.) which tell their stories with a kind of finesse and power that keep audiences spellbound—and clamoring for more of same.

Mr. Lang's tendency toward perfectionism is by no means confined to making motion pictures. It colors everything he does. When he became a citizen of the United States in 1939, it was not a matter of convenience and memorizing the right answers for the examination. He chose this country for his homeland after studying thoroughly into its history, and it would be difficult to find anyone more deeply appreciative of the privilege.

With a deep interest in the average citizen, and the common touch which enables him to get close to them, Mr. Lang has learned about America, not "in the parlors of the rich," but by getting around to meet the people—all the people. He likes to hang around neighborhood drugstores and hamburger stands to find out what folks are talking and thinking about.

(Continued on page 70)

Fritz Lang . . . master of suspense, one of the hardest working directors in Hollywood, and also one of the best

By GERTRUDE SHANKLIN
Dear Miss Wyman:

My problem is very important to me, as it concerns my happiness and, more important, my fiancé’s happiness. I have been going with a boy whom I have known for 7 years. We love each other very much. He enlisted in the Army and has been in the South Pacific 47 months. Recently he came home with a slight shrapnel wound and malaria fever. Since he has been ill, he has taken to drinking and thinks about all the things that happened over there. I try my best to get his mind off of the terrible things that have happened, but it doesn’t do any good.

We want to be married, but I am afraid our marriage won’t last long as he is in such a nervous condition. Please try to help me.

Elizabeth

Dear Elizabeth:

It is easy to understand how, after 47 months in the South Pacific, being wounded and a victim of malaria fever, your fiancé would have contacted a case of combat fatigue and nerves.

It is going to take great love, tact, patience and understanding to carry him through his convalescence, and I am afraid, from the tone of your letter, that you do not feel quite equal to the job. Let me make a suggestion.

Close to Los Angeles, at one of the training camps, the Government has opened a bureau where returned servicemen and their wives or wives-to-be can go for advice. Doctors and psychologists go over their problems with them, and give the women training in how to handle the difficulties that confront them during this readjustment period. Since you live in an area where there are many training camps, I am sure you will find such a bureau near you, and I am also sure that the advice you will get there will be of immeasurable help to you.

Yours truly,

JANE WYMAN

Dear Miss Wyman:

I am a service man and have been in the Air Corps for over three years. I have known my girl friend for one year, and am really in love with her. She claims she likes me more than anyone else she has ever known. However, she has been married and has a son three years old.

To me that doesn’t matter, but her husband won’t give her a divorce. They have been separated for 18 months. He has mistreated her and been quite cruel to her, but he won’t give her her freedom.

He has quit his job and may be drafted into the service. Now she has written me that I best forget about her and just be good friends. I am sure she loves me as I do her, and her son.

Ernest

Dear Ernest:

If your girl friend really wants a divorce from her husband, and can prove that he has been cruel to her, I know of no reason, while he is a civilian, why he should have to consent to such a proceeding.

Have her consult an attorney who can advise her of her rights in this matter. And if there is a chance of her husband being inducted into the service, she should take this step immediately, for once a man is in the service, his wife cannot get a divorce without his consent.

Yours truly,

JANE WYMAN

(Continued on page 91)
“I went through the Star Mill”

Tommy Dorsey. So with the new outfit already organized—like Short Cherkoc, Ray Bauduc, Eddie Miller, Randy Brooks, etc.—it will be a race to see which band can make the grade first.

Claude Thornhill is back in the United States, but still suffering from that serious sinus condition he contracted in the South Pacific while touring with his Navy show. Claude is undergoing treatment at the Great Lakes Training Station Hospital; rumor has it that he will be discharged soon as he is recovered.

Sergeant Bob Eberly spent his two-week furlough substituting for Perry Como on the Chesterfield Supper Club program. The first time he had done any commercial radio work since his induction. He still sings a great song and his fans certainly haven’t forgotten him while he’s been away from the musical scene. Bob told me he hopes to do radio and theatres when he gets out of the service, and that he definitely will not go back with Jimmy Dorsey. He whispered, too, that the stork will be paying a second visit to the Eberly household soon.

Well, now it’s Twentieth Century-Fox who have ideas for starting their own recording company. No label name has been picked yet, and details are lacking, but with M.G.M. all set to go into the platter business, you can be sure Fox won’t be very far behind. And looking at their contract list, with such musical names as Betty Grable, Alice Faye, Dick Haymes, Perry Como, Vivian Blaine, Gene Krupa, Martha Stewart, they have some pretty good talent to start with. Of course something would have to be worked out with the stars who already have record contracts with other companies.

WHAT’S BRISK ON THE DISC: CAPITOL:

Leaving to Johnny Mercer to come up with the unexpected. This time it’s Stephen Foster’s “Camptown Races” and a new novelty, “Surprise Party,” with the Pied Pipers and Paul Weston’s orchestra. Johnny dashed off the “recitation” chorus of the “Party” side during a short intermission at the recording date—which isn’t surprising, when you consider that he wrote his hit, “Dream,” in a snappy twenty minutes.


The new Jules Styne-Sammy Cahn tune, “I’m Glad I Waited For You,” has been waxed by Peggy Lee, with “Waitin’ For The Trains To Come In” on the reverse. Both tunes are especially suited to Peggy’s blue-yellow style. The guitar solos are by Dave Barbour.

Andy Russell’s first album should certainly please his fans. There are eight sides: “Cielito Lindo,” “Adios Muchachos,” “Imagination,” “Let’s Fall In Love,” “Just Friends,” “La Borachita,” “I’ll See You In My Dreams,” and “Marie Elena.” Andy is turning into quite a radio comedian on the Joan Davis show.

COLUMBIA:

Ginny Simms has picked two of the most popular tunes of the year for her latest—“Till The End Of Time” and “I’m Gonna Love That Guy.”

Gene Autry is back in the recording saddle again, after his honorable discharge from the Army Air Corps. His string band provides the musical accompaniment for “Address Unknown” and “Don’t Hang Around Me Anymore.” And when Gene went back on the air (Sunday afternoons, C.B.S.) he signed a fifty-two week contract.

Frankie Carle and his Orchestra are in with “I’d Do It All Over Again” and “Last Night I Had That Dream Again,” with a Paul Allen lyric.

“Along The Navajo Trail” and “A Tender Word Will Mend It All” have been given the Gene Krupa treatment, with good vocal work by Buddy Stewart, especially on the “Navajo” side, when he harmonizes with Charlie Ventura’s saxophone. The Krupa band will be hopping off for their overseas tour later now.

The Modernaires with Paula Kelly have a new platter—“Jog Along” and the old favorite, “The Night Is Young And You’re So Beautiful.” Hal Dickinson, the No. 1 Modernaire, also takes composer credit on “Jog Along.”

VICTOR:

Tommy Dorsey has a new album, and the whole thing is the work of Johann Strauss waltzes. A bit unusual for T. D., but if you like pretty stuff, this is it. Tommy made these sides when he had his strings, and for the recording date, he added a few extra ones for good measure. The selections include such famous compositions as “Blue Danube,” “Tales From The Vienna Woods,” “Voices Of Spring,” etc.etc.

Then Sonor Dorsey has a single record, “Ain’t You Glad You’re You?” from the forthcoming film “Bells Of St. Mary’s,” and “A Door Will Open.” Stuart Foster and the

DECEMBER PAGEANT features actress Vivian Blaine’s account of how she achieved Hollywood stardom and at what cost. “I Went Through the Star Mill” is a fascinating, vividly illustrated article you and every talented girl will want to read.

“MARRIAGE TODAY”... Little known facts and figures on matrimony. Current odds on matrimonial failures together with qualities that make for long-lasting marital ties.

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“Welcome” from Jill, when Bob Eberly subbed for Perry Como on the Chesterfield Air Show.

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words of music

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)
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Waller King Album of Waller's most famous songs—$2.63
Round The Campfire Album of Famous American Cowboy Songs—$2.63
Louis Armstrong Album—$3.68
Bing Crosby Album of Songs from GOING MY WAY, starring Bing and Angel, with Loretta Young. $3.68
Oscar Levant—$2.63

Sentimentals handle the singing.


Vaughn also has extra disc—"Talkin' To Myself About You" and Irving Berlin's "Just A Blue Serge Suit."


Jimmie Saunders sings both sides of "Charlie's Luck," with the Kaye Sisters. A Little Pond Affection" and "You Are Too Beautiful." Charlie plays a wonder- ful trumpet chorus on the later.

DECCA:
Here's a Bing Crosby album entitled "Going My Way": six sides of all the musical numbers from the Academy Award picture, including "Swinging A String," "I Ain't No Ra-Loo-Ral," and "The Day After Forever."

The Crooner has also waxed two sides with the sensational Len Paul Trio. The tunes are "It's Been A Long, Long Time," and "Whose Dream Are You?"

Jimmie Lunceford's orchestra and the Delta Rhythm Boys have combined talents and recorded "The Honey Dripper" and "Baby, Are You Kiddin'?"

Guy Lombardo's latest is in the rhumba mood—"No Can Do" and "Jose Gonzales," with Don Rodney and Rosemary Lombard sharing honors on both vocals.

That popular group, The Ink Spots, have done two numbers that are right up their alley: "Racing With The Moon," and others.

Sentimentals handle the singing.

The first is Oscar Wilde's "The Selfish Prince," starring Fredric March, and the second is the "Littlest Angel," with Loretta Young.

Jimmy Dorsey's new release was recorded a long time back, but that shouldn't spoil the fun. It's "Didn't I Ask You," sung by Helen O'Connell and "If You Only Knew" with Bob Eberly in the croon department.

JAM NOTES:
Sgt. Johnny Desmond, who was such a sensation with the Glenn Miller band in Europe, has received offers from three major studios; looks as if he won't worry about a job when he becomes a civilian again. Dorothy Claire, has been signed by the American Broadcasting Company, and is set for a big build-up via the sustaining route. Dick Stable and his wife, Gracie Barrie, will battle it out in court. Teddy Walters, former Jimmy Dorsey crooner, is making a try for an acting career in Hollywood.

Irene Daye is no longer with the Charlie Spivak band; Charlie is hoping to find a good vocal group. Terry Condon's next picture for Twentieth Century-Fox will be "City of Flowers," and he will have the lead oppo- site Linda Darnell. Perry recently

bought a home in Long Island, New York, right near his favorite golf course. Lt. Bob Crosby is back in the States after a long stay in the South Pacific; he'll be stationed in Los Angeles and attached to the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Martha Tilton landed the star singing spot on the Philco Hall of Fame, beating out several other girls who were promoting. "Bobby," Ryan, who has been playing theatres and nightclubs as a single, may have a commercial radio show soon. . . . David Street and Lois Andrews (George Jess- sel's ex-wife) have been a steady ro- mantic couple for several months now, and may be Mr. and Mrs. before the end of the year. . . . Marion Hutton will go to the Paramount Theatre in New York for four weeks late in November; after that she'll probably head for Hollywood. There is still talk that Marion will do a picture with Betty.

The Murphy Sisters (one of the bet- ter singing trios) have been signed by Victor Records. . . . When Tony Martin becomes a civilian he will have his pick of several radio spots, including Marilyn Maxwell and her husband, John Conte, have been arguing out loud. . . . The very sophisticated New York night- club, The Copacabana, has gone hep with a big band. . . . Among such instrumental groups as the Phil Moore Four and the King Cole Trio. . . . Jo Stafford has had many compliments for her singing voice, but one of the nicest came from Benny Davis, the songwriter. After hearing one of her broadcasts, Benny told her, Jo, you sang just like you had a contract with God. . . . Incidentally, Jo has dropped about forty pounds, and looks terrific.

Lena Horne will star in a big all- Negro musical show on Broadway, tentatively titled "St. Louis Woman." The score is being written by Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen. . . . Jerry Waid has been busy denying reports that he is a married man. He says it must be two other people . . .
The truth of it was that she had been approached by the Tidningen people and had refused their offer. And when she called to ask, "What's the idea?", they started their persuasive arguments all over again.

"But I can't write," she insisted. "Oh, don't worry about that," they said. "Just send us a postcard every once in awhile, and we'll write the articles under your name." To which Signe retorted, "Sez you!"—or words Swedishly equivalent. "If you're going to use my name, you're stuck with what I write—or I'll sue!"

And because it had occurred to her that the income from the Tidningen articles would be money for her mother to have, in the event something happened to prevent Signe from getting back to Sweden for the duration of the war... yes, she did finally decide to say "yes" to the writing assignment. (Her column appeared regularly in the Swedish paper, up until the time that her picture assignments began crowding her time schedule.)

Signe Hasso came to the United States the long way—through the Orient. On arriving in Hollywood to start her American movie career, she was thrilled and happy at the prospect, except for two things: her son, Henry, had been left behind in Sweden, and—she couldn't speak English! It's a frustrating situation, to say the least, to be a gal who can see the funny side of everything, and not be able to talk about it. She could tell it in Swedish, in German and in French; but there wasn't much she could do with her one phrase of English. (She had picked up "How do you do," in her travels—in Japan, of all places!)

Being a determined, taking-matters-into-her-own-hands sort of gal, however, Signe gave up her untutored struggling with the intricacies of the English language, after a few months. She found a teacher. But that's a story, in itself.

While getting massages from an English girl, June Cavendish, Signe decided she liked the sound of the girl's voice better than her massages. She guessed that June hadn't been a masseuse very long, and she guessed rightly; it turned out that she was a former actress. Signe suggested that she might like to teach her English. June agreed, but pointed out that she'd never had any experience in teaching.

"That didn't bother me," Signe tells now. As a matter of fact, she isn't bothered overmuch, by anything. "I simply told RKO that June had just arrived from France, where she'd been teaching English for five years. It ended with the studio's placing her under contract to teach me."

June Cavendish not only taught her student the English language, but the teacher-student combine became a lasting friendship. Today, June manages the Hasso household and is Signe's secretary—a sort of "girl Friday."

But the English course was unique. It consisted of reading the gossip columns aloud each morning, and making records of their conversations together. That appealed to Signe much more than laboring over a lot of dull...
rules for grammar; and besides being more fun, it worked.

It worked so well that in no time at all Signe was able to inquire, in excellent English, just what the studio was waiting for. They had kept her sitting around, doing nothing for a whole year. By that time she couldn't get home, because the United States was at war, and she was finding it difficult to bring her son over for the same reason.

With Signe, when things get tough or dull-going, it's time for action. So she quit Hollywood and moved on to New York.

And then what? First, she applied for her American citizenship papers. And that accomplished, she started fighting through more reams of red tape, trying to drag her son this country—the battle ending victoriously with Henry's arrival on the last boat over, completely surrounded by diplomats.

Next, she did a New York play, "Golden Wings." A famous critic wrote of her: "Signe Hasso is the most attractive foreign actress on Broadway." Signe was delighted and commented: "I'm so glad he didn't add that there aren't any other foreign actresses!"

Signe was delighted about other things in New York, too—not the least of which was suddenly finding herself a celebrity.

"I was living with a friend in her house on 51st street," she says, "when all at once dozens of boys started dropping in to ask for autographs. 'Oh, I'm getting popular,' I thought. This is wonderful!"

Signe is fascinated with America. She never knows what's going to happen next, except that it's certain to be exciting and interesting. She feels a little like Alice-in-Wonderland.

One of the highlights she remembers was in connection with a personal appearance made when "The Story of Dr. Wassell" was first released. She arrived very early one morning in Little Rock, Ark. Little Rock is Wassell's hometown, and the promotion managers for the picture were determined to do the thing up right.

Signe was met by the Mayor and a police escort followed her car through the streets to her hotel.

"The sirens shrieked all the way," Signe said, "although it was so early that the sun was still rising. Not even a bicycle, much less a car, I could see shades going up in every house we passed, and startled faces peering through the windows. They probably thought the invasion had started. It was very American," says Signe with authority, "and very thrilling."

Things like that just don't happen in Sweden. But then Signe has a way of happening to Signe, wherever she happens to be.

For example, there was the time she flew from Stockholm to Copenhagen to be presented with an acting award. It was a long flight, and the ceremony, she sent it down to be pressed. What she didn't figure on, however, was the Press! Ten minutes later, the desk clerk phoned up to ask: "Are you ready for the Press?" "No!" said Signe, who was pretty—but hardly suitably—arrayed in a silk slip. "Well," said the clerk, "they're on their way up, anyway!"

It was a moment for quick decision, and Signe was equal to the occasion. She slipped into her fur coat, camouflaged the low neckline with orchids, and drove herself gloriously on the couch, determined not to move lest the coat open. She looked like a star should look, and everyone was happy—except that every once in a while one of the reporters would mop her brow and ask sympathetically if she weren't too hot in that heavy fur coat. "Oh no," said Signe heroically, drawing the coat more tightly around her, "It's quite cool in here."

And something else, in the embarrassing moments department: there was the time when she was in California but couldn't get an independent picture deal for Command Performance. The day before the show was to be presented, the leading lady fell ill. The director put Signe into the role. The thought of learning a whole part overnight terrified her, as well it might. And the added thought of having royalty and other important personalities in the audience didn't help, either.

Signe learned the part, but by the time she stepped on the stage she was so frightened she couldn't say a word. Her vocal chords were hopelessly paralyzed; she was through her performance in a whisper.

Nothing as bad as that has ever happened to Signe in the United States. The worst thing was having to wait two years to start her motion picture career. But that's of the past, for she's well on her way now, with "Assignment in Brittany," "Heaven Can Wait," The Story of Dr. Wassell" and "The Seventh Cross" already behind her. The future is exciting, too, there's an independent picture deal with Arnold Pressburger which calls for one picture a year, to be released through United Artists. Her first picture for this group will be "Scandal In Paris"; and with her will be George Sanders, one of her favorite people.

Signe's glad, she says now, that she did have to wait.

"At home," she explains, "my career practically fell in my lap. I didn't have to struggle, so I quite took it for granted that things were going to happen. I've learned a thing or two since then. For one thing, it's important to have a contract, I naturally expected it would be just as easy in Hollywood.

"But I'm glad it wasn't. I'm glad I had to start all over, like any new girl in town, but now I'm happier—except that every once in a while Henry wonders where I am. He gets his wanderlust, will agree; but he's happy—I don't think he's ever been as happy as he is now. I won't feel I've taken anything away from an American actress. I did it by myself, the hard way."

Fact is, Signe is pretty "happy about the whole thing. Her nine-year-old son is with her now, making that happiness complete. They live in a Spanish-type house, with a view overlooking all of Los Angeles. The place is filled with sunshine, and Signe has practically the only house in Hollywood (or at least one of the few) that can boast of both an elevator and an escalator!"
On Saturday, September 15th, within a week after they met, Mona Freeman and Patrick Nerney were married in the Church of the Good Shepherd, in Beverly Hills. After a honeymoon at Lake Arrowhead, Mona went back to Paramount and Pat returned to his father's auto business.

Signe, a rolling stone if ever there was one, is always sympathetic with Henry's restlessness. As a matter of fact, she turned down Hollywood offers for five years because she didn't want to be tied to any one place. She managed to combine her career with her love for traveling by playing every little hamlet in Sweden, as well as making stage appearances in Norway, Finland, Germany and Austria. She started her career as a student actress in the Royal Dramatic Theater of Sweden, at the age of twelve. When she was seventeen, she married Harry Hasso, a prominent architect and stage producer. They were divorced before she came to Hollywood.

Signe is amused when she hears anyone say it's hard to combine marriage with a career.

"I'd marry again tomorrow, if I met the right man," she says. "I've always been able to find time for a home and child, as well as my career."

She still likes to write. Not too long ago, Sweden's foremost national magazine—the equivalent to Life in this country—featured a Hasso article about Cecil B. DeMille. This is the sort of literary effort she likes best. But she's firm about one thing: "I only write about people I like," she declares.

When you come right down to it, maybe the strangest thing about Signe is that she does find time for so many things. Because time itself means nothing to her. She's always late, and you can chalk that down as another of the things that never bother her. She wears a wrist-watch, goodness knows why. She says herself that it doesn't matter whether or not it keeps time; she's bound to be late, anyway.

Her eating habits are different, too. She likes nearly all foods raw. Meat and eggs, as well as vegetables. It's an experience to watch her at lunch. If you ask her how she ever brought herself to taste her first bite of raw meat, she answers politely: "But I always did!"

And if you're waiting for further explanation, you can just go on waiting. I told you that Signe is a wonderful actress, a fascinating personality and an all-around wonderful girl. But remember—I also told you that "she's different."

The End

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him, was a German of the old school, he believed in ruling his family with a simonized iron fist. One of Bill's most vivid recollections has to do with his first-year failure in school. He delayed as long as possible to take his report card home. Finally, as dusk closed in and he knew that he could postpone the evil moment not another instant, he slid into the house to be met by a parent who had guessed the worst and was ready with a cane.

The other bitter memory: when he returned from the cemetery with his mother. They were picking up funeral services for his aunt, and finding the street before their apartment a-hum with activity. One of the crowd of curious strangers broke the news: Bill's father had died. Neighbors! What was needed was one good goodbye, and the ambulance doctor had shaken his head and asked for the nearest of kin.

After that, Bill's mother went to work as a waitress; she worked many different shifts, so that Bill had to spend much of his time with kindly neighbors. He slept in the bath tub of the family living above the room in which he had lived with his parents. He ate with the generous family who lived just below the old flat.

The boys were faced with having nothing to do after school, engaged in minor depredations such as swiping fruit, snatching items from push-carts, and generally involving havoc as a result. But Bill had discovered muscles; he began to spend every spare moment working out at the Y. He learned to swim, plain and fancy; he learned gymnastics—and he loved it.

When he wasn't at the Gym, he was going to school; even when he was attending Brooklyn Technical High School by day, he was also a student at Pratt Institute by night. And then, after what would have been his first year of college, his exhibition swimming team was put on the diving board and into a theatrical career. All of his plans to be a construction engineer dwindled down into a very satisfactory hobby—of which more later.

The theatrical career began in this way: an adagio team consisting of three men and a girl was being organized, and what was wanted was one (only) blond man, height six feet one, weight 190. Bill Katt (legal name) satisfied these specifications, and was recruited and billed as Bill Williams.

In addition to supplying Bill with professional beginnings, this job gave him a reason for making the highway his friend. Bill and his new mother had always been dear and important to each other; now that they were separated much of the time, they clung, with more desperation than ever, to the brief hours during which they could be together, could confide in one another, could plan a future including more Hollywood and Broadway. When Bill and the troupe were playing Chicago, he occasionally hopped into his car after an evening performance, drove to New York, spent a few hours with his mother, then drove back to Chicago, arriving just in time to skin into tight and sprint onto the stage.

He was in New Orleans when he received a telephone call that somehow, he had known would come. Usually, his mother had been cheerful about his leaving on a trip; she was full of questions and admonitions: "Remember to tell me everything—what the girls are wearing, how the shops look, what is different about the food. Take care of yourself, don't catch cold, write every day—as usual, in your own hand, as usual, in every letter you will—and I'll write every day. And, darling... well, hurry back."

But, just before he left for New Orleans, she had been different. He had driven his car to the wrong side of the street, the easier to load his paraphernalia. Some instinct had impelled him to glance upward, and there she had been, leaning from the window, looking at him. Two slow tears slid down her cheeks and fell far below to the sidewalk. "Here—what goes on?" Bill had called.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" she had laughed shakily. "Only New Orleans seems so much farther away than Chicago."

But when the call came through, she knew. He flew to New York and attended to the details. The mortician said, "She looks beautiful, Bill. Won't you look at her?"

Bill shook his head. "I have her so clearly in my mind that I don't want to spoil it."

He took a few tinkets as a precious heritage: her chételaine watch, the locket and chain Bill's father had worn. (Within the chain there was a picture of Bill's mother on one side, and a picture of a tow-headed, resolute small boy, called Willie, in the other.) He put her diamond earrings in a safe deposit box, and slipped her wedding ring, with difficulty, on the small finger of his left hand.

A few months later, he was driving from New York to St. Louis. On the Philadelphia turnpike he stopped at an all-night hamburger stand for a fast bite of midnight snack. He noticed that the clientele was not, shall we say, a refugee group from the symphony in white tie and tails, but blue-chinned gentry is not likely to disconcert a boy from Brooklyn. He finished his food, paid his check, and strolled out to his car. He had unlocked the door when he felt an obdurate presence pressing against his upper spine. "Don't give us any trouble, buddy," suggested a hair-trigger voice. "Just empty your pocket and pass over your wallet." A gun does not inquire superiory over another, of course, but it helps a lot, brother, it helps! Bill's philosophy on the subject caused him to hand over the wallet and to empty his pockets.

"And we'll take that ring on your little finger," announced the stick-up. Geez, folks, that's my mother's wedding ring. I know I said reasonably, it's worth a thing to you to leave, but it's engraved around the inside. But I don't have my mother any more, and I just can't..."

"Aw, keep it," snapped the stick-up. "It's probably brass."

In the summer of 1938, Bill and the troupe went to England, a circumstance that had made Bill one of the greatest of all boosters for British-
American friendship. His initial experience in the country was not, however, reassuring. On board ship he had taken sponge baths, because he didn't like the salt water involved in a tub or shower bath. "When I get ashore," he promised myself, "I'm going to hop into a hot tub and wallow for an hour."

When he filled the tub he noted its proportions and lifted a dubious eyebrow. When he tried to sink into the warm and laving depths of his anticipated bath, he found the tub so narrow that only a shoehorn could have slid him in or out. He solved the problem by soaping himself well. The next day he changed hotels.

Because of the British no-Sunday-theatrical rule, Bill was free from Saturday night after curtain fall, until performance time Monday. He had been a flash student of English history in High School, so now he put his memory of Britain's historical treasures to good use. He went to Brighton on the southern coast, and was enchanted; he managed to explore the northern section, as well as Scotland. He practically lived at Oxford University, learning something about each of its twenty-six colleges.

And he made friends with one of the professors, a clergyman in one of these colleges. Together they roamed through buildings with stone steps grooved by feet long dead; together they savored the quiet of ancient halls discussed the charm of tradition. One Sunday, the dean excused himself by saying, "I'll have to spend a few hours in the chapel . . . it is my turn to conduct services."

Bill held his breath. Although he is naturally religious, he didn't know Anglican forms; so he felt that he would be embarrassed during service, yet wouldn't want to hurt the dean by refusing to attend. Said the dean, "Suppose I meet you here afterward. I wouldn't want to make you uncomfortable by asking you to come along with me. I know that the creed of theatrical people, being quite as reverent as our own, still takes a somewhat different form. Shall I see you later, then?"

Bill nodded, exchanged a long look of understanding with his friend, and shook hands.

As Fall approached it became apparent that Europe was going to war. Bill and his troupe boarded one of the last boats to leave Liverpool. Between the fall of 1939 and the winter of 1942, they hopped about the country, (this country) fulfilling night club dates, and then they were booked into Earl Carroll's for Christmas night opening.

While they were rehearsing on Christmas Day, someone said to Bill, "This is certainly an odd Christmas. No tree, no turkey, no presents, no plum pudding. Boy, am I homesick! How about you, Bill?"

Bill ran a thoughtful hand through his tangled, curly hair, his brown eyes squinted into memory. "At sometime in my life, maybe when I was three or four, I seem to remember a Christmas tree and all the trimmings. Aside from that, I can't remember ever having had the sort of celebration that most people call 'a real old-fashioned Christmas.'"

But he was given—that night—the sort of gift that lasts forever: he made friends with the Weir Brothers, who have one of the most astounding of acrobatic acts done in comic style. The Weirs looked Bill over and said, "I think Arrid deodorant is just wonderful. It saves your clothes from under-arm perspiration stains and preserves your daintiness and freshness. If you want to stop under-arm perspiration troubles, take my advice and try Arrid."

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STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
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MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE

ARRID

THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

65
"Boy, you should be in pictures."

"Good for them," grinned Bill.

"Only trouble is . . . if they want to photograph me, they'll have to do it while I'm making with the feet down at Fort MacArthur while clad in blue fatigue wardrobe!"

The army kept Bill long enough to decide that if he put his trick spine under and over an obstacle course a few times, he would be a permanent addition to the nearest government hospital. Not wishing to hamper the national economy with the need for providing three squares per diem for a lusty appetite like Bill's, they gave him a medical discharge—complete with little gold lapel button—and a shove toward Hollywood.

He arrived broke, the "o" being pronounced "owe." The Weir Brothers again came to the rescue, with the offer of a room. Bill made "Tokyo" at Metro, and "Murder In The Blue Room" at Universal, then was signed at RKO on a long term basis.

One day, while working with the drama coach, Bill noticed this very neat chick. "What's her name?" he asked the coach.

"Barbara Hale. One of my most intelligent students, she's going places." Answered Bill, "With me as her escort, I hope."

After thirty minutes of clever maneuvering, Bill managed to place himself in the position of one student speaking casually to another. "What are you working on?" he wanted to know.

Barbara held out five pages of dialogue, all in dialect. "And I'm having my troubles. I have to have it letter perfect in three weeks, when the picture starts."

"You'll never make it," opined Bill, knowing that she could, but having plans in mind.

Responded Miss Hale coldly, "Don't be silly. Of course I can do it!"

"Tell you what—I'll make a bet with you. If you really polish off that scene, ready to be filmed, in three weeks—I'll take you to dinner. If you don't make a perfect take of it the first time, then you have to take me to dinner. And, confidentially, I think I have a free dinner coming."

That did it. Miss Hale won in the trill of a Scottish "r." And it has been Barbara and Bill ever since. Hold it.

On her wrist she wears Bill's father's watch chain, bearing the locket enclosing Bill's boyhood picture and a photograph of his mother. On occasion, she also wears Mrs. Williams' chatelaine watch.

Bill still has no address, except the studio. Part of his wardrobe is with the Weir Brothers, another portion is with a second friend, and other odd outfits are scattered with additional friends. Bill "camps around," in other words.

As soon as he had amassed three hundred bucks, Bill bought a '34 convertible Pontiac and began to rebuild it. He practically replaced the engine, hopping it up somewhat more than considerable, and he painted it a lightning blue. This vehicle helps him to utilize every second of his all too infrequent spare hours. Bill works out for an hour a day, when he's between pictures; takes a drama lesson each day, takes a singing lesson each day, has a swim, and likes a few fast sets of tennis. He also likes to take Barbara dancing and he is teaching her to bowl.

Recently, when each received a new contract, they were discussing the future and came to a conclusion: an annuity was a beautiful thing to own. So each invested in the future, and now they're so broke that a bag of peanuts is a heady indulgence in Savoy extravagance.

Even so, it is a pleasure to report that the boy from Brooklyn—big, blonde, hard-working and sincere Bill Williams is going places, fast.

That means DeLong Bob Pins, of course. They're made of a special quality steel, the kind that doesn't lose its taut springiness . . . they really do have the

**Stronger Grip**

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**The End**
ARE YOU JEALOUS?
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

Sometimes the manifestations of Cornel’s jealousy have been very funny. Take, for instance, that incident one Sunday several years ago when Cornel and Pat were falling in love. Cornel understood that he had a date with Pat to take her to the beach. He arrived early, wearing rugged beach togs and carrying a zippered beach bag in which were his trunks, a heavy bottle of suntan lotion, and beach clogs. The point of this description is that the beach bag was fairly heavy. Ah! The weapon in the case.

As Cornel stepped off the bus before Pat’s hotel, imagine his incensed astonishment to see Pat, dimpling up at an escort as the pair sauntered down the street. Mr. Wilde is a man who lacks neither impetus nor ingenuity of action. Running a few steps, he hurled the beach bag with all possible force at the astounded gentleman’s knees. If you have ever been walking with a wag who suddenly jabbed you in the back of a single knee, you know what happened. When the amazed chap got to his feet, a blazing-eyed Cornel said to Pat, “I thought I had a date with you this morning.”

“You have,” faltered Pat. “I was only going to breakfast...”

“It’s okay,” said her dissuaded breakfast escort. “It’s quite okay. See you around sometime,” and he showed the soles of his feet in a strategic withdrawal. Seems that he had arrived at the hotel desk, sent up word that Pat’s date had arrived, then had persuaded her to dash to the corner drugstore for a quick breakfast before Cornel should arrive. His timing was bad—bad almost to the same extent as his misjudging of Cornel’s attitude on the subject.

After that it was understood that Pat and Cornel were going steady; with no exceptions made of breakfast dates! This steadfast arrangement did not, however, eliminate certain difficulty. Pat is a statuesque, superbly architectured blonde who attracts masculine eyes as telephone stock attracts widows. Whenever she and Cornel strolled down one of New York’s crowded streets, there was always some jackanapes who voiced his approval of Pat in one of those huba-hubahubahua whistles. Cornel, instantly belligerent, would scowl and look around for someone to tamp into the nearest street vent.

This grew to be a joke between Cornel and Pat. If she saw a congregation of wolves loitering around a drugstore corner, she tactfully steered Cornel to the opposite side of the street, relying upon more local sights to attract the whistles, and upon distance and traffic to spare the whistler from Cornel’s fists, in case the wolf was using telescopic sights for his visual prowling.

In those days,” grinned Cornel recently, talking it over with Pat, “you could have taken our zig-zag, wolf-avoiding trail, painted it red, and sold it to a Navajo blanket firm.”

And then they were married and came to California. Cornel does not believe that marriage alleviates
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Follow simple instructions by the famous Hollywood hairstylist Rudolph

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The only quarrel the Wildes have ever had was brought about, in a piquant way, by the presence of a strange man in Pat's car. Leading them, bus strike, Pat was townbound one day; seeing a frantic bus worker trying to thumb his way to 20th, she stopped him.

That night she told Cornel about it, and repeated part of the conversation she had enjoyed with the man. Cornel's eyes flashed. "How many times do I have to tell you that picking up a civilian whom you don't know is dangerous," he demanded.

"Read your daily paper if you don't believe me. Scarcely a week passes without some dreadful thing happening to a girl who picks up a stranger. Let men pick up those guys. You just travel on, minding your own business after this." Set your own hair

"Well, nothing happened, did it?" said Pat defiantly.

Eeeek! One sentence lead to two. While Cornel was finishing his coffee, Pat disappeared into the bedroom. When Cornel strode in to find out whether she was crying or not, he found her placidly repairing her makeup. But Pat had pulled all the covers off his bed and lumped them on the floor. They have an understanding that each partner makes his own bed. Obviously, Cornel was faced by a mission that was an irksome task before he could turn in.

"As punishment," he said, lifting a bottle of Patou's Joie (that he had bought the week before) from the dresser. Unstoppering the precious scent, he scattered a few pinches drops about the room.

Pat, eyes agape, started to say, "Don't you dare!" Then she decided to tramp Mr. Wilde's ace. Lifting the bottle, purchased with Cornel's hard-earned cash (he was not, at that time, an executive), she flung it against the far wall. It hurled it against the far wall. It

Wilde's ace. Lifting the bottle, purchased with Cornel's hard-earned cash (that he had given her the week before), she unstoppered it, and repeated part of the conversation. Patou's Joie

Juanita was a pretty, veiled starlet, models one of Rudolph's famous coiffures that you can easily duplicate.

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Juanita was a pretty, veiled starlet, models one of Rudolph's famous coiffures that you can easily duplicate.
Are you in the know?

The lathered lady is —

[ ] Brushing up on beauty
[ ] Banishing 5 o'clock shadow
[ ] A little shaver

Borrow Dad's shaving brush, soap your face, and start brushing up on beauty. It's stimulating... and the thorough cleansing helps, if you've a tendency to blackheads. Now is the time to safeguard your complexion. And, to safeguard your daintiness. You see, new Kotex contains a deodorant, to help you stay daisy-fresh on certain days. Mind you, the deodorant can't shake out—because it is processed right into each Kotex pad, not merely dusted on! How carefree you'll feel with this new Kotex "extra" — and not one extra penny to pay!

Is this nifty giftie —

[ ] A compact
[ ] A bracelet
[ ] Both

Here's a fetching new twist for the wrist—a bracelet-compact (complete with mirror). Dreamed up to give you a free hand, at sports or whenever a purse seems cumbersome. For free action on calendar days, remember to choose the napkin designed to give you chafe-less comfort: Kotex. There's lasting softness in Kotex—unlike pads that bunch and rope. Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch, for Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. You'll have nary a care with Kotex.

It's a bright trick to go Christmas dating with —

[ ] Mistletoe on your mind
[ ] Baubles in your hair
[ ] Your heart on your sleeve

Catch a beau with mistletoe? Or by letting him think you're a smitten kitten? Try a smarter way. Be original. Look charming. It's a bright trick to wear a wee cluster of Christmas tree ornaments in your hair. You can be charming on all occasions (even "those") when you're confident. Kotex keeps you so. With Kotex no revealing outlines can ruffle the smoothness of your frock, your poise. That's because Kotex has flat tapered ends that don't show. And the special safety center of Kotex gives plus protection—helps spare you embarrassing accidents.

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began to cast her eyes about for mischief. She found it, which was a shameful thing—but she had spent so much time perfecting stories of Her Day, that she hurled her emotional intrigue without catching so much as the tip of her toe. Although her husband never knew it, he had brought upon himself the very thing he most feared. If he had placed his wife on the honor system and rested security on his trust of her, she would never have thought it would be a triumph to prove that he was not the perfect policeman.

And that is the viewpoint of Gene Tierney on jealousy as a disease.

Having darkened to the male viewpoint (and undoubtedly Cornel's opinion is almost universal among men), and the viewpoint of the sophisticated woman, as voiced by Gene Tierney, we now discover the opinion of the true idealist, Jeanne Crain.

Says Jeanne, "I've never been deeply, truly in love, so perhaps I don't really know what I'm talking about, but I have a conviction anyhow. I think that, if a man and a girl are genuinely in love, their love creates an island for them. An invisible island that is surrounded by a sea of unawareness. I know that, even when I've had nothing more than a terrific crush on a boy, no other boy in the world has really existed for me. I've had boys tell me that they felt the same thing. If that is true, then jealousy must be an emotion that arises when one person is in love with someone who is NOT in love with him. If that's the case, then it isn't the best thing I've ever done, for it isn't the best that the human heart can attain. The way I feel about it now, I never want anything but the best as far as love is concerned.

Having the best, there simply can't be such a thing as jealousy. Snow never falls in Paradise."
...eager to go on with the story, I think.

"One might describe the difference in technique by saying that here we have the rhythm of jazz, and in Europe the rhythm is that of the waltz. Both are good; it just depends on which you want."

Mr. Lang has intimate knowledge of both European and American audiences, for he was an ace director in Germany and France before ever coming to the United States.

It was while in a hospital, recovering from wounds sustained in World War I (in which he served with the Austrian army) that he began writing movie scenarios to relieve his boredom. The German producer, Erich Pommer, came across some of his work, signed him as a writer and upon his recovery, took him to Berlin to direct. Lang made a long list of successful pictures there, including the classic "M" which introduced Peter Lorre on the screen.

Then came 1933, and Hitler. One year was all Lang could take of Nazism, and vice versa. He left for France, just one jump ahead of the Gestapo.

From Paris, it was natural that his next move should be to America, for Lang had had, since boyhood, a tremendous interest in the history of America’s wild and woolly west. He’s spent his happiest vacations here in exploring Arizona, New Mexico and Utah. Through his sincerity, he’s won the friendship of the Navajos around Kayenta, Arizona, who have allowed him to film some of their sacred rites, and have even invited him to participate on occasion.

Co-workers at the studio claim that Fritz Lang is inclined to be restless and temperamental when working in his office, but always calm on the set. He laughs about this, but admits it is probably true.

"I must confess, I am happiest when on the set," he said. "Like a circus horse needs a circus, I need the set. It is there that I see come to life what I have dreamed about at my desk. But here, at my desk, is where the sweat and tears must be shed.

"I do try to be relaxed on the set, because I think it helps everybody. People work very hard on the sets, everybody is trying to give his best, and it is easier to do this if the atmosphere is kept free of tension."

"I believe that a good picture can only be made in very close collaboration with everybody who works on it. It’s very necessary to have a spirit of give and take—what the Russians call ‘collective.’ I try to give everybody a chance to express himself freely, to do his best. Naturally, when discussions come up, there has to be somebody who has the final word. The main idea behind a production, which is the director’s responsibility, that is what I call the rhythm."

"But I do not believe in telling an actor how to play a scene. I try to get him to express his own personality and ideas. If I had a scene requiring five actors, for instance, it would be no good for me to tell each actor how to do his part. What would be the result? I would just have five Mr. Langs running around. It would be very boring!"

So seriously does he take his responsibilities that he generally loses 18 to 20 pounds during the shooting of a picture. His trousers will slip at the waist, the cuffs get frayed and catch on his heels. Fastidious as he is about his dress, when he’s completely...
Mother of 3 becomes a PIN-UP BEAUTY!

How Mrs. Edrie Beal of Fredonia, Kansas, got a bathing-suit figure and how her Navy husband got the surprise of his life.

Many times before," says Mrs. Edrie Beal, "my Navy husband had written from the Southwest Pacific, asking for something special, and I had hurried it off to him. But this time it was a stopper. 'Send me your picture in a bathing suit,' the letter said. 'I want my own pin-up girl.'

"I looked in the mirror—at that thick waist and heavy abdomen. No! I simply couldn't bring myself to stand before a camera. But neither can you refuse a far-off husband any wish in the world. It was New Year's! Time for resolutions. If I didn't have a bathing-suit figure, I'd get one!

"That's why I took the DuBarry Success Course. Did it work? I lost 13 pounds right where I had to lose them. I took 6 inches off my abdomen, 4 off my waist and my hips. At the same time, the most wonderful things were happening to my skin and hair and to me. I look and feel like a person re-born. I'm out of that middle-aged slump—with a zest for the years ahead. Could one ask for better proof that it's something special, and I had hurried it off to him. But this time it was a stopper. 'Send me your picture in a bathing suit,' the letter said. 'I want my own pin-up girl.'

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72
"Oh, yes, I have a theory as to what causes the increasing divorce rate—but it couldn't be printed!"

And with that tantalizing remark, Mr. Lang concluded his discourse on love and marriage, and returned to the love of his life: movies.

"To get anywhere in pictures now, an actress must have a great deal more than a pretty face and figure. It takes a great deal of intelligence, talent, and fortitude. Look at the actresses who are at the top—Bergman, Joan Fontaine, Jennifer Jones. Extremely intelligent, gifted women, all of them. And Bacall—make no mistake about it—there is an actress. It is much more than just a look or a slinky walk that she has. Whether she'll prove versatile or not, I don't know. I've seen her in only one picture, but she gave a definite, strong performance in that. Only a real actress can put over such a performance as she gave in 'To Have and Have Not.' The beautiful but dumb type of girl is practically passe now, off screen as well as on. Men are getting very bored with that type. And to succeed in pictures, a girl must have ability. You just can't fool audiences any more."

Mr. Lang has been quoted as believing that pictures should confine themselves strictly to entertainment and avoid propaganda. But he set the record straight about this in no uncertain terms.

"How can you make any picture without propaganda?" he exclaimed. "Every picture is propaganda for something. Take 'Woman in the Window'—the propaganda in that picture is: be on guard. Now I don't say a man must never go out for cocktails with a charming girl, but I say, 'Be always on guard.' That picture followed to a perfectly logical conclusion the events that can follow even one second of being off guard.

"Of course, propaganda, to be effective, should not preach. It must be injected into a picture in such a way that the audience is entertained while being propagandized. If you are going to propagandize against Nazism, for instance, it is no good to simply have someone stand up and say, 'Nazism is bad.' You must show why Nazism is bad, in what way it is bad, by showing its effect on the lives of people whom it touches.

"You have seen the German propaganda films? Well, don't you think we should ballyhoo our way of life?"

Mr. Lang believes most definitely that we should, and it is his constant ambition to show the rest of the world, through motion pictures, the advantages of living in a country dedicated to its people's life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness.

When asked whether he ever has any longing for the 'good old days' or even occasional homesickness for Europe, he smiled serenely and said, "Not the slightest. People think it strange, I know. Sometimes they ask me, 'Would you like to come back to Europe when the war is over?' But I am not even the least bit interested in returning to Europe. I feel at home in America, and I am so happy here—so completely happy!"

The END
If you like tampons, you'll surely like FIBS! See that gently rounded end? You can tell at a glance that Fibs must be easy to insert. And your first experience proves it — so that you, too, will remember to ask for Fibs!

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Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS!*


JOHN BARRYMORE AND DOLORES COSTELLO SPENT THEIR HONEYMOON ON BOARD JACK'S YACHT, "THE INFANTA."

TEN YEARS AGO: Virginia Bruce and Cesar Romero twoing it (and they're still duo-ing it) . . . Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon celebrating their return from abroad, after a lengthy absence . . . no woman allowed on location of Paramount's "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" . . . Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck a devoted married couple . . . Garbo's fence of sharp pointed branches to catch snooping cameramen a much-discussed item . . . William Powell birthday gifting Carole Lombard with several huge bouquets of flowers . . . Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern romancing . . . Katharine Hepburn and John Beal in "The Little Minister" . . . Claudette Colbert the first star to have contracts with every major producer . . . Gene Raymond, the white-haired boy of the films . . . Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor planning to team again (made "Seventh Heaven" seven years before) . . . Rudy Vallee predicting that the movies and radio would eventually exchange talent . . . Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers about to wed . . . Best picture of the month, "The Gay Divorcée" with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire . . . Hollywood expecting much from Jane Wyatt, the heroine of "Great Expectations."
she laughs. “But I like it.”

Anyhow, there she is—in a home that’s quite hidden from the street by trees and shrubs, with her books and her Shadrack (who’s an ingratiating airdale). There she is, in this sun-filled house—with the same direct, sturdy handshake, the same quiet courtesy, the same delightful laugh. It’s a much, much thinner Olivia De Havilland, and she’s very pale, but certain that all these months away from the screen, though at times difficult, were probably the most enriching of all her life.

The months of professional inactivity—while there was the suit to determine whether she still owed Warner Bros. sixty-six weeks after the expiration of her seven-year contract, to compensate for the time lost to them when she’d gone on voluntary suspension—there were, for Olivia herself, they were far from inactive months.

There were hospital, camp and bond tours, and a seven-weeks trip to the Aleutians. There was the Presidential campaign, with Olivia exercising an interest in politics developed since she became a citizen. (More about that, in a moment.) And then there was Olivia’s trip to the South Pacific, which she says “is probably unique among overseas tours!”

It all began well enough. Olivia left October 10th of last year, flying from San Francisco and headed for New Caledonia, which was to be her “base of operations.” She stopped off in Honolulu just long enough to eat at a service mess, and to pick up a Flight Nurse who was to be her companion on the trip. Then on to the Fiji Islands.

“The clothes situation was quite funny,” Olivia says. “Of course all entertainers wear the U.S.O. uniform. This was done, I was told, before the war was over, so that if you were captured by the enemy they’d know you were military and not shoot you for a spy. A charming thought to set out with, by the way! But we all like to be feminine and in high heels when we meet the boys, so I changed my clothes in the plane before we landed.”

And the clothes she changed to? When Olivia was preparing to leave for the Pacific, she suddenly realized that she’d have to have summer clothes, out there. But being October, there were none in the shops, and she insists she didn’t have enough of her own. So she forthwith ransacked an elegant summer wardrobe which her sister, Joan Fontaine, had bought in New York the spring before.

“And there I was,” grins Olivia. “Descending from the plane in the Fiji Islands, a vision of femme-elegant, in my sister Joan’s white linen dress, my sister Joan’s red and blue striped bag, my sister Joan’s blue enamelled broach, my sister Joan’s blue enamelled earrings... but, my own sandals!”

The next twenty-four hours were a maelstrom of activity. There was an appearance before 3000 men, en masse, an event which was especially terrifying to Olivia. “I can’t sing or dance,” she explains. “Always on any tour, I have just talked with the boys or danced with them in hospitals,
SO UNHAPPY UNTIL I learned about this HIGHER TYPE

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4. Thus Zonitors give you hours of continuous medication.

5. Zonitors immediately kill every germ they touch. You know it’s not always easy to do my part in building up the boy’s morale, and suddenly I was one on the sick list.

But they were all simply wonderful. I was never lonely. The boys came to see me all the time. They brought me flowers and books. They played gin rummy with me. They did a magnificent job of building up my morale!

One of the books the G. I.’s brought her was a volume of short stories, including a tale by a friend, Michael Arlen, former author of “The Green Hat.” Olivia had never read that particular story of Arlen’s. She pounced on it with enthusiasm—if not much strength still. After she had read the book she wrote Michael Arlen a letter. "Dear Michael," she wrote, "thank you for coming to visit me for awhile in my hospital room in Fiji; and for telling me a story." (The letter was sent to Arlen, back in the States.)

There were colors you would never quite believe," Olivia says, her eyes shining brightly with the memory. "The brilliant green fields, the purple and red bougainvillea, the pink well, I called it 'franji-panji'; the name is something like that. Colors that you saw in the paintings of Gauguin, and so inclined to doubt until you’ve been to the islands and seen them for yourself. And there was the sugar cane, a strange almond purple; and the Hindus who came from India many years ago to tend the cane, with their magnificent bodies and turbaned heads. The Fijians themselves, I simply adored. And the fantastic sight of the periodical burning of the sugar cane, like a fire necklace across the island in the night!"

When the fever was gone, and she was feeling better, Olivia did a little K.P. duty around the hospital. Six weeks passed, and they put her on a plane and flew her back to Hawaii. After resting there for a week, she was flown on to San Francisco, then back to Hollywood.

Peggy Ann Garner signs the celebrity scroll before having dinner at Ciro’s.

But apparently the excitement of the trip was too much. Her temperature went up again and she had to go back to bed for many more weeks.

Since that time, the road back to full strength and energy has been long and discouraging. "It’s terribly boring," Olivia sighs. "But they tell me it’s often this way, after pneumonia."

Still bordering on being a convalescent, Olivia has been able to do little or nothing which would classify as "social life." She says, "I’ve been going to clubs and dances a few times since I got back. And then I paid for it, with complete exhaustion. All the time she was making ‘The Well-Groomed Bride,’ she was a gimp-every-night-and-to-bed girl—Saturday nights not excepted. Fact is, she’d fall into bed Saturday evening, and stay there until the following Monday morning.

My great social whirl of the week," Olivia laughs, "is my Sunday afternoon walk up the canyon with Shadrack. (The duet of barking which accompanies such walks, with Olivia ordering Shadrack to the side of the road and Shadrack remonstrating, has startled many a peaceful Sunday Bel Airer.)

Headed “plans for the future,” Olivia wants to make at least four pictures in the coming year, to make up for lost time. In doing this, she will have to save all her energies for her work; no social life whatsoever. And romance? ‘Shadrack is the love of my life’—that’s the only answer you’ll get to that!"

“I’m not really settled,” Olivia told me, shaking her head slowly. “I don’t know . . . it seems to me you don’t really settle down in complete peacefulness, until you put down roots. I haven’t. There’s a strange thing, too about one’s physical surroundings: even though I’ve lived a third of my life in Southern California, I never entirely feel that I belong here. I still feel that home is up North. Perhaps someday I’ll feel differently. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that my life has been sort of — well, ‘split up.’"

“You can’t imagine,” she continued,
what a curious feeling it is to have been born in a country you don't remember, a citizen of a country you've never seen, and to have lived all your life in a third country. For so long, when I was growing up, I had a sort of schizophrenia. My allegiance was divided, and I felt I belonged nowhere. I love the U. S. A. But there was always the thought of England. England, where the roots of my family were. England, where relatives lived. I had a feeling that I couldn't make a decision about where I really belonged, until I had seen England. So, Mother and I went to England—in 1938.

"I went, expecting to have something wonderful happen to me... some psychic feeling, perhaps. I thought I would look at England and feel, 'This is home. This is where I belong. This is where my ancestors lived and died.'

"Well, I saw England. I saw London and the charming English countryside. It was small and neat and endlessly delightful. I found myself thinking of my Western United States—of space and bigness, of the Sierras and plains and the brown California hills. Suddenly, I knew where I belonged.

"The moment I returned to the United States I took out my first citizenship papers. Just seven days before Pearl Harbor, I became an American citizen. It was the most thrilling experience in all my life. I cast my first presidential vote last November, by absentee ballot, before I left for the Fiji Islands. I voted for Franklin Roosevelt."

It was time for me to leave. We stood up, and I was preparing to say goodbye. I happened to remark that at least in the months ahead, when she will be working so very hard, Olivia could feel certain permanence in her new house—the house she likes so well, even if it is too large.

Olivia looked a little sheepish, and grinned. "It's awful," she confessed, "but I just heard the other day that now this house is up for sale!"

We laughed. But I left with a serious feeling, too; a feeling that Olivia is one of the rare people who has looked at the world about her, and has learned. It was a good feeling to have.

THE END

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Donna Reed and agent-husband Tony Owen try to pick a winner at Hollywood Park opening.
All's Right With Richard (continued from page 23)

I said, "I want to be an actor!"

The next two years Conte spent with the Neighborhood Playhouse. It was a "new life" for the barber's son from Jersey City. "I met a different type of people," he says. "People interested in literature, the theatre, politics, art and music. I'd never had any idea those things would interest me; but I realized then that I'd wanted them all along without knowing it."

Before that, the closest I'd ever come to the arts was through the piano lessons my parents had insisted upon. I took the lessons, and practiced, out of a sense of duty to my family; they were poor, and I knew they had to sacrifice to manage that extra expense. But I never really appreciated what I was getting.

"So I came to the point of trying to make up for lost time. I sponged up knowledge you might say: I gulped everything I heard, as though it were my last breath of air. It was all new to me—I just barely knew who Shakespeare was!"

The shyness disappeared, too, as he gained confidence in himself. But for just how shy he had been, here's something that happened in his sophomore year in high school:

"Our class was holding a dance," Dick tells, "but I had no intention of going. Then a very pretty girl whom I'd admired—from afar, needless to say—asked me if she could go to the dance with me."

"There was a dead pause of ten minutes, while I blushed and stammered. I couldn't bear to look at the girl, and I couldn't find any place else to look. Finally she assumed I meant yes, and there I was!"

The Richard Conte you saw in "Guadalcanal Diary," in "The Purple Heart," and who you'll be seeing in "A Walk in the Sun" and "The Spider" is a far cry from that bashful adolescent. Since turning actor, he's sure of himself; nothing's too big for him to tackle.

He came to Hollywood not three years ago, to test for the George Gershwin role in "Rhapsody in Blue." He had just received his medical discharge after nearly a year in the Army, and was in the throes of deciding "what next." By that time he had a reputation on Broadway, and there were play offers. But the Gershwin role was alluring to him, so he elected to come to the Coast.

What Conte didn't know, of course, was that his enthusiastic agent had assured Producer Jesse L. Lasky that he was "the next big thing," as well as an actor. Dick was at dinner with the Laskys one night, and here's what happened:

"There were several people in the party," Dick says, "and everyone talked about music. Finally Mrs. Lasky said she couldn't wait till we got back to their house, so she could hear no more. About then, I began to catch on."

Back at the house, Dick stalled. He kept Mr. Lasky in his den, talking over pictures of former stars launched by the producer. "I kept as far from the piano as I could!" Dick laughs. "But it was no use. It was like a magnet, and seemed to be tapping me on the shoulder."

"Finally I gave up the idea of going, with everyone waiting expectantly . . . and I had absolutely no idea what to do, I knew they were expecting something."

"I began to wonder what the regrettable truth was that I didn't even know the first two measures of 'Embraceable You.' What I would have done to have an agent, had he been there at that moment!"

"I stared at the keys, and they stared right back at me. I had to do something; so, acting as much like Gershwin as I could, I hit a chord in the bass section. It sounded good, and I repeated it. It still sounded good, so I did the same thing with my right hand. Finally I was doing a chord, then three notes with my left hand, repeating the same three notes with my right hand, and then doing the same thing a half-tone down."

"It sounded very familiar! I must say . . . and I was getting a big kick out of watching everyone watch me. When I finished, I mumbled nonchalantly: 'Just a little something I wrote.'"

"Everyone agreed that I'd make a great Gershwin, and they began looking me up and down to see if I walked like George, if my hair grew like his, etc. In the end, I didn't make the test, after all; I signed with Twentieth Century-Fox, instead."

But the incident is typical of the new Conte—as is the fact that, since then, he's been working on that "embarrassing moment" composition and now has a really good musical piece to show for his experience.

He likes to paint, too. And the house he shares with his wife in Beverly Hills is a veritable gallery of "masterpieces."

Living in a house is one of the things Dick likes best about working in Hollywood. In those early New York days, you'll remember, it was a furnished room, eight floors up.

"There was an all-night restaurant across the street," Dick adds, "and every time they used the cash register it sounded like a gong and woke me up. I could tell how much business..."
Dick's wife is the former Ruth Strome, a fellow actress from his Group theatre days. He sent for her after he signed his 20th contract, and they were married—in Hollywood. (Fact is, they honeymooned on the "Guadalcanal Diary" location, at Oceanside, Calif.) Ruth is small, dark-eyed and vivacious; an established actress in her own right, but she has put aside all professional ideas other than those having to do with her husband's career. She is content being just Mrs. Richard Conte.

Dick likes to tell the story of how he got his biggest break on the stage. It was with the role of Mike, in "Jason." (Mike was a character patterned after William Saroyan, a little detail no one had bothered to explain.) When he turned up to read for the role, between performances in a play about to close, Conte gave his own interpretation. Sampson Raphaelson and George Abbott were not impressed. They told him they didn't think he was right for the part, and went on interviewing other actors.

They tested several dozens, and were still stuck for a Mike. It was then that Dick's agent called the discouraged casters and suggested that they go to see Dick in "Walk Into My Parlor," in which our Horatio Alger hero played a dashing gangster. The agent was sure if they saw Conte work, they'd change their minds.

"They agreed to have a look," Dick says. "So Raphaelson said to Abbott: 'Go down and see him.' And Abbott said to Raphaelson: 'You go down and see him.' With the result that it was Abbott's daughter, Judith, who got the assignment.

Judith went to see him, and came back raving enthusiastically. Next day Raphaelson actually did catch the show, and after the first act he went backstage: "The part is yours, Conte," he said.

But Conte didn't want it that way. He had a hunch that Raphaelson wasn't completely sold on him; so he told him to think it over and let him know when he was really sure. They left it like that.

That night at Sardi's, Dick ran into Raphaelson again and joined him at his table. By that time, he had a pretty good idea what was wanted in the role, and pulled the same stunt he used later when he was trying for the Gershwin part. He began talking and acting like Saroyan, and—it worked!

What's more, even Saroyan was pleased. "Jason" was Conte's last show before he went into the Army. One Sunday afternoon, while on furlough, he was walking along 53rd Street. Saroyan spotted him. "Come here, come here!" he called excitedly. "I've got a part for you... in 'Across the Board Tomorrow Morning.' The character is supposed to be me, and you're the only guy who can do me.

Dick said, "But look!" and pointed to his uniform.

Saroyan looked. "Oh, that's all right," he said pleasantly. "Can't you get away for a few weeks?"

But for all that the stage was his first love, and Dick naturally hopes he'll get back to Broadway occasionally to do a play, still he's well-satisfied with the movies. He likes the medium; likes the chance to do a variety of roles.

He's had to make one concession to Hollywood, however; his name. It's really Nicholas Conte. On the stage it was Nick Conte, but he agreed when his studio protested that it sounded "too foreign." "I was afraid it would type me," he explains. "I could see myself playing Italian fruit dealers, or icemen, from here on in!"

Possible, we say, but not likely. For both his studio and the public are agreed that Dick Conte is one of the best bets of this or any other year. There's small chance of his being typed, but he'll have to go some to equal the variety of his real-life roles. From waiter to screen star, and making all stops enroute! The End

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NEW PROVEN HELP FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR • Try the FRAGRANT RITZ MEDICINAL TREATMENT FOR "LONGER HAIR"
IT'S NEW! IT'S DIFFERENT!
LETS TONING TURN YOUR HAIR INTO A CLOUD OF LOVELINESS

You have always dreamed of LONGER, wavier HAIR—that's easy to manage—easy to do—in exciting new styles—lovelier to look at, thrilling to touch, so make a date with glamour—Don't put it off another minute, send for this new amazing medicated treatment at once, convince yourself that there IS hope for dry, unruly, drab looking hair, if you want your hair more vibrantly beautiful . . . longer! Yes, hair may get longer and more beautiful when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded. That's why the Ritz way is the natural way to help your hair, it's not like any other hair dressing on the market—it's a medicated preparation which contains proven, tested ingredients beneficial to scalp and dry, brittle, unruly hair. Keeps the hair perfectly groomed! Removes loose dandruff, relieves dry, itchy scalp!

RITZ MEDICINAL TREATMENT FOR BRITTLE HAIR • Try the FRAGRANT NEW PROVEN HELP FOR DRY,

B赞誉y for 7 Days at Our Risk

LET THIS GENTLE, BUT EFFECTIVE HAIR AND SCALP CONDITIONER TURN YOUR HAIR INTO A CLOUD OF LOVELINESS

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While dressing, something had told her not to wear it, even as she held it in her hand ready to fasten it about her wrist.

"How silly," her hostess scoffed.

"And really, it looks so beautiful with that costume. Don't be a goose; put it on and forget about it." Louise wore the bracelet—and lost it that night. No trace of it ever has been found.

Vivid among her recollected hunches was the telephone incident at college. Because she was only a precocious 14 when she entered the University of Oklahoma, Mrs. Allbritton accompanied Louise to the school and lived with her near the campus. At home in Wichita Falls the telephone had become the bête noire of the Allbritton household; even the two lines in the home were insufficient to handle all the incoming calls, and the persistent ringing of a phone got on the nerves of the entire family. Mrs. Allbritton therefore suggested to Louise that it would be a blessed relief to have no phone in their campus home, and Louise was persuaded to agree.

One afternoon while walking home from classes Louise suddenly stopped at the telephone company and asked that a phone be installed immediately. When told it would require several days for her order to be filled, she pleaded almost desperately for quicker service. Something in the urgency of her face and voice must have impressed the telephone company, for the phone was installed and in working order by noon the next day.

Two hours later, while Louise was in school, Mrs. Allbritton suffered a paralytic stroke. By dint of great effort, however, she was able to pull herself to the telephone to call for help.

Later the same year, Louise again had an uncanny hunch about her mother. Mrs. Allbritton had returned to Texas after suffering the
stroke, and apparently had regained complete health. Every letter Louise had from home, in fact, stressed how well her mother was feeling. Two days before she was to leave for home for her Easter vacation, however, Louise awakened suddenly one night with the certain knowledge that something was amiss at home. So strong was the conviction that she persuaded the dean to permit her to leave for home one day ahead of the school schedule. While she was en-route, Mrs. Allbritton suffered a second stroke and was unconscious until the hour of Louise's arrival. She awakened briefly when Louise entered the room, talked lovingly with her for 15 minutes, and died.

"But for that hunch, I could not have reached home in time," Louise said. "Too, it had prepared me for mother's death, so the blow was not as shocking as it might have been."

Louise long has had an aversion to locks of any kind, and admittedly is often guilty of leaving her automobile parked on the street without locked protection of any kind. One night recently she returned from the studio and, as usual, left the car on the street with the keys dangling in the ignition. While eating her dinner a sudden compulsion made her leave the table, walk out to the car and, for the first time in months, thoroughly lock it up tight.

The next morning she heard considerable commotion all along the block in which her charming apartment is located, and upon investigating the hubbub, discovered that every car parked on that street, save hers, had been robbed during the night of its radio or some other valuable accessory!

Then there was the case of the mink coat. Lunching one day last winter at Club 21 in New York, she was persuaded against her will to check her mink coat. Keeping it with her at the table would crowd things, her friends said, and besides, it was safer to be checked anyway. When she went to reclaim it, the checkroom was thrown into an uproar upon the discovery that in some inconceivable manner the mink coats belonging to Louise and another patron had been given away, and only two cloth coats remained in their place. The other patron became frantic, but Louise took it calmly.

"Don't worry," she said casually. "I'll get it back."

Three days later she had another lunch date, this time at the Colony Club. As she and her escort were stepping into the cab, Louise impulsively suggested they go to Club 21 instead.

"But I have a reservation at the Colony, and we'll have to stand in line at 21," her escort protested.

"Never mind that," Louise said. "Let's go to 21 anyway. I have a feeling about the place today."

While waiting for a table as her escort gloomily had predicted would be necessary, Louise suddenly excused herself and walked over to the checkroom. There hung her mink coat, carefully checked by someone who, incidentally, never presented the check which had been issued for it. As Louise said, maybe that woman had a hunch it would be an unhealthy thing to do! Although the thief had attempted to eradicate identification of the coat by removing the name embroidered on the lining, the stitch marks still clearly spelled out...
Louise Allbritton, and the management thankfully returned it to Louise.

Even her hunches about her career have an eerie way of coming true. Louise has discovered, although none of them has been exactly spectacular. When she left for her USO overseas tour, for instance, the script of "San Diego, I Love You" was being prepared especially for her. Telephoning the studio when she arrived back in New York to learn of the progress of the picture, she was told by Dan Kelly, then head of casting, that the studio had switched plans and Susanna Foster was to star in the picture.

"Oh, no, you're wrong," she corrected him. "I'm going to do that picture."

"Don't be impertinent, young lady," Kelly snapped. "You're not running this studio! I'm telling you Susanna is going to play that part!"

"I don't mean to sound impertinent, Mr. Kelly, but I just know I'm going to do it," she insisted.

"San Diego, I Love You" starred Louise, if you remember.

As for romances and her love life, Louise has her hunches in that department too. She "knew" her recent romance, that seemed headed for the altar really was headed for the rocks, she said, although everything seemed to be in its favor. What's more, she "knew" (even when things were at their rosiest) what would break up her romance and that's the way it worked out. Right now she is convinced it will be a good 4 or 5 years before she marries.

"I'd really like to marry before that, but just the same, I know it will be that long before The Man comes along," she says.

Once in a while her hunches have a way of proving right convenient, particularly in the date department. The other afternoon, for example, she was discussing with a couple of girl friends in her apartment. When it got to be around 5 o'clock she announced she had better start getting dressed for the evening.

"Going out tonight?" one of the girls asked.

"Yes," Louise answered. "For dinner and dancing.

"With whom?"

"I don't know," Louise said. "He hasn't called yet."

"Oh, fine!" said the friend. "Dream one up for me while you're at it!"

Louise smiled but said nothing. By 7 p.m. she was showered, coiffured, and dressed in her "best black," for all the world as if she really had a date. At 7:05 the telephone rang. It was an old friend, just landed in town from overseas.

"Any chance you could do a little dinning and dancing with me?" he asked. Louise said she would love it.

"Fine!" said the man. "How long will it take you to get ready?" Louise said she would be ready, and the man said "Good lord, what a woman!"

No doubt about it, a girl's best friend is her little blue fairy. If she's lucky enough to have one like the Allbritton version.

The End

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

So is MOVIELAND's Christmas symposium, full of recollections of the yule tide season as experienced by such stars as Bill Williams, Ethel Barrymore, Donny Kaye, Vera Ellen, Sharyn Moffet.

JACKASS CIGARETTE DISPENSER

Nods His Head and Extends a Cigarette

1000 LAUGHS

Novelty Sensation! Nothing like it! Lops off for you and your friends, A LUXE gift for anyone. Send cash or money order or 99c for 5 rinses or $1.00 for 12 different shades. Try LOVALON, at stores which sell toilet goods.

"Sally, can't you be sensible about CRAMPS?"

"Each month you take pills so strong they almost knock you out... or so weak they don't do any good. I wish you'd try Chi-Ches-Ters Pills."

Chi-Ches-Ters do more than merely deaden simple menstrual pain. One ingredient tends to help relax muscular tension usually associated with periodic pain. An added iron factor tends to help build up your blood. You usually get best results if you begin taking Chi-Ches-Ters three days before your period. Get a 50¢ box from your druggist today!

"Round-up" Shirt Really Western!

79c plus postage

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Radio and Screen Star

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Coined for your adornment

Genuine Mexican twenty centavo silver coins are attached to two slim silver chains to form a shining cascade about your wrist. The same coins, with ear screws, make unusually attractive earrings. These unique bracelets and earrings are imported from romantic Old Mexico to accentuate your daytime and dating-time loveliness. Bracelet $10. Earrings, pr. $5. Set $14.50. Prices are tax-paid, delivered anywhere in USA. Money back guarantee.

Enclosed is my check (money order) for $ for Mad-Money Bracelets, pairs Mad-Money Earrings, Sets. Please send to:

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CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

1000 LAUGHS

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your name. Andrea's bid to fame was nothing but a doubled-edged sword, and she had plenty of that. One look at her in her first picture was proof of it, and the brothers Warner—never want to let the lawn grow under their solid feet—tackled her at the Warner school and handed her a big sheaf of new scripts to read.

Though her cinematic change has been startling, her personality continues to be the same as when she first hit town: A lonely war wife whose husband had just shipped out somewhere in the Pacific. Enthusiasm has long been a high point in all personalities, and it may be recorded here that it is the basis of Andrea's charm and appeal. Honesty is there, too; an amazingly frank and sincere approach to every situation and to every person she encounters. Honesty with herself comes first, and it makes for a very level-headed kind of gal. The guardian angel who's been hanging around Andrea for the past few days suddenly patted Mr. Greneker on the pate and he found himself just as suddenly dissatisfied with the whole production of which he was the director. Andrea promptly replaced her.

Before two weeks were up, Andrea found herself signed for "Fly Away Home" with Thomas Mitchell. Then "Growing Pains" folded and Andrea went to Florida. She'd been working with her every stage encounter.

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Swimproof "Dark-Eyes"

To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring... even after swimming, crying or perspiring, use "Dark-Eyes". This indelible darkener never runs, smears or smudges. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks...thus ending daily eye make-up bother. Caution: Use only as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of "Dark-Eyes" today!

$1.00 (plus tax) at leading drug and department stores. If your favorite dealer does not yet carry "Dark-Eyes", mail coupon today!

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I enclose $1.20 (tax included) for regular size 1 package of "Dark-Eyes", and directions.
Check shades: [ ] Black [ ] Brown

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Gives You Grand Relief FROM SNIFFY, STUFFY DISTRESS OF HEAD Colds!

Double-duty nose drops work fast right where trouble is!

Instantly relief from head cold distress starts to come when you put a little Va-tro-nol in each nostril. It soothes irritation, shrinks swollen membranes, helps clear cold-clogged nose and makes breathing easier. Also—it helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time! Try it! Follow directions in the package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

In answer to those many requests for "more about Tom Drake"—watch for his story in the January issue of MOVIELAND.

Margaret Rutherford and Rex Harrison in Noel Coward's classic "Blithe Spirit" (UA). Rex is coming from England to do "Anna and the King of Siam" for 20th Century Fox.
INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

Do You Want LONGER HAIR?

 Longer Hair Dresses Better In Latest Styles

THEN TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR Helps Prevent Brittle Ends from Breaking Off

Here is thrilling new hope for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly brittle and breaking-off hair more lovely . . . longer. The Juelene SYSTEM has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, hair may get longer when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle breaking-off hair can be retarded. This wonderful Juelene SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can during application help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week.

Marvelous Help for DRY HAIR

Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Try the Juelene System. See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory!" So take advantage of Juelene's 7-Day Offer NOW!

FRESH TALENT:

Perhaps the truest Hollywood cliché is: You can never tell what is going to happen next, in this crazy picture business. Latest addition to a formidable accumulation of testimony is this lovely fact: Standard Productions, one of the smaller film outfits, assembled a company to go to Las Vegas, Nevada, to make a picture to be titled "Hellorado." (If you've never been in Las Vegas during a Helldorado celebration, you've missed a pageant that turns the Pendleton Roundup pale, and makes the backers of Cheyenne Frontier Days furious.)

When Standard Productions was ready to shoot "Hellorado," they detected a handicap: they had no leading man. Quickly they asked the leader of the orchestra at Las Vegas' swank hotel, El Rancho Vegas, to pinch hit. He was a likely looking chap, someone added, "and might make a hit."

Name of this exciting discovery: Nick Stuart, who was the Van Johnson of his day, and former husband of luscious Sue Carol Ladd.

DENNIS MURPHY DEPARTMENT:

Here is the latest in the doings of George Murphy's fabulous six-year-old son: George recently brought home a new poodle named Lafayette, bringing the total number of Murphy pets to two, as Scooter was already in residence. George was reading his evening paper, the two pups were getting happily acquainted, and Dennis was playing with them, when George became aware of a psychic summons. He glanced at Dennis, and found that young gentleman semaphoring. Paying close attention, George decided that Dennis was trying to tell him that a man-to-man talk outside the room was desired.

He went out of the library, and closed the door. A few seconds later, Dennis—conspiracy personified—let himself into the cor-

ious slant, trying to look nonchalant as he steered the car. Service men went quietly mad with appreciation of this situation. They strolled along beside the car, calling wise cracks. They said, "Can we help you, Cutie?" and "What are you all up in the air about?" They said, "Can we bring you a drink, beautiful?" and they said, "How about climbing out and helping me celebrate, or how about letting me climb in with you?"

She will never forget it. Neither will Mr. Andrews, who was sitting at home going crazy with worry, yet without enough gasoline to start on a tour of investigation.

On the day following the end of gasoline rationing, a Hollywood chap drove into a Sunset Boulevard station and ordered ten gallons of ethyl. When he proffered his stamps, the attendant said they were obsolete—didn't the man read the papers? Groaned the motorist, "And to think that I just paid $3.00 for them."

And, inescapably, in Hollywood, a Helen Hokinson sort of woman drove into a station, ordered five gallons of gas, then flew into a rage when the attendant said, "That will be one dollar, madame." Scolded the lady, "You can't get away with that with me. Don't you know that gasoline is now free?"

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GOOD BOOK:
Pat O'Brien is justly proud of his brood of three, but his parental complacence occasionally undergoes the shock treatment. Recently the clan O'Brien was lined up in two rows at church, the children in front, parents behind. Pat finally watched daughter Mavourneen as she bowed her flaxen head in devout concentration over her prayerbook. "Such piety," thought Pat in tender satisfaction.
At which point, Miss Mavourneen slid the book beside her on the pew, as she rose for the service, and Pat—bug-eyed—read the title: "G-Men And Their Clues."

ALLEY CRITIC:
Bill Eythe owns a cat who must contain the reincarnated soul of some ancient Olin Downs. As long as Bill plays symphonies on his phonograph-recorder, the cat sits in a high window—which she has staked out for her own—and listens critically, or dozes. The instant he puts on boogie-woogie, the cat stalks up and down the length of the window sill, uttering cries like a long-haired soul in torment. Occasionally she pauses long enough to give Bill a baleful glance from infuriated eyes. "She's very autocratic about our musical selections," is the way Bill puts it.

DREAM REALIZED:
The telephone rang in the comfortable suburban home, and three girls made a dash for it. Irene, the youngest, arrived first. Her greeting was answered by a deep, well-modulated male voice. "May I speak to Miss Marguerite Baum?"
Irene, being curious and efficient in the same breath, said, "May I tell her who is calling, please?"
"Lionel Barrymore."
Miss Irene, pop-eyed, turned from the telephone to her older sister. "He says he's Lionel Barrymore, and he sounds like Lionel Barrymore, but somebody must be kidding."
It was no joke. Marguerite Baum is a name for you to remember, because she will sometime be giving a piano concert in your town.
In planning for her first one-woman show in Los Angeles, she studied the lists of newly-published compositions, and in the catalogue chanced upon "Scherzo Grotesque, by Lionel Barrymore." She wrote to Mr. Barrymore, asking if she might be the first to perform the work in concert.
Mr. Barrymore answered by telephone. He gave her permission to play the Scherzo, and was delighted when she said that his phrasing and the use of certain chords indicated Russian influence. He said, yes, that he was deeply interested in Russian music and that it had probably colored some of his work.
Said Marguerite, "Each Christmas I look forward to your performance of Scrooge in Dickens' 'Christmas Carol.' Although I'm
certain the characterization is not innate, it is eloquent of insight."

Mr. Barrymore laughed at the big words and important thought. "Oh, I'm probably like that," he said.

**COLD CALCULATION:**

introduced in "The Corn Is Green" and further accomplished by a water-ice ice box. Joan forgot the ring on top of the ice box until the ring while she wielded the ice pick. She turned out to be a one-day affair because the ice company and told her story. The turned out to be a one-day affair because the ruf, employed on a temporary basis that confidence of the stork that the Bogarts were said, "I understand from the wireless, turned to the house after the marine weekend, as this copy goes to press, the to Mr. Bogart is monumental.

**EVERY KNOCK A BOOST:***

Joyce Loring, Warner's brilliant starlet in Night In Paradise, was ticketed "Miss Oberon's Bejeweled Zooters." decollete, which she wears as a night club entertainer in "As It Was Before," is tagged "Miss Oberon's Drool Dress." Miss Loring's attitude toward ice men is charming, his unique appeal, his hypnotic effect upon older women, "Well, I guess you could say simply that he's the Frankie of the Fias-forties."

**FAMILY AFFAIR:**

Humphrey Bogart's butler is a magnificent ebony Jamaican with a Basil Rathbone accent; his manners are punctilious, his loyalty to Mr. Bogart is monumental. Lauren Bacall and Bogie were on their boat one Sunday when a noted columnist announced that she had it on personal confidence, and understood that the Bogarts were shopping for three-cornered slacks. (At that time, and as this copy goes to press, the rumor is untrue; the Bogarts are buying for three-cornered slacks.)

However, on Monday, when Lauren returned to the house after the marine weekend, she was admitted by the beaming butler who said, "We're letting in the wireless, that we ahrt to have the pleasure of reaching a child."

**BASIC:**

This is an earthy story; if you do not enjoy such, simply skip this paragraph. Afterwards...

You probably remember Moyna McGill for her brilliant bit as the incombed contraband sitter in "The Clock." and as the older sister in "Uncle Harry." You probably remember, too, that she is the gifted mother of Angela Lansbury. What you may not know is that she owns and operates a wt like a whip lash. Shortly after VI Day, an acquaintance of Miss McGill's was boasting about how shrewdly she had managed the war years. Said the chatterbox, "I still have almost a case of pineapple left, and half a dozen boxes of black pepper, and six pairs of nylon, and five boxes of cleenex, and a girdle I've never worn. I made my plans carefully, so that I didn't suffer during the war at all!"

Miss McGill leaned forward. "Tell me," she said tonelessly, "how over did you manage about toilet tissue?"

**EVERY KNOCK A BOOST:**

When the parcel arrived, addressed to Master Charlie McCarthy, that willowy gentelman was out somewhere with Slinky Du- gan. So Edgar Bergen opened the wrappings. Beneath a card signed "Greer Garson" lay a wooden door-knocker in the form of a woodpecker. When a dependent string is pulled, the bird's beak drums at the door.

LE NOT JUSTE:

Marla Oberon likes to name her dresses, tongue in cheek. "I want to be attractive, popular—" she said. "Well, I guess you can say simply that he's the Frankie of the Fias-forties." When a dependent string is pulled, the bird's beak drums at the door.

**CLASSIFICATION:**

At a recent Hollywood party, attended by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sinatra, a chaper who had been the San Francisco Conference was seeking to descry the intense attractiveness of Anthony Eden. Said the speaker, having enumerated Mr. Eden's graciousness, his charm, his unique appeal, his hypnotic effect upon older women; "Well, I guess you could say simply that he's the Frankie of the Fias-forties."

**LENSERS LENSED:**

When Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pasternak arrived at Ciro's one night, and were besieged by photographers—as usual—Mrs. Pasternak said, "Poor men, always working when others are playing. I'll bet that sometime they yearn to attend a party just for fun."

That gave Mr. Pasternak an idea. A few weeks ago, he issued party invitations to every lens-snapper in town, specifying that no one was to bring his camera. He then employed downtown photogs who made a pictorial record of their fellow clickers, eating beautiful food, and chatting with such friends as Katharine Grayson, Jane Powell, Carmen Miranda, June Allyson & Dick Powell, Walter Pidgeon, Xavier Cugat, Diana Lewis & Bill Powell.

**DISCOVERY:**

Eddie Albert and Margo have known each other for years. Each liked the other and enjoyed the other's presence at a party, but both would have indulged in heartily laughter if their names had been seriously coupled in the parenthesis of romance . . . until Eddie came back from overseas and called Margo recently. He told a friend about it afterward: "I now realize that I was trying to get run over by streetcars; I was trying to rhyme Margo with June or moon or something romantic. I was putting the butter in the sugar bowl, and the shoe polish in the refrigerator. Can you beat it!"

So they plan to marry.

**BREAD ON WATERS WILL RETURN AS MILK TOAST:**

During the early days of the war, when Vivian Blake was a frightened little stiletto just trying to get along in the world, she went on a camp-entertainment junket with...
There's MAGIC in the high-low neckline with bright drawing and colorful braid trim! Wear it high—or for real glamour, slip it down over your shoulders. Fine white rayon. Sizes 32 to 38.

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SEND NO MONEY—WE WILL MAIL C.O.D. or for real glamour, slip it down over your shoulders. Fine white rayon. Sizes 32 to 38.
Peggy Ann Garner has had her first date. It was with an attractive 14-year-old boy who suggested, originally, that he and Peggy Ann attend the ballet. Mrs. Garner demurred: she believed that the excitements of adult life should be enjoyed gradually and at advancing periods, so she suggested that luncheon at the studio commissary would be pleasant.

Peggy Ann, breathless with importance, entertained her first beau at one table; a few discreet tables away, Mrs. Garner entertained a woman friend. Everything appeared to be highly auspicious. At which point, another junior actress, aged 8, arrived in the commissary. It occurred to her, patently, that it would be pleasant to be admired by an "older man." Peggy Ann's beau satisfied the description, so the wee one stood at their table, carrying on a one-woman conversation, while Peggy Ann and her escort answered in monosyllables.

Somewhat discouraged, the youngster returned to her own table. Then she thought of a particularly felicitous remark and hastened to confide it to Peggy Ann. Each of her approaches and each of her departures were followed by one of those groping silences during which Peggy Ann and her boy friend tried to reassemble their truncated conversation.

All together, there were about five such intrusions. Observed Peggy Ann somewhat stiffly afterward, "I hope that the next time I have a date, Mother, I can enjoy it without the interruption of mere children!"

Say "Ah!"

Charles Korvin, for his second Universal picture, "This Love of Ours" (originally titled "As I Was Before") enacts the role of a doctor. Naturally, a practicing physician was employed to act as technical advisor to insure accuracy of Mr. Korvin's professional behavior. During a rehearsal one morning, the doctor looked at Mr. Korvin fixedly. "Open your mouth," he adjured. Mr. Korvin, bewildered, obeyed. "Hmm—just as I thought," said the medical man. "Bad tonsils. Should be removed."

So, as soon as Charles Korvin finishes the picture, he will carry the advice of the picture's technical adviser into surgery.

Nudist:

Butch, Gene Tierney's dog, has earned—without justice—a reputation for being a ham. It seems incredible that an animal could know when a cameraman has arrived to take pictures . . . but then. Butch is an incredible dog. He has always managed to get into a maximum of Gene Tierney's home routines.

On the set of "Leave Her To Heaven," a still cameraman was preparing to make a shot, so glanced around for the ubiquitous hound. No Butch. "I'd be lonesome if that dog wasn't trying to get in the pictures; probably ruin my technique," said the cameraman, and went in search of his problem hound.

Butch was located in Gene's dressing room, huddled in a corner in the hope of being inconspicuous: he had been shaved like a lion (Gene thought this undress would comfort Butch during the hot weather.) But Butch was embarrassed. If he could have found a barrel, he would have been wearing it.

The End

Peggy Ann Garner has had her first date.
NEW PICTURE GUIDE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

Police Captain Burke (Warren William) who likes to use psychology when tracking down killers. The killer is college student Larry Crain (Peter Cookson). Ann Gwynne, James Cardwell, Nestor Paiva and Frances Fricolotti are part of this we-know-who-done-it-so-what drammer.

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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

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HOLLYWOOD CHARM, Dept. 127

Please send me "Glamour-Lift" Brassiere at $1.98 plus postage. (White only)
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SEND NO MONEY — WE MAIL C.O.D.

31 E. Madison St.
Chicago 2, Illinois
Dear Marion:

Since you have exhausted all your efforts to clear up this situation, and without success, why don't you take your problem to your father?

He must be an able and intelligent person to have become a successful attorney and mayor, and I am sure nothing would please him more than to have you come to him. I know it would make him proud to feel he had your confidence.

This problem needs a man's viewpoint to solve it, and your father is the logical person to help you.

JANE WYMAN

Dear Jane:

My problem may seem kind of childish to you, but it is awfully important to me. You see, since my father passed away a few months ago, I have been living with my sister, and we just don't get along. I have no one else to go to or live with. If I am only seventeen, so I have to live with her, but it is becoming an impossible condition. We fight all the time, and as she is five years older than me, she doesn't understand how I feel.

I am writing to you about having a case on the brain of normal living is forgotten and everything one is improvising as best as possible, and all that I stood for. When he said good night, he told me it was all a bet, and that he truly hated me and all that I stood for.

I am at my wit's end, and have tried everything to work it out. I really think the world of him and it just makes me shudder to think he will soon be going to the Army hating me.

What would you suggest?

Marion

Dear Barbara:

I believe you answered your own problem in the first line of your letter, when you said that your situation was a childish one.

Getting along with one's relatives when one is forced to live with them is nearly always a trying situation.

However, remember that today, when normal living is forgotten and every one is improvising as best as possible, there are thousands of people in similar circumstances. There are girls living with in-laws who are practically strangers, members of families pitching in together to share expenses and living quarters although they might have been together to share expenses and living quarters although they might have been.

In short, you must think of your circumstance, and, like many, many others today, make the best of the bar-

Just think of the good side of the picture—that you are lucky to have a sister to go to, be a big person about normal living is forgotten and every one is improvising as best as possible, and all that I stood for. When he said good night, he told me it was all a bet, and that he truly hated me and all that I stood for.

I am at my wit's end, and have tried everything to work it out. I really think the world of him and it just makes me shudder to think he will soon be going to the Army hating me.

What would you suggest?

Marion
SUB-SIXTEEN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

Connie, who was born in New York City, comes from a long line of ancestors who made their mark in the world too. There was Gerardus Beekman, first Colonial governor of New York, John Marshall, first Chief Justice of the United States, Jonathan Trumbull, one of George Washington's pals, and last but not least Priscilla Alden.

When Connie speaks for herself, she looks at you through wide blue-grey eyes that express sincerity and an anxiousness to please. She talks of such things as big sister Priscilla who takes her swimming and with whom she fights upon occasion. "But" says Connie "they say true love never runs smooth." She tells you that right now her hobby is philately (and she doesn't stumble over the multiple syllables) . . . that her pets are two goldfish, a snail, and a canary, but she'll be owning dogs and cats too as soon as her father, Lt. John Marshall, comes home from Europe and they find a house with a yard . . . that her idol is Helen Hayes whom she hopes to meet some day . . . that her favorite food is hamburgers with plenty of mustard . . . that her favorite breakfast is everything . . . that her favorite color is red . . . that she loves chocolate chip cookies and onions will do in a pinch . . . that her idol is Helen Hayes. (Incidentally, Connie's I. Q. is 135, so you can be sure that Mr. De Kruif is being understood.)

Her most prized possession? A charm bracelet because each charm commemorates a step in her movie career—a ring given her as a good-luck token by the actor with whom she made her screen test, a chicken for "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier," a goat for "Dragonwyck" and a ship from Europe and they find a house with a yard . . . that her idol is Helen Hayes whom she hopes to meet some day . . . that her favorite food is hamburgers with plenty of mustard . . . that her favorite breakfast is everything . . . that her favorite color is red . . . that she loves chocolate chip cookies and onions will do in a pinch . . . that her idol is Helen Hayes. (Incidentally, Connie's I. Q. is 135, so you can be sure that Mr. De Kruif is being understood.)

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should happen to me, it would break Mama's heart, but aside from her there wouldn't be anyone on earth who would really care."

When a girl feels sorry for herself in that way, there is one simple explanation: she craves to fall in love, and to be fallen in love WITH.

At which point—exactly as it would be done in a smooth motion picture scenario—Betty became aware of the electric gaze of someone. Slowly, so as not to attract attention, she turned her head and stared directly into a pair of the brownest eyes she had ever seen. Naturally, Betty has been stared at by men before; the mere fact of intense observation was not unique, but something about this man was.

He and a male companion were seated by the head waiter in a booth in full view of the Hutton table. Betty, whose interest in her favorite food (spareribs) had been negligible until that moment, abruptly attacked her food with gusto.

Her fainting spirits revived as if given a whiff of triple-oxygen. She became—to the pop-eyed amazement of Max, Max, Max, life, not only of their table, but of the Singapore. Afterward, Betty confided to a friend, "I imagine that I made the world's biggest fool of myself."

This is doubtful, as the result of her vivacious return from the land of zombies, was the attraction of half the enrollment of The Singapore. Everybody wanted to join the party.

The man with the eyes ordered a steak. He looked at Betty. He chatted easily with his companion. He looked at Betty. He smiled ever so faintly. And then, after having paid his check, he left.

Betty wanted to arise and call after him. But she knew, as any other girl in such a position as to bring a vast smile to the waiter's face, he left.

It was to Betty, whose interest in her favorite food (spareribs) had been negligible until that moment, abruptly attacked her food with gusto.

"Hello?" "Hello," said a deep, calm male voice. A voice utterly without artifice or hesitancy. "You know who this is, don't you?"

"I asked who you were, too," said Mr. Briskin. "Now, let's see if we have any 'movers and shakers' so that we can be formally introduced."

"Wouldn't Max count, since he knows your brother?"

"I should think so. We'll be back in a few minutes."

Betty squeaked, "Oh, no. I know almost everyone in here, and they're around the table, and there's so much confusion, and it would look well, well..."
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odd, and..." Her voice trailed off. "Very well. My brother and I will be parked out in front, twenty minutes. We'll pick you up and your friends.

When Betty confided the plans to Max, the Bnks, "If the Bnks are fine people, Betty. They're well and favorably known in Chicago."

Gassed Betty, "It can't be. For a man to be that handsome, unmarried, successful in business, and to come from good family that can't happen to me!"

After the proper introductions were made the party proceeded to the Chez Paree. Betty, who was accustomed to sing. It would be impossible for Betty to tell anyone whether the Chez Paree now has a good orchestra, whether it has been redecorated, or what the color of the walls were. The Bnks, and Theodore J. Briskin were too busy talking.

In effect, she told him the story of her life, so that if he were oddly, oddly prep school and University and then followed her to New York. The Bnks, who had already heard about her when her name was mentioned, felt that she had been theatrical since she was a nubbin. To her amazement, she discovered that he had already heard of the father's plant when she was fourteen. Mechanically inclined, he had been unable to wait for formal education; he wanted to be doing things, to be perfecting and inventing gadgets. He invited Betty to go through his Chicago plant, the Revere Camera Company, the following day. "I'd love that, Betty."

One of the first things she noticed was the gilt label on his office door: "Theodore J. Briskin, President." "Get you," grinned Betty, knowing that she was safe.

By this time it had become "Ted" and "Betty." He told her about inventing a new type camera in 1939. He told her about the time he spent it and the return to civil life to supervise the expediting of a government contract for precision instruments.

Betty, after a visit with Eunice, her hairdresser, "No, I don't believe it. This is all too good to be true. It simply can't happen to me."

Because Betty's itinerary had long been planned. At the last minute, she had to go on to New York. She had been on the 20th Century Limited for an hour when the first wire arrived from Ted. An hour later, a second wire arrived. When she reached New York, there were flowers awaiting her in her hotel suite. The wires and telephone calls and flowers continued to arrive; then—two days later—Mr. Briskin, himself, telephoned to say that he was in the hotel lobby.

Together, they took New York apart. New York is a fabulous place in which to fall deeper and deeper into love: there is so much to do, so many places to see, such enchantment in unexpected spots.

Then it happened! Betty and Ted had their first quarrel. Betty, being an employee. Her employers had a good many duties mapped for her; about 25 hours out of every 24 were carefully planned. Ted couldn't understand it. "But you have the right to some time to yowl and...

Sometimes she did have an evening, but wherever she went she was mobbed by autograph hounds. She loves her public; she would stand for hours, shoveling a pencil over a series of signatures. 
of books, patiently signing her name.

Ted Briskin, a quiet man with strong convictions about the conventions, could neither understand, nor endure it. "What a confused, chaotic way to live!" he said. Whereupon the quarrel ensued. It ended with Ted returning to Chicago, and Betty making dismal packing for her European tour. For two long, solid, endless weeks, Betty heard nothing. And then, getting ready to leave New York, she received a long, explanatory, apologetic wire, followed by a telephone call.

Her overseas trip was a rugged one; Betty lives on raw courage most of the time, and simply knocks herself out to give a brilliant performance, no matter what the handicaps. She hasn't the physique to underwrite her furious vitality; she's like a Wright cyclone engine installed in a little red coaster wagon.

The next thing Betty knew, she was resting in a government hospital, where she received a cablegram from Ted reading, "Please cable size of third finger, left hand." She was better at once; thirty minutes later she was ready to go home.

Ted waited in New York, improving his time by shopping for a ring that would represent, in token, his esteem for Betty. When Betty flew to Chicago, and Betty making dismal arrangements to finish last minute living!" he said. Whereupon the quarrel it. "What a confused, chaotic way to end with Ted returning

TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCE.

Barbara Stanwyck has long stressed the importance of truth to her young son. Dion. Recently Barbara heard Dion talking to a friend. "You know, it's really swell, lying in bed in the morning and ringing for my valet." His friend was pop-eyed. "You mean you have a valet?" Dion considered. "Well, no. But I've got the bell."
of charming things happened; she met Ted's entire family and liked them tremendously.

One evening she found a huge bouquet of flowers in her room and with it was a poem written by Joseph Zivny, an engineer in Ted's company: "TO A TWINKLING STAR—"

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, We know how real and sweet you are, Up in the movie world so high, We're honored with your stopping by.

In talent you and Ted abound, To place you both on common ground, In leadership we feel that he Is the guiding star of our company.

Like heavenly stars, you're both aglow With infinite love; this, you show. He is your dream—you are his pride. God speed the day you'll be his bride."

Betty is saving that to show her grandchildren.

Mrs. Hutton and Lindsay arrived in Chicago on Sunday, September 2, and were met at the train by a car Ted had sent. They were taken to the hotel, and there Betty and her mother had the case together, tactfully provided by Ted, before he arrived. He also had sent roses to await her arrival.

When Betty was announced from the lobby, and arrived a moment later, he smiled at Mrs. Hutton, said, "Hello, Mother," and extended his arms. Mrs. Hutton stepped into that welcoming circle. He let her cry, soothing her only with silent stroking. That slight, eloquent incident, as much as anything that had gone before, made Betty that she had made a wise choice.

The ceremony was performed in the small private room off the Drake's Camellia Room, and the reception was held in the larger space. United States District Judge Philip L. Sullivan read the service at six o'clock in the evening. As "something old," Betty wore her suit; her "something new" was a pair of nylons that she had treasured and saved for years, without quite knowing why she had saved them; her "something borrowed" was a handkerchief loaned by Bea Allen who had been in the overseas troupe with Betty; but the "something blue" was utterly unique. Doris Harris, once Betty's hairdresser, but now with WAVES, stationed at Great Lakes, was able to attend the ceremony. When Betty was dressing, she snipped a small section of blue fabric from one of the seabees' shirts—therefor the "something blue." This, Betty carried in her prayer book.

The bride's gift to the groom was a gold cigarette case, with appropriate inscription; the groom's gift to the bride was extensive: (1) a gold mesh purse; (2) a white Persian lamb purse; (3) a gold pen and pencil set engraved with Betty's new initials, B. H. B.

Said Betty, "If I weren't already known as Betty Hutton, wouldn't Betty Briskin make a beautiful professional name?" And, as the troubadours closed every story of true love—"They lived happily ever after."
jump off the Woolworth Building, he'd do it, because he's convinced that I'd never let him get hurt. He's never been hurt. When he has a difficult jump to make, I always stand below and catch him, breaking his fall. In "Hold High The Torch," I doubled for a Jap officer, and that man stood by and collected $75 for it. But it was a 12-foot leap, 10 feet out, and I knew Lassie would feel more confident if I was there to take care of him. He doesn't fight me as well as he fights others, because he thinks I'm playing; anyway, he won't hurt me. So after the big leap, I made a lot of wild gestures and they cut to a shot of Lassie with the real actor."

When the Weatherwax boys were small, they lived on a ranch near Silver City, New Mexico, where their father raised Angora goats. The elder Weatherwax trained collies to bring in the goats, and in his latest picture, that is what Lassie does, only he brings in sheep. Ranch collies were all trained to obedience; learned to sit up, lie down, charge, retrieve on command. It's second-nature for a Weatherwax to train dogs.

In "Son of Lassie," major, the star's stand-in, played Lassie's own puppy, Laddie, and Lassie himself played Laddie, full grown. (Get it?) At Major's first appearance on the screen, the audience thundered applause, which was echoed by Rudd, who felt that Major was getting credit for Lassie's first film. Lassie so far has not been quoted.

The puppy learned so much in his first three months, that he can now do all his father does. But nobody asks him to—he's getting a long rest while he grows up.

"We had to trick the little pup into doing some of the things he does in that picture," commented Rudd. "He chews Peter Lawford's sock, tears June Lockhart's skirt, knocks a ball downhill, plays with a pup, has too little to do to those things on cue, as an older dog would have done, so we put small pieces of meat in Peter's sock, on June's skirt, and on the ball. The pup's scene on Peter's bed contains a lot of action, more than most dogs can do in sequence. He whines, yawns, scratches Peter's face; Peter wakes and speaks to him; then the puppy yawns again and the mother dog comes in. The little dog did all this so well that a woman behind me in the audience said: 'That must be a stuffed dog. No puppy could do all that!'"

In silent pictures, it was harder to get dogs to do their stuff, for then carpenters were always hammering somewhere, whistles were tooting off-stage, people were laughing and talking out of camera range, all sorts of noises were going on to distract a dog's attention from his trainer. Now a sound stage is quiet, a trainer can give a brief command or cue signal, and a dog's first film. Lassie was all trained to obedience; learned to sit up, lie down, charge, retrieve on command. It's second-nature for a Weatherwax to train dogs.

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The housing shortage postponed the marriage of Martha Vickers (WB) and Al Herd 'til Oct.

The only dog who ever did it. I took him out to see Director John Stahl for a role at 20th Century-Fox. Mr. Stahl said: 'No, I need a smaller dog.' I showed him Chris' double-take and he laughed. 'All right, he's in!' he said.

Dogs fill engagements anywhere. Mac Weatherwax has been in Florida for three months with a troupe of bloodhounds for "The Yearling." Rommie has just returned from weeks in New Orleans.

Henry East, one of Hollywood's veteran trainers, recently had to call in Lady, 18 years old, and since retired from the screen, to play in "Uncle Harry" for Universal. Lady plays a dog almost too ancient to move. She was "just the type."

Mr. East also owns Corky, half-Welsh-terrier, half-mutt, who is now working with Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby in "Bells of St. Mary's" at RKO. Corky does several intricate scenes, for which he gets $250 a week.

That English bulldog, Soda, who was prominent in "Silent You Went Away," was actually a show dog, not an actor. He had to learn to sit down, as show dogs only stand or lie down. Inclined to be slow, it took Soda two weeks to learn what was wanted, but he got tremendous fan mail on the picture's release.

If you saw "Maisie Goes To Reno," you'll remember the little Scottie who was always going into or getting out of the elevator. That was Dooney, Ann Sothern's own Scottie, who was on the set accompanying Ann to the studio. Dooney wandered into the scene after Ann, looking about in a peculiarly bored and blasé manner. Ann shoved him away, but she wasn't quick enough and camera caught him. When the day's rushes were viewed, Dooney convinced the projection room and promptly went on the payroll.

For "State Fair," 20th Century-Fox rented 50 Hampshire pigs and bought four Hampshire boars, too. Blue Boy and Esmeralda—a pair of Hampshire boars—were all right. Meat shortage was on, and Dick Haymes and June Haver eyed Blue Boy's 880 pounds of pork with dreamy eyes; "He'd do, at least 700 pounds of meat," sighed Dick. "I figured that's 2500 red points. How could we come by that many points?"

For days the cast wrestled with the problem of how to use the OPA and discovered that there are no ration points on live animals! Dick didn't buy Blue Boy—his owner won't sell.

Sheep and goats were used in "The Corn Is Green." Warner Brothers' prop department was prepared to cope with scenery-chewing goats, but the animals behaved well. It was the sheep that grazed on the strips of sod brought in to dress the set.

Bob Hope insists he aged several years in training—"I mean, happy accidents. Once I was training a dog to sit up, but instead he lifted only one paw in a perfect salute. I let him keep doing that and they used it in a picture.

"Chris, the mutt in 'Kiss and Tell,' is the only dog who can do a double-take on cue. I was trying to teach him to sneeze when he suddenly came out with his funny-business;
owned the bear, is reported to be in a hospital now. The bear bit him.

That same picture called for reindeer which, it seems, disappear in winter. The company couldn’t wait for summer, and an S.O.S. reached the ears of the Canadian government. At a cost to Paramount of $27,000, Canada delivered seven reindeer. Santa Claus, the party needing the speed of Christmas transportation, always drives eight, as every infant knows, and at first the director thought he’d better drop the whole idea. Still and all, there was that $27,000 on the budget. In the end, seven reindeer worked, Santa explaining that No. 8 was on a date with Dottie.

The horse used in “Duel In The Sun” earns over $5000 a year. Dice is part-Arabian, part American saddle horse, and can do all the usual things: he does not have a “whinn” bow, lie down, rear up, retrieve a walk lame, kneel, side slip and come on call. For the picture, Gregory Peek must jump over Dice’s rump into the saddle, at a run, dismount by swinging over Dice’s neck, at a gallop, and bring the horse to a crushing halt. Dice also must rear up and fight with his forefeet in a wild scene. He’s a real ham and can’t wait to get into a scene. In fact, he’ll dash onto the set before his director is ready. They had to use silent signals instead of the customary cortex. Even so, because Dice insisted on starting at the first word.

The secret of teaching any animal to act lies in getting its confidence. Once he trusts his trainer, he’ll do whatever that trainer asks. To get a horse to nod his head, you touch a certain place on his neck, touch him there, and any horse, wild, or tame, but he must then be taught to make it into a slow and graceful dip of the head. Another signal brings a shake of the head, still another, and the horse paws the earth with one foot, counting up to the number his owner indicates. As he learns each trick, he is rewarded with a pat of raw carrot. (Before rationing, the reward was a lump of sugar.)

Some horses “spook” easily. That means they shy away and buck at strange sights or smells. Camels will make almost any horse spook, but some will stop it if gently led. A girl’s fancy dress, or such as his rider’s flowing Arabian cap may make almost any horse nervous and tense while the animal effect! 7

Thereafter, he ignores the beast. There’s a fun “if you can” creature, the horse presumably says to himself, “but I suppose he can’t help it.” Thereafter, he ignores the beast. If a horse still won’t be permitted to investigate everything odd about action required of him—such as his rider’s flowing Arabian cap, say, or shields and spears to be carried, or a girl’s fancy dress, or something that clanks—he’s withdrawn from the picture.

Animals on sets, as has been mentioned, are carefully handled. Although a Humane Society representative is always on hand, no trainer who values his animal would permit it to risk its life. A well conducted animal is usually nervous and tense while launching new characters and getting unaccustomed to each other—and who cares? But let there be a horse, dog, chimp or other creature present and the set is closed to press and visitors for at least four days, while the animal star is getting acclimated.

The End
equal results. More restrained members of the motion picture colony had

could! It was that she

to; it was that she

wanted was more than just that she

ple were slow to understand that it

guess, we know now!

equipped with certain specific assets

importantly. Indeed, her being mar¬

with a very critical eye.

and those who would love her and admire her

give her the happiness she sought

and that life (with him) could be

be a new enthusiasm—the theatre.

make-up shows a yearning to be a

lives under the creative part of her

in her life finally came to an end—they

years (much to Hollywood's surprise,

and contributed, perhaps more than

favored her "development" rather

would love her and admire her

understand the conflicts of her spirit;

Her emotional collapse was enough

to create a social blackout for the next

years. It's a weakness with Joan (one of few) that does not seem to vanish

time (at the time) doesn't alter that fact.

when the Fairbanks chapter in her

life came to an end—they had

trivial marital difficulties for some time—Joan wasn't prepared for

for the ultimate decision of divorce.

I don't think in general she is

introspective. She doesn't brood over much. Perhaps when she

in her own emotions but that

understand the conflicts of her spirit;

Her critical ability is good and she

and so rightly deserved. When a

that they were in love, and for

Joan to know that "this time it's the

the "divorcing type." Her complete

make-up shows a yearning to be a

for her family however:

I'm convinced now—after three

And in public life, she's inclined to be

her an ideal wife for the man who is

Conservative.

in Spontaneity vs Control). In her

private life, Spontaneity has its op¬

portunity to overcome Control, with

the result that at home or with close

friends, her exterior conventionality

turns into warmth and exuberance.

I'm convinced now—after three

years—that my question about the

perpetual honeymoon has been an¬

swered. And the answer is plainly

there, for all to see. Joan and Philip

are terribly devoted to each other—but

wonderfully!

Joan's mother-instincts are not con¬

fined only to her family however:

They cover a much greater area.

Nothing pleases them to ad¬

vise, guide and take care of her

friends, as well. Never one for half¬

measures, when Joan offers friend¬

ship, she offers friendship fully.

She admits this is a fault in some in¬

stances; that it's being over-emotional,

that it's something she has strug¬

gled for a long time to control.

Happily, trips are at times extremely ex¬

citing, she possesses much affectivity. She's quite

taken in by her own emotions but that

which comes under the creative part of her

She has imagination, is very optimistic, likes to travel, and

has quite a flair for adventure. Be¬

H. Crawford

Joan has been very careful to explain

loved so well was her step-father,

Having had her own childhood

marred by the accidental and shock¬

ing discovery that her father she

loved so well was her step-father, Joan has been very careful to explain
to both her children that they are

"adopted by the same man you wanted you so much and love you more than any

other little boy or girl in this world." But for a woman of Joan's tempera¬

tment, it was inevitable that some day someone would come into her

life and give her the happiness she sought

and give her the happiness she sought

and give her the happiness she sought

by a band who shows the same tendencies of giving that she does. The intensity

which directs all her emotions makes her

man who is compatible, in that sense.

I remember asking, several months later: "But Joan, is the honeymoon

really going to last forever? Can you possibly be that content, Joan, and

Phillip?" They were still telephon¬

ing another several times every day—and they do now, if they're sepa¬

rate, right over the phone. In my

"friend of the family" capacity, I

suppose it wasn't so surprising that

they didn't hesitate to exchange "I

love you" in my presence—with

an acquaintance of tender endear¬

ments. But the point is: They never

hesitate! They're so delightfully

frank and honest about their love.

Again, Joan's inclination was to

escape from her unhappiness. Living

the life of a recluse, she made deter¬

mined vows never to marry again.

After her first marriage—Joan was

radically changed; the marriage

lasted only three years—Joan

was not prepared for the ultimate

decision of divorce.

I don't think in general she is

introspective. She doesn't brood

over much. Perhaps when she

in her own emotions but that

understand the conflicts of her spirit;

Her critical ability is good and she

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cause of her amazing vitality, she's excellent at sports.
A romanticist? But yes! So often instead of facing trying situations, she has idealized them, given them a
reasonable explanation and an appealing quality which few difficult things ever
actualize. When they don't work out as she's couned on, she's
longing for the time she'll be able to...her great enthusiasm for life usually
involves "quick come-back" powers, and a readiness to jump into new fires.

With all this, she's restless and has a tendency for overdoing. Because she
has a way of putting all of herself into a project, and a way of being aggres-
sive about a like or dislikes, she overemphasizes the wrong thing.

It's a pleasure to be invited to the
Terry home, for it's such a perfect
home, in every sense of the word. By
the time I arrived, the house Joan built
in 1929, had started as a seven-room cottage,
and it has gone through various stages of
ugly gates and Moorish doorways—til today, having undergone a series of alterations. It's a model of
present-day smartness; decorative, but in tune with pleasant living. So
representative, it occurs to me, of
Joan herself.

But don't think you can knock at the door of the Brentwood house, and
find Joan Crawford! Because she's
Mrs. Terry. It was "Mrs. Terry" who
answered the telephone when the help shortage was most critical, and she were without maids; it's "Mrs.
Terry" if you're introducing her to
the grocer, when she telephones for a
delivery. Who's Joan Crawford? She's
Lucille LaSueur as registered in the
birth records of San Antonio, Texas; the studio that she founded sounded too like a deliberately "adopted"
movie star name; so they ran a con-
test, inviting fans to select a name, and Crawford was the "people's choice."

In spite of her success, she has not
fully succeeded in integrating her
private life with her role as a star.
The image of a movie star is a top veneer, but underneath is a
certain insecurity. There are indica-
tions that to some extent she even
dislikes being a star. This would be
the combination of a forceful person-
ality competing with a "star personal-
ity." I'll go so far as to bet she
doesn't want to be called "Crawford."
Any sort of interference could be
listed as another "dislike."

But let there be no mistake: Joan
is no Mrs. Doormouse! In matters
pertaining to her career, she's both
ambitious and decisive. Though I re-
member her saying: "Ambitions have
nothing to do with me." I have realized he was not ambitious, at all:
he just had aims. There are always
newer and higher goals to strive for
and no person has ever achieved perfecti

Narrowing down her too expansive energies and putting herself to the service of a purpose, directs her to
external success. Her psychological
make-up of an actress who wants to be appreciated for having worked hard to give shape to one of
her many personality facets. She's
guilty, however, stronger than all that is
her tendency to give a definite direc-
tion to her furies. There again you
find the definitive tendencies. She

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doesn't want to indulge in fun only for the sake of having fun. She must direct her urges toward a goal. She has done this and the result is a deserved success.

Joan still retains the serious dramatic ambition and fierce independence that brought her up from the Broadway choruses. One of the many facets of the Crawford personality is determination. When she decided to be a dancer, she became one; when she decided acting was her forte, so it was.

In her determination to become an actress, many of her actions were criticized, but the criticism served only to put her on the defensive and strengthened her will to succeed. Her seemingly exaggerated indifference to gossip was assumed to hide the fact that the talk really affected her.

To this day, Joan still worries (perhaps more than she realizes) what people think, for painful incidents have taught her that it is simpler to abide by the rules of conventional society. Too close to her heart are the memories of childhood exclusions, and the snubs of those first Hollywood years will never be entirely forgotten.

The ability to work hard and forget about herself while she works is a tremendous source of satisfaction, because her "ego" feelings are expansive. What she accomplishes while she works is the partial sacrifice of her propensities for expansion, to more or less narrowly circumscribed concepts of actual work.

At the beginning, Joan wanted to be taken seriously as an actress; but the "great powers" were not nearly so interested in the "Dancing Daughter" series, which she feared—and rightly so—would inevitably type her as "the girl who dances the Charleston better than anyone else." and with 84 shining gold coin cups, to prove it. She's aware of the danger implied in both her excitability and her propensity for spirit. A born organizer, of course she has a flair for taking the initiative.

Her first type-breaking role—and testimony to this hard-won victory in the battle to "let me try something else"—was in the "Gorgeous Hussy," a costume picture. Next, she told the studio bigwigs that she wanted a mother part—the result, "Susan and God." And for being right, every time she'd insisted on these departures—from-the-expected roles, she was allowed to do "A Woman's Face." Then, when she demanded it! And I think it's quite generally agreed that no picture she's ever done contributed more importantly to "the Crawford prestige."

Her spontaneity and imagination are of a formative nature, since she seems constantly searching for a way to make herself useful. In line with this, she has held her energy and applying it where it can be used to best advantage. She has an extraordinary ability to think rather precisely and in a practical manner. Her thinking is "goal directed." That's the main force which keeps her on her feet; it is a capability for working toward a very definite goal with a practical purpose in mind.

Since she has imagination, she's also capable of attaining that goal. Consequently, everything she undertakes in her mind is bound to lead to success . . . even before there seems a chance for the idea to materialize.

In my own opinion, "The Woman's Face" was her best picture—her most dramatic performance, and doing most to establish her right to be known as "a great actress." But I say was her best; because now, having seen her in "Mildred Pierce," I'm confident that Joan's "best" has been equalled. She's done it again! Always a good actress, but she can better refuse to play the safe role that is parallel with her own personality type. For instance, playing the role of a villainess wouldn't be suitable for her talents. She's too natural. Her creativity is an eruption from a tension within herself and is proven by the fact that she becomes quite emotional at times. A state of Hypomania may reach a high that is almost manic. (This is not abnormal.) This combination of almost fierce spontaneity and a serious attempt to control herself, results in a more restrained conventionality. There are a few signs of anxiety in her handwriting, showing that she tends once in a while to shrink away from visualizing her future. Basically it is underscoring the feeling of having given away too much of herself, and being left without enough for her "self."

Although she's able to concentrate while working, she's not always able to concentrate on her basic problems. A little on the "escapist" side, she is nonetheless quite realistic and practical in regard to the "task in hand."

It would be difficult, I contend, to point to any one climax in Joan Crawford's career. After all, what was the peak? In suggesting that she reached the height of her success in 1933, what I mean is: it was then she first hit "the top." She's been a star for 17 years (which is a record!); so who's to say now: Is her success going to last? Is Joan Crawford going to stay a star?

What seems to characterize her as predestined for acting is the ease with which she transforms her impulses (which are strong) into action. Very often this is without sufficient inhibiting forces.

She was, at that time, so thoroughly representative of the period—of the "gay 30's." It was the devil-may-care era. The reckless prosperity previously
to 1929, and the grimness of the depression which followed. Those were the ups and downs of the times, but Crawford "came through."

Not smugly, however—and not selfishly! For there could never be any justification for saying, "Oh, yes, she's doing it again, don't you think it's fair?"

"Not at all," Joan insists. "I don't think any of the lucky ones." Joan isn't the sort to hoard her blessings; she's an individualist, but not in the sense of feeling that she worked hard for her success, and others can do the same.

I've never known anyone more thoroughly generous. And so thoughtful, too. The kind who "never forgets a birthday, and always has an opportunity to "do something nice." Joan's unpublicized charities form a background for her to a great career and to create a great woman within herself.

It is her tremendous spontaneity that keeps her in constant danger of giving away too much of her "self" and the things that belong to her.

In noting how her career has been such a long-lasting achievement record, I call your attention to the fact that Joan was only 16, when she started! You should know, too, that it has always been accepted that she works for "the glory"; rather than to get more for doing what she considers a mediocre part, she'd prefer do a role that would really stretch her. Joan remembered for 10 years, and make only a thousand dollars a week. (Only! But don't forget, this is Hollywood!)

It all goes to her cleverness, however, that she managed to do both. She's had good parts and she has made "big money" for herself, and those who've produced her pictures. Joan Crawford was voted one of the best money-making stars in Fame polls every year, for five consecutive years—from 1932 through 1936.

She's more or less aware of a conflict resulting from the unexplainable fact that she's very successful—and yet, she's never satisfied with that success. While she likes to make money, because it is a tangible gauge for success, the success itself is the integral factor necessary to her ego ideal.

But for all the heights she's attained, here's one actress who has never been accused of "going Hollywood." She's honest with herself, and too sincere ... honest, I don't believe she could.

All in all, she doesn't really know herself. For trying to expand, she risks expanding too much—indicating that she doesn't realize or know how far she reaches. This may be due to a natural factor within herself or her surroundings, the artificial environment of Hollywood.

The real complication is the constant conflict which occurs when she attempts to play the Hollywood movie star. For the Crawford personality, on the real-life personaility of Mrs. Phillip Terry.

So you ask, Joan Crawford really isn't "Mildred Pierce"? Well, the parallels between that character and her own are "just coincidental." If there appears to be "any similarity" which, knowing Joan, I'm sure that there are—there are reasons for it. And above all, that she has succeeded in giving that impression, with most every role she's ever played ... well, why do we look further for an explanation? Why not just accept the fact: Joan Crawford is a great actress! The End
effort and funds) so far. Currently there is Orson the ventriloquist, the close-lipped companion of a hill-billy belle calculated to make Mortimer Snerd look like a sophisticate, who will shortly introduce the gal and her gags to the set and the nation.

Becoming increasingly important as a political columnist is Welles the newspaperman, who writes on national subjects for a wall-newspaper and is widely quoted.

(The Welles wit, written or spoken, is a handy gadget—a broad-what story, used whimsically, just to prove its point, or if the occasion demands, brought down flat on an employer's head.) Although there were many broadcasters at San Francisco recently it was Welles the commentator who properly upheld the American tradition.

Many a Nob Hill spectator considered the home grown Welles bearded highly superior to the best the Russians could import and while the Arabian princesses had their jeweled turbans and flowing burnooses, Orson had Rita Hayworth.

To all these must be added the Welles actor who is proving to be a little self-expression: The Rumba master, who despite his 200 pounds swings a light and expert hip... the bull-fighters and swordsmen of Seville... the matador in the world... and the Gypsies of Seville... and the connoisseur of such additional folk-rhythms as Mexican music and good Old Harlem jazz.

The problem is this goes to press, no Orson the crooner, nor Welles the Presidential candidate—but then, he's young yet. There is a limit to what can be accomplished in just this third year, and one cannot know if better than he: "I have a lot of interests I haven't done anything about," he says, "and I probably never will..."

The problem is because as a young man who doesn't know his own strength, he is not committing himself. Meantime, "He has no hobbies," writes a study of jobs, "although some people agree with the statement: "A hobby introduces itself to Orson at its own risk," says a close friend. "First thing it knows it's become a talent, an achievement, or an innovation."

Welles the actor is currently engaged at International Studios, in the highly dashing "Tommy" (Tommy's a child, there is good evidence that he was born (probably because it was the quickest way to get gone) in Kenosha, Wisconsin, and since then he has been amazingly rapid in his growth..."

The Outline of Welles History may yet fill as many volumes as that other similarly-named and well-known work. Since much of it has been widely printed, this story will attempt only a few of the facts and figures leading to the graduation of the young man. He is actually one of the most remarkable figures of his time—and several other times:

Although we are one of those who flatly declare that Welles was never a child, there is good evidence that he was born (probably because it was the quickest way to get gone) in Kenosha, Wisconsin, and since then he has been increasingly remarkable in appearance or personality, except for the considerable increase in size. At 13, Orson looked as he does now, but in short pants. We omit mention of the beard, because if he had wanted a beard at 13 he would no doubt have raised one. For a part of his life he had an amazing dignity for a person so young, and since then he has been amazingly...
young for one with such dignity. Said
dignity, he early learned, was shatter-
proof against anything or anybody except
Welles, and breaking it up is the
most fun he since.
Orson was born of wealth and cul-
ture. His father was Richard Head
Welles, manufacturer and inventor.
His mother, Beatrice Ives Welles, was a
concert pianist. The family's affluence
came the seed of his brilliancy. It was
at the Todd School for Boys in Wood-
stock, Illinois, under the tutelage of
Headmaster Headless Hill, that the
brilliancy took root. In fact, it began
to grow like crazy.
"Skipper" Hill is himself a genius; a
gentleman who has a closer under-
standing of the habits and in-
dividual markings of the young man
species, than any other headmaster in
the country. Faced with the galloping
glandular processes of young Orson he
recognized him as a genius's born,
and aided and abetted him in acting
like one. It was at Todd that the the-
er entered the life of Orson, and vice
versa. There he staged his first pro-
duction of Julius Caesar and, just to
make it harder, assigned two roles to
himself.
Together, he and Hill published the
reviewed works of another small fellow,
Bill Shakespeare, Their Mercury
Shakespeare Texts are valued today
at high schools and colleges, and the
recorded verses of Bard's class-
ics as done by Welles and Burgess
Meredith, have led to new methods in
the study of drama. (Also to the
line most frequently used by Welles cari-
cature to Shakespearian to Shakes-
peare, I just rewrite him.)
Other school-day exploits can be summed
up by the fact that when a few years
later the Welfare Department "Invasion by
the Martians" scared the nation
the nation
and Keep Them!" In 1932, was not quite as easy
beauty, and remained at the Gate for an entire
season. During that time he made an appearance
as guest star at the
famous Gate
Theater in Dublin. It was then
the legend of Welles actually began.
Deputing for the character of a
in a ditch, he announced himself at
the stage door as "a star of the Theater
Guild" who might be prevailed upon
to accept one of the many roles,
and remained at the Gate for an entire
season. During that time he made an appearance
as guest star at the
world-famed Abbey Theater; the first
American producer in this country
New York, when he tilted his lance
at it in 1932, was not quite as easy
as Dublin. It was taken by what has
since been adopted by our armed
services and named "looking for an
attraction." He had two moods at the
time; one in which he wore a flowing art-
fists left the other in which he pulled
fierce wearied looks into the
Theater. In spite of both, the
general impression
was still that of a King-size Cupid
looking for a haircut. He also had a
habit of coming to...
son that this hunk of high school-on-the-Loose was with Kate Cornell.

Orson, by the way, thought he had one remarkable speaking-voices ever encountered. She encouraged the public to listen to it in such distinguished roles as that of Mark Antony in "Caesar," Hamlet in "Hamlet," and Octavius Moulton-Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street,"—all of which he played while still in his teens.

The entire tale of how Orson made New York say "Uncle" is too long to detail here. The exploits of his Mercury Theater Group included showing their productions without scenery, without costumes, without the original play, and sometimes, he is proud to say, even without the actors. The theaters included show-business, that was, the Mercury Theater, "Mercury" because I run the Mercury Theater, "Miracle" because I am Orson Welles.

It was inevitable that Orson should go to Hollywood. He'd gone every place there was to go. He had always been a camera enthusiast and was impressed by what Hollywood was doing to believe the screen offered more possibilities than any other medium. A less stout-hearted character might have allowed these softer statements to prejudice him to the belief that the Welles modus operandi has rarely varied from his very first year, when he learned that coining in his crib was no way to get people to come running.

It was precisely there that he arrived in movie-town it said here, in most of the columns. He would show the people who had been making pictures for years how to make them better, first by doing away with half the people who had been making pictures for years. His actor-director-producer contract at RKO split the town into two factions (1) those who considered it an affront to the whole town and, (2) the two or three odd souls who secretly believed our hero-writer-director was cleverer than any other medium. A less stout-hearted character might have allowed these softer statements to prejudice him to the belief that the Welles modus operandi has rarely varied from his very first year, when he learned that coining in his crib was no way to get people to come running.

"Citizen Kane," was his first picture, although there was a long, strange interlude during which he had announced "Danton" as his first production, but seemed to be producing nothing at all. The fact is that while the movie colony held its property, Orson was looking for a river. It has long been established that any terrain or topographical peculiarity of any part of the world, can be duplicated for camera purposes, and with one hand tied behind his back.

"Shorty," was made with just an ordinary river, it proved to be the least successful of his pictures. "Citizen Kane," when it finally hit the screen, was a thoroughly impressive picture. The controversy between its producer and publisher Hearst is world-to-world because of its vindication of that part of the Welles energy which could supply the horsepower for a bulldozer. Even when Variety, that great show-business, predicted that the film would be burned; and Winchell, who usually knows what he is Winchelling about, said it had been permanently shelved, Orson said the film would be released.

It was released. Instead of doing things "without," as he had on Broadway, Welles had now done things with. With camera angles that were new—over-lapped as real conversation does, the sets with ceilings, Joe Cotten and actor Welles.

All of which bring us to the Orson we omitted from our first listing—Welles the Human, the guy who will always be obscured, as far as the world at large is concerned, by the brash and blazing exploits of the Wonder Boy. He's the fellow who, publicly or privately, never picks on anyone who's not bigger than himself—whose private life is humor and grace. He matches the size of his public and physical stature. The man who is deeply loved by his beautiful young wife, Rita, whose best friends are three odd souls who secretly believed his very first year, when he learned that coining in his crib was no way to get people to come running. He has always been a camera enthusiast and was impressed by what Hollywood was doing to believe the screen offered more possibilities than any other medium. A less stout-hearted character might have allowed these softer statements to prejudice him to the belief that the Welles modus operandi has rarely varied from his very first year, when he learned that coining in his crib was no way to get people to come running.

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☐ Choose cut-out toes
☐ Shun fussy, light-hued shoes

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling-back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light-hued models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is really inconspicuous, for those special flat tapered ends of Kotex don't show! The fact is, Kotex' flat pressed ends actually prevent revealing outlines. So there's no worrisome "give-away" bulge with Kotex!

Is this the technique for a—

☐ Water wave
☐ Pin curl wave
☐ Finger wave

You, too, can set a pin curl wave! Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut... wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. Now, Kotex contains a deodorant. Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.

Do you think she's carrying a—

☐ Ditty bag
☐ Knitting bag
☐ Bicycle bag

Grand carry-all for those umteen gadgets you're always cramming in your purse. A large charge—the bicycle bag! No need to wait for cycling weather. You can tote this high-wide-and-handsome job practically anywhere, right now. And any day, you can be carefree, confident—when you have the plus protection of Kotex. You're confident for you know Kotex has a special safety center that won't betray you. It keeps moisture away from the sides of the pad. You're assured because you're safe—with this exclusive Kotex feature.

Should you let him pay your way if—

☐ It's a pre-arranged date
☐ You meet unexpectedly
☐ You never saw him before

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—unless it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moola to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing. And you're free from bunching... roping!

More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins

We're embarrassed! Caught, as it were, with our paws down!

Just when our Dictionary of Superlatives has disappeared, along come not one—but two magnificent M-G-M musicals... "The Harvey Girls" (shhhhh!), and "Ziegfeld Follies" (more ahhhh!).

"The Harvey Girls" is the romantic, wide, wild West—set to wonderful music—in Technicolor! And it starts our own honey-voiced, vivacious Judy Garland! It couldn't happen to a nicer picture.

Besides lassoing our heart with her grand portrayal of one of the adventurous Harvey Girls, Judy sings the nation's top tune, "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe!"

Supporting our scintillating Judy G. (for Glamorous, for Gorgeous, for Garland) is a swell cast of favorites, headed by John (handsome he-man) Hodiak, Ray Bolger, and Angela Lansbury. You'll love 'em all!

Ten more top tunes, besides "Atchison", from the popular pens of Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren, earn "The Harvey Girls" a double-E award—for Excellent Entertainment! That goes, too, for the direction of George Sidney ("Anchors Aweigh") and the production of Arthur Freed ("Meet Me In St. Louis") and "Ziegfeld Follies"—see below!

Hold on to your heart...or you'll lose it to—"The Harvey Girls." As we did!

And speaking of Girls leads us, naturally enough, to ZIEGFELD FOLLIES, a huge, star-studded Technicolor spectacle. Only Vincente Minnelli could have directed, only Arthur Freed produced. And only M-G-M could have brought it to the screen.


Flo Ziegfeld would have been proud of "Ziegfeld Follies" on the screen.

One of the biggest follies would be your failure to attend. —Leo

Let's Finish The Job! Buy Victory Loan Bonds at Your Movie Theatre
OH! THOSE HARVEY GIRLS...
They know the way to a man's heart!

See them woo the West from the wicked can-can dancing girls!

It's lovely, lyrical Judy and a gorgeous bevy of beauty...

It's M-G-M's musical romance of a bold and golden era in...
TECHNICOLOR

M.G.M.
presents

JUDY GARLAND

Hear Judy Garland singing some of the nation's top hit tunes including the sensational: "On the Aitchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe".

in "The HARVEY GIRLS"

with

JOHN HODIAK • RAY BOLGER • ANGELA LANSBURY
and PRESTON FOSTER • VIRGINIA O'BRIEN • KENNY BAKER
MARJORIE MAIN • CHILL WILLS

Screen Play by Edmund Beloin, Nathaniel Curtis, Harry Crane, James O'Hanlon and Samson Raphaelson • Additional Dialogue by Kay Van Riper • Based on the Book by Samuel Hopkins Adams • Words and Music by JOHNNY MERCER and HARRY WARREN • Directed by George Sidney • Produced by Arthur Freed • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Try this famous 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this overnight 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous, with an overnight application.

Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try all three of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St, Dept. 671, New York 1, N.Y.
Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover’s Imperial Hair Dress, in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet, “The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair.”

1. DON DEXTER (nee Don Taylor) of "Winged Victory" fame, will do a Broadway play before returning to Hollywood pictures. 2. By this time, Lieut. Henry Fonda has packed away his Navy "blues." The lovely lady is Mrs. Fonda. 3. The U. S. Navy continues to keep Bob Taylor very busy as narrator for their post-war films.
Betty Hutton
in a wonderful story about a blonde hat-check honey who burns up her boy-friend as she burns up her sugar daddy's dough.

Part of the wonderful cast, as a hilarious millionaire bus-boy helavishes luxuries on his Incendiary Cinderella!

Don DeFore
as Betty's boy-friend he can't give her anything but love...love...love!

B. G. DeSylva
presents
BETTY HUTTON
in "The Stork Club"
with
BARRY FITZGERALD
DON DEFORE
ROBERT BENCHLEY • BILL GOODWIN
IRIS ADRIAN • MIKHAIL RASUMNY
MARY YOUNG
Directed by HAL WALKER

ANDY RUSSELL
A Paramount Picture
active women have set their coifs with Victory HAIR AND BOBBIE PINS

FALLEN ANGEL (20th Century-Fox), produced and directed by Otto Preminger. A Saroyanesque - realistic mystery story based on the premise that:

Love alone can make The Fallen Angel rise

For only two together Can enter Paradise.

It's Alice Faye in her first dramatic role; she doesn't sing a song, she dances only a few steps (as Dana Andrews' ballroom partner), and we defy anybody to say that her being the church organist, playing Brahms and Beethoven, makes the picture "a musical."

Dana, as Eric Stanton, is not unlike the detective in "Laura"—performing with the same natural sureness, but given a part that's even better. Linda Darnell is no longer "merely beautiful" (Merely? That's understating the face!) . . . she's developed remarkably as "all this, and an actress, too." She really has!

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S (Rainbow Production, RKO release)—It's inevitable that "The Bells" will be compared to "Going My Way" . . . and that "The Bells" will suffer by such comparison. But forgetting its much-Oscared predecessor, we have here a very beautiful and moving picture. It is the story of conflict between realistically-minded Father O'Malley (Bing Crosby) and spiritually-minded Sister Benedict (Ingrid Bergman); a warm and sincere story, a picture altogether worthy of its three Academy winners, Ingrid Bergman, Bing Crosby, and Director Leo McCarey.

THE SPIDER (20th Century-Fox)—An exciting murder mystery, starring Richard Conte and Faye Marlowe. Kurt Kreuger is in the cast, too . . . but seemingly as an afterthought: his part is so small, his fans will have to look quick to see him.

To be briefed as: a dramatic "thriller", laid in romantic New Orleans. Conte is terrific, Faye Marlowe (did you know the famous Fanchon, director of musicals, is her mother?) shows definite promise, and the plot rates as not good, not bad suspenseful entertainment.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN (RKO release)—The 10-minute Frank Sinatra "Americanism" short suggested by Producer Frank Ross, directed by Mervyn LeRoy. All profits from the film are to go to organizations working on problems of juvenile delinquency.

Inspired by Sinatra's work in schools and youth groups in the cause of inter-racial and religious tolerance and understanding, it's a message presented in terms of entertainment. Frank sings two songs; the only other characters in the picture are ten teenage boys.

SPELLBOUND (United Artists) is the long-awaited Selznick International picture, co-starring Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck (together for the first time); a Ben Hecht screen play directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Nothing but the best, as you'll see from that lineup; and you can rate it as being "the best of their best." With psychiatry and psychoanalysis as the basis and solution of the story mysteries, it's superbly "different." Yet suspenseful, through every tense moment. And in addition to the award caliber performances of the principals, there's strictly Grade-A for excellence mention due Michael Chekhov and Rhonda Fleming.

THE STORK CLUB (Para.)—Atomic blonde Betty Hutton and team-mate Barry Fitzgerald, plus an excellent musical score, add up to good entertainment in any picture. But in "The Stork Club," it's super-entertainment. Nothing new about the plot: poor-but-honest working girl befriends down-and-out old man, who turns out to be an anonymous benefactor. Gal finds wealth leads to complications, when fiance Don DeFore refuses to understand. With Robert Benchley, Bill Goodwin and Iris Adrian for extra laughs, and Andy Russell for the croon spots.

SNAFU (Columbia)—comes from stage to screen, and nothing lost in the transfer. The trials of the 16-year-old veteran-hero of Pacific warfare, who is jerked from further deeds of valor by his mother's discovery of his whereabouts; and subsequent re-adjustment of family to the bitter facts of life—that Junior no longer is a child—makes for good entertainment. With Robert Benchley, Vera Vague, Conrad Janis, Nanette Parks, Janis Wilson and Jimmy Lloyd.

GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER (Released through U.A.)—Many years have passed since this stage play was the talk of the town, but its theme—of the marital mix-ups of two young couples and the extenuating circumstances which (Continued on page 61)
Bing—America's best beloved actor—is back again, as genial, lovable Father "Chuck" O'Malley—and right by his side, Incomparable Ingrid, the screen's finest actress—together in the kind of wonderful roles that top anything they've ever done for heart-appeal—for tears and laughter—for great and unforgettable story!—And when Bing and Bergman sing . . . the world's in tune!
Great talent sparks the screen with GREAT ENTERTAINMENT!

"I love to sing!" – Singing Star of "Oklahoma!"

"I love to kiss!"

"I love to dance!"

"I love to laugh!"

"Me...I just love to love!"

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Tars and Spars

starring JANET BLAIR • ALFRED DRAKE

with MARC PLATT • JEFF DONNELL

and introducing SID CAESAR

Screenplay by John Jacoby, Sarett Tobias and Decla Dunning

Produced by MILTON H. BREN • Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN

Hear:

"Love Is A Merry-Go-Round"

"I'm Glad I Waited For You"

and other great songs headed for top popularity!
YOUR PROBLEM and MINE
by Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:
I was married to a man ten years older than I, but we have been separated for five years. I am now 22, and my little girl is 8. About a year ago I met a boy, 26, whom I love more than words can tell. He wants to marry me. He tells me he loves me and believes me—but here’s my problem. I would never give up my baby and though he has never asked me to, I still never says anything about her in his letters. This boy is in a hospital, he was hurt very badly, but he wrote that they were sending him back for plastic surgery and was told he’d be as good as new. I wrote him it made no difference. It would make no difference to me if I had to work every day the rest of my life to take care of him, that’s how much I love him. Do you think it fair to marry him when I have my little girl? Do you think a boy could love a girl as much as he should when she has been married previously?

Please tell me what you think.

Cathy

Dear Miss Wyman:
I am asking your help in all sincerity. I am 13 years old and my problem is my sister.

She is 18, and in the past year, “males” have become the important feature in her life. Once a boy comes to see her, she acts very nice, and after she has seen him approximately five times, she confesses her love to him. During this time, the same process is going on with other boys.

One of her friends, a Seabee, proposed to her and she accepted. In every letter she writes him, she professes to love him, while at home she is leading on other boys.

I do not think this is a bit fair, and I have talked to her about it, but she says that she cannot sit home and knit while awaiting her Seabee. Many hearts are being broken by her; I want to stop it.

Please tell me how to convince my sister that what she is doing is unfair.

Charlene

Dear Cathy:
I believe you are getting yourself worried for no good reason at all. The boy probably thinks it is understood that you would not part with your baby, so does not mention it. However, if his letters or conduct have led you to believe that he would not be willing to have your little girl with you when you marry him, you had better bring that out in the open at once and have an understanding on the matter. He must be a mighty fine chap to inspire such love as yours, and I cannot believe he would expect you to do otherwise than be a good mother to your child. You ask if a previous marriage would make any difference. Now let me ask you a question. Would it make any difference in your love for him if he had been married before? Then that is your answer. I hope you will be very happy in your marriage to him, for I admire your unselfish spirit of devotion.

Sincerely,
JANE WYMAN

Dear Charlene:
You have taken on a problem which is completely out of your power to solve. Talking will do no good, for your sister is so enwrapped in her own selfishness that you cannot break through it by words.

I had a letter from another girl of her type, who is even more heartless, for she has a husband overseas, and brazenly admitted leading other men on. My heart aches for the men who have put their trust in such girls.

I suggest that you act as a balance wheel so far as possible in this situation, and just wait. The law of compensation finally acts, and one of these days your sister will get a lesson that will really hurt.

That is the only way she can be touched, and when this happens, she probably will come to you for advice and help, and you will have your chance to use your good influence.

Yours truly,
JANE WYMAN

(Continued on page 68)
WARNERS' ROMANTIC WPOWER OF THE HOUR!

He's gonna love that gal

like she's never been loved before!!

It's those 'Hollywood Canteen' hones in a honey of a show from Warners!!

JOAN LESLIE and ROBERT HUTTON
in Too Young To Know
—TOO WONDERFUL TO MISS!

The picture with the "Paper Moon" song hit

DIRECTED BY FREDERICK DECORDOVA
PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS
with DOLORES MORAN - HARRY DAVENPORT - ROSEMARY DE CAMP
SCREEN PLAY BY JO PAGANO - FROM A STORY BY HARLAN WARE
DeLong's dependable products. washy bob pins, once you’ve used

You'll never be satisfied with wishy-washy hair . . . so keep that back hair smooth as honey and neat as a button.

If your page-boy gets straggly between settings, try rolling up those stubborn ends on strong, firm-gripping bob pins every few days.

This season the accent's on the rear view of your hair-do . . . so keep that back hair smooth as honey and neat as a button.

If your page-boy gets straggly between settings, try rolling up those stubborn ends on strong, firm-gripping bob pins every few days.

That means DeLong Bob Pins, of course. They're made of a special quality steel, the kind that doesn't lose its taut springiness . . . they really do have the

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

You'll never be satisfied with wishy-washy bob pins, once you've used DeLong's dependable products.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS  HAIR PINS  SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS  STRAIGHT PINS  HOOPS & EYES
HOO k & EYE TAPES  SANITARY BELTS

AT COLUMBIA:

GILDA is the musical dealing with the life and times of the creator of the shimmy, Gilda Gray, starring Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, George Macready, Joseph Calleia, Ludwig Donath and Steve Geray.

BLONDIE'S LUCKY DAY is another in the series starring Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, Robert Stanton and Angelynn Orr.

PERILOUS HOLIDAY is the story of dark doings in Mexico City. Pat O'Brien is cast as a dashing gentleman whose right thinking is not disclosed until the final reel, but he is suspected all along of being involved in a ring which is counterfeiting invasion money. Ruth Warrick is cast as a girl reporter who is, of all things, set to expose the counterfeiting ring. Edgar Buchanan, Audrey Long, and Minna Gombell assist in the fast action of this comedy thriller.

TErrrR trail is a bang-bang involving Charles Starrett, Smiley Burnette, Ozie Waters and his Colorado Rangers.

AT MGM:

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE is now in its 4th month of production, after having encountered all manner of setbacks. Lana was ill; Director Tay Garnett was ill; the company went to Laguna on location and for three consistent weeks they were able to shoot for a brief hour each day because of the unseasonable overcast.

As you remember, the script is an adaptation of the James M. Cain novel of lust and murder, and the brilliant cast includes John Garfield, Lana Turner, Cecil Kellaway (who is excellent as Thomas Gainsborough in "Kitty"), Leon Ames, Hume Cronyn and Jeff York.

BLACK SHEEP stars James Craig, Butch Jenkins, Skippy Homeier, Dorothy Patrick, Sharon McManus, Ray Collins, and Darryl Hickman. Much of the picture was shot on Boy's Ranch in Amarillo, Texas, as the story deals with the successful attempts of a Texas cattlem an (Craig) to regenerate a gang of youthful hoodlums. This is, in effect, "Boy's Town" of Texas.

BAD BASCOMB will soon be finished, as it is in its third month of production, employing Wallace Beery, Margaret O'Brien, Marjorie Main, Frances Rafferty, Marshall Thompson, J. Carrol Naish, Connie Gilchrist, Warner Anderson. It is the story of the caravan trek of a group of pioneers to the west. Wallace Beery, in an attempt to escape the law, joins the wagon train and is assigned—since he is a stocky man—the wagons occupied by single women. Naturally, he draws Marjorie Main, who is accompanied by her small granddaughter, Margaret O'Brien. When the train is beset by Indians, Beery . . . well, you'll have to see the end for yourself.

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO is being shot in Technicolor—and you won't miss it unless you are quarantined with small pox. Walter Pidgeon, as the American Ambassador in Mexico City, meets a mysterious European countess, Hona Massey. (This is Miss Massey's first picture in far longer than we care to mention.) The romance is aided and the intrigue deepened by Jane Powell, Jose Iturbi, Xavier Cugat, Roddy McDowall and Helen Stanley.

THE GREEN YEARS is the dramatization of Cronin's precise novel and stars Charles Coburn, Tom Drake, Selena Royle and Hume Cronyn.

NO LEAVE, NO LOVE will coin money because of its male star, Van Johnson. The picture also introduces England's beautiful actresses, Pat Kirkwood. The story deals with the experiences of a war hero (Van) who returns to that state, only to find his girl married to another man. When he is induced to appear on a radio show, things begin to improve, with speed, aided by Keenan Wynn, Marie Wilson and Edward Arnold. (Incidentally, weren't Wynn and Arnold handsomely guilty of scene stealing in "Weekend At the Waldorf"?"

TIME FOR TWO gives promise of being a fast, furious, brilliant picture. Most of the action takes place on a transcontinental train; John Hodiak is a crook who is carrying five hundred thousand ill-gotten dollars between the covers of a cookbook, of all places. Lucille Ball, on the same train, is a lady of dubious honesty but moral integrity. In hot pursuit is Lloyd Nolan. Tab for future reference.

THE YEARLING, the Technicolor dramatization of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' vivid book, is now in its (Continued on page 58)

Dorothy McGuire and just-out-of-Army Kent Smith, in "The Spiral Staircase."
"PHOTO LETTERS"  
Speak The Language Of  
Love, Intimacy  
...Friendship

YOUR PHOTO ON STATIONERY  
Made From Your Favorite Photo or Snapshot!

Hey Sarge! How'd you like to  
get mail like this a picture  
on every letter.  
My girl is tops!

Gladys Darling... good  
news. I'll be home soon  
can't wait 'til I put  
my arms around you

Listen, Mother... Bob will be coming  
home soon, isn't that marvelous!

Bob Darling... I was  
thrilled at the news.  
Photo Letters will  
make waiting seem  
so much shorter

An Ideal Morale Builder  
Add a touch of tenderness to all  
mail sent to your loved ones in  
the armed forces. Give them that  
needed lift to keep them happy.  
Make every letter come to life by  
YOU being a part of that letter.  
That's why PHOTO-LETTERS are  
ideal for morale.

Thrill your loved ones by sending them Photo Letters. Photo  
Letters are like personal visits... warm... human... alive with  
your personality. Each letter will be an everlasting remembrance  
to family, friends and those you hold close to your heart. You will  
welcome this clever, fascinating DIFFERENT type of stationery.  
Photo Letters speak the language of "Love", "Intimacy", and  
"Friendship". They are "You" Yourself. 20 double-folded sheets  
of handsome, rich stationery with 20 ACTUAL HIGH GLOSS  
PHOTOGRAPHS of your favorite photo or snapshot, complete with  
20 envelopes to match for only $1. Colortone 50c extra. ALL  
ORIGINALS ARE RETURNED UNHARMED! Write to Photo  
Specialty Co., 38 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y., and send any  
size Photo or Snapshot with only $1. to receive your set of exciting  
Photo Stationery. Enhance the naturalness of your favorite photo  
or snapshot with vivid colortone, only 50c extra per set. For never  
to be forgotten letters use Photo Stationery. Use Photo Stationery  
today... tomorrow... and always. Send for your set now.

20 Complete Sets  
Only  
$1.00

PHOTO SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 174  
38 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y.  
Please send me my set of Photo Stationery at once,  
I inclose □ $1. Regular □ $1.50 Colortone

NAME ...........................................
ADDRESS ...........................................
CITY ................................. ZONE .............................. STATE ..............................
Plumpness just isn't pictorially pleasing. So glamorous girls like Mary Anderson are guided by the wise words "Watch Your Weight."

Now you may not be counting on a career in pictures but you very well may be finding that plumpness—on you—is far from pretty. With New Year, the season of sensible resolve, there should come a desire to diet. Possibly the extra padding is the result of too many parties. Then cut down to slim down.

But, if your figure problem is formidable, learn the fundamental facts and follow the rules. As Mary, our lovely model of the month advises, "Consider calorie-counting part of your health program, because real beauty begins with health."

That's why, when you're ready to reduce, you should first consult your doctor and follow his counsel. Weight control is intensely individual. It depends on the size of your bone structure, the way you live and the climate in which you live. While it is agreeable to assume that "glands" are responsible for "avoirdupois," science shows that this is seldom the case. However, should a glandular condition be the cause of your trouble, only a physician can correct it.

The first thing your doctor will want to determine is your general physical fitness. Then he might wish to measure your basal and total metabolism (the amount of energy required by your body at rest and in the full round of a day's activities). Finally, if he finds no fault with your physical well-being you will find that your food intake is too far in advance of your beauty fulfillment. Your next move is to start paring proportions.

Check up frequently and keep a firm check on your diet. See the result when you see Mary in Paramount's "To Each His Own."

Here, for your general information, is a standard chart of approximately ideal weights. No chart can list your correct weight. It is accurate only as an average. Remember, when you check with any chart, that five pounds, one way or the other, may be the normal number of pounds for you.

As your diet dwindles in quantity, quality and variety must remain. You need the carbohydrates found in foods like fruit, vegetables, cereals, breads and candy. They supply fuel. You must have protein foods like meat, cheese, milk, eggs and nuts, for growth and repair. Fats are fuel, too. And they help to protect and lubricate the sensitive internal organs.

To slim with success, settle for a slow but consistent rate of weight reduction. The well-balanced diet makes the Body Beautiful!

Snacks should be unsweetened. Instead of a soda, settle for a refreshing glass of lime or grapefruit juice, sans sugar.

by SHIRLEY COOK • BEAUTY EDITOR
The evil allure of a woman... too willing to help him forget!

The Buenos Aires underground is the setting for this discharged Hero's avenging crusade... to find the fiend who murdered his wife, destroy him!

DICK POWELL

in

"Cornered"

with WALTER SLEZAK

MICHELLE NINA MORRIS EDGAR LUTHER

CHEIREL VALE CARNOVSKY BARRIER ADLER

Produced by ADRIAN SCOTT Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK Screen Play by JOHN FAYTON

The evil allure of a woman... too willing to help him forget!
HERS
WAS THE
DEADLIEST
OF THE
SEVEN
DEADLY
SINS!

BEN AMES WILLIAMS'

Leave
Her To
Heaven
in TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

GENE TIERNEY • CORNEL WILDE • JEANNE CRAIN

WITH

VINCENT PRICE • MARY PHILIPS • RAY COLLINS • GENE LOCKHART • REED HADLEY • DARRYL HICKMAN • CHILL WILLS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by WILLIAM A. BACHER • Screen Play by Jo Swerling • Based on the Novel by Ben Ames Williams

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
CLIFTON WEBB says "Yes!"

He made his mind up, when he was 7: it's best to accent the positive, eliminate the negative.

Clifton Webb is no Hollywood yes-man. His assents came when people asked: "Can you act?" "Can you sing?" "Can you dance?" "Will you teach?" "Yes!" from him accounts for a long, varied and brilliantly successful career, although frequently when Mr. Webb said it, a lesser man would have murmured: "I don't think so," or "Certainly not!"

He is lean and handsome in an elegant and immaculate fashion, with graying brown hair, hazel eyes and a shining personality that makes you forget everyone else in the room.

He must have been like that when he was seven and his parents went to Washington on a trip, leaving their son in the care of his grandmother. The governess of the little girl next door to the Webbs' New York home interrupted the children's play one day to take her to dancing school.

(Continued on page 85)
Like thunder follows lightning, a long low whistle invariably trails Jane Russell. She's a girl's girl, and a man's dream!

Blessed with charms supposed to make commercial photographers swoon between "takes"—and Jane is quite a remarkable young lady in others ways, too. She may have been a myth to moviegoers for four years—except to the few who saw the brief screening in San Francisco of her one and only picture, "The Outlaw"—but there's nothing mythical about her personality, or her talent.

It is a matter of record that Producer Hunt Stromberg hastily ordered a swim suit for Miss Russell, and had a bathing scene inserted into the script of "Young Widow," because there was such a hue and cry of protest when word got out that her wardrobe for the picture (her second, to date) would be "just tailored costumes."

My first impression, on meeting the screen star who'd been waiting so long to be seen, was of rich brown eyes, hair to match, and a manner both gracious and friendly.

"It's another example of that old formula for getting any place in life," she said, relaxing deep in a comfortable studio chair and preparing to explain how all of a sudden—after four long years—Hollywood has discovered her all over again. "It's perseverance, confidence, and patience, most of all—patience!"

A less stout-hearted lassie might have bid Hollywood farewell, after appearing in a film never generally released, and being relegated thereafter to a four-year period of unbroken obscurity. Not Jane! She was undaunted, determined.

Perhaps it was for being destined to an acting career. Her mother, Geraldine Jacoby, had been an actress on Broadway; when her daughter was born, she fondly named her after stage star Jane Cowl. (Add note on that infant item: Jane was almost born in Canada. Her parents lived in Edmonton, but her mother crossed the border to Bemidji, Minnesota, so that her first child would be born in the States.)

Later, the family moved to Burbank, California. Jane's mother formed a family dramatic group. "We had many a good time," the young star tells now, "and we learned a lot, too! We even had a family orchestra." (The "we" included her four younger brothers; Jane played piano for the group. They entertained at neighborhood dances and on amateur night programs.) (Continued on page 71)
Real name: Alfred Alderdice. Born in New Rochelle, N. Y.; height 6 ft.; wt. 165 lbs.;
hair, blonde; eyes, brown; wife's name, "Chris."

My Screen Son, Tom (DRAKE)

By SELENA ROYLE
You’ve noticed the amazing similarity between
Selena Royle and her screen-son, Tom Drake?

"Like mother, like son," laughs Selena; but it's
more that they’re the same kind of people

Selena Royle appears in Tom's
new pic, "Green Years" (MGM).

The first time I met Tom Drake was when we were
called in for wardrobe tests, after being cast in the
Wallace Beery picture, "This Man's Navy." I liked
him at first sight . . . partly because we seemed to be
the same sort of people. He was my screen son in
that picture; he's my grandson in "The Green Years."
I thought: "Why, he even looks as if he might be my
son!" Tom and I have the same shaped faces, and there's
an odd resemblance between us that may have some¬
thing to do with the way we hold our heads; or it may
be just that we have a good many of the same ideas
about life.

Tom is a worldly person, I believe, but at the same
time he's singularly unsophisticated. He has great poise;
he knows his own mind; he's frightfully stubborn and
insists on making his own mistakes, but he's very charm¬
ing, even when most stubborn. Tom's off in the clouds
much of the time, but he's not too complex. He has
moods of being very gay, but while he makes fun of him¬
self and of acting, underneath it (Continued on page 88)
NAUGHTY

but

nice
Little yellow bird takes a mate. It's
Angela Lansbury—so good in "bad girl"
roles—introduced as Mrs. Dick Cromwell

The place was Independence, California, and the time was just after seven ... when a Hollywood car, occupied by a handsome man and a pretty blonde girl, limped into town.

This automobile, in keeping with the defiance of things mechanical when put to exceptional test, had been sulking along the highway for seven arduous hours. No one would have guessed, to look at it, that it was not merely a mule-blooded motor, but a marriage carriage.

The driver of the car, Richard Cromwell, said to his passenger, Angela Lansbury, "The first thing for us to do is to line up the Justice of the Peace."

After a brief delay, they located the spot in which the local judge should have been; but he was, according to reliable witnesses, "out somewhere, having dinner."

Independence, although it is a proud city, is not particularly large—so Dick set out to locate the JP's favorite restaurant. He hurried into one dining spot, saw a dignified, iron-grey-haired gentleman, and approached with proper diffidence.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Are you the JP?" (Continued on page 70)
Vital statistics: Picture was more than a year in preparation. Cast includes Errol Flynn, Paul Kelly, Alexis Smith, Florence Bates and many others. In one fight scene alone, 20 tables, 300 bottles, 22 bar stools, 60 chairs, 2 pianos (upright), six chandeliers and 10 roulette wheels were shattered over the heads and anatomies of rugged Warner thespians. Add note of determined realism: the Los Angeles Dog Pound received an order for "one batch of fleas"; histrionic (but hygienic) canines, hired to enact bedraggled pooches of the period, had to be "loused up," so they'd scratch as did their Texas ancestors. A Spanish girl, signed for a semi-nude bathing sequence, was too pink for Technicolor, had to undergo a repaint job. The vegetable shortage created a dearth of "props," but hand-painted plaster cabbages, carrots, etc., were supplied. Initial cost was high, but there's this advantage: they can be used again, in other pictures.

1. Alexis and Errol both sing in "San Antonio." 2. The Alamo, Plaza and infamous Bella Union dance hall were faithfully reproduced. 3. Flynn and P. Kelly were ostracized when ersatz whiskey, spilled during a battle, developed a stench comparable only to fuzzy animals with the white stripe. Boys were banished from set until new clothes were provided.
antonio

Warner Brothers' exciting extravaganza of the wild and wooly West. The time, 1878; the hero, Errol Flynn. In Technicolor; David Butler directs.

Swashbuckling Errol Flynn totes big six-shooters and guitar in pursuit of cattle thieves—and Alexis Smith.
HOLLYWOOD is nuts! That's axiomatic. To say nothing of its being a theme with unending variations—for example, Mr. Don DeFore.

Every year, Hollywood spends thousands of dollars hiring creatures of classic façade... with an eye to making them stars. Can they act? "Of course not," is the answer, "but we'll groom 'em!" (Whatever that is!)

So along comes a guy who is an actor. An actor who has groomed himself. Who has learned his business from the basement up; learned it thoroughly, well. He hasn't a perfect mug. "He's no lover!" Hollywood screams. He's neither classic nor beautiful, but the fans don't care. And while Hollywood watches, confused, the fans make him a star. Because he's Johnson or Dane Clark or Hodiak.

Or—he is Don DeFore. "A comedian," affirmed Hollywood, some years back. "Never be a leading man!"

So six foot two, 190 pound, brown haired, green eyed Don, has just finished playing leading man to Joan Fontaine, Lizabeth Scott and Betty Hutton in "Affairs of Susan," "You Came Along" and "Stork Club," respectively. Hal Wallis and Paramount did it. Even then, it wasn't easy. Oh no—not by a long shot!

"I think maybe I want you for 'Susan,'" Producer Hal Wallis had said.

"I'm going to New York," replied Don DeFore. He had heard "I thinks" ad nauseum throughout his career. He'd reached a point where he refused to listen to one more "maybe." Call him cynical, if you like. With Don, it was just plain smart. He'd found out long before that playing hard to get was the surest way in the world to cadge a job.

Don had just finished a contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where things hadn't worked out as hoped, despite good minor successes in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and "Human Comedy." He had in his pocket an offer to play in "Hasty Heart" in New York. He had rented his house, packed his family and wangled gasoline to make the trip. So when the Hal Wallis interview occurred, he ignored it almost completely.

A wire caught him in Chicago—his agent ordering him back to office. "Show it to me in writing!" wired Don, and set out for New York. When he reached New York, it was waiting: two pages of contract in a telegram, legal and binding and not one single loophole. But still it was
not so simple. Another wire from Don. "Square me with the ration board. Get me gas. Then maybe I'll return."

Paramount squared it, and made Don a leading man—as you know perfectly well, if you saw "Susan" or "You Came Along."

To the other studios who had the chance and muffed it, a good-natured horse-laugh from Don; but a horse-laugh combined with awareness that no actor is made overnight, and you can't cheat on the time that is needed to learn an art or a craft.

And anyway, Don is used to it now, all the ups and downs. He's packed his bags often enough to do it in his sleep, clear back to the day when the acting bug first bit him.

Back home, that was. Back in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where Don was born. (The date, August 25th; the time, some thirty years ago.) Don was one of seven children; father, who has since passed away, was a locomotive engineer on the Chicago and Northwestern line.

It was in Cedar Rapids that Don played baseball at Washington High, and where he got his first acting experience—in church plays, directed by his (Continued on page 77)
THE SOSHUL WHUR-RUL:

After five years of austerity, Hollywood has tied ribbons in its hair, gripped a rose in
its teeth, and taken up the fandango. Such gaiety, such verve, such parties at
the slightest provocation!

Tops in every respect was the soirée tossed by Mr. Jack Warner (arrangements made by that
able executive, Alex Evelove) in honor of Sergeant Harry Lewis, Captain Ronald Reagan, Pharmacist's
Mate Gig Young, and Lt. Wayne Morris. (See pic above.)

Guests included Bette Davis, looking like an ingenue who has just returned from
a summer at the beach, complete with red coat, softly curled mop of chestnut hair
and plenty of sunburn; Dolores Moran, who was hobbling around on a cane because
of her broken great toe; Mr. and Mrs. Zachary Scott, Zachary gracefully expressing gratitude
for critical raves about his work in "The Southerner" and "Mildred Pierce"; Margo avec Eddie
Albert, talking like mad about the house they plan to build soon on a knoll in the Riviera district; Alan
Hale, one of the handsomest men in Hollywood, telling some of his cataclysmic dialect stories; Alexis

(See page 32)
1 Carmen Miranda and Cugie are in "luff."
2 Jack Warner plays host to returning servicemen.
3 John Dall and Keenan Wynn's wife, Evie.
4 Mary Pickford with Marc Cramer.
5 Englishers Binnie Barnes and Nigel Bruce.
6 It's serious with Myrna Loy and Gene Markey.
7 Van Johnson and Mrs. Woolworth Donahue at Mocambo.
8 Jeanne Crain and Lt. Henry King, Jr.
9 Starlet Ramsey Ames
Bertha Smith and Craig Stevens, matching each other in regal good looks; Faye Emerson and Elliott Roosevelt, Mervyn LeRoy, Mike Curtiz, Jerry Wald, Cary Grant, Monty Blue, and Janis Paige having their pictures snapped by busy lenamen. Altogether a happy occasion.

QUARTET:
When Mona Freeman and Pat Neary were standing in line at the marriage license bureau, they made friends with a young couple just ahead of them, an army lieutenant and his fiancée.

After the ceremony, solemnized in the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, Mona and Pat went to Lake Arrowhead for their honeymoon, and there...you guessed it. They met the lieutenant and his bride on their honeymoon. So the four joined forces to do household tasks. The girls prepared the tood, the lieutenant gathered firewood, and Pat washed dishes.

RECOMPENSE:
Zachary Scott is known on his lot as the hard luck kid. The porcelain handle on his shower broke one morning, cutting his hand so badly that 22 stitches were taken to close the wounds. He developed a tumor of the vocal chords, which had to be removed in a very delicate operation. He threw his sacro-iliac out of joint. While taking shots to build himself up, he developed hives because he was allergic to the medication. At the final point in this woe, he was hospitalized for a few days. A new nurse came on duty, having no idea of the identity of her patient, and observed cheerfully, "Well, there are some compensations in being ill in this room! Do you realize that you are occupying a bed that was once occupied by Joan Leslie?"

PINK BOOTS:
Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden have announced their expectation of a second child early in the summer of 1946. Their first child is a boy.

Velas and Yolanda recently parented their third child, a little girl to dance with their two sons. Considering the cancellation of their remunerative dancing schedule in honor of the stork's three visits, Velas and Yolanda estimate that their family has cost about a million dollars—and is worth every penny of it.

RETAKE:
Some four years ago Jacques Thiery, Hollywood man about town, brought Frances Ramsden to meet Preston Sturges. Mr. Thiery thought Miss Ramsden had an unusual quality, something totally different than the stereotyped beauty of most starlets. Mr. Sturges cast a cursory glance over the tall, spindling, hollow-cheeked girl and said, "Go home and grow up."

Involved in the growing up process was serving as a model for Howard Greer and Adrian, then Frances Ramsden was tested again by Mr. Sturges, and is now enacting the top feminine role in the latest Sturges' opus, "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock."

COURTSHIP BY PROXY:
At Metro, director George Sydney was working on "Holiday in Mexico." On a nearby set, Lana Turner was working in "The Postman Always Rings Twice." When Mr. Sydney discovered a seven-year-old Turkish boy working among the dress extras, he had the wardrobe department fancy the boy up in a miniature tuxedo and fez, and dispatched him to Lana's dressing room.

When Lana answered his timid knock, the demi-tasse sultan said, in accordance with instructions, "My name Abdullah Bey, brother of Turhan Bey. My brother loves you!"

HUMANITARIAN:
When Fred MacMurray was on location at Kanab, Utah, for "Smoky," he was living in a Lodge run by a gentleman who meant it when he said, "No Dancing Allowed." This edict didn't bother Fred in the least until he was adopted by a mongrel who showed up amid the rugged territory where the company was working. The dog followed Fred back to the Lodge that night, but managed to keep out of sight. Since Fred's room opened onto a patio, Mr. Mac managed to sneak a bit of food to the dog. For several weeks, this clandestine friendship continued.

Knowing that he couldn't bring the dog back to Hollywood, and knowing also that the hound would get into serious trouble if he lingered around the Lodge, Fred took his charge into town and made a deal with two small boys, who agreed to give the dog a good home. "For you, Mr. MacMurray—a real, live movie star—we're glad to do it," they jubilated. End of tale.

DOE, SEE DOE:
Cornel Wilde and his beauteous wife, Pat Knight, recently moved into the house once owned by Norma Talmadge. High in Benedict Canyon, the home and grounds have a Disneyland-out-of-this-world air: each dawning, a doe—who is obviously anticipating a Bambi—minces down to the swimming pool for a drink.

GALLOP FOAL:
All her life, Betty Grable has wanted to become an equestrienne. Recently she and Harry James purchased a pair of grey saddle horses, a male and a mare; as a result, the James pair have been investigating all the bridle paths in the vicinity of Beverly Hills. It is hoped that this team of equines will do right by Miss Victoria James, and present her—when due time—with a colt to ride.

TOPPER:
Carole Landis, currently working in 20th Century's "Behind the Green Light," was still in New York when she was notified that she must do a fashion siting for Esquire (a much coveted assignment). Further, she was instructed to wear a certain turquoise outfit that best delineated the Landis charms; there was only one problem: Carole owned no hat to match.

She spent three fruitless days trying to find the proper topper, then, exhausted, she went to a cocktail party (Continued on page 54)
Born in Tacoma, Washington, 23 years ago; Donna Mae Jaden arrived at Warner Bros. via the talent scout method. After attracting attention in "Hollywood Canteen," she was given a part in "Of Human Bondage." Janis is 5'5", weighs 125 pounds, has green eyes, red-brown hair—and with her role in "Her Kind of Man" opposite Zachary Scott, she's rated a star.
Jose Iturbi inspects a Renoir in his Beverly Hills home. Modern art is his specialty.

Best art collection in Hollywood is owned by Edward G. Robinson—although he doesn’t paint himself. Artist John Decker did the actual painting for Robinson’s role in “Scarlet Street.”

Hume Cronyn and wife Jessica Tandy’s important art collection includes Picasso’s “The Woman With Blue Stockings.” He’s in “The Postman Always Rings Twice.”
Margaret O'Brien will do crayon sketches for you if she likes you. Next pic "Bad Bascomb."

**ACTING ARTISTS**

Art in Hollywood—there's more there than meets the camera eye! Some stars are famous collectors, many paint their own

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY

Indian masks were picked up by Rita and Orson Welles on their last trip to Mexico.

California is more interested in art than is the East, according to Vincent Price, who should know as he has been associated with it on both coasts.

Hollywood goes in strongly both for creating and collecting art. We have widely recognized artists, like Richard Whorf; brilliant beginners, like Linda Darnell, and stars whose collections are famous, such as Edward G. Robinson, Hume Cronyn and Iturbi.

Vincent Price's Little Gallery in Beverly Hills, which he ran "for excitement" before picture commitments took up all his time, used to give generous space to home-town boys. Although people thronged to the gallery, four and five hundred seeing each show, they were not like some big-city crowds, passing through because an artist happened to be the fad of the moment, glancing at canvasses casually while they gossiped or compared operations; they stayed on to discuss the exhibits, argue over them and buy them.

Actors, Vincent thinks, have great sympathy for the other arts. They turn to writing, music and painting because acting is insecure.

"You never know how long you'll have a job on the stage, or whether a studio will pick up your option or cast you in a picture. You can't act unless you have a part, and you can eat your heart out waiting. Acting is only a creative art when you can do it before an audience, so except for hamming around the house—which is only showing off—you have no outlet," he explains. "That's why actors invade other creative fields."

The field Vincent once expected to invade was that of painting. As a very small boy he could enjoy himself for hours looking at pictures in the local art gallery in St. Louis while his mother shopped. When he was twelve he put down 50c to purchase the first picture he ever owned, bringing in 50c each week thereafter for what seemed at the time the rest of his life. As soon as he was old enough, Vincent studied art, but he must have been singularly clear-eyed, for he was in his early teens.
Famous portrait of Paulette by Diego Rivera. The Goddard spark kindles in "Kitty." Renoir directed "Diary of a Chambermaid": gowns inspired by his artist-dad.

Writer-actor-director Richard Whorf is Hollywood's foremost artist. First one-man show was a sellout.

When he decided he had no unusual talent. He kept on studying in order to understand technique, and for a space gave lectures on art at the Riverdale Country School in New York City. He had a theory that the arts are all man leaves behind him and thus they reveal much about each period of history. Under a dictator, he contends, art is smothered and generally worthless, but when a country is free, it's stimulated and flowers.

While the actor was playing on Broadway in "Victoria" with Helen Hayes, and later in "Angel Street," former students used to surge backstage to thank him for stimulating their dormant interest in painting. Vincent has always encouraged young artists. Seven years ago, when an unknown youth named Bernard Perlin was having a tough time eating, and Vincent was not so affluent as he has since become, the actor tided the artist over a dull period by engaging him to paint a bathroom mural. The mural was brilliantly executed. How the artist has developed is apparent in his war sketches.

James Warren, now starring in cowboy roles at RKO, was a commercial artist with studios of his own before he entered films, four years ago. Since coming to Holly-
wood, Mr. Warren has had a one-man show at the Little Gallery, and is giving one shortly at another gallery.

"At our place, Warren showed very saleable stuff," commented Vincent. "He had marine sketches of Nassau and tropical islands, interesting and colorful. Katharine Hepburn, George Cukor, Lee Tracy and Bob Montgomery were among those who snapped them up, I remember."

"James Whale used to do flower paintings. Now he's gone in for theater stuff, scenes at Santa Monica—exciting things that hold you before his canvasses." Vincent is not particularly fond of flower paintings, but he bought one of Vlaminck's with the first money he ever earned. He still has the picture, and he and Edith Barrett, his wife, decorated the master bedroom in their new home around it.

The veteran Lionel Barrymore's etchings are the finest ones Vincent has ever seen. According to this expert, Richard Conte, who has just painted his very first picture, shows great promise.

"I think of art as essentially a man's medium," he confessed. "Our actresses do excellent work, too, but to me, an actress' personality is (Continued on page 68)
All that glitter is not Lana!

She's not sophisticated; she rarely goes to night clubs.

"Cherry" at 8 wks. with dad, S. Crane. Lana's next, "Postman Always Rings Twice."

Cherry's 2nd birthday was celebrated with a party.
Hollywood’s favorite indoor sport is gilding the lily. To do this, the town takes some attractive person (male or female) puts her before the public, finds that her personal charm creates a following—and then proceeds to make her into something completely unbelievable.

Take the case of Lana Turner, for instance. Lana was picked up by an agent because she was sweet, pretty, and quiet. Hollywood discovered that she could be something else, too: she could be sensational. And, being Hollywood, the village went overboard. For three or four years now, as a result, you have been reading stories about Lana and seeing pictures of Lana which made her into a paper doll; a girl with nothing but beauty, whose life was spent in such glittering surroundings that she wasn’t even human.

Well, kids, Lana is not like that. (No one else is, for that matter). Instead, she is one of the most human gals in town; and in private life (for she respects her studio’s wishes enough to play along with them in public) Lana is exactly the girl she was when she was first discovered: a sweet, pretty, quiet character whom you would like very much.

Actually, the emphasis must be on the word “quiet,” for—believe it or not—Lana rarely goes to night clubs. Yes, I know you have seen an occasional magazine picture of her in evening clothes. But they probably were worn for a premiere or something like that; and to Lana or any (Continued on page 73)
1. Mrs. Von Heflin (Von had to work), with Cleatus Coldwell and Bob Hutton, Joe Kirkwood and Eleanor Parker. 2. At one point, Judy Canova had Ross’ goat. 3. Someone called, “Swing Your Partners,” so Hurd Hatfield did! 4. Those seen-about, Kurt Kreuger and Faith Dorn, came together. 5. New York stagers, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carter, with Bonita Granville and host Hunter. 6. Judy and Ross are a team in “Hit The Hay” (Columbia). 7. Food for thought when “The Body” met “The Voice”; it’s Marie McDonald and Frank Sinatra. 8. Westerner Bud Taggart with Bonita. 9. “Colonel Effingham’s Raid” will be Bill Eythe’s next picture for 20th. He’s dancing with Margaret Whiting. 10. Republic cowboy, Don “Red” Barry, and pretty Helen Talbot.
So-o-o delightful was the Saturday night Western Dance given by Ross Hunter in honor of Judy Canova, with whom he had just finished a picture at Columbia titled—improbably enough—"Hit The Hay."

Guests parked their cars at the Bel Air gates, and were driven to the party spot on a hay rack that groaned along behind two white horses. The playhouse, borrowed by Ross for the evening, was decorated with pumpkins, corn stalks, and hay. The guests came in costume, so there was everything in evidence from a fairly frightening Indian to a girl in a short red sun suit.

Marjorie Reynolds, prettier than ever with her hair dark instead of blonde, wore western riding togs, as did her dashing husband, Captain Jack Reynolds. Hurd Hatfield brought Virginia Hunter, and Bob Anderson brought Buff Cobb. Andy Russell and Della Norell were there, and the Sinatras.—By FREDDA DUDLEY.
Hello, Son:

Well, here your mother and your dad are, just about as far from California as it is possible to get and remain on American soil. We've missed you; missed that call you give us around six a.m., missed the mixing of your formula, the cooking of your vegetables, and a dozen other things. However, we're storing up some good stories for you.

Florida is a fabulous state. The land itself is sandy and the highest elevation in this district is 90 feet above sea level. One of the loveliest sights in the world is a grove of oak festooned with Spanish moss, standing restless in a silver-grey blur by moonlight. I examined some of the Spanish moss; to glance at it, one would say—from California experience—that it was a dead growth, but when I broke open several of the tendrils, I found the center vital and green.

The cypress trees are fascinating. Because their roots can gain no secure hold in the swampy earth, they do what your mother described as crocheting themselves through the ground. (Continued on page 78)
Pals: Claude Jarmon Jr., 10-yr.-old Nashville boy, was chosen to portray "Jody" Baxter, Greg's screen son.
I remember Christmas

By
AVERY CARROLL

Santa Claus got strict instructions from Sharyn Moffett.
What Christmas out of your life, to date, do you remember most vividly? What brings tinsel to your veins and a quick catch in your throat? What precious recollection is brought back, nostalgically, by the pungency of pine, the tinkle of a distant bell, the shout of crimson ribbon against sharp green leaves?

But before you answer in the quiet of your heart, here are some Hollywood Christmas stories that we think you’ll enjoy and cherish.

The Christmas that Mark Stevens will remember forever was the first he spent in Hollywood. Now that he is working opposite Joan Fontaine in RKO’s “All Brides Are Beautiful,” it is fun to look back, but that initial Southern California Christmas failed to be grim only because Mark exercised his resourceful sense of the unique.

He was homesick, because it was his first holiday away from his family, and he was broke. But he had a girl friend (later she became Mrs. Stevens). And he had a sackful of dreams.

Christmas morning, he rolled out at four; the room in which he was living was cold and he lacked enough blankets for his bed, so he decided he would be more comfortable to be up and dressed and about the business of the earth’s greatest holiday.

He telephoned his girl friend’s apartment, said gaily, “Merry Christmas—let’s go to five o’clock mass!”

Her laugh had (Continued on page 83)
The Jackson heir (or heiress) is expected, via the stork route, at their Pacific Palisades home sometime in March.

By KATHERINE LAKE
Anticipating
JUNIOR JACKSON

Deanna Durbin is practicing lullabies for her “coming attraction”

Universal’s sound stage for the production of a gay comedy to be entitled “Because of Him” is also fondly called, by beaming members of the publicity department who loove that picture title, “The Stork Club.”

Both labels are fair. During the first few weeks of the picture, Mr. Franchot Tone, already father of one, was anticipating his second. Since his elder child was a boy, he insisted (thinking the stork would hear him, no doubt) that his second should be a girl. He conferred on names with his leading lady, Deanna Durbin. “We’re going to call our girl, Theodora,” he opined. “And we’ll shorten that to Teddy. I think Teddy Tone is a terrific name.”

“And if it’s a boy?” queried Miss Durbin. “Well—er—in that case, I guess he’ll be Thomas Jefferson Tone, and we’ll call him Tommy.”

Deeply interested in this pre-christening conference were Red Christy, the associate producer (former All-American at California), who was awaiting the birth of his second child, and Glenn Tryoh, about to become a father for the first time.

Came the day when Franchot Tone was called to the hospital. The next morning he reported to work with the announcement that Thomas Jefferson Tone had checked in successfully. “So, I’ll give you the name we had picked out for our girl,” he told Deanna.

“Teddy Jackson,” said Deanna thoughtfully. “Hmmm, I don’t know. If it’s a boy, I think Jeffrey Allan will be perfect, and we’ll call him Jeff. Jeff Jackson. But Teddy for a girl . . . well, I think I’ll ask my fans what they think.”

Take it away Poughkeepsie. Take it away Denver and Dallas and The Dells. It’s up to you; deadline about April 15.

As deeply interested as anyone you could mention is Deanna’s young nephew, Dick, who is now four. He and his Aunty Deanna recently spent a Saturday at a junior carnival in perennial operation in the westerly section of Los (Continued on page 52)
By JILL WARREN

Bud Freeman and Ray McKinley get together to do a little rehearsing for their very newest record for Majestic, "The Atomic Era."

Words of Music
Vearn Monroe, a motorcycle fiend, takes Jill for a spin along the East River, N. Y. Vearn also has pilot’s license to fly.

The rumors have been flying thick and fast that Harry James is really breaking up his orchestra for good. Though Harry has said he is just taking a vacation, there are many who insist he is disbanding and will only get a group together for recordings now and then. I do know that Harry wants to remain on the Pacific Coast, and is tired of traveling, but I think he will compromise and play one-nighters in the Hollywood area, or short dates. He is too smart a business man to give up the baton permanently. However, Kilty Kallen is definitely leaving Harry to go out on her own. She has had all sorts of offers, but will probably play some theatres first.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has signed Frank Sinatra to a five-year exclusive contract, and his first job under the new deal will be to sing “O! Man River” in “Till The (Continued on page 56)
This is Myself
By Ginger Rogers
I LIKE
Sunshine;
Peonies;
Green salad, fresh, crisp and cold;
Well-cut slacks;
Children, especially babies;
The glorious views from my hilltop house windows,
any time, any season,—whether it's city lights at
night, a rain-misted slope, or the fine-clear-day
views of mountains, canyon and sea;
To work.

I DISLIKE
Potatoes au gratin,—for that matter, anything au
gratin;
Raucous noises;
Elaborate jewelry;
Boisterous people and (Continued on page 63)
They rode the ferris wheel and merry-go-round. They tried to "dream" about things, and the dreams come true. For instance, before she and Felix Jackson were married, Deanna went to her friend in California and said, "Mr. Jackson will buy me a beautiful ring." When they reached Las Vegas, Nevada, where they were married, both Deanna and her husband presented one another with a jeweller's box. Deanna hadn't double the ring ceremony, nor had she wanted her husband to wear a wedding ring; she has an affinity toward that custom for men. However, she did want him to have a memento, so she had selected a heavy gold band, carved octagonally, for the small finger of his left hand.

Felix Jackson opened his package first. After examining the ring, wonderment struggling with incredulity in his expression, he said, "Open your package, my dear. This is amazing." The gold ring he had bought for Deanna to wear for sports and on informal occasions was as necessary, in feminine size, of the ring Deanna had selected for him. This meeting of the minds and squaring of the tastes, coupled with their identical viewpoint on what constitutes a satisfactory home, served as a married version of what corresponded to her husband by introducing an occasional jive term in her conversation.

Because Mr. Jackson speaks both French and German in addition to English, Deanna has been learning a few words, as well. So far, her working vocabulary consists of "bitte"—please; "shon"—nicely; "liebling"—darling; "schats"—sweetheart, and "ich liebe dich"—I love you. Which is certainly an ingratiating approach to a language.

Deanna's hairdresser speaks some German, so she likes to coach Deanna during the hairdressing sessions. One morning, then send her to Mr. Jackson with some sentence. Deanna learns the comments phonetically, and has no idea what she is saying. There have been times, furthermore, when Mr. Jackson failed to translate, but roared over his wife's patter.

On one of California's baking October days, Mr. Jackson took his "mixing machine," passed the script girl, and walked into Aunty Deanna's trailer, and the men talk. Both express themselves concisely and both have positive ideas. While they engage in a verbal fencing match, Deanna listens and, sitting behind her husband, presses in the natural wave in his hair. This would bother some men, but Mr. Jackson never loses contact with the discussion, remains unperturbed by Deanna's admiring attention.

Usually, it is the wardrobe of a bride that comes under the scrutiny of a new husband; he finds this dress too low-necked, that too snug. It makes some changes.

But in the Jackson household, it is Deanna who has imposed some alterations. Mr. Jackson was inclined to adhere, with masculine devotion, to his dark blue suits and his black sox and tie. One of the first gifts Deanna bought for him was a roaring crimson knitted tie. Shortly afterward, he was making arrangements to have his wedding suit tailored. "I want to go with you to select the material if you don't mind," said Deanna.

Mr. Jackson gave her a sly look. "And now what? First a red tie: then..."

"A gray suit," said Deanna. It is a handsome outfit and exceedingly becoming. While he was completing details of the purchase, Deanna wandered to another department and ordered six bow-ties for the gentleman who was rapidly becoming "solid" Jackson. She also selected an additional assortment of knitted cravats: A delft blue, a yellow, and a green.
In the matter of Junior’s wardrobe, Deanna has done very little so far. She wanted to finish her picture first, then concentrate upon the thrill of being an expectant mother. But she had start knitting a series of soakers; and although she can’t cast on her stitches, she has kept Helen Broderick and her sister busy with beginning the fluid-drive diapers, while she finishes them.

If Deanna’s fans have anything to say about Junior, he will be a musical prodigy. Since the news of Deanna’s expectations was announced, mail has been pouring into Universal; gist: Congratulations, and suggestions. Although the majority of the writers admit that there is probably no scientific way in which to insure a youngster’s inheriting its parents’ prime abilities, still they hint that Deanna should keep up her music during this period, and hold “rhythmic thoughts.”

Relax, people—and be comforted by a recent scene in the Jackson household. Few people know that Felix Jackson is a brilliant pianist. In the evenings he has long made it a custom to sit idly before a piano and play for an hour or so.

Until this particular night, Deanna had never sung with him. Oddly enough, she is self-conscious about performing before her relatives or close friends. Whenever it has been suggested that she sing before a group of intimates, she has begged out of it by saying that she wanted to relax, or she didn’t want to be a ham, or some such excuse.

The truth was that she was afraid that she’d be overcome with shyness and sing badly.

However, on this particular night she was feeling uncomfortable, and had been lying on the lounge resting. “Isn’t it about time for the symphony?” her husband asked. (The local gas company broadcasts the classics from eight until ten every evening except Sunday.)

“Not for about thirty minutes,” Deanna answered. “Why don’t you play?”

There was a book of Stephen Foster on the piano, and he began to perform the tender old tunes. Deanna forgot her discomfort; she could feel song welling in her throat as gladness swells the heart. Arising, she strolled over to the piano and began to sing. “Old Folks At Home,” “Carry Me Back To Old Virginny,” and such melodies filled the room. They sang and piano-ed their way through the entire volume of familiar music.

Then they turned to Gershwin: “Summer Time,” “It Ain’t Necessarily So” from “Porgy & Bess”; they tried some Cole Porter and some Jimmy McHugh.

From that they went to Gilbert & Sullivan.

Finally, winded and parched, the Jacksons paused. “About time for the symphony, isn’t it?” said Mr. Jackson for the second time.

Deanna laughed. “We’ll have to catch it tomorrow night—look at the time!” She held up her watch to show a flat twelve o’clock.

They had been singing and playing for over four hours.

So, whether heredity or environment is the more important factor makes little difference; Junior Jackson is going to be hep harmoniously, one way or the other.

THE END

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61)

Betty Grable starrer, “Sweet Rosie O’Grady,” before entering the service in 1943.

Bert was an aviation cadet, about to get his wings, when Moss Hart persuaded him to join the “Winged Victory” cast. He’s one of the few fellows who opened and closed with the play, and also acted in the picture version.

And speaking of “Winged Victory,” remember the engaging “Pinkie” in the picture? That was Lieut. Don Taylor, henceforth to be known as DON DEXTER. Don has been in the Army since 1942, and has to his credit the Distinguished Flying Cross, an Air Medal with one cluster, the Soldier’s Medal, an Asiatic Theatre ribbon with three battle stars, and a Presidential Unit Citation.

The courage and initiative that Don displayed in the service is a carry-over from civilian life. He was studying law and dabbling in dramatics at Penn State University, when he decided that acting was what he really wanted. Since he liked horses and rode exceptionally well, he left the University and hitch-hiked to Hollywood with one thought in mind—to become a star of Western films. But Hollywood had other ideas. MGM gave him small dramatic parts in “Girl Crazy” and “As Thousands Cheer.” Don also appeared in “The Red Dragon,” a Charlie Chan chiller for Monogram; but he got his big chance to show what he could do when Moss Hart cast him as Pinkie in “Winged Victory.”

Three years in the service haven’t dampened Don’s dramatic ambitions. His present schedule calls for a play in New York this season.

ROBERT TAYLOR and TYRONE POWER are still among the missing—from Hollywood. Our latest communiqué from the Pacific tells us that we can expect Tyrone home from Japan by Christmas.

RED SKELTON’S claim to fame (Continued on page 90)
where she spotted the editor of a woman’s magazine, wearing a hat that was perfect for Carole’s needs.

Never let it be said that women have no appreciation of one another’s problems, even to the extent of a most precious item of wardrobe. The editor laughingly removed her hat and gave it to Carole to complete the Esquire outfit.

HEAD LITTLE SQUAW:

When Margaret O’Brien was in Wyoming with Wallace Beery, Marjorie Main and the company making “Bad Bascomb,” she was adopted by the Shoshone Indian Tribe, and christened “White Little Flower.” The Chief officiating at this ceremony was named “Holding Two Guns.”

... “AND MAKE THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY MY HOME ...”

John Hodiak has finally accomplished the dream of his life. He has purchased a ranch in Tarzana, and he installed his happy parents thereon. Now, perhaps, having discharged this prime obligation, he will begin to think seriously of marriage ... and the girl’s name could be Baxter.

PITTER PATTER:

Anne Baxter has always maintained that she really loooooves to walk in the rain. While on location in Utah with the company making “Smoky,” Anne noticed that the sky was becoming overcast, and the local horses were frisking around their pastures—the best of all forecasters of rain.

Anne had located another member of the company who adores walking in the rain, so this hearty pair set out through the gloom. Accustomed as they were to the genteel and thoughtful storms of Southern California, they had no notion of the performance possible in the Rockies. Thunder crashed around like the explosion of granite boulders trees whirled in the wild dance; the rain flooded down like Niagara.

For several minutes the two nature lovers plodded doggedly down the trail; then the trail turned to soup. In the distance, lightning split a tree.

Both Anne and her escort were waiting for the other to admit consternation. Finally, from the tail of her eye, Anne studied her friend’s saturated face.

“Yes!” said he. “Definitely.”

They swung around and scorched for shelter with the rest of the troupe.

POSTWAR:

Richard Clayton, who was, before the war, an energetic member of the Jane Withers-June Carlson-Buddy Pepper gang, has just been medically discharged from the Navy after having served several years as a yeoman talker. His first civilian act consisted of reducing his savings account to zero in order to buy a convertible coupe with red leather upholstery, an investment that left him broke, but ineffably happy.

ROSE BY ANY NAME:

Van Johnson is taking a ribbing as the result of an ingenuous observation by six-year-old Olson Shelton, who has been working with Van in “No Leave, No love.”

“What’s your name?” asked Olson.

(Continued on page 65)
Newlyweds! Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bellamy (Ethel Smith, electric organist).

“'The Man I Love' (Ido's next picture) . . . meaning Helmut Dantine?"

How nice! Betty Briskin's husband buys her a present every day.

Col. and Mrs. Tom Lewis (Loretta Young) gave a christening party for their new son, Peter. Wm. Goetz, I. Pichel and S. Burden were guests.
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"Let's Start The New Year Right," "Silent Night," and "Adeste Fideles." There are ten records in all, from the Navy and went home to Indiana for a rest. His doctors have advised him not to take on the responsibility of a band for at least six months, so in the meantime he may take a radio conducting job or an arranging deal at one of the picture companies.

**WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC: DECCA:**

In the yuletide spirit, here's a Bing Crosby album called "Merry Christmas." There are three records in all, including such favorites as "Once In A While," and "Santa Claus is Coming To Town." Andy will be one of the Andrews Sisters; "I'll Be Home For Christmas," "White Christmas," "Let's Start The New Year Right," "Silent Night," and "Adeste Fideles." Bing also has a single record, on which he shares honors with his sidekick, Bob Hope. Together they romp through "Put It There, Pal," from the picture "Road To Utopia," and "The Road To Morocco," from the movie of the same name.

Estate Smith, the electric organ lady, has waxed a new one, with her band, the Corsica. It's "The Parrot On The Fortune Teller's Hat," and "Paran Pan 'Pin." She played both selections in the film, "George White's Scandals." "I'm Glad I waited For You" and "My Guy's Come Back" have been recorded by Helen Forrest, with Manzie Klein's orchestra. Incidentally, the latter tune was written by Ray McKinley and Mel Powell when they were overseas with the Glenn Miller band.

Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra are in with "Come To Baby, Do," sung by Inez James, and "Autumn Serenade," by Dick Culver. Inez is the widow of Joe McMichael, one of the Mercury era stars. "I'll Marry For Love" and "You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You" are the selections on Sammy Kaye's latest platter. Billy Williams sings both sides. Billy has been signed as a solo artist by Victor, too, and his first offering couples "When I Marry, I'll Marry For Love" and "You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You." The mighty Duke Ellington has a doctrombone solo by Bill Harris. Gene Krupa and his orchestra do "Put That Ring On My Finger," which was written by Sonny "Bette Be This Or That" Skylar. On the reverse we find a rhumba a la jazz, "Bijou," which is strictly instrumental, with a fine trombone solo by Bill Harris.

**COLUMBIA:**

Woody Herman's new one is right up his alley. It's the novelty, "Put That Ring On My Finger," which was written by Sonny "Gotta Be This Or That" Skyler. On the reverse we find a rhumba a la jazz, "Bijou," which is strictly instrumental, with a fine trombone solo by Bill Harris. Gene Krupa and his orchestra do "That Feeling In The Moonlight" and "I Don't Want To Be Loved." Buddy Stewart and Anita O'Day share vocal honors on the first side, and Buddy goes it alone on the second.
Smart tune-picking, plus Hollywood screen and radio talent, have combined to make Capitol Records top hit-producers of the U.S.

A Baritone-Brains-Beauty threesome: tall, dark and handsome Andy Russell, left; Buddy DeSylva, Capitol’s showman-executive with the knack of picking hit tunes; and Betty Hutton, Capitol’s vivacious vocalist. (Andy and Betty currently star in DeSylva’s film “Stork Club.”)

Capitol Records, in the heart of musical Hollywood, is unique in its wealth of screen and radio talent.

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- 685 Confessin'; Drum Stomp—L. Hamilton—53c
- 41 Put Another Cake At The Table; Cool's Boogie—Put; Cool's Gant—$1.05
- 1032 Holiday For Strings; Orip, Drup; Orpop—53c
- 1402 Summertime; I Get Plenty O' Nuttins'—C. Spikes—53c
- 634 I Miss Your Kiss; Anywhere—Buddy Franklin—53c
- 7137 Clarinet High Jinks; A Friend of Yours—53c
- 122 I Wish I Knew; Gonna Build A Fence Around Texan Gardens—6666
- 110 Jumpin' Jimmy; Sleigh Ride in July—6666
- 150 Dance With A Doll; I Found A Million Things—6666
- 109 Let Me Love You Tonight; More And More—6666
- 600 Take Me In Your Arms; Ya-Ta-Ta—The King Sisters—79c
- 1675 I'm Ready Funny That Way; There's No You—Martha Stewart—53c
- 1685 I Was There When You Left Me; Sweeney—Hal McIntyre—53c
- 1695 Whistling In The Heart Of Mine—Carl Ravan—53c
- 1709 How Deep Is The Ocean; Blue Skies—Carl Ravan—53c
- 439 I Get Rhythm; Liza—Ethel Smith—79c
- 2770 What Makes The Sunset; I Can't Begin To Tell You—53c
- 7121 I Learned A Lesson I'll Never Forget; Words Can't Explain; The Red Cham—79c
- 1721 Tell Me When—The Gal Who's Got My Heart—Skinny Ennis—79c
- 7202 I Was Walking Up In The Hills; The "Flick" Song—The Kebellons—79c
- 7204 Frank The Frankfurter Man—Al Tray—79c
- 7205 I Love Her Just The Same; Why Does A Rose Like Some—53c
- 1717 Swinging The Boogie; Just A Little Bluebird—Hed Kodak—53c
- 1179 Nightingale Boogie; Lesseons Cal—Peyo—53c
- 6916 Cherry; Country Boy—Erskine Hawkins—53c
- 6911 How Low Has This Gone Going; I Was A Little Giggles—Phil More Four & H. Hrncir—79c
- DDO2 Tonight I Shall Sleep; The Minor Goes Away—B. Ellington combined—79c
- 6912 I Wonder O'ear; Malibu—Bunny Carter—53c
- 6913 Orag'lem; Little Joe—Mary Lou Williams—53c
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- 7203 Papa Blues; Blow Your Blues—Barney Bigard—1.05
- 7205 Same Ol' Man: Uptown Lullaby—Colom Hawkins—1.05
- 6915 I'm Gonna Get Every On The River; Time's Awatin'—Johnny Hodges with B. Ellington—53c
- 6916 Silver Searcher; That First Love Of Mine—Monna Silvia—79c
- 7206 Don't Tell Your Outlaw; You'll Regret It Someday—Singing Sam—79c
- 7207 Akron Traveler; Hog Through Red—Bo Diddley—79c
- 7208 I Have A Million Dreams—Good King Wenceslas—Har- dencey Orchestra—53c
- 7209 Mary Had A Little Jam; Pleasant Dreams—The Fifth Red Caps—53c
- 6916 It Hurts Me, But I Like It; Don't Come Crying To Me—The Magnolia Five—79c
- 6917 If You Can't Get Five, Take Two; Ouch—Marvin Mann—53c
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In the meantime, if you are troubled over any little musical questions, or have any odd niblets and bits, I'll do my best to answer you. But remember, not too many questions, and be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Just write to J. W. Shoemaker, The New York Times Magazine, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York City, 17, New York.

PICTURES IN PRODUCTION (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141)
fifth month of production, starring Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, Claude Jarman, Jr., Jeff York, Henry Trav¬
ers, and June Lockhart.

STAR FROM HEAVEN is being shot in Technicolor, which is water color to Technicolor's oil paint¬ing. The players are Marshall Thomp¬son, George Tobias, Jim Davis, Clem Blevins, and a handsome horse named "Silver". Ray McKinley has the love of a Texas boy for his horse; the boy becomes a G.I. and is sent to the South Pacific, where he meets a horse that reminds him of his Texas pal. His problem is colossal: How to get the horse home when the G.I. is returned. This department's brother is currently involved in the tortuous problem of getting a pup and a mon¬key in clear American, so we are in sympathy with a man so resource¬ful as to attempt to transport a horse.

AT MONOGRAM:
THE FACE OF MARBLE is a bootiful picture with plans to scare you to death through the courtesy of John Carradine, Claude Drake, Maris Wrixon, Roger Ray, and Willie Best, who is also scared.

AT PARAMOUNT:
TAKE THIS WOMAN is a romance set in Victorian England with Teresa Wright, Ray Milland, Virginia Field, Anthony Quinn, Reginald Owen, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Melville Cooper, Michael Dyne and Rhys Williams. The plot has to do with Teresa Wright's knowledge of a murder; if she tells what she knows, she will be killed; if she doesn't, she is innocent; at the same time, if she talks, she will ruin Ray Milland's political career and destroy herself by so doing. Are you curious?

MONSIEUR BEAUCARIE is the new Bob Hope picture, also graced by the presence of Joan Caulfield, Marjorie Reynolds, Hillary Brook, Patricia Morison, Benjamín Carruth, Reginald Owen, Cecil Kellaway, Mary Nash, Constance Collier, Howard Freeman, Leonid Kinsky, Fortunio Bonanova, and Yoka D'Avril. There isn't much point in trying to outline the plot of a Hope picture for two reasons 1) if you are like this re¬viewer, you will see the picture no matter what it's about; 2) the plot and dialogue of a Hope picture change from day to day, especially if Mr. Crosby happens to be visiting the set.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING is the wel¬come companion piece to "Irene Heilin", who portrays a gambler double-crossed by Barbara Stanwyk. Liza¬beth Scott is the love interest.

THEN there is still being shot in low-key, and it is one of the most of the lives of those who live on this street in New York. Barry Fitzgerald is the Irish father, and Diana Lynn is his daughter. Bea Benaderet as Diana may be seen being earnestly to Mr. Fitz¬gerald, "Now, how do you think I should play this next scene?" Barry tells her, or at least gives suggestions. Also working in the picture are the lovable lug Sonny Tufts, Dick Foran, John Lilet, James Burke, Erno Verebes.
AT PRC:
ONCE AND FOR ALL marks the return of lovely Nancy Coleman to the screen after far too long an absence. The story takes place in New Orleans during the Mardi Gras, and cavorting in costume are Philip Reed, Felix Bressart, Margaret Lindsay and Regis Toomey.
SIX-GUN FOR HIRE is a giddyap with Bob Steele, Syd Saylor, Jean Carlin, Bud Osborne, Roy Brent and Dorothy Whitmore. Whoa!

AT RKO:
THE SILENCE OF HELEN MCORD is the new title for SOME MUST WATCH. Although this label still isn't tops, at least it will be more easily remembered than the former appellation. This is, as you probably remember, the story of a mute (Dorothy McGuire) whose life is saved by the mother (Ethel Barrymore) of a surgeon (George Brent) who believes that all imperfect things should be eliminated from life. You won't miss this one, frightening thesis, low-key lighting, suspense and all.
FROM THIS DAY FORWARD is the delightful poignant comedy of the adjustment of a service man and his wife, starring Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens (who are called locally 'The Ulcer Kids' because of a certain gastronomic difficulty), Arline Judge, Wally Ford, and gifted Rosemary De Camp.
BADMAN'S TERRITORY is a story of the days of the James' and Dalton gangs, with plenty of bang-bang and action straining the muscles of Randolph Scott, Ann Richards, Lawrence Tierney, Isabel Jewell, Gabby Hayes, Morgan Conway, and James Warren.
THE STRANGER is another of those powerful "Woman In The Window" things involving the various talents of Edward G. Robinson (a particular pet of this department), Loretta Young, Orson Welles, Richard Long, Philip Merivale, and Martha Wentworth.
LADY LUCK is an ace of a picture, dealt off the top of the deck. In short, Robert Young is a gambler and so is Frank Morgan, who owns and operates as a pet, his niece, Barbara Hale. Naturally, the Morgan gambler gets into trouble, and only the romantic combination of Young and Hale fetch him out.

THE DREAM OF HOME is the story of a marine's adjustment to civil life, paralleling the emotional adjustment of a war widow. Guy Madison is the discharged devildog, and Dorothy McGuire is the widow.
THANKS, GOD, I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE is the title that will soon, for purposes of good taste and escape from any suggestion of blasphemy, be changed. It is in its first week, with Claudette Colbert and John Wayne.
NOTORIOUS is a spy thriller laid in South America. Ingrid Bergman is suspected of being a German agent, and is hotly pursued by Cary Grant as a sub-rosa American agent. Very exciting.
Coughing
Colds
Relieve Distress
This Modern Way

\[ \begin{align*}
\checkmark & \text{ Penetrates to upper bronchial tubes, softens coughing surfaces like a nice, warming poultice.}
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AT REPUBLIC:

CONCERTO is being shot in Technicolor. As you might suspect from the title, it deals with the lives of two hopeful-greats who hope to conquer the plush and the world simultaneously. The two are mother and daughter, the mother played by Catherine McLeod, the vivid new comer so highly touted by Frank Borzage. The daughter is also little-known: Vanessa Brown. Included in the cast are beloved Madame Ouspenskaya, Philip Dorn as the master, Bill Craig as the easy to cover unsightly daughter, the mother played by Catherine McLeod, the vivid new comer so highly touted by Frank Borzage. The daughter is also little-known: Vanessa Brown. Included in the cast are beloved Madame Ouspenskaya, Philip Dorn as the master, Bill Craig as the

AT UNITED ARTISTS:

THE SIN OF HAROLD DIDDLEBOCK is a picture that you'll see simply because you'll have nightmares about that title if you don't delve into its secret. It is, of course, a Preston Sturges special, and marks the return to the screen of Harold Lloyd. Also coming with Sturges and Lloyd are Frances Rasmussen, Raymond Walburn, Rudy Vallee, Edgar Kennedy, Jimmy Conlin, Arline Judge, Lionel Stander, and Franklin Pangborn.

A SCANDAL IN PARIS is keeping those able trouper George Sanders, Sigrid Selberg, Akin Tamiroff, Gene Lockhart, Alan Napier, Kafka Kruker, Pedro de Cordoba, Jo Ann Marlowe, and Fritz Leiber busy.

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA is the Marx Brothers picture. Anyone who could unravel the plot of a Marx Brothers picture could unbind pretzels with one hand while crocheting Harpo's wig into a rug with the other.

AT UNIVERSAL:

CANYON PASSAGE is the Technicolor super-duper western being made by Walter Wanger. On location for weeks and weeks and weeks were Dana Andrews (who took his handsome wife, Mary, along), Brian Donlevy, Susan Hayward, Patricia Roc, Andy Devine, Hoagy Carmichael, Rosalind Russell, Ray Collins, Ward Bond, Ray Teal.

BECAUSE OF HIM is the story of an imaginative girl who pretends to be the beloved of a celebrity in order to get a theatrical break. Deanna Durbin, Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, Helen Broderick, Donald Meek and Stanley Ridgely are the factors adding up to hilarity.

TANGIER is another out-of-this-world epic with veils, caravans, and dire doings involving Maria Montez, with a side Preston Foster, Louise Allbritton, Kent Taylor, J. Edward Bromberg, Billy Green, and Reginald Denny.

HOUSE OF DRACULA is the thriller in which John Carradine is made up in iridescent greenish-black paint. Scared stiff are Lon Chaney, Martha O'Driscoll, Onslow Stevens, Ludwig Stossel, Glen Strange, Pont Adams and Charles Judels.

TERROR BY NIGHT will end well because of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in his wake. Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, Alan Mowbray, Martin Kistelk, Dennis Hoey, Renee Godfrey, Geoffrey Steele, Billy Began and Mary Forbes.

AT WARNER'S:

THE VERDICT is the British—scene thriller with Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, Joan Loring, George Coulouris, Paul Cavanagh, and Rosalind Ivan. The sets observed and dialogue heard during the production of the picture would indicate that it's to be something special in the melodramatic line.

THE END
result in the pursuit of the expensive garter, a gift to a one-time sweetheart—is still a guarantee for laughs. Dennis O'Keefe and Marie McDonald are the stars, but they get lots of help from Barry Sullivan, Binnie Barnes, Sheila Ryan and J. Carrol Naish.

SAN ANTONIO (W.B.)—Lavish Technicolor production and intense acting by Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith, Paul Kelly, S. Z. Sakall, Victor Francen and others, gives this nostalgic opus of the Wild West a sure-fire chance of delighting the neighborhood movie circuits. Story has to do with Texas cattle wars of 1870; see pages 28-29 for further details.

THE DALTONS RIDE AGAIN (Universal)—and once again, bite the dust. A series of flashbacks tell the story of the Dalton boys (Lon Chaney, Noah Beery Jr., Kent Taylor and Alan Curtis). Martha O'Driscoll and Alan Curtis are on hand for the photo-finish.

SHE WENT TO THE RACES (MGM)—A group of scientists devise a system based on mathematical calculation, to beat the horse races. Science gets off to a bad start when Professor Virginia Gifford meets race tracker James Craig, but love finds a way. Ava Gardner, Edmund Gwenn, Sig Ruman and Reginald Owen are on hand for the photo-finish.

TOO YOUNG TO KNOW (W.B.) involves two youngsters caught up in the web of hasty marriage. Misunderstandings lead to divorce; but in spite of Time marching on, the war, a Junior let out for adoption, and some double-crossing by siren Dolores Moran . . . Bob and Joan grow up in time to live happily ever after.

THE LAST CHANCE (Released through MGM)—is a Swiss production that reaches a new high in excitement and true-to-life story telling. Fear driven refugees scurry across Europe to escape the gas chambers and guns of Nazi-supermen and are led to safety by an English and American soldier—both escaped prisoners of war. The sacrifices of the two men offer the representative Europeans not just a "last chance" to escape annihilation,

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER
Life for mothers is not too easy at best. Anything that lightens the job is good for both mother and baby. That is one reason, I'm sure, that has contributed to the amazing increase in the use of prepared baby foods.

That's the way baby feels about feeding time when mother serves Gerber's! Your baby gets these four advantages in Gerber's Strained Foods:
(1) Cooked by steam to retain precious minerals and vitamins, (2) Uniform, smooth texture, (3) Extra good taste, (4) Every step laboratory-checked. Your baby will do well on Gerber's—with the trademark "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Special Cereals for Babies' needs
Most babies need iron at three months or more after birth. Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal have generous amounts of added iron and B complex vitamins. Both cereals are extra tasty, both are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve.

Food! I can hardly wait!

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.
but a “last chance” to cure the ills of their world by emerging from the crisis as stronger and more worthy people. The idealism of the two soldiers and their efforts to help their fellow men, regardless of creed, race or color, ends on a note of hope for a unified group of foreign countries and a determination for everlasting peace.

SARATOGA TRUNK (Hal Wallis Prod.—released through Warner Bros.)—Completed in four weeks and four days period (from a novel by Edna Ferber) will remind you of another opus known to all and sundry as G.W.T.W. Instead of the fiery Vivien Leigh, we have Ingrid Bergman (in a temp-taing Creole of unquestionable birth who plays fast and loose with the staid civilization of New Orleans in the 1890's.

There is nothing ethereal about Bergman’s performance, but she does prove her versatility as one of the most distinguished actresses extant by her earthy characterization of the beautiful and headstrong Clio Du-laine. Gary Cooper doesn’t have a chance, when she is bent on ensnaring him. And ensnared he is—in short order!

Flora Robson, Jerry Austin, John Warburton, Florence Bates and a host of other competent actors are well cast in their parts. Sam Wood directed.

FRONTIER GIRL (Universal)—Yvonne DeCarlo and Rod Cameron in an action tale (1950). The western village of Red Horse Gulch is a tempestuous Creole of questionable birth who plays fast and loose with the atmosphere of New Orleans in the 1890’s.

There is nothing ethereal about Bergman’s performance, but she does prove her versatility as one of the most distinguished actresses extant by her earthy characterization of the beautiful and headstrong Clio Du-laine. Gary Cooper doesn’t have a chance, when she is bent on ensnaring him. And ensnared he is—in short order!

Flora Robson, Jerry Austin, John Warburton, Florence Bates and a host of other competent actors are well cast in their parts. Sam Wood directed.

LIGHTNING RAIDERS (PRC) stars “King of the Wild West” Buster Crabbe. It’s all about a mail robbery at Oak Flats. Al (Fuzzy) St. John and Mady Laurrey wear their spurs as though they were born to the saddle. Well, why not?

HOW DO YOU DO (PRC), said The Mad Russian (Bert Gordon) to the corpse as it quietly disappeared. Practically everyone in this mad, mad film plays “himself” or “herself.” There’s Harry Von Zell, Albertson, Claire Windsor and Keye Luke—and they’re all suspected of murder!

FOLLOW THAT WOMAN (Pine-Thomas, Paramount release) is based on Art Linkletter’s radio show of the same name. Radio sponsor Rudy Vallee (who is comic just by adding a pair of black rimmed glasses) is looking for a new radio show. Ozzie Nelson and Philip Reed are both after the account, and both are trying to sell Vallee Jack Haley’s “People are Funny” program. Helen Walker is the girl in the middle, who succeeds in playing one end against the other to come out “the victor.”

YOUR INSTANT PENIS FEELER Pencils

14 WEST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK 11, N. Y. Manufacturers for over a Quarter of a Century.

Gale Storm is in “Swing Parade of 1946.”
boisterous parties;
Driving in traffic.
I'M GUILTY OF
Reading in bed;
Forgetting to eat when absorbed in my work or my hobbies;
Preferring to drive my car myself;
Delegating responsibility for details;
Trying for perfection, whether or not I reach it.

I ENJOY
Biographies of musicians and artists, stories of travel and adventure;
Hot, spicy Spanish food, and those succulent Chinese dishes served in this country—I have no idea whether they serve them in China or not;
Attending art gallery shows, especially those of new artists;
Playing tennis.

I REMEMBER
The first time I drove the family car. I was too young to have a license and was never allowed at the wheel alone, but my mother and stepfather were away and there was the car in the driveway! ... I had a wonderful time, rolling through town, stopping at my favorite drugstore to toss off a soda, then out on the road again. ... I lost count of time, or else the family got home sooner than they were expected, for they were waiting for me when I drove happily up on the driveway again. ... Let's forget what happened next!

MY FIRST CRUSH
Was a boy who went to grade school with me in Texas, and who danced like a whiz (I thought).

MY FIRST AMBITION
Was to be a teacher, because I adored my Texas school English teacher, Ruth Zant. I don't think I actually considered the rewards of teaching, or the labor involved; it was just that I wanted to be just like Miss Zant.

THE TURNING POINT IN MY LIFE
Came when I was fourteen and decided I wanted to go into show business. No one in the family had ever been connected with the theater, and I thought myself very daring when I entered a Charleston contest. I won it, and was on my way.

I'M EXTRAVAGANT ABOUT
Records for my phonograph: I have practically every classical Columbia and Victor record now; Hats: I love the big-brimmed ones, the smart, saucy little ones; the crazy hats; those that are high-crowned, those with feathers, and those that are mere wisps of tulle or veil. ... I love hats!

Buying things for Christmas: I like to find exactly the right gift for each person on my list.

I DO NOT BELIEVE
In Fate or Luck, because I consider such beliefs pagan.

I DON'T CARE FOR
Shopping;
Brussels sprouts;
Small talk;
Stuffy rooms;
Card games.

I LOVE
To paint, to make charcoal drawings, to sculpture. I have never

If only this young wife didn't think she 'knew it all'...

Ignorance of these Intimate Physical Facts has wrecked many a happy marriage!

What a different story if only this young wife knew the REAL TRUTH about intimate feminine hygiene. If only she realized how important douching two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, health and marriage happiness. If only her knowledge of douching was modern, scientific and up-to-date!

And it would be if she'd use ZONITE in her douche because no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues. Just ask your own Doctor.

Principle Discovered By Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

In this day of enlightenment—it's ridiculous to even think any well-informed and careful woman would use weak, homemade mixtures of salt, soda or vinegar in the douche. She certainly should know by now that these 'kitchen makeshifts' do not and can not give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

Yet ZONITE is positively non-poisonous, non-burning, non-irritating. It contains no phenol, creosote or bichloride of mercury. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as necessary—it's HARMLESS!

All Drugstores—No Prescription Needed
ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerful no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure that ZONITE immediately kills all reachable living germs and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE today!

FREE!
For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. ML-16, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name __________________________
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Zonite
FOR NEWER feminine hygiene

63
It's SWOON-SATIONAL!

SWOON BRACELET
Plated in 24 Karat GOLD with
6 PICTURE FRAMES contains
12 beautiful, latest photos of
SINATRA, CROSBY, COMO, HAYMES,
RUSSELL & JOHNSON

Here's a charm bracelet that's out of this world. Wear your pin-up boys on your wrist. You'll love it — you won't want to take it off. Genuine 24 karat gold plated bracelet, with 6 miniature frames. If you wish, you can replace swoon-singer photos with pictures of your sweetheart, husband, brother, mother, baby - anyone you love to look at all the time.

Only $1.98 complete—Includes tax.
FREE gorgeous picture frame earrings with Van Johnson photos GIVEN if you send $1.98 with order.

REGENT JEWELRY CORP., Dept. M-1
545 - 5th Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Please rush me Swoon Charm Bracelets at $1.98, which already includes 20% Federal tax.
□ I will pay the postman $1.98 for each bracelet plus COD and postage.
□ Check here if you are sending $1.98, thus getting 1.98 and postage.
Name
Address

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

PRISMATIC

Make-up by
Anatole Robbins

TO SPOTLIGHT
YOUR NATURAL BEAUTY
Wear Prismatic Make-up unchanged all day long. Depend on it to cover blemishes and bring your face the soft, radiant loveliness that men adore!
Three drops will do the magic!

At better stores, or write
ANATOLE ROBBINS
5229 Hollywood Blvd. • Hollywood 27, Calif.

It's SWOON-SATIONAL!

SWOON BRACELET
Plated in 24 Karat GOLD with
6 PICTURE FRAMES contains
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ANATOLE ROBBINS
5229 Hollywood Blvd. • Hollywood 27, Calif.

taken lessons in any form of art, but I've always had fun sketching. I spend time between takes on the set making caricatures or pencil sketches of interesting faces.

I USED TO
Like to fix up ice-cream sodas and build fancy sundaes at my ice-cream bar in the playroom—and I still do.

Invent dance routines while I listened to dance music—I still do.
It relaxes me to turn on the radio and try out new steps.
THE NICEST THING THAT WAS EVER DONE FOR ME
Wasn't one thing, it was two.
As a rule, at the end of a picture, the star of the film gives presents to the crew. It's a great honor when the gift-giving is reversed.
In "Tom, Dick and Harry," the crew surprised me with a .410 gun, knowing I like to shoot at targets.
In "The Major and the Minor," the crew had a bronze bell cast for my Oregon ranch. It wasn't the value of the gifts, it was the thought behind them. I still glow when I think of them.

I LOVE TO
To write letters;
To get into arguments;
To decide what I want to eat when I'm working;
People who keep fussing about unimportant things.

I HAVE PLEASURE IN
Discussing current questions with people who know what they are talking about;
Playing those quiz games that are supposed to improve your vocabulary;
Swimming;
Dancing;
Lying in the sun;
Riding in an open car.

I'M FOND OF
The color blue;
Riding in an open air.

THE FIRST THING I NOTICE ABOUT A MAN
Is his behavior toward his wife. Is he more interested in paying attention to the other women present, noticing their dropped handkerchiefs, the chilly wind, the heat, or whatever may affect their comfort—or does he think first of his wife? Does he show that he enjoys being with her? . . . The same thing goes for a single man and his attitude toward the girl he is escorting.

THE FIRST THING I NOTICE ABOUT A WOMAN
Is the reverse of what I notice about a man. Is she interested in attracting other men, or is she contented to please her husband? Does she try to give him a happy time, or is she taking his attention for granted and looking for other adventures? . . . The same thing goes, if a girl is single and is out with an escort.

MY FAVORITE
Songs are "People Will Say We're In Love" and "Dancing In The Dark";
Author is Somerset Maugham;
Composer is Rachmaninoff, for some popular song;
Travel all over the world. England, France and Switzerland are first on my list of places to see, but I've never been abroad. I had a world trip planned before the outbreak of war, and now it looks as if that dream might come true.
Produce pictures. I plan to become a producer in association with my mother, Lela Rogers. Wouldn't it be wonderful to win an Academy Award with one of our own pictures.

THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN MY LIFE
Is my husband, Jack.

I USED TO
Wish the first thing I notice about a man was winning the Academy Award for "Kitty Foyle".

SOME DAY I'D LIKE TO
Speak the words and music for a pop favorite song:
Travel all over the world. England, France and Switzerland are first on my list of places to see, but I've never been abroad. I had a world trip planned before the outbreak of war, and now it looks as if that dream might come true.
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Is my husband, Jack.

I USED TO
Wish the first thing I notice about a man was winning the Academy Award for "Kitty Foyle".

SOME DAY I'D LIKE TO
Write the words and music for a}

Glamour-mother A. Sothern nicknamed dotter Patricia Ann, "Tisha." Dad is Lt. R. Stirling.
INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54)

"Van," grinned Mr. Johnson.
The skeptical kindergarten kid studied Van for several minutes. "You're teasing me," he diagnosed. "Van isn't a name. A van is what you move furniture in. When we moved, a van took my bicycle from our old house to our new house—so there!"

SHARP COOKIE:

Did you know that Charles Boyer's stand-in is named Fig Newton? He swears that it's his correct, legal, and born-with-it tag.

At least it's a change of fruit; Mr. Newton's most illustrious forebear was involved, you may remember, with apples.

UN-DECCA-RATED:

Friends who have heard him sing, and fans lucky enough to have tuned in on his guest appearance with Frank Sinatra, will be happy to scream that Alan Ladd has one of the ten best popular male singing voices in America. Decca has waxed three recordings, but they have not been released because Paramount objects. This is one of the chief causes, according to Hollywood rumor, of the difficulty between Alan and his studio. You might be able to help Alan by obliterating Paramount with a snowfall of mail begging for release of those recordings.

MORE DARNED PUN:

Robert Shayne's going-away present to his wife, when she left for a Georgian visit with relatives, was a diamond wristwatch bearing the inscription, "Love For All Time."

FIGURE-TIVELY SPEAKING:

On the set of MGM's "Black Sheep," dapple-nosed young Butch Jenkins burst from the schoolroom, waving a slip of tablet paper. To Jimmie Craig, Butch gloated, "I just did four pages of takeaways!"

"Yeah? And what might 'takeaways' be?"

Butch's forehead creased. "Oh, gosh—you know that. Five takeaway four is one. Nine takeaway three is six. Takeaways—you know!"

FINALES:

Did you know that Ella Raines and Kenneth Trout have separated, and that a divorce is being arranged?

Michael St. Angel and Mary Holiday found marriage no heavenly holiday and will terminate their ties.

SOCK-O!

Mr. Bill Edwards recently opened a parcel—the gift of fans—and unlurled a pair of incandescent red socks. The girls (students in High School) had knitted the socks, and had embroidered on them in blue and white thread, the titles of six of Bill's pictures.

Hanging the socks on his dressing room mirror for luck, Bill admitted that he was touched to the sole.

CLASS CLASH:

Anne Baxter's sleek car recently was involved in a traffic accident. As a result, Anne is in possession of two new somethings added: (1) a cast on her left hand because of a broken finger; (2) an anecdote. Seems that

"What Happened
WHEN I LOST 38 POUNDS!"
—as told by Mrs. Ann Weir of East St. Louis, Ill.

"When I was married," says Ann Weir, "I weighed 127. But after I had my fourth child, my weight went up to 166. I had what men call a 'bay window.' I read reducing diets, tried reducing exercises. But all my efforts brought no results.

"For two years I kept reading about the DuBarry Success Course, which you follow right at home, but I feared it would be expensive. When I found how little it cost, my husband gave me the Course, and with my doctor's approval, I started. In six weeks I lost 22 pounds, kept on and lost 16 more—right where I needed to lose them—9 inches off my abdomen. 6 off my waist, 6½ off my hips.

"People had always told me I had a nice complexion, but it has improved 100%, and what I learned about make-up has been a revelation. So here's what happened when I lost those 38 pounds: I regained my slender waistline, I wear my clothes with assurance, I have more energy—and I look ten years younger. Far from being expensive, the Course has been an investment that has brought wonderful dividends in health and happiness."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that you could be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course can help you.

It shows you how to follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. The plan is intensely practical. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to bring your weight and body proportions to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour—look better, feel better, be at your best.

Why not use the coupon to find out what this Course can do for you?

DuBarry Success Course

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
NEW YORK

Accepting for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON,
Dept. SA-54, 693 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss  Mrs.
Street
City  Zone  Z63  State

[Image of before and after pictures]
the other car involved in the minor smashup was a weary old jalopy with accessories fastened by hairpins. Several of its more fanciful gadgets were scattered by the impact, whereas Anne's heavier car suffered little scuffling.

The senior "teen" owner of this ghaw job emerged from his vehicle, glared at Anne, and observed bitterly, "I might have known I'd meet up with a Cadillact!"

GOOD EGG:

The news that Jim Flynn, husband of Dorothy Haver, was on his way home caught the Haversons without their guestroom finished. Frankly, June, Dorothy, and Mrs. Haver drove to the station to meet the returned service man; Dorothy and her husband took a suite at a hotel, while June and Mrs. Haver rushed home.

First, they spent several hours stitching up drapes and hanging glass curtains; then, because of the linen shortage they transferred the fresh sheets from June's bed to the guestroom. After that, they decided that they had inadequate supplies for a really rousing Welcome Home breakfast, and—at two in the morning—drove to an All-Night Drive-In and tried to coax the proprietor out of half a dozen eggs.

Sitting at the counter was an officer who decided that two girls (Mrs. Haver looks like June's older sister) who were roaming around at that hour in search of eggs and milk must be over-stimulated. He drew them aside to say, "Look, kids, I don't want to have to run you in. Go on home and forget this silly notion of trying to buy groceries at a Drive-In. Have some black coffee and beat it."

Laughing, June explained the situation. The officer thought it over, reached a decision that the story was sober and lucid. "Tell you what; my mother owns a little chicken ranch. I'll get a dozen eggs from her and bring them to you, if you girls will go on home," he said.

The Havers, triumphant with two bottles of milk, went home. At five A.M. the officer arrived with a dozen eggs for the breakfast of a returned G.I. No, they were not—as you may suspect—hard boiled, a fact that proves the local gendarmerie force to be a fine body of men.

* * *

SAVING as never before! Genuine Fine-Cut DIAMONDS

Not chips, but genuine, fine-cut sparkling diamonds polished in superbly styled 14kt. solid gold settings! At amazingly low prices made possible only by our wholesale diamond connections.

Diamond rings for women and men, $24 to $700 Diamond wedding rings, $16.75 to $275.90

[Provided a table with order details]

Wholesale Diamond Dealers Since 1887

* * *

GRAND GIFT:

Two days before Angela Lansbury was to celebrate her birthday, her husband, Dick Cromwell, said, "Darling, a piano will be delivered here this afternoon. Since we're to have a group of our most intimate friends as dinner guests to celebrate your birthday, I thought it would be nice to rent a piano for the occasion. Someone is sure to ask you to play."

Angela is an accomplished pianist; so, during the festive evening, she gratified the guests by doing several piano concerts.

The following morning, when she came downstairs, she found a card on the "rented" piano: "With all the love in the world—Your husband," said the birthday greeting.

* * *

WARNING TO A BASICALLY NICE PERSON:

Guy Madison was given his first break in "Since You Went Away." You remember him as the sailor who finally joined the happy combination of Jones & Walker. Recently, his career has been given another elevator treatment under the impetus of the starring role in "The Dream Of Home."

Guy has a great many friends about town who are puzzled by a certain new attitude. This is just a friendly warning to him: stay as sweet as you were.

* * *

REPORT ON PERE:

Peter Newton Ford is keeping his mother, Eleanor Powell, very busy. Eleanor rolls out each morning at six, prepares or heats Pete's formula, bathes the young gentleman, prepares his father's breakfast, makes a fond goodbye, then puts young Ford to bed for a morning nap. For some time, Eleanor's life has been devoted to her home and the welfare of her young son, but occasionally the movie star in her nature rears a lonely head.

When the telephone rang one afternoon lately, and Eleanor answered, an ingratiating voice asked, "Is this Eleanor Powell?"

Instantly a number of thoughts raced through her mind. No, she thought, she couldn't possibly do a benefit. No, she couldn't start a new picture. No, she couldn't go on a camp tour—after all, Peter Newton was cutting teeth. All her motion picture defenses marshall themselves. "Yes, this is Eleanor Powell," she responded cautiously.

Said the dulcet voice on the other end of the wire, "When Mr. Ford comes home, will you please ask him to telephone his agent?"

"Surely," said Eleanor with alacrity. After she had hung up, she realized that she was deflated. The call had not been for her. That unknown voice hadn't asked her to do a benefit, nor a camp tour, nor a personal appearance. She laughed at herself—but rather lightly.

* * *

OBJECT LESSON:

This is a delicate story. As you probably know, Dorothy Lamour and her husband, Major Bill Howard, own a ranch near San Bernardino. On this ranch they had a piker, feminine gendarme, enucleate of condition. One afternoon recently, one of the ranch employees informed the maid that pigs were being ushered into the world. Mrs. Howard, accustomed to country life, hurried down to the barnyard. She was reverently interested, since she, herself, is a prospective mother.

Somewhat later she returned to the house, rather whitefaced. To the maid she said in a small, tired voice, "Twelve, Twelve new children. What a responsibility!"

--S. M., Laboratories, Beverly Hills, Wash.
WHERE LIES THE HEART?

Local columnists have made much of the fact that Bette Davis occasionally dates her ex-husband, Ham Nelson. However, those who know her well, realize that Bette is an urbane human being who believes that it is entirely possible for a divorced husband and wife to be good friends. The Davis twinkles of the romantic eye, however, are entirely reserved for Corporal Lewis Riley. Awaiting the showing of the brilliant Eisenhower film, "The True Glory," she said excitedly, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if I should see Lou? After all, he was nearby when this entire picture was made; he might be in some of the backgrounds!" And when a friend said, "I hear that you've been seeing Ham," she answered casually, "Yes, I've seen him a couple of times. He looks fine."

**JUDGMENT:**

Because Jeanne Crain is a minor, the law requires that her contract be reviewed by a judge of the municipal court. Recently she appeared before Judge Joseph Vickers and was quizzed about the terms of her contract with 20th Century-Fox; the ramifications of options, scaled wage increases, impounded bonds, guardianship allowances, and agency fees were gone into thoroughly. Jeanne never faltered; she answered each question fully and with assurance.

Afterward, Judge Vickers observed that she was the most intelligent and most accurately informed petitioner of her age, ever to appear in his court.

**NEIGH, NEIGH!**

Dick Haymes owns a Palomino horse named "Pappy." and it is no exaggeration to say that Dick's interest in the photogenicity of "Pappy" is greater by many many degrees than his concern for his own camera name. Dick named "Pappy," and it is no exaggeration to say that Dick's interest in the photogenicity of "Pappy" is greater by many many degrees than his concern for his own camera name.

* * *

FESTIVE FETE:

Strictly fugitive from an autograph-hunter's most iridescent dream was the party recently given by Louella Parsons. A tent had been set up in the patio, and a dance floor installed. Set up along the north side of the tent was a loaded table of drooly food catered by Romanoff's in the northwest corner was a rumba orchestra.

Enjoying champagne cocktails and dinner were nearly all of the great of Hollywood. To wit: Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman; Mr. and Mrs. Alan Ladd; June Haver with Frank Latimore (who were sweethearts in "The Dolly Sisters"); Dana and Mary Andrews (Dana wearing sideburns and looking very west-run for his part in "Canyon Passage"); Glenn Ford chatting with Jerry Asher (Ellie couldn't come to the party because her young son, Peter Newton, was cutting teeth and was infuriated by the process); Sonny Sanford and Barbara Tufts, Hoagy Carmichael, who were persuaded to play three of his songs; Betty and Ted Briskin (Betty sang with Hoagy; Ted is so well liked around Hollywood that everyone is calling his new wife, Mrs. Ted Briskin, without reference to her career surname, Hutton); Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young (who are expecting their fourth child soon); Mr. and Mrs. John Payne (who are anticipating their first); John Hodiak and Anne Baxter (who gets lovelier by the minute—and wittier, too); Sonja Henie and Van Johnson; little Margaret O'Brien remained only long enough to say hello; Elsa Maxwell at a table with Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck; Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones talking about their USO trip to Italy; Jimmie Stewart laughing with Henry Fonda—both in civvies; Ruth Waterbury chatting with Ann Sothern (in a handsome blue feather cartwheel hat) and Bob Sterling; Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; vivid Mary Anita Loos talking to lovely Laraine Day; and dozens and dozens and dozens of other marquee names. Really a terrific party.

The End
Dear Miss Wyman:
I am a girl of 15. My problem is that I am very funny looking. When I walk down the street, all the boys make fun of me. I didn’t mind at first, but when they all made fun of me, then it got me. Every time I see a boy, I always try to avoid him by crossing the street or looking in store windows. Do you know what I can do to overcome this thing?

Betinta

ACTING ARTISTS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

Dear Miss Wyman:
I am now a High School student, but when I was a child, I used to suck my thumb, which left me with a very thick lip. 

Nancy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76)

JANE WYMAN

Dear Betinta:
I do not quite know what you mean by “funny looking,” unless you feel that you are not pretty. But don’t you realize that a great many people are plain looking? It isn’t how you look, it is what you are inside that counts, and if you are a good person, you will find that many of the most charming and well-loved women were plain almost to the point of ugliness.

I suggest that you read “The Little Locksmith” by Katherine Mansfield, and see the true story of the authoress. She had a deformed back, but was able to make people forget that handicap so entirely that she gained a host of friends and even a husband. Surely your problem is small in comparison to hers, don’t you think?

And stop trying to run away from those teasing boys—you are old enough to admit your failure, so I know you are brave enough to hold your chin high and face them with the determination that you are going to be charming and interesting enough to make them forget your looks. Remember, too, that the flavor goes out of teasing when the teased ignores it.

JANE WYMAN

Dear Jane:
I don’t imagine you’d call this a problem, but to me it surely is one.

You see, I am a regular movie fan and often I’ve wanted to ask stars for their autographed pictures for my collection. How would you go about getting these pictures?

Jacqueline

Dear Jane:
I am printing your letter because I get many asking for the same information. If you want the autographs to be sent on your Family Mutual card, you will be reimbursed for your doctor expenses and for loss of time from work. Your Family Mutual card also admits you to any hospital in the United States and your own family doctor may attend you. Benefits applying to children are 50% of those paid adults.

MAIL COUPON TODAY—No Agent Will Better You

Dear Miss Wyman:
I am now a High School student, but when I was a child, I used to suck my thumb, which left me with a very thick lip.

Nancy

Dear Miss Wyman:

Wonders can be done to the shape of your mouth by knowing the proper way to apply lipstick.

I would suggest that you go to a good beauty parlor and let them show you how to put lipstick on to minimize the size of your lower lip.

You should have a lipstick brush to apply it, for a much better job can be done with a brush.

JANE WYMAN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76)

(Continued on page 78)
Editor’s Note: In answer to the many, many MOVIELAND reader requests for addresses of this or that fan favorite, it's necessary to explain: we can't hand out quests for addresses of this or that directory. We could!—but, we can "put you in touch" through this star-studio directory. The list given here, complete and accurate as it's possible to make it, has been prepared “as of the present.” And still others specifically reserve the right to free here” from one studio to another. Named here, in each case, is the studio where mail should be addressed now.

Col—Columbia Pictures Corp. 1438 North Gower Hollywood 28, Calif.

DOS—David O. Selznick Prod., Inc. 9336 West Washington Blvd. Culver City, Calif.


MGM—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios Culver City California

Mon—Monogram Pictures Corp. 4376 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood 22, Calif.

Par— Paramount Pictures Corp. 5451 Marathon Hollywood 38, Calif.

RKO—RKO Radio Pictures, Inc. 780 North Gower Hollywood 38, Calif.


20—Twentieth Century-Fox Films 12021 Wilshire Blvd. West Los Angeles 24, Calif.


U—Universal Pictures Co. Universal City, Calif.

WB—Warner Bros. Studios Burbank, Calif.

A—Abbott & Costello — U; Allbritton, Louise—U; Allynson, June—MGM; Amerine, Don—20; Anderson, Mary —20; Andrews, Dan—20; Arden, Eve—WB; Artie, Jean—RKO; Astaire, Fred—MGM; Astor, Mary —MGM; Aumont, Jean Pierre—RKO; Autrey, Gene—Rep.

B—Bacall, Lauren—WB; Baimer, Fay —MGM; Ball, Lucille —MGM; Bankhead, Tallulah—20; Barry, Lynn —20; Barnes, Binnie—RKO; Don (Red) Barry—Rep; Barrymore, Lionel—MGM; Baxter, Anne—MGM; Beery, Wallace—MGM; Bellamy, Ralph—U; Bendix, William—20; Bennett, Bruce—WB; Bennett, Constance—UA; Bennett, Joan —U; Benny, Jack—WB; Bergman, Ingrid—DOS; Bey, Turhan—U; Bishop, Julie—WB; Blaine, Vivian—20; Blair, Jan—WB; Blinn, Bill—MGM; Blum, Jo—20; Blyth, Ann—WB; Bogart, Humphrey—WB; Bowman, Lee—Col; Boyer, Chas.—Col; Bracken, Eddie—Par; Bremer, Luella—MGM; Breen, George—U; Barbara—Par; Brown, James—WB; Bruce, David—U; Bruce, Virginia—Rep; Burnett, Smiley—Col.

C—Cagney, James—Col; Canova, Judy—Rep; Cardwell, James—UA; Carroll, John—UA; Carlson, Jack—WB; Clark, Dane—WB; Coburn, Chas.—Col; Colbert, Claudette—Int; Colman, Ronald—MGM; Conway, Tom—RKO; Cook, Donald—U; Cooper, Gary—Int; Cotten, Joseph—DOS; Cred, Johnny—Par; Craig, Janie—MGM; Crane, Unni—20; Crawford, Joan—WB; Crosby, Bing—Par; Cummings, Robert—Par; Curtis, Alan—U.

D—Dail, John—DOS; Dantine, Helmut—WB; Darnell, Linda—20; Davis, Bette—WB; Davis, Joan—U; Day, Laraine—RKO; DeCarlo, Yvonne—U; De Cordova, Arturo—Par; De Havilland, Olivia—Par; Donley, Brian—Par; Drake, Tom—MGM; Dunne, Irene—Col; Durbin, Deanna—U; Duryea, Ulysses—U.

E—Edwards, Bill—Par; Emerson, Faye—WB; Errol, Leon—U; Evans, Dale—Rep; Eythe, Wm.—20.

F—Falkenburg, Jinx—Col; Fahey, Alice—20; Field, Betty—UA; Fields, Gracie—MGM; Fitzgerald, Barry—Par; Fitzgerald, Geraldine—U; Flynn, Errol—WB; Fontaine, Joan—DOS; Ford, John—Col; Foster, Preston—20; Foster, Susanna—U; Francis, Kay—Mon; Freeman, Mona—Col.

G—Gable, Clark—MGM; Garfield, John—WB; Garland, Judy—MGM; Garner, Peggy Ann—20; Garson, Greer—MGM; Gifford, Frances—MGM; Gish, Lilian—Par; Goddard, Pauletta—Par; Grahame, Betty—20; Grant, Cary—RKO; Granville, Bonita—U; Grayson, Kathryn—MGM.

H—Hall, John—U; Harding, Ann—WB; Hare, Doug—U; Hawes, Signe—MGM; Hatfield, Hurd—MGM; Havens, June—20; Hayward, Louise—UA; Hayward, Susan—Par; Hayworth, Rita—Col; Heather, Jean—Par; Heflin, Henry—MGM; Hepburn, Katharine—MGM; Hodiak, John—MGM; Hope, Bob—Par; Horne, Lena—MGM; Hunt, Marcha—MGM; Hussey, Ruth—UA; Huston, Walter—MGM; Hutton, Betty—Par; Hutton, Bob—WB.

J—James, Harry—Par; Johnson, Van—MGM; Jenner, Allan—U; Jones, Jennifer—DOS; Joyce, Brenda—U.

K—Karloff, Boris—U; Kaye, Danny—SG; Keyes, Evelyn—Col; Knox, Alexander—Col; Kreuger, Kurt—WB; Kyser, Kay—MGM.

L—Ladd, Alan—Par; Lake, Veronica—Par; Lamarr, Hedy—RKO; Lamour, Dorothy—Par; Landis, Carole—RKO; Langford, Frances—RKO; Lansbury, Angela—MGM; Laughton, Charles—U; Lawford, Peter—MGM; Leslie, Joan—WB; Loder, John—RKO; Loy, Myrna—MGM; Lukas, Paul—RKO; Lupino, Linda—WB; Lynn, Diana—Par.

M—MacMurray, Fred—20; Madison, Guy—DOS; Marshall, Alan—RKO; Mayo, Virginia—SG; McAllister, Lon—20; McCrea, Joel—Par; McDonald, Marie—Int; McDowall, Roddy—MGM; Maguire, Dorothy—MGM; Milland, Ray—Par; Miranda, Carmen—20; Montez, Maria—U; Montgomery, Robert—MGM; Moran, Dolores—WB; Morgan, Dennis—WB; Morris, Chester—Par; Munoz, Paul—Col; Murphy, George—RKO.

N—Neal, Tom—RKO; Nolan, Lloyd—20.

O—Oakie, Jack—U; Oberon, Merle—U; O’Brien, Margaret—MGM; O’Brien, Pat—U; O’Hara, Maureen—RKO; O’Keefe, Dennis—Rep; O’Shea, Michael—20.

P—Paige, Robert—Par; Parker, Jean—Pat; Patrick, Gail—UA; Payne, John—20; Peck, Gregory—MGM; Peters, Susan—MGM; Pidgeon, Walter—MGM; Powell, Dick—RKO; Powell, Jane—MGM; Powell, Wm.—MGM; Price, Vincent—20.

R—Raft, George—RKO; Rains, Claude—WB; Raines, Elia—U; Rathbone, Basil—U; Reed, Donna—MGM; Reynolds, Joyce—WB; Richards, Ann—RKO; Rogers, Ginger—RKO; Rogers, Roy—Rep; Russell, Gail—Par; Russell, Jane, U.A.; Russell, Rosalind—RKO; Rutherford, Ann—UA; Ryan, Peggy—U.

S—Sanders, Geo.—MGM; Scott, Randolph—RKO; Scott, Zachary—WB; Sheridan, Ann—WB; Shirley, Anne—RKO; Shore, Dinah—Int; Sinatra, Frank—RKO; Singleton, Penny—Col; Sleazak, Walter—RKO; Smith, Alexis—WB; Sothern, Ann—MGM; Stanwyck, Barbara—Par; Sullivan, Barbara—Par.

T—Taylor, Eliza—MGM; Temple, Shirley—DOS; Tierney, Gene—20; Tone, Franchot—UA; Tracy, Spencer—MGM; RKO; Tufts, Sonny—Par; Turner, Lana—MGM.

W—Walker, Bob—MGM; Wayne, John—Rep; Wilde, Carmen—Col; Williams, Bill—RKO; Williams, Esther—MGM; Woolley, Monty—MGM; Wright, Teresa—SG; Wyman, Jane—MGM.

Y—Young, Loretta—Int; Young, Robert—MGM.
Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

So many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia, overestimation of the imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these unknowns, men and women, produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, hobbies, social events, etc., are written for an interest stories, local and club activities, as well.

Some material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of copyands are paid $50 and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

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Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy is turned out all day long on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

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335 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 1861, Chicago 5, III.


Angela emitted a squeak and looked crestfallen. She had forgotten, the previous day, to pick up the document. So they had been obliged to rush down to the issuing authority before they could leave town.

So Dick and Angela drove to the address given and the county clerk's culinary endeavors toward dinner, "Come back in an hour," they were told. "By that time dinner will be ready. I'll go to the Court House and issue the license." The Mrs. Sheriff also agreed to locate the JP and the proper witnesses.

Driving to the nearest motel, the almost-bride and remittance man, Angela waited in the car while Dick donned his wedding finery first, on the theory that the bride is not to be seen in her wedding clothes until a scant few minutes before the ceremony begins.

In keeping with custom, Angela wore something old, something new, something blue and something borrowed. Her "something old" was a pair of black gloves, loaned for the occasion by Angela's mother, Moyna Macgill. As for "something blue"—there lies a nice bit of whimsy. On the occasion of Moyna Macgill's first great theatrical triumph, she wore a delft blue chiffon gown with a spreading circular skirt. After her triumph Miss Macgill cut the skirt into five inch squares and gave these mementoes as lucky harbingers to each member of her family and to her favored friends. Just before Dick and Angela left to be married, she gave Dick one of these squares. Angela had, for years, carried (Continued on page 72)
But Jane's first acting of any importance was in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, in grammar school. Then her mother steered her into dramatics at Van Nuys High School. She appeared in a number of school plays... one she'll always remember. "It was a comedy called 'Shirt Sleeves.' I'll never forget it was my first chance at a lead role; that really whetted my appetite for a dramatic career," she says.

After high school, Jane studied advanced dramatics at Max Reinhardt's school. She was getting along famously, too, until her father's death (in 1937) forced some readjustments in Jane explains this old: "She went to work, then, as a receptionist in a doctor's office; was a photographer's model, on the side. That "on the side" work, by the way, is a mighty important chapter in Jane Russell's biography. Without it, there would be fewer pin-up pictures of a girl most any serviceman can tell you is five feet seven inches on end and thirty pounds, and stacks up like a composite of all Powers girls.

From her modeling assignments stemmed a Hollywood ads of striking, eye-catching appeal—one of which a talent scout took to Howard Hughes, millionaire film producer and airplane manufacturer. And so the course happened the inevitable. Hughes took one look at the photo, one hasty glance at the record of her dramatic background, and promptly signed her to an exclusive contract.

"Oh, there I was in pictures!" Jane told me, her eyes dancing. "Or was I?" A dramatic pause, and then she added. "Mr. Hughes was making a Western film, '[The Outlaw],' and I was cast as a half-breed temptress. The Hays Office frowned upon certain aspects of the picture, and... well, you know the rest."

But contrary to popular belief, Howard Hughes did not let Jane Russell languish for years, years—"or through indifference." 'The Outlaw' had convinced him that she was too promising an actress to be cast haphazardly in mediocre roles.

Jane explains it this way: "The war cancelled Mr. Hughes' film plans; he immediately concentrated on airplane production. He was determined, though, to lend me to other producers until a role turned up which he thought would really benefit me; that's when Mr. Stromberg came along with 'Young Widow.'"

"Louis Hayward was the one to kiss me," she explains. "It happened on my birthday, too! We felt a celebration was in order for the double occasion; so we had a little party, right on the set. What fun it was!"

But speaking of kisses, all of Jane's non-camera kisses are reserved for her big broad-shouldered husband, Bob Waterfield, former U.C.L.A. football star. Recently discharged from the Army, Bob is back now at U.C.L.A. preparing for a coaching career.

After their marriage, Jane went with Bob to Columbus, Georgia; he was stationed at nearby Fort Benning. With time on her hands, she did what many Army wives were doing: she went to work. But her first job—working behind a lunch counter—didn't last long. She was asked to leave because mumbo customers couldn't keep their minds on their food!

Next, having a knowledge of beauty make-up, Jane went to work in a beauty shop. She instituted a new method of applying make-up, and it caught on like wildfire.

"Perhaps the hardest part of the job," she recalls with a grin, "was talking customers out of those gruesome arched eyebrows, which they invariably favored, being under the delusion that they made them look sophisticated."

To the score of women who underwent Jane's treatments and accepted her counsel, she was plain Mrs. Waterfield. Not until now—if by chance they read this giving away of the secret—do they know that their make-up was applied by Jane Russell, movie star.

There is an artistic side to Jane—as well as all that's practical—which never ceases to amaze her friends. She and Bob are planning a home on an acre of San Fernando Valley. It will be modern... "but definitely warm in its appeal," says Jane emphatically. And no interior decorators, thank you! Jane plans to upholster her own furniture...do all the interior decorating. She's had plenty of practice in her friend's homes, with completely charming results. (Temporarily, Jane and Bob are living with his mother.)

She likes to be outdoors; enjoys gardening, swimming, riding and tennis. She loves to watch Bob play football, and always accompanies him on hunting and fishing trips. "But confidentially," she says, "I don't care very much for either! I'm satisfied just to watch."

She likes to read poetry. She listens to popular music infrequently, but adores symphonies. Her taste in clothes runs to tailored suits, blue denim jeans, and lumberjack shirts. Sweaters? This may surprise some writers of those 3,000 fan letters she averages per month—the largest still-photo fan club in the world—but I give it to you in Jane's very own words: "I don't own a sweater!"

The End
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70)

her bit of chiffon, heavily perfumed, in a protecting envelope in her purse.

It was just after eight when the Justice read the service, with the sheriff acting as best man for Dick, and the secretary of the district attorney serving as Angela's witness.

Afterward, the newlyweds returned to their motel. Said Angela, "I know this sounds odd—and not in the least romantic—but I'm hungry.

"Me too," agreed Dick, bursting into companionable laughter. He went out to a stand and bought hamburgers, while Angela set up a spirit lamp which they had brought along for the purpose, and made tea.

These ingredients, in addition to a bottle of Chilean wine, made up their basic dinner. For a day they had brought along an entire case of Chilean wine; because Dick and Angela have no taste for heavy alcoholic concoctions, but enjoy the brisk, light South American beverage.

Next day, the stubby car went on to Lake Tahoe, breaking a fan belt on the way. That repaired, the Cromwells-RICHIE, some 300-odd miles from Tahoe. They had driven about half the way when something went wrong with the brakes, so they moved down the Truckee River valley with Angela's hands flapping against the roof of her mouth.

Just outside of Virginia City, they blew a tire. Even so, Angela and Dick were fascinated by Virginia City, and wanted to return when they have more time to spend riding through the Nevada sage, exploring ghost towns, and being properly haunted by the spirit of the Old West.

It was just outside Carson City that the distributor points had to be repaired with a hairpin. Said Angela dolefully, "I was only too sulk when a new person entered a home, but I didn't dream that a car could act up. I'm afraid your automobile doesn't like me—or perhaps it's jealous."

As if to make up for previous bad behavior, the car Stratolined to Sacramento. Not until Dick paid a fountain check in a drug store, were the newlyweds recognized. The cashier handed Dick his change, saying, "Thank you, Mr. Cromwell." Angela was delighted. After all, it has been some time since Dick made a picture, so she was overjoyed to discover that at least one of his fans hadn't forgotten him. Again, in San Francisco, he was recognized repeatedly. No one seemed to recognize Angela. As far as most people were concerned, she was Mrs. Richard Cromwell, and very proud of the distinction.

Incidentally, Angela calls her husband "Richie." Her name, because his legal name is Roy Radabaugh, and he is of Dutch extraction.

From Sacramento, the Radbaugh-Cromwells drove to San Francisco for an eclipse. They had shrimp, lobster, and crabmeat cocktails at famed Fisherman's Wharf; they drove across both bridges, the Bay and the Richmond; they spent hours marveling at the panorama of the city offered by the windows at the Top of The Mark; they had dinner at one of the best restaurants in the world; The Board of Trade's steaks. Altogether, it was a halcyon honeymoon.

Once back in Los Angeles, Angela and Dick began to draw up plans for some essential remodeling of Dick's house. As a bachelor, he had found one bathroom adequate; as a benedict, he soon learned that a girl is always making her face in the morning when a man is ready to shave, and vice versa.

Richard Cromwell and Angela Cromwell drove to the town of Independence, Cal., to be married. Dick is the sort of man who could settle in Middletown, or Peachville, and Pinney Center—and find happiness. Within a week everyone would know him. Dick has never become fully the Hollywood man about town. He knows and appreciates good music; he understands and can be tersely amusing about good theatre. Having served overseas for 18 months, he knows that part of our current life, and having known very well many men who, for legitimate reasons, were not in uniform; he has a clear perspective on the civilian picture.

He and Angela have discussed books by the hour: Zuleika Dobson by Max Beerbohm (Angela: "It should be made into a Disney-esque fantasy by
other actress a premiere is part of her job. Although she loves pretty cloths and loves to get dressed up once in a while, she doesn’t spend her nights dripping with sables and sequins as the publicity departments would have you imagine.

You know Lana has been going with Turhan Bey for over a year and their evenings together have been just like your evenings with your best beau.

"Before Turhan went into the army," Lana told me, "we used to love to drive down to the beach for a hamburger and some fried shrimps. Sometimes we’d sit in the car and listen to the waves beating in; or we’d go to a movie. We both adore movies, even though we make them. I am—like everyone else in Hollywood—a fiend for Bette Davis. I like come¬dies, too, and I’m mad for horror films; particularly those that have ghouls, mad doctors and weird creatures-skulking about, I sit in the theatre and shake with terror—and have a fine time."

Then there is Lana’s love of music. Oh, I know: You’ve heard that tossed out as part of the spiel on other stars too. The studios sometimes put it in because they think it makes their contractees sound ‘cultured’ or something.

But Lana not only loves music—she knows it!

There’s a game she plays with her friends, for instance. She asks six or eight people to their home for dinner and informs her guests that a marriage for an actress was that with a fellow Thespian, or with a man whose living was derived from the arts—a painter, sculptor, writer, director, musician, or producer. Or, best of all, an actor.

"How you’ve changed!" gasped the friend. "Anyone I know?"

Angela is purported to keep her approaching marriage a secret un¬til she and Dick had actually left town in quest of the JP, simply smiled.

In addition to listening to record¬ing sessions really lovelier hair and be envied by so many.

As the Greeks believed that the circle was the symbol of the universe and its continuity, the significance of this design is clear: our two worlds are now one forever.

The End

LANA'S LIFE IS FUN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

DO YOU WANT...
LONGER HAIR?

* THEN TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR * * *

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends Breaking Off!

• BRUNETTES, BLONDES, TITANS!

Just try this System on your HAIR seven days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that so often captures Love and Romance for you.

• Hair May Get Longer

when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded by supplementing the natural hair oils, it has a chance to get longer and much more beautiful.

Just try the easy JUELENES System 7 days and let your mirror prove results. Your money back if not delighted. See if Juelene’s tendency to help your hair to become softer, sleeker, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week helps your hair gain its normal beauty.

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I am enclosing $1.00.

Send C.O.D. plus postage.

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I am enclosing $1.00.

Send C.O.D. plus postage.

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I've ever been in, with green-painted walls, a plaid ceiling, yellow and green drapes, and the deepest, most heavenly chairs I've ever fallen into. The living room is more formal (for that reason seldom used) and is an absolute symphony of grey walls, grey rug, lip-stick red and chartreuse chairs, silver, and dark, shining wood.

When not working, Lana indulges herself, just as you would. She gets up late, has a sort of brunch, and then gives all her time to her baby, Cheryl. Christine Crane, yclept "Cherry," and I can't say I blame her. "Cherry" is one of the sweetest little widgets I have ever met, and at two already has beautiful manners, a warm, wide smile, and curly hair anyone might envy. The first time I saw her—she had come to bid her mother goodnight—she was wearing a tiny nightgown, a little flannel dressing gown, and her first pair of truly grown-up slippers. They were red leather lined in sheepskin and they were a touch too big for her. Very seriously, she came over to my chair to shake my hand, carefully minding the slippers on the rough rug; it was one of the most enchanting pictures I can remember.

"Cherry" is mechanical, Lana says. Her favorite toys are things that move: wagons, tricycles, and such. And her greatest pleasure is "driving" her mother's car. Lana sits the baby in her lap, and while the automobile is moving, Cherry turns the wheel and honks the horn and beams with happiness. They put the top down before their expeditions and the sight of them, their blonde hair streaming, is really something to behold.

Sometimes these jaunts take them to get "ice-cones." And sometimes they drive to near-by stables and watch the horses. "Cherry" is wild about horses, and continually asks her mother to buy her one. She's not afraid of them in the slightest and Lana says that her moppet thinks the next best thing to owning a horse is to go to a children's play-ground in Hollywood and dance around the pony ring—her mother holding her, of course.

"I've walked around that place a million times!" Lana told me, laughing.

"Cherry" is already clothes conscious, and insists on trying on every new hat Lana brings home before her mother wears it. She puts it carefully on the top of her head, runs to a mirror, says, "Pretty baby!" with emphasis and then allows Lana to take it.

Lana is an excellent mother, as you may be gathering. She adores her baby, and only wishes that the necessity of supporting her, of making enough money so that "Cherry" will always be financially secure, prevents her from spending more time with her. And she adores doing things for her—silly things perhaps—but things which will cause "Cherry" later to remember that her childhood was wonderful.

There was the baby's second birthday, for instance. Lana went all out. She gave a party, and none of the guests was over two-and-a-half. There were eight of them, brought by their mothers and Nanas, and there were four ponies for them to ride, and a monkey, and a big grab bag with presents, and a slide and a sandbox and a swing for them to play on, and ice cream and cake. It was John Garfield's son's birthday, too, so there were gifts for him as well as "Cherry." Lana even had a special low table built and special small chairs, so that "Cherry's" guests might feel at home during the festivities.

As her present to her daughter, Lana did something typically and wonderfully Lana. She went to the woman who makes her own underclothes and nightgowns and robes, and had copies of the things she wears, made by hand for the baby. There were three miniature sets of pajamas, with tiny bunches of cherries on them, nightgowns with her name worked in colored silk, and two robes to match. Lana said that her moppet thinks the next best thing to owning a horse is to go to a children's play-ground in Hollywood and dance around the pony ring—her mother holding her, of course.

going out in the evening very much. Instead, she has been reading a lot, (she shudders when she thinks of her monthly bill from a book-shop in Beverly Hills). Mostly, she attacks biographies and novels, and she particularly enjoyed A Lion In The Streets and The Folded Leaf. Her house has boomed all over it—something you might not imagine from the other stuff you have read about her—and, kiddies, the books have been read! They are not there to impress people!

Lana's a natural in sports, and like most people, she plays one game strenuously for six months or so and then drops it. She saws with a bat, and is a darned good tennis player and bowler; but she is most proud of the fact that she is an excellent shot.

Lana's prowess at the latter began before she came to Hollywood, when she and her mother lived in San Francisco and belonged to a skeet club there. Lana learned then how to handle a gun, and can now bang away like crazy. Her average is twenty-three clay pigeons out of twenty-five. And that ain't tin!

She is also proud of her knife-throwing, a trick which Turhan taught her. He has practiced this art for years, she says, and is an expert. As a gift, Turhan had some perfectly-balanced knives made for Lana, and the two of them would go out in his back yard in Hollywood, make a target, and spend hours whipping their lethal weapons at it.

Lana adds that this trick might come in handy sometime for she has received kidnapping threats against "Cherry"; however, kidnappers might not be so interested in attempting an abduction if they knew that she not only was well-versed in how to use her revolver, but could fell them with a razor-like knife if she ran out of bullets!

Lana's enthusiasm for hard work is a tradition in film circles. Once a new Turner picture is started, all activities not pertaining to it cease to be important. Probably no one in Hollywood can top her on this, and I don't ask you to believe it on my authority alone. Lillian Burns, the MGM studio head, says that Lila knocks herself out from the time she gets the script until the director yells the final, "Cut!" During the filming of "The Postman Always Rings Twice," for instance, they had a lot of night scenes. Without a squawk, Lana worked from eight in the evening to five in the morning for over a week. She also went on location over most of Southern California, lived in beat-up little motels, ate at greasy lunch counters. It was all part of the racket—it didn't bother her.

This result in two things: First, the people she works with sing her praises to high heaven (and that again is not the old balderdash); and, second, her stature as an actress is continually increasing. Watch her the next time you see a Lana Turner picture. Forget how beautiful she is and watch how she does a scene. The gal is good, very good!

The Folded Leaf...
"I didn't believe it—UNTIL I TRIED!"

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Dear Miss Wyman:

I am 21 years old and have been married three years. My husband, whom I adore, came home on leave a month ago for two weeks. My work at a defense plant kept us apart a great deal of the time, yet I have to work to make ends meet.

While I worked, he enjoyed, at my expense, a fine time with other women. Since returning to his ship, he has written me only one letter, in which he asked me not to write to his mother any longer, and also told me that he was stopping my allotment checks.

I do not care about his money, but I do care for him. What shall I do? Ellen

JOE BONOMO

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 681]

Dear Miss Wyman:

I am engaged to a lieutenant in the Navy. He was wounded in the South Pacific 6 months ago, very seriously wounded. When he was returned to the States, I was notified by a shipmate of his, who later came to see me.

He says Michael has lost both of his legs and is blind. That is the reason I haven't heard from him. He says Michael speaks often of me, but does not want me to see him in his condition. I love him dearly and often wish I were dead because he doesn't want me to see him.

Do you think he would feel better if I went to see him, and if he knew that I still love him, in spite of the condition he is in? Please help me.

Victorine

My Dear Victorine:

"Love such as yours is like a glorious Wagnerian theme, rising above the chorus of selfishness, lack of courage and unfaithfulness voiced so often in these days.

I would suggest that you visit your lieutenant, if it is at all possible. It may not solve your problem, but it is the only way you will have peace of mind. Certainty, although it be bitter, is easier to face than uncertainty.

JANE WYMAN

Dear Jane:

I am going to a lieutenant in the Navy. He was wounded in the South Pacific 6 months ago, very seriously wounded. When he was returned to the States, I was notified by a shipmate of his, who later came to see me.

He says Michael has lost both of his legs and is blind. That is the reason I haven't heard from him. He says Michael speaks often of me, but does not want me to see him in his condition. I love him dearly and often wish I were dead because he doesn't want me to see him.

Do you think he would feel better if I went to see him, and if he knew that I still love him, in spite of the condition he is in? Please help me.

Victorine

My Dear Victorine:

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I would suggest that you visit your lieutenant, if it is at all possible. It may not solve your problem, but it is the only way you will have peace of mind. Certainty, although it be bitter, is easier to face than uncertainty.

JANE WYMAN

Dear Ellen:

Many tragic situations are now arising between husbands in the service and their wives because of war nerves and overwrought emotions.

The wise wife, who really loves her husband and wants him back, will realize this and just sit tight; for in the majority of cases, when this tension is released and things come back to normal, her problem will work itself out.

Be patient with your husband and understanding, let him know that he means more to you than anything in this world, and that you are planning your whole future upon his return. His attitude may be the result of a feeling of neglect, since you were unable to be with him all the time on his furlough, a slightly unreasonable viewpoint perhaps when the circumstances from a practical standpoint, but who takes a practical standpoint where emotions are involved?

As for his stopping your allotment checks, he cannot legally do this while you are his wife. Since he is in the Navy, you can write to the Field Branch, Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, Navy Department, Cleveland, Ohio, to get this straightened out, in case he carries out his threat.

I doubt if he will do this, for I have a feeling that his letter to you was caused by hurt feelings, and was written to hurt you in return.

JANE WYMAN

Read JANUARY

WHAT IS A WOMAN?

FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE’S probing article that decodes a riddle baffling to men—and women—makes January PAGEANT a stand-out for you. "What is a Woman?" is a searching feature of lasting interest to every woman.

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Don and wife at the shindig Betty Hutton gave for husband Ted Briskin. Don’s going to RKO for “Thanks, God, I’ll Take It From Here.”

mother. Cedar Rapids is no slouch, when it comes to cultural matters. Didn’t you know? The late Grant Wood hailed from there; Don had known the great American painter of American scenes, way back when he played kick-the-can in the alley outside Wood’s studio, and when he was in Wood’s Junior High School art class. Grant Wood designed the sets for the first play Don did at the Cedar Rapids Community Theater. “Broadway” was the show.

It was through the Community Theater that Don met Albert McClary, director from the Pasadena Playhouse. And McClary encouraged him to make acting a career. “But first, go to school and learn,” McClary advised, and recommended him for a scholarship at Pasadena. So Don went to California. Left the pre-law course he’d started at the University of Iowa, and competed at the Playhouse for a scholarship. There were 250 aspirants; Don was one of six who were chosen.

Three years followed; years filled with the hardest work Don DeFore ever hopes—or wants—to see. He had what is called a “working scholarship,” which meant doing all kinds of odd jobs, primarily janitor work, in payment for his tuition. “Besides which,” he adds, “I had to earn my board and keep, in odd times on the side!”

It was three years of food that was bad and never enough. It was three years of too little sleep. It was working in a restaurant for room and board; hash slinging, washing, cooking. It was house painting, carting, carpentering—anything to keep himself going.

It was looking for professional picture work, when he had time, and it was getting buffeted from all directions and playing small parts with beards—until finally, after three long years, things began to happen.

A group of young actors—Don DeFore was starting a theater, opening with a play called “Where Do We Go From Here?” Don was given the lead. “It was a wonderful group,” says Don. “The kind of thing I like, and would like to be connected with again. A gang of serious young actors who love the theater in a good, honest, not at all ‘arty’ sort of way.”

The night “Where Do We Go From Here?” opened in Hollywood, Oscar Hammerstein III was in the audience, liked the show, bought it, and signed the troop to go with the play to New York.

“Unlike many actors,” says Don, “my lean years were in Hollywood. Once I hit New York with this show, things began to get easier.” While “Where” was not a big success, it ran for four weeks, and gave Don DeFore a chance to be seen. After that, he was not just another neophyte trying to break into the theater, he had already broken.

The future looked good. Parts in the World’s Fair Railroad Pageant, and in “Steel” done by the Labor Stage, followed in quick succession.

Then the three years of bad food and hours caught up with him, and catastrophe hit. A triple major abdominal operation, for which Don has only recently finished paying.

The convalescence was slow and long, but when he was back on his feet, Don was cast in an important role in “The Male Animal,” which starred his good friend, Elliott Nugent. This was Don’s first solid hit on the stage. He was in the play for two years, both in New York and on the road. He later played in the picture version of the play and was given a contract by Warner Bros., which contract ended in Don’s first packing up to do a stage play, a revival of “Sailor Beware.” This, after listening for months to Warners’ “no leading man” routine. The aforementioned Metro contract was the outcome of “Sailor Beware.”

All of this Don looks back upon with both a grin and some serious reflection. For this DeFore guy is a man of many facets: husband, father, businessman, gangster and haranguer.

Don can talk by the hour about politics, an interest that was stimulated at a very early age. The elder DeFore was a byway of being an amateur politician. He was a popular and active figure in the railroad union, and took a great interest in both local and national affairs. He was always an active campaigner in his precinct during the election. So Don grew up in an atmosphere that taught interest in such matters, along with thinking soundly for himself and expressing what he thought.

Don is a family man of deep and reserved emotion, with his lovely wife, Marion, whom he married in February ’42. She was Marion Holmes then; they met in Chicago. She was singing with Art Cassell’s orchestra and Don was playing in “Male Animal.” Marion has done no professional singing since she and Don were married.

“She hasn’t had much time,” grins
Don. Meaning that she’s kept busy by their adorable Penny Lu, born Christmas ’43, and the very new DeFore son and heir. David Allen, who arrived the twenty second of August, 1945.

The DeFores live in a charming house in a most “un-movie-star” part of Los Angeles. This is the house that got closed up, off and on, when Don made his escapes to the stage. Then, too, there was the other time, when Don put in a spell in the Army. “Problems in history,” says Don. “But I certainly tried.”

They had rented their house, and Marion had moved to a smaller place. She had taken a goany job as salesgirl at Saks. But after a few weeks of army life Don went to the hospital, a flu case. The doctor who examined him found out about the serious condition. The house was up. ‘Pvt. DeFore was out on a civilian ear.

At the moment, Don and Marion say with fingers crossed, “Life looks as though it might perhaps sail smoothly—for a while, at least.” They can fish and hunt and play golf, and do all the simple things that suit their tastes. No more class acts for the DeFores, just quiet, good living with old and congenial friends. Friends they can sit with of an evening and scream with laughter. They have done it with movies and books, with a good large hunk of world affairs thrown in.

In money matters and business, Don does all right, too—he wishes not to talk about it, but he is the owner of some of the oil lands he leased with a group of men, and oil was actually there. He wishes no one knew it because, since he left a job by a movie columnist, he’s been driven mad by salesmen trying to sell him everything from lost gold mines to real estate somewhere under water.

The qualities you most vividly, when you meet Don DeFore, is the fact he is the Complete Actor in the finest sense of the word. Seri¬ous, and creative, whether on stage, screen or radio. Always learning, always humble, yet always sure of his talent.

He can never repeat often enough his belief in the fact that he has gone into every successful acting career. When people say to him: “Aren’t you lucky to have made this overnight, success?” Don parries him completely. “What’s lucky about it?” he asks. Those years behind? Those years that were invested in making this successful start.

Don considers an actor is a commodity; and Hollywood, a highly organized business. No studio is going around doing “nice things” for actors. The type of actor competition is one worth so much on the open market. Don invested time, energy and sweat which has made him worth a certain amount of money. One fact that the time has come when this worth has been recog¬nized, is to Don the only logical out¬come of all these years.

“What’s flattering? Where is the compliment or the someone got something for nothing?” is Don’s constant query to anyone who will listen.

But he’s also inclined to add, with a grin, saying, “I sometimes think that because we have learned more about battling the elements than I learned about acting! But maybe that’s the best thing a guy can know is to be dope enough to want to be an actor!”

THE END

GREGORY PECK
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

This system forms a series of growths that natives call “knees.” I strode through one of these groves and was amazed at the different formations; a huge tree will put out a good many roots and will cover a distance from the trunk to a height of from one to three feet; they are gnarled and twisted, allowing an artistic imagination to run riot. Your mother found this tree acting exactly like a carving of the Virgin and Child; not being as devout as your mother, the statue I found made me look like a grimacing skull and crossbones.

And even so, the cypress groves reminded me of that verse of Rossetti’s: “When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me; Plant thou a rose and call it mine, Nor shady cypress tree; Be the green grass above me With showers and dewdrops And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget.”

Another interesting sight, in my opinion, was the masses of slash pine, which I found growing in a number of places. The name “slash pine” is one result of a peculiar system of cutting across the bark of the trees; the other result is turpentine which drips out of the slash into a box for the purpose. Very interesting.

Well, son, so much for the flora of this part of Florida. Be a good boy, and try to turn out some when I see something of interest.

Lovingly,
Your Dad.”

Dear Jonny:

‘The Yearling,’ the picture we are making down here, is going very well. On the days when I don’t have to work, your mother and I are get¬ting acquainted with the countryside. I took a long hike today, cross-coun¬try, and wound up at a village store. While I was mopping my forehead and gasping for breath, I noticed an American flag fluttering lazily from a rude pole in front of the store. I knew, at a glance, that the stars weren’t quite so numerous as those in our standard banner, so I counted them: There were forty-four. Think of it—a 44-star American flag.

I hope that you turn out to be bet¬ter in history than I am, because an occasion like finding a 44-star flag shouldn’t present a man with the type of mental judo with which I spent the next few minutes. Finally, I rasseled forth the facts that, since the last four states admitted to the union were New Mexico and Arizona in 1912, Oklahoma in 1907, and Utah in 1896, the flag must have been manufactured between 1890, when Idaho and Wyoming were admitted as the 43rd and 44th states, and 1896.

Naturally, after this cerebral tussle, I dashed into the store and made friends with the storekeeper. He was one of the people I have met so far and—said that he wasn’t exactly sure how old the flag was, because he had inherited it from his father. He offered to give me the flag, but of course I thanked him and refused. That refusal required real

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“Hello, my fine son:
You'll never guess what I have! A baby alligator! No fooling. A friend who lives in these parts, took me fishing yesterday. He has a fine boat, so we were able to cover a good deal of lake space. We happened across a mother alligator, which my friend killed. Then we found this youngster; we were able to cover a good deal of ground, and got him home alive. Naturally, I do not look upon my status as a motion picture actor with much excitement, but when I have been on location with motion picture companies on other occasions, the well-meaning attention of localities sometimes has been embarrassing, and has made it difficult for us to work. These people are utterly without awe and a sense of right, honor, and the intrinsic values of living. They slip the little character into my shirt. After a bit I looked down, and there was a toughie with a thin bit of my stomach gripped in his small jaws.
Your mother has suggested that I let him grow somewhat larger, then let him go. I slipped the little character into my pocket.

And now, pay heed to the menu: first we had a choice of fish stew, and fried lake bass; already on the table were huge bowls of string beans, roasted sweet corn, black-eyed peas, and a huge platter of juicy, sliced tomatoes—all this from their own garden. The venison had been shot the previous fall and salted down; the beef had been home-raised and salted, and the bass had been caught that morning. We were served shortbread biscuits we could eat, as well as a crumbling, rich corn bread. With dinner we had huge glasses of iced tea, and for dessert there were home-canned peaches that had been grown in their own orchards.

The home to which we were invited for dinner was furnished with the typical deerhide-covered chairs, pine settlets, and deal tables as were used by their grandparents. Your mother and I have just finished a thoroughly fascinating evening.

Jonny, dear:
Your mother and I have just finished a thoroughly fascinating evening. We were invited to attend a community dance in the High School. I wore my ‘chicken-eatin' coat,' which is the wonderful term given a business suit as opposed to dungarees or other working garb, by members of the opposite sex. Your mother wore her 'meetin' gown,' which is equivalent to Sunday best.
Your mother and I have just finished a thoroughly fascinating evening. We were invited to attend a community dance in the High School. I wore my ‘chicken-eatin' coat,' which is the wonderful term given a business suit as opposed to dungarees or other working garb, by members of the opposite sex. Your mother wore her 'meetin' gown,' which is equivalent to Sunday best. The music was supplied by a pump organ and a fiddle; and the dances those of the pioneer era: the Virginia reel, square dances and the waltz. I've never heard anyone call dances with the aplomb and ingenuity of our callers. He was really a winner.

Let softened city dwellers scream and a fiddle, and the dances were representative of a simpler time; they worked only when tilling the soil and attending to their needs as survival requires. When things are going well, they sit for hours in the shade, meditating. They find time to attend a community dance given at Saturday night we were invited to attend a community dance in the High School. I wore my 'chicken-eatin' coat,' which is the wonderful term given a business suit as opposed to dungarees or other working garb, by members of the opposite sex. Your mother wore her 'meetin' gown,' which is equivalent to Sunday best. The music was supplied by a pump organ and a fiddle; and the dances those of the pioneer era: the Virginia reel, square dances and the waltz. I've never heard anyone call dances with the aplomb and ingenuity of our callers. He was really a winner.

Let softened city dwellers scream and shout, corkscrewing until he has twisted off that portion clamped in his jaws. Because I wanted to bring this little 'gator back to California as a gift for a friend of mine, and also because I slipped the little character into my pocket.

And now, pay heed to the menu: first we had a choice of fish stew, and fried lake bass; already on the table were huge bowls of string beans, roasted sweet corn, black-eyed peas, and a huge platter of juicy, sliced tomatoes—all this from their own garden. The venison had been shot the previous fall and salted down; the beef had been home-raised and salted, and the bass had been caught that morning. We were served shortbread biscuits we could eat, as well as a crumbling, rich corn bread. With dinner we had huge glasses of iced tea, and for dessert there were home-canned peaches that had been grown in their own orchards.

The home to which we were invited for dinner was furnished with the typical deerhide-covered chairs, pine settlets, and deal tables as were used by their grandparents. Your mother and I have just finished a thoroughly fascinating evening. We were invited to attend a community dance in the High School. I wore my ‘chicken-eatin' coat,' which is the wonderful term given a business suit as opposed to dungarees or other working garb, by members of the opposite sex. Your mother wore her 'meetin' gown,' which is equivalent to Sunday best. The music was supplied by a pump organ and a fiddle; and the dances those of the pioneer era: the Virginia reel, square dances and the waltz. I've never heard anyone call dances with the aplomb and ingenuity of our callers. He was really a winner.

Saturday night we were invited to attend a community dance. In the High School, I wore my ‘chicken-eatin' coat,' which is the wonderful term given a business suit as opposed to dungarees or other working garb, by members of the opposite sex. Your mother wore her 'meetin' gown,' which is equivalent to Sunday best. The music was supplied by a pump organ and a fiddle; and the dances those of the pioneer era: the Virginia reel, square dances and the waltz. I've never heard anyone call dances with the aplomb and ingenuity of our callers. He was really a winner.

I don't dare predict what will happen to the flag whether I had any real right to it or not. While we were carrying on this conversation, I noticed that my friend was eying my hat. ‘That's a very fine hat,' he said. Instantly, feeling that after a handsome offer, I could do no less, I said, ‘Please accept it as a token of admiration for you and your father as American pioneers.' Gravely he accepted the hat. Then giving it a trim, he said to me, ‘I'll tell you, son, I don't want the hat for myself. I want it for my horse.'

Your mother is not going to let me live this down for a long time, Jonny.
With much love,
Dad.”
empty tracks. The title: "Equity will Bring Us Back."

Unlike most Hollywood artists, Mr. Whorf grew up expecting to be one. He was born into an artist's family: his father, Henry Church Whorf, was a noted painter, and his elder brother John, now considered the finest watercolor artist in America, was the only protege of John Singer Sargent. John and Richard studied art in Massachusetts schools, then in France and Germany. Erich bacterials they knew important contemporary artists, and the world's noted paintings and works of art were as familiar to them as sports figures are to the average American boy.

It was not until young Richard met the late Max Reinhardt in Germany that he decided to turn what had been a hobby into a career and become an actor.

"You can't make comparisons in art," he avers. "Art suits the person who makes it. As Whistler used to say, art is only personal opinion—don't agree that artists express themselves, because art is creation which acting isn't. An actor merely interprets what someone else has created."

"There's this great difference, too: Nobody approaches painting without humility, but no actor can approach painting with humility—or he can't act!"

At the moment, Mr. Whorf's studio is in his Beverly Hills garage. Very few of his own pictures are hung in his home. He prefers to give generous space to the work of his father and brother. He points out the excellence of their canvases and passes by his few sketches with: "That's just trick stuff—" or "A mood—not very important."

In his library he has some miniature stage sets, complete with tiny costumed models in correctly lighted, designed and built by himself. One especially interesting set is designed for Richard III which Mr. Whorf hopes to do one day. He enjoys playing the title role, of course. Half a dozen well-thumbed versions of the Shake-spearean drama flank the small model. Mr. Whorf writes plays, mystery stories and technical books for actors; he received critical acclaim for his set designs for the Lunts' production "There Shall Be No Night," and now has turned to directing pictures, between his screen portrayals. Metro's "A Sailor Takes a Wife" is his latest directorial effort.

Unlike an actor, he composes interesting pictures with his scenes," he observed, "which is one reason I enjoy my new job."

His books, "Running the Show" and "Time To Make Up," still bring in royalties after ten years. More exciting, these volumes caused his summons by the U. S. War Department to fly overseas to work in connection with the G. I. University Project for our occupation forces in Europe. The Casino in Biarritz was taken over by the G. I. theater and Mr. Whorf got student servicemen launched on their own productions and helped them with their first two shows.

When Steffi Duna gave Dennis O'Keefe a brush and a paintbox, he surprised himself, as well as his wife, by turning out a creditable picture. Bill Edwards, of Paramount, was a commercial artist in New York City before a photographer persuaded him to act as a model, and the resulting pictures brought him a movie contract. He puts in odd time on sets sketching his fellow actors, as does Mona Freeman, who once shared a studio with her Virginia cousin and vowed herself to ART.

From Edward G. Robinson and his famous collection of paintings to Rita Hayworth and her Indian masks, the town is filled with stars who get pleasure and sometimes profit from gathering together works of art.

Paula Goddard had never thought of collecting until she bought her first house four years ago. Then someone gave her a painting and she decorated a room around it, and suddenly fell in love with art.

"I collect for feeling and color," she said, "and I never look at what a painting is said to be worth. I have some Thelma Street pictures that cost me $12 each, that give me as much pleasure as any I own—and some of my pictures are quite valuable. Waldo Pierce and Henry Var- num Poor are our neighbors in Con- necticut and both have given me paintings. Waldo's Nude In The Bar is one of my favorites. I have a roomful of George Gershwin's sketches of me, all very charming and colorful, and the wonderful mural Diego Rivera did of me, which is quite large and includes an Indian girl who is doing my hair."

Paula Goddard's taste runs to the unusual in an artist's work. If people ask: "Is that a Rivera?" she is better pleased than if they announce confidingly at sight: "That's a Rivera!"

Paula Goddard never does anything by halves. Now that she's interested in collecting art, she carefully reads each artist's biography, sees whatever she can of his work, and when she buys anything, tries to give it its
Vincent Price has uncovered many a talented artist in his gallery. Next pic, "Dragonwyck."
whom I count as a treasured friend, told me about education in his time. It seems that during that period, school was kept by a home teacher: a man who made a rule that anyone in the fourth grade who made THREE mistakes in reciting the entire multiplication table forward and backward would have I. He has a son, however, who is in school in Jacksonville. Wistfully he said of this lad, "I want him to do good—not to be like me." I tried to say that thought the modern way of life was one to be admired, and that the world was filled with dyspeptic men who would change places with him on the instant.

For you, my boy, I would want the simple dignity, the proud self-sufficiency of these people. Your devoted,

Dad."

“Hi, Jonny-boy: I've just been fishing, and I've had a remarkable experience. Not principally because I caught my share of the forty fine finny friends we brought back, but because I've seen something I never expected to observe.

When we started out this morning, the man who has become my friend down here, said, "I don't think we'll have much luck on this part of the river, because I don't smell any fish." I kept still. My experience with fish has led me to believe that the ready-caught, and not the catchable, is the one with reverse use. But I have been so impressed with the native lore of these people that I'm slow to question. Despite my guide's insistence that he couldn't smell fish where we were trolling, we continued to try. After two hours of no bites, this got to be a bore, and we moved on to another spot. Again, our Floridian assured us that he smelled no fish. Again we tried without luck.

Finally we oared our way around a point where a famous bayou was said to be the one with reverse smell, but I have been so impressed with the native lore of these people that I'm slow to question. Despite my guide's insistence that he couldn't smell fish where we were trolling, we continued to try. After two hours of no bites, this got to be a bore, and we moved on to another spot. Again, our Floridian assured us that he smelled no fish. Again we tried without luck.

We got busy, as I have already cited as is possible for a naturally quiet man. "Fish," he muttered, his eyes bright. "I can smell hundreds of them, right over there!"

We got busy. I have already intimated, and reeled in 40 beauties. We got busy, as I have already intimated, and reeled in 40 beauties. I wish I could develop this trick, but I'm afraid that when you and I go fishing together, we'll just have to rely on luck. Just call me your Waltonian Dad."

“My dear son: The philosophic humor of these people is superb. I think I can best outline what I mean by telling you of two incidents from The Yo'ung. First of all, according to my local friend, typify the Florida viewpoint. One of the incidents will be used in the motion picture.

The recordable anecdote is this: while hunting, the character that I portray in the picture, finds that one of his dogs is cowardly. When his son suggests killing the dog, Yo'ung exclaims, "No, son, some dogs are meant to be good dogs, and some dogs is meant to be worthless dogs, and there isn't much a man can do about it."

My local friends have one good home. They are a valuable possession; he is pampered, he eats well, and he gets every care. My friends also own two mutts who run wild, doing as they please. The local viewpoint: the worthless animal has no responsibility; but the valuable animal is supplied with the best of things and loving care as exchange for his dependent behavior.

The incident which won't be filmed is this: in the book, Baxter found a pair of roly-poly cub bears. Quickly he stole one out of his trousers. He thought of his underwear, knotted the under¬wear legs, and slipped a cub into each leg. Then he hopped back into his dungarees, slung the cubs over his shoulder for home. Along the way, he was caught by the outraged mother bear, who took a bite of Baxter's dungarees. Baxter quickly dropped his cub-enclosed under¬wear slings and took his dungarees, and streaked for home.

When a friend asked him if his wife was surprised to see him, he answered, "I'm in a pantless condition," he replied, "I reckon she were; but I reckon she weren't so surprised to see me without pants, as that ole mother bear were surprised to see her cubs wearing underclothes."

Well, goodnight, my cub. Your Dad.

“Hi, Skipper: Well, honey, by the time you receive this note, your mother will be home. Yes, she left here yesterday on a trip; we were becoming to her, though I must say.

You'll get a kick out of this: for two months we have been living in the very center of one of the most fertile of reptile districts. One day my friend and I killed a six foot water moccasin as it lay beside our fishing boat on the bank. It was nothing all: a harmless snake—daring through the water a few feet away from us as we paddled along.

Near our location we killed several corn snakes and several skunks. You and your mother repeatedly watched her step.

In the mail this morning we received a letter from your nurse saying that the milkman had just killed a four foot rattler on our back yard—a snake which presumably had been living in our garden. Greta nearly lost her mind. She would hear of no responsibility; but the valuable animal is supplied with the best of things and loving care as exchange for his dependent behavior.

Your ever-lovin' Dad."
Danny ran the entire distance to the mission. A solitary night watchman, a grizzled old English-speaking Chinaman was the only person awake. The boys tried to explain what they wanted while he scrutinized them with an eloquent glance that labeled them as a group of (people). After a while, he spread his arms with an understanding, great-hearted man from Pomona, California.

Something about the situation appeared to have escaped Christmas. On a few minutes he returned to the waiting room, leading twelve Chinese children, between the ages of 6 and 12.

When this strange cavalcade returned to the theatre, the remaining 38 actors broke out into cheers and the button-eyed Chinese orphans instantly annexed approximately parents each. Everyone opened Christmas parcels, and handed the gifts to the kids who were bewildered, bemused, but overwhelmed with happiness. They chattered, exclaimed, shouted.

Then the superintendent lined up the children, gave them a keynote, and when they gathered around a Christmas tree about two feet high. This he had bought for one another. They had agreed on one, only, gift. Then each had invested in some dime store extras.

Mark gave his friend a gold heart locket on a fine gold chain, and she had given him a cigarette case on which was engraved his name and hers. In the other packages were tooth paste, hair gel, envelopes and airmail stationery, and a tiny plant of ivy.

So Mark Stevens' most memorable Christmas consisted of a dinner of hamburgers and a gift-opening ceremony on a vacant lot.

On Christmas Eve, 1934, Danny Kaye was in Shanghai, doing five shows a day. The lake was frozen, and there were 40 persons in the cast of La Vie Paree, the A. B. Marcus revue, and when they gathered around a decorated camphor tree backstage, after the last show at 10 o'clock, there were 40 cases of gabling homesickness.

The stage manager did his best. He broke out a series of Tom 'n' Jerry's, and announced that the presents at the foot of the tree would be opened at the stroke of midnight. But nobody was very gay; people began to wonder out loud if the trouble with what was doing at that moment in Des Moines, in McKeensport, in Seattle, and in South Chicago. "We're a long way from home," some geographical expert opined, and lower lips began to trip unwary walkers.

At which time Leon Miller, Danny's dancing partner, had an attack of claustrophobia. He had no idea how he and his partner got through, and discovered that there was a nearby mission conducted by medical missionaries of the Church of Latter Day Saints.

"That's for us," said Leon. He and

Danny ran the entire distance to the mission. A solitary night watchman, a grizzled old English-speaking Chinaman was the only person awake. The boys tried to explain what they wanted while he scrutinized them with an eloquent glance that labeled them as a group of (people). After a while, he spread his arms with an understanding, great-hearted man from Pomona, California.

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"That's for us," said Leon. He and
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The End
CLIFTON WEBB SAYS YES
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

“You come, too,” urged the little girl.

Clifton went. He didn’t belong to the theater, but was much too lively to sit on the sidelines. As he gyrated about the gleaming floor, making up his own steps since he’d never had a dancing lesson, Malcolm Douglas, then connected with the Children’s Theater at Carnegie Hall, wandered in. Mr. Douglas was in the throes of casting “The Brownies,” and was all but desperate for a child to play “Cholly.” He fairly pounced on Clifton, who quickly agreed to take the part.

“Don’t you do anything—don’t you tell my mother—I’m going to be an actor!” Clifton informed his grandmother, firmly. He could always dominate her and she objected only feebly, but once her grandson was in rehearsal and it became evident that he had embarked on a career, she wired her daughter: “Come at once. Clifton has gone on the stage!”

Mrs. Webb returned in time to sit in a box and faint with excitement when her son made his first appearance. Not that she objected: all her life she herself had wanted to be an actress, but she was from the South growing up in a d agonizer could look on as a gateway to destruction. “I’d sooner see you lying in your grave!” was among the milder statements made by Clifton’s grandfather in denying his daughter’s ambition.

“She had made up her mind that if I showed a yen for acting, she’d foster it,” recalled Mr. Webb. “She never was a stage mother, never one of those objectionable creatures who shove their offspring under producers’ noses, show them off or clamor for attention. What she gave was confidence, encouragement and help. “Cholly” was followed by starring roles in “Oliver Twist” and “The Master of Carlton Hall.” When the Children’s Theater closed, Clifton went back to school. By the time he was 13 days, Mr. Webb remembered, put-up his routine from the girl who was desperate for a child to play “Cholly.” Douglas was in the throes of casting at Carnegie Hall, wandered in. Mr. Webb mentioned that there might be an opening for him in an operetta about Napoleon and Josephine, as the role of the dancing master hadn’t been filled.

“You dance, don’t you?” the boy was asked, and he gave his usual answer, although he’d never had a dancing lesson in his life. He got the part, learning a routine from the girl who was to dance with him. After the show, the management decided they preferred Clifton and asked him to sing both performances. This time the boy varied his “Yes” by adding that he wanted more money. He was getting $40 a week. Aborn decided they preferred Clifton and asked him to sing both performances.

“I was a very serious person in those days,” Mr. Webb remembered, putting on an expression to match, “I didn’t smoke, I didn’t touch alcohol, I never went out at night except to the theater. My wages, you know, were a spark, a twinkling, a solemn young man pampering a precious pair of vocal chords. “I said: ‘What’s modern dancing?’ It was the first time I’d ever heard of it.”

Duly directed, he and his partner went to a celebrated roof, and did the one-step and foxtrot between courses. Presently a waiter came to Clifton returning to Boston on the same last-minute terms for “Madame Butterfly” and “La Boheme.” During the Christmas holidays, Clifton was asked to sing the role of the Witch in “Hansel and Gretel,” always sung by a man, a part so long and difficult that two singers had been engaged for it. One for matinees and one for evenings. After the first day, the management decided they preferred Clifton and asked him to sing both performances. This time the boy varied his “Yes” by adding that he wanted more money. He was getting $40 a week. Aborn made it $50.

It was nice to earn money for doing something as delightful as singing, but unfortunately Clifton wasn’t earning as much as he spent. It cost him $20 for half-hour voice lessons from Victor Potel, and he also had to pay his accompanist. Mr. Potel mentioned that there might be an opening for him in an operetta about Napoleon and Josephine, as the role of the dancing master hadn’t been filled.

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“Duly directed, he and his partner went to a celebrated roof, and did the one-step and foxtrot between courses. Presently a waiter came to Clifton
with a message asking him to stop at a young lady's table. Agreeably agitated, Clifton followed the waiter to where a pretty girl sat with an older man.

"My name is Bonnie Glass. I dance at Arthur Murray's," she said, smiling up at the tall youth. "It's this way; my partner has been fired, but they'd like to keep me if I can get someone to dance with me. I've been watching you, and I wonder if you'd like to try it? It pays rather well."

That sounded promising. Clifton said yes, he could do the tango, and yes, he could do the maxixe, although that was the first time he had ever heard of either one, and arranged to report at Arthur Murray's the next day.

"What salary would you expect?" asked Bonnie, as an after-thought.

Now while he had played the dancing master in "The Purple Road," Clifton had heard the leading man say he got $150 a week. This seemed the height of affluence to the boy, so he tossed a nonchalant "Hundred and fifty a week!" at Bonnie, expecting her to laugh, too. Instead, she stunned him by agreeing.

They arrived at Arthur Murray's, after having to ask the way to a spot just then a Mecca for the dance-crazed. Rehearsed the intricate Waltz on Bonnie had been doing, and went on that night. The crowd loved them. "This is the rhythm of poetry!" read one of their fan letters.

A little later, when they knew each other better, Bonnie asked her new partner to show her how to do his tango. "How do you do yours?" he countered. "I've no idea!" laughed Bonnie. "And I've no maxixe, either," he grinned, "Have you?" The two went out blithely and learned the numbers.

During this engagement at Murray's, customers besieged Clifton to teach them to dance. At first he waved them off, but later he decided he might as well have the money. He opened a class of his own and charged $1 a lesson. Customer besieged Clifton to teach them to dance. At first he waved them off, but later he decided he might as well have the money. He opened a class of his own and charged $1 a lesson.

Later, when Bonnie accepted an engagement in Chicago, Clifton and Mae became dance partners. They broke all records by dancing at the Palace for a straight ten weeks, then toured the country in vaudeville.

Fabulous offers poured in on them. In 1917, Clifton starred in the musical comedy "Love O'Mike" with Peggie Wood, following this with "Listen, Lester" and "As You Were" with Irene Bordoni. In 1921, Charles Cochrane took him to London.

That first night in London remains a brilliant memory. Clifton's opening number was "Whose Baby Are You?" He had arranged two encores with his leading lady, thinking that might be more than enough, but her house kept roaring "Core!"

"At first I was terrified," confided Mr. Webb. "I thought they were giving us the bird. They shouted "Core!" but it sounded like "Caw" to me. The manager said: 'Go out—they like you!' and gave us a shove. They wouldn't let us go. We did our two encore twice, we bowed, we made up silly routines, we did old gags, and they clapped as if we were wonderful. It was amazing—and glorious!"

Two seasons in London were followed by one in Paris. While he was there, young Mr. Webb signed a contract for a musical with John Murray Anderson and returned to New York to do "Jack and Jill." Rave reviews referred to him as a "hoofer," which horrified him.

"I'll not be a dancer all my life," he vowed, seeing ahead a mirage of musicals stretching to the sixties, himself a stiff-legged veteran still hopping up and down amid the offers. He stepped into a comedy role opposite Mary Boland in "Meet the Wife." George S. Kaufman, then a critic, wrote: "Mr. Webb will never have to
put on his dancing shoes once again.

But in 1925 Mr. Webb unpacked the shoes to play opposite Marilyn Miller in "Sunny" for 92 weeks, and kept them packed until he returned to Greenwich to pack six trunks and head for Hollywood. Spring in New York was the time, and Mr. Webb, with no contract for another, got deep into a fog, and a gremlin appeared, andMr. Preminger, of 20th Century-Fox, begged for him, but MGM refused to lend him. The picture about the dancer the closest friends in New York include Mrs. Harrison Williams, Grace Moore, Lily Pons, the Herbert Bay-Bawden-Welsh and Elsa Maxwell; out here he's familial with most of the movie colony girls, and he has the heart to forgive MGM. They didn't expect to go to the altar now... but his eyes laugh when he says this. Why can't some lucky lassie do something about it? Remember, he says "Yes!" so-o-o easily! The End.

Answer to Puzzle Page 10

SANG SUSAN FREUD
RE CREIN ANE RATA
AYIN NANALY 
REGINALD LA SIE
WART STONY HEART
WAI RATA HOWER
IDA SALOME ALAN
LEIGHT AB ALLEN
DIDA GS S ALL
EEES EREV ESE
TANA ROLE
ESLIE CARRILLO
ALTAR OI ALER
SILM MESNE EENT
SARA POTER SNA

Tired Kidneys
Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters, which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequently, gasoline passes with strange odor, and sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

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all he's tremendously serious about his work.

He kids all the time, with young and old, men and women. It is his complete companionship that makes me so glad I'm with him, and he shouldn't be flattered with that kind of attention!

We're alike, too, in that we both enjoy sketching. I used to draw, not too bad, and before the war I designed necks for the cartoonist, and I always cherished patterns so that it could be used with truly modern furniture. I had to stop for the duration because I couldn't get the work now. Can it begin again. Tom likes to sketch people; the picture he drew on my dressing-room door is sort of flatheaded and Garboish, but it's definitely me in what they call my "I-want-to-go-home" mood.

I hear that Tom used to adore Garbo, though he's said nothing to me about her. That young man certainly speaks his mind. Snap Needle, you can save many dollars' worth of hose and keep your legs looking good. You'll save more than the price of the needles the first pair you use. American English Needle Company has full instructions for sent C.O.D. plus postage (10 U.S.A.) for.

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I couldn't. Once he was tested, the role was Tom's.

I have a theory that variety in roles makes for the best job insurance, for it gives you a reputation for versatility. I think Tom knows he mustn't specialize in any one kind of part, but in any case "The Green Years" is a story that comes once in a lifetime.

Tom and I are alike in trying to get a way by so-called "charm," rather than by storm. My mother used to say: "You're using your 'con' smile again, Selena. But you'll go places with it, I suppose. At any rate, I can't say 'no.'" But Tom never consciously "turns on the charm." It's natural to him to be charming, and he is as nice to a messenger as he would be to a producer. He simply doesn't think that he or anyone else is especially important.

He seems very well educated, although I know he finished school at Mercersberg Academy at eighteen and didn't go to college. He knew what he wanted out of life, and he persuaded his guardian to let him go to dramatic school; from there, he went on the stage.

Most young boys seem to want to look older than they are, but Tom isn't like most young boys. I'm certain he will never try to look younger than he really is. At present, he's got that nice, puppydog look that slays me. Sometimes it's the look of a puppy who has been in mischief, and you feel you should scold him, but you don't have an idea what he's been up to, and you couldn't possibly scold him, anyway!

But while Tom has that little-boy quality that can be so devastating in men, he also has the capacity to stand on his own feet. I just die when I think of the man who grows up to be a "little boy" at forty! Tom would never be like that. At forty, he may still have the Peter Pan spirit inside, but it will be just right for his age.

Someone told me that I should write about how much Tom needs mothering, because he is such a little-boy person. I said: "Certainly not!" Mother love can be a pretty frightening affair, if it means trying to take possession of another person, making their decisions or clinging in a limp-plelike fashion. My idea of mothering means that you go along with a child, teaching it self-reliance and independence, and then letting it go free.

My screen son has a completely rounded viewpoint on life, and it doesn't center on Tom Drake. Talking to him, you'd never guess that he's in pictures, for he leaves them out of his conversation. He is, as I am, interested in people. He expects to like everyone he meets, and I think he usually does. I know instantly when I'm not going to like anyone, and I believe Tom is like me in that, too. But we even like the 'dirty dogs' if they are charming, I'm afraid.

Tom has a love of living that's rather rare. So many young people who have had some success are bored, or pretend to be, unless they are doing something exciting all the time. Tom is never bored. He can have a wonderful time, just kidding around, when there's nothing to do.

He married his first sweetheart, Chris, who has a three-year-old daughter, and he has a niece and nephew whom he adores. (As we go on to press, the report is that Mrs. Drake is Reno-bound.) He's terrific with children, perhaps because he's so completely relaxed with them.

Little Dean Stockwell, who plays Tom as a child in "The Green Years," is a very serious little boy. In one scene, I had to wash a streak of black off Dean's face, and I washed it so often that I was afraid the poor child would lose his skin. Tom came over and suggested that it would be much easier if we took Dean's head off and carried it away to wash it so we needn't disturb Dean every time. There was a good deal of foolishness about the way how much Tom needs mothering, because he is such a little-boy person. I said: "Certainly not!" Mother love can be a pretty frightening affair, if it means trying to take possession of another person, making their decisions or clinging in a limp-pilelike fashion. My idea of mothering means that you go along with a child, teaching it self-reliance and independence, and then letting it go free.

My screen son has a completely rounded viewpoint on life, and it doesn't center on Tom Drake. Talking to him, you'd never guess that he's in pictures, for he leaves them out of his conversation. He is, as I am, interested in people. He expects to like everyone he meets, and I think he usually does. I know instantly when I'm not going to like anyone, and I believe Tom is like me in that, too. But we even like the 'dirty dogs' if they are charming, I'm afraid.

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