Jane Powell

June Havner Tells: How Independent Should A Girl Be?
Tip the bottle, push the cap—
Have lovelier-looking hands in seconds!

No bothersome top to remove or replace. This handy “Push-Kap” dispenser gives you just the desired amount of lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion for the gentlest, most soothing care your dry, chapped hands (knees and elbows, too) have ever experienced. Cashmere Bouquet is the fragrant new formula that pours like a lotion, softens like a cream, dries quick-as-a-wink without stickiness. Grand as a powder base, or complexion treatment for your entire body. Get Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion with the new “Push-Kap” dispenser, in the large or giant size, today!
THESE "BUGS" MAY INVADE THROAT

These "bugs" in throat go into action ...
They are called Secondary Invaders ... can attack tissue and cause much of the misery associated with colds, say numerous authorities.

Kills Secondary Invaders

That's understandable! Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill, by millions, the threatening germs doctors call Secondary Invaders. It attacks them before they attack you ... halts mass invasion of the tissue.

Tests showed germ reductions ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

So, whatever else you do, at the first sign of a sniffle, or cough, or a scratchy throat, start with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may spare yourself an unpleasant siege of trouble.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
**First Run Features**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>How Independent Should A Girl Be?</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Really Want To Know Bing?</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some clarifying facts about Bing Crosby</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sidelights On Stanwyck</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbara, herself, is just as vital as the super-charged story of her new film</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Something New In Triangles</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Freda Dudley Balline</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dana Andrews, his wife Mary, and a lady named after a Polynesian princess</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telling On Themselves</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though these stars are up on top they're still trying to overcome bad traits</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Please Don't Ask Me That!</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Interviews are fun,&quot; says Terry, but some questions give her a trying time</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Mean Are You A</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alyce Canfield</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dan Duryen's unusual contribution to Hollywood history</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janet Leigh, starring in &quot;Jet Pilot&quot;</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linda Darnell, starring in &quot;Two Flags West&quot;</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Roman, starring in &quot;Dallas&quot;</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**The Hollywood Scene**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Your Guide To Current Films</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rahna Maughan</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newsreel</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The Show Must Go On!&quot; says Judy (Judy Garland)</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janet's Truly Flying High! (Janet Leigh)</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunshine For Linda (Linda Darnell)</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Type Casting For Ruth (Ruth Roman)</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That Rabbit Man's Here (James Stewart)</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Return Of Mrs. Miniver (Greer Garson)</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adaptable Adele (Adele Jergens)</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCREENLAND Salutes Charlton Heston</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Softball Classic</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**For Femmes Only**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>North Wind Charm</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kay Brunell</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contour Sorcery</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Lapham</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Give Or To Keep?</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Keep your mother on the young side. Help her to stay in sympathy with young ideas and both of you will be the better for it! The adoption of Tampax (for monthly sanitary protection) is a fairly good test of a mother's youthful attitude. So start her using Tampax—right away. You will do her a real service.

Tampax is a revolutionary product (it's used internally) but is thoroughly scientific. Invented by a physician, it consists of pure surgical cotton compressed into slender, white applicators for dainty, convenient insertion. When in place, the Tampax is conforming in shape and you cannot feel its presence. It causes no odor and is readily disposed of.

With Tampax you need no belts, no pins and no external pads. Being used internally it absolutely cannot make a bulge or ridge or wrinkle to "show through." You may take your tub or shower without removing the Tampax. A month's supply fits into a purse... Sold at drug or notion counter in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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Exclusive Photos by PICTORY

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**NOVEMBER, 1950**

**PUBLISHED BY J. FRED HENRY PUBLICATIONS, INC.**

**ARTHUR KAPLAN**
Circulation Manager (Newsstand Div.)

**A. E. CARDWELL**
Circulation Manager (Subscription Div.)
ONE AFTER ANOTHER
M-G-M BRINGS YOU THE
SCREEN'S GREATEST
MUSICAL HITS!

AND NOW...
M-G-M's NEW TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL!
THE TOAST OF NEW ORLEANS

STORMY KISSES! LUSTY SONGS!
When a brawny riverman romances a dazzling society singer in M-G-M's Mardi Gras Musical!

HEAR THE HIT SONGS
"Be My Love" "I'll Never Love Again"
Available on M-G-M  —

KATHRYN

The

with J. CARROL NAISH
KATHRYN SUNDBERG
Pasternak

Written by Sy Gomberg and paste

5
GREETINGS, people, from New York where, much to our surprise, we find ourselves, after a long trek across the good ole U. S. in our virile little Chevrie. Starting at the Pacific Ocean, which is not far from Hollywood, we headed, with the speed of a crack-shooter with a legacy from an old maiden aunt, for Las Vegas. Tony Martin was luring even the nickel slot machine players away from their harmless pastime with his crooning at the Flamingo. At the Last Frontier Hotel, Ricardo Montalban, with crew cut, spent most of his time loafing. After we got out of hock, we sped onward and eastward through the beautiful scenery of Utah which Hollywood uses so frequently for locations.

The next stop was a delightful resort way off in the hills of Wyoming that could rival any such spot around the Hollywoods. Called the Saratoga Inn, a wonderful old town named Saratoga, incidentally, Trout fishing practically outside the bedroom windows. More western than any horse opera to come out of film town. The trout fishing in Colorado was just as unrewarding as that in Wyoming. So we left Colorado.

In Chicago we had a long yak with one of our favorite girl singers, Margaret Whit- g. She was smashing records—box-office, her own—at the Chicago Theatre, doing five shows per day, which is not exactly a rest cure.

Finally we stopped driving and started sailing in the delightfully beautiful Berk-
YOU'LL VOTE IT PICTURE OF THE MONTH, OF THE YEAR, OF THE DECADE!

WARNER BROS. present the picture Most-to-be-Honored this year

JANE WYMAN
KIRK DOUGLAS
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

in The Glass Menagerie

also starring ARTHUR KENNEDY

Produced by JERRY WALD and CHARLES K. FELDMAN • directed by IRVING RAPPER
a CHARLES K. FELDMAN group production • distributed by WARNER BROS.
Adapted for the Screen by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS and PETER BERNEIS
From the Original Stage Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
As Presented on the Stage by Eddie Dowling and Louis J. Singer
Original Music by Max Steiner

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' CRITICS AWARD PLAY IS NOW ON THE SCREEN!
The lure of the big city eventually became too great so we hit the road again for New York and we've been having a ball ever since. First night in town: dined at a wonderful little place called Villa Sweden, which is the spot Elliott Roosevelt and Faye Emerson picked to talk over prospects of a reconciliation. Lunched next day with Walter Starkey, who was the juvenile lead in the N'Yawk production of "Detective Story," Ran smack into Peter Lind Hayes, his beautiful wife Mary Healy, and Sherman Billingsley at the Stork Club and had a big reunion with them. Pete and Mary are doing great things with their Stork Club TV show. Same night we took in "Detective Story," which starred Ralph Bellamy. This show and television have kept him so busy in New York that he hasn't had time for Hollywood and the movies.

Next night we took a fast tour of some of NBC's new television studios and they're so much like motion picture sets that we got a momentary nostalgia for our home town, Hollywood. Later we dined at Luckow's, a very old restaurant that simply crawls with atmosphere, a favorite haunt of people in the entertainment world.

The Clark Gables at Indianapolis Speedway for racing scenes for Clark's new film.

Vivien Leigh arrives in N. Y. on way to Hollywood for film, "Streetcar Named Desire."

Arlene Dahl and beau Lex Barker, just returned from Africa, have reunion in Gotham.

Piper Laurie, Ronald Reagan and Ruth Hussey in Chicago for the gala "Louisa" premiere.
Here is a strange and exciting woman, at war with everything and everyone who stood in her way.

One of the Five Best Pictures of the Year

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

JOAN WENDELL CRAWFORD • COREY

in

Harriet Craig

LUCILE WATSON • ALLYN JOSLYN • WILLIAM BISHOP • K.T. STEVENS
Screen Play by Anne Froelick and James Gunn
Based on the Pulitzer Prize winning play, "Craig's Wife," by George Kelly
Produced by WILLIAM DOZIER • Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN
Here's Wonderful Deodorant News!

New, finer Mum
more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—better, longer. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that cause underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

Mum’s protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down future bacteria growth. You actually build up protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

Frankie Laine and Nan Grey honeymooning in S. A., see Rio de Janeiro from mountain top.

Spied Sir Cedric Hardwicke enjoying his victuals there. Then we dropped in at the Blue Angel where two of our pals from Hollywood are holding forth in the entertainment department. They're the piano-playing team, Eadie and Rack, and how that pair pack 'em in! Real great.

* * *

Next feature on the program: Lunch at the beautiful Jade Room of the Ritz Hotel with playwright John van Druten, who had just flown in from the West Coast to direct his play, "Bell, Book And Candle," which Irene Selaniek is producing. Later on—dinner with Earl Blackwell, the bright boy of Celebrity Service, the outfit that keeps tabs on the famous all over the world. Earl had just returned from a four-month whirl in Europe and was full of news about Paris, London, the Riviera and elsewhere.

* * *

Guess the most exciting evening so far in New York was seeing "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," one of the most vivid, colorful and fun musicals we've ever seen on the New York stage. It was sheer joy to watch the antics of Carol Channing, the show's star. We managed to tear our (Please turn to page 16)
"Blemishes" are no problem for me," says Mrs. Phyllis MacDonald, Toronto housewife. "Noxema makes my skin look so much softer and cleaner. I apply it first thing in the morning and at bedtime, too. It's my all-around beauty aid."

"My skin was once dry and very sensitive," says successful Philadelphia career girl Barbara Swanson. "But since my From Queen days, I’ve used Noxema regularly as my night cream. It has consistently taken care of my skin."

NEW HOME FACIAL

Look lovelier in 10 days... or your money back!
Read these 4 simple steps developed by a doctor

- No need for a lot of elaborate preparations... no complicated rituals! With one cream, you can cleanse... help protect... and help heal!

Yes, here's a wonderful aid to more beautiful-looking skin. Now, you can help your complexion look not only softer and smoother, but fresher, too... with just one dainty, snow-white cream—greaseless Noxema. And the way to use it is as quick and easy as washing your face. It's the new Noxema Home Facial—and it can help bring you lovelier-looking skin in 10 days—or your money back!

Here's All You Do

A skin doctor developed this new Noxema Home Facial. When it was tested on 181 girls and women, 4 out of 5 showed marked skin improvement—in 2 weeks or less! The secret? Noxema is a unique medicated formula—a marvelous oil-and-moisture emulsion.

Noxema not only helps supply a light film of oil and moisture to the skin's outer surface... but it helps heal externally-caused blemishes, too. That's why daily use of Noxema, in this easy Home Facial, can help your skin look lovelier, too!

Morning—Step 1—Apply Noxema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse well and dry gently with a clean towel. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly. Why, Noxema even smells clean!

Step 2—After drying, smooth on a light film of greaseless Noxema for your make-up foundation. This invisible film of Noxema not only holds make-up beautifully, but it also helps to protect your skin—helps protect it all day long!

Evening—Step 3—At bedtime, "creamwash" again with Noxema. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—without any harsh rubbing!

Step 4—Now, lightly massage Noxema into face and neck. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes*. While you sleep, Noxema helps heal them—helps your skin look softer and smoother, too. And it's greaseless! No "smeary" face or messy pillow with Noxema!

Blemishes*. "Noxema is grand for helping to heal minor blemishes*," says Lucille Sheriff of Hyattsville, Md. "It's so refreshing, too—leaves my skin feeling soft and so clean! And I certainly like the fact that it's greaseless."

Money Back Offer! Try the new Noxema Home Facial for 10 days. If your skin doesn’t show real improvement, return your jar to Noxema, Baltimore, Md.—money cheerfully refunded. Today, get the 85¢ jar of Noxema for only 59¢—almost half again as much for your money as in the Small size! Limited time only—at any drug or cosmetic counter.

MONEY SAVING OFFER
ON NOXZEMA

Big 85¢ Jar
now only 59¢ plus tax
Limited offer—Stock up now!
easy to sleep with

Tip-Top

DREAM CURLERS
America's Favorite Curler

TIP-TOP PRODUCTS COMPANY - OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

A whirlpool of trouble that starts when one of his fishing clients skips out without paying the bill. Left stranded in Mexico with man-eating Patricia Neal, Garfield agrees to smuggle a group of Chinese into the States. The deal falls through and as a result a man is dead. Back home, the boat is impounded by the authorities. Without the boat Garfield can't make a living. No money, no payments and soon no boat. Another deal is offered and in his spot Garfield can't see turning it down. The pay-off this time is four lives and the lid is hammered down on the last fragment of his dream of security. A rare picture that has everything worth remembering: terrific performances, dialogue that would make Reb-lais blush, and high-powered charges of excitement.

Edge Of Doom

Goldwyn-RKO

DEFINITELY not escapist fare since Farley Granger experiences a living hell and succeeds admirably in tak-

The Breaking Point

Warner Brothers

SOMETIMES man's simplest wants often lead to the greatest difficulties. In small boat-owner John Garfield's case it's merely a matter of supporting his wife, Phyllis Thaxter, and their two little girls. With their lack of funds constantly haunting him, Garfield gets caught in a whirlpool of trouble that starts when one of his fishing clients skips out without paying the bill. Left stranded in Mexico with man-eating Patricia Neal, Garfield agrees to smuggle a group of Chinese into the States. The deal falls through and as a result a man is dead. Back home, the boat is impounded by the authorities. Without the boat Garfield can't make a living. No money, no payments and soon no boat. Another deal is offered and in his spot Garfield can't see turning it down. The pay-off this time is four lives and the lid is hammered down on the last fragment of his dream of security. A rare picture that has everything worth remembering: terrific performances, dialogue that would make Reb-lais blush, and high-powered charges of excitement.

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her own. Prodded by friends Jane Wyatt and David Wayne, they decide to adopt a baby. The legal adoption is snafued, and the child they get from "black market" is also taken from them. It isn't all grim future, however, for when nice things start happening they happen three-fold.

James Cagney plays havoc with Barbara Payton in Cagney produced "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye."

High Lonesome (Technicolor) Eagle-Lion

NO ONE at a remote ranch believes stranger John Barrymore, Jr., when (Please turn to page 70)

Singer Lizabeth Scott, maladjusted veteran Charlton Heston in Hal Wallis' "Dark City."

Love being in love? Whether or not you believe your hand reveals your romantic nature, you can be sure your well-groomed fingertips show you're fashion-wise. When you use Dura-Gloss, your fingertips say you're practical, too! For Dura-Gloss means exciting shades, quick application, long lasting beauty... all yours for only 10¢.

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

non-smear remover 10¢ and 25¢...lipstick 25¢

10¢
lookin' eyes away from her occasionally to see how Ray and Mal Milland were enjoying the show and we're glad to report that they looooved it. If the show ever closes, Carol could make only a lousy fortune on the screen as a great comedienne.

* * *

That about brings us up to date on the New York situation. Let's take a look at Hollywood:

BETTE DAVIS' marriage to Gary Merrill is quite a story. They met, you know, when they worked in 20th's "All About Eve." Both obtained Mexican divorces. The marriage occurred just as RKO released Bette's picture, "Story Of A Divorce," and that called for a title change, but quick. Not to be outdone, Bette's former mate, William Grant Sherry, just up and married their daughter's nurse, Marion Richard, and installed her in the Laguna home which Bette gave Sherry in the property settlement. The only person left out of this marriage merry-go-round is Merrill's ex-wife. Bette expected to go to Europe with her new man for 20th's "Legion Of The Damned," after honeymooning in New England.

* * *

For the first time since January, 1946, Judy Holliday will have her natural hair shade back. Seems she's been playing the dumb blonde in "Born Yesterday" on and off for four years and who can be a dumb blonde with brown hair? Her husband, David Oppenheim, has never seen her with the au natural, un-blonde shade.

* * *

Bob Mitchum returned from a fishing trip wearing a goatee yet! I hear he looks right purty in it. Bob's younger brother, John, gets his first film role in "Crackdown" at RKO. He's changed his name to John Mallory.

* * *

Shelley Winters was so currazy about her Summer theatre session that she's asked U-I to put some fine print in her contract to the effect that she can "vacation" in this fashion every Summer. Never a gal to be idle, she'd rather work than make money.

* * *

Howard Duff's taken a house at Malibu to be closer to Ida Lupino's mose. Mr. D. and Miss L. were dining at a beach restaurant when who should walk in but Collier Young and Marta Toren. Howard used to go with Marta and, if you know your Hollywood marriages, "Collie" and Ida usta be.

* * *

Guess what Lana Turner wears in "Mr. Imperium." Give up? A sweater is the garment and she hasn't donned one of those on screen for quite a spell. The lush Lana's leading man, Ezio Pinza, famous for his charming manners, sent her three dozen roses opening day of shooting.

* * *

Roy Rogers moved into some new offices on Hollywood's Highland Avenue and the building sports a rope on the facade and a large plaster Stetson hat, just so he'll know where the joint is. Roy and Dale spend quite a lot of time living in their trailer, parked at Paradise Cove—a small place where those of the movie colony who like trailers hide out.

* * *

You can't say Errol Flynn is exactly not marriage-minded. In spite of heavy alimony to two ex-wives, he was all set to make a third try with the Princess Ghika when suddenly another gal, actress Pat Wymore, came into his life. Whether they reach the altar is as much your guess as ours.

* * *

The question of whether the famous rabbit Harvey will appear in the famous picture "Harvey" has been answered. He won't—at least he wasn't there when U-I sneaked the picture. Hear Jimmy Stewart is only sensational as the bunny's pal, but if you think there wasn't a hassle with the still photographers trying to shoot pictures of a guy talking to a rabbit who isn't there, then you, friend, are off your rocker.

* * *

There was quite a lot of sentiment attached to the Mexico City leave-taking of Columbia's "The Brave Bulls" company. Eight bullfighters, who appeared...
Quite the choicest plum of the season was given Jose Ferrer when Stanley Kramer handed him the title role in his production of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Jose promptly got his teeth into it.

Actors will tell you that among them there is no one more accomplished than Jose Ferrer.

With Lloyd Corrigan. Cyrano is extraordinary. being soldier, poet, philosopher, musician, playwright and best swordsman in all France.

Jose in his fantastic makeup as Cyrano is offered food by the Orange Girl (Elena Verdugo) in Kramer's filmization of the classic.
Left: Alan Ladd and his wife, Sue, at Betty Hutton's recent party for columnist Louis Sobol and his bride-to-be, Peggy Strohl.

Right: Cyd Charisse, who's expecting a baby, with her husband, Tony Martin, in the Crystal Room of Beverly Hills Hotel at Hutton-Sobol gathering of stars.

NEWSREEL

Danny Kaye and Claudette Colbert in spirited conversation at exciting affair. Betty was busy beaver during evening.

Peggy Strohl, George Jessel, Betty and Louis Sobol. Betty's now appearing with Fred Astaire in musical, "Let's Dance."
Esther Williams and husband, Ben Gage, were among many screen favorites present.

Errol Flynn was there with the Number One girl of his life, charming Patrice Wymore.

Character actor Fred Clark with Benay Venuta at Betty's dinner party in Crystal Room

from the Westmores of Hollywood
the men who make the Stars more beautiful

JOANNE DRU
Star of "711 OCEAN DRIVE"
An S&S Production

Perc Westmore, Dean of Make-Up Artists, glamorizing lovely Joanne Dru, with the new Westmore Lipstick...used by the stars on screen and street.

Bewitching
New Lipsticks
in Golden Settings

Two sizes 59¢ and 29¢

Hollywood's own famous lipstick, Westmore—cosmetic secret so many glamorous stars use on screen and street—now comes to you in gorgeous new, golden cases! They're like fine masterpieces of jewelers' art! Thrilling, enticing color-shades harmonize perfectly with your own individual complexion. Special creamy base stays on so excitingly long! Remember...Westmore, and only Westmore...are the certified cosmetics of the stars (see actual certificate from these beauty experts below). On sale at variety, chain and drug store cosmetic counters.

Westmore
HOLLYWOOD
Cosmetics

Certified
COSMETICS OF THE STARS
We hereby certify that the cosmetics advertised and sold under our name are exactly the same cosmetics we use to make Hollywood's famous stars more beautiful on and off the screen.

Perc Westmore, Famous Dean of Make-Up Artists
Wally Westmore, Make-Up Director
Bud Westmore, Make-Up Director

Phyllis Flood, Paramount Studios
Kitty Adler, Universal Studios

*plus tax

"WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT THIS
NEW LIPSTICK BEAUTY TO YOU"
INDEPENDENCE for girls is a wonderful thing. No sane person in this day and age would argue that. But too much of it, like too much of other good things—leisure or chocolate cake or fine brandy—can be rather dreadful. At the risk of being called a fence-sitter, I'd say the happy medium of independence is the thing for which a girl should strive.

Are those the words of old Aunt Agatha, who has been clucking over “What are girls coming to?” ever since they were allowed to ride bicycles?

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Are those the words of old Aunt Agatha, who has been clucking over “What are girls coming to?” ever since they were allowed to ride bicycles?
"Strive for the happy medium," advises June Haver

By Dorothy O'Leary

and swim? No. Or advice from a hard-headed male who still insists woman's place is in the home? No. The foregoing opinion on how independent a girl should be comes from June Haver, the sweet little star who may not have a Ph.D. in social studies, but who has done a heap o' living in her short life, who has been trouping since her earliest 'teens, who in her own quiet way has learned a lot about independence—and dependence, too. And the value of both.

"Americans are traditionally proud of independence. Earliest settlers were seeking freedom of one sort or another and were willing to fight for it. So were the later arrivals. Yet it took centuries to establish that women, too, deserved independence, the right to vote, own property, make their own decisions and have careers," June went on.

"The last war gave the cause of independence for girls its biggest shot in the arm, when manpower shortage offered girls their best opportunities in the field of business and industry—and a better break on equal salaries for equal jobs.

"I see no grounds for objection on that; it's equitable and just that women should have equal opportunity if they have equal talent. But there was a chain reaction, of which I don't approve. Girls thought they should have just as much independence as men in all things—and that just somehow does not work out.

"I heartily favor jobs and careers for girls. I firmly believe they are better off in later life if they have had experience in a job—any job—in which they must learn to get along with other people. But, and this is a (Please turn to page 80)

When fashion calls for low-down necklines, your lovely answer is this low-cut... one of a complete V-Ette® bra wardrobe.
A, B, C cups.
Cotton 2.50, Nylon 3.50

A dance number with Harry James. Says June, "Curb independence at work, handling dates."
Above: Knowing that underneath it all she has a troubled heart, Phil Silvers plants kiss on Judy’s cheek. Phil is a great admirer of hers.

Right: Judy didn’t think she needed any retouching, but makeup girls Helene Parrish and Dot Ponedel corralled her, armed with beautifiers.

Below: In film her cook is Marjorie Main, a lady who’s graced many a movie farm. In this scene from “Stock” Judy gets breakfast from Marjorie.

The movies, with the aid of Judy Garland, finally deal with the subject of the strawhat theatres in “Summer Stock,” Judy’s and MCM’s new Technicolor picture. In this, Judy is a well-content farm owner in Connecticut whose actress sister (Gloria De Havilland) brings a raft of thespians from the city to put on a show in Judy’s barn. At the outset Judy objects, even to Gene Kelly, the director. However, she relents on learning Gloria loves Gene, with the condition that the actors help with the farm chores while they are rehearsing. Farmer Garland, in her unglamorous overalls and serviceable shirts, finds herself becoming fascinated by the preparations for the show and soon knows all the lines and the songs. All this time, she is being courted by a local lad, Orville (Eddie Bracken), who is something of a creep. When Gloria quarrels with Gene and runs off with the company’s leading man, Judy is pressed into service as leading lady. As she and Gene work together a romance develops and Eddie, seeing this, does his best to foul up both romance and show. If his machinations are successful or not, you will discover on seeing this frothy opus, sung and danced in the best Garland tradition.
"The Show Must Go On!"
says Judy

Time off from work on "Summer Stock" to help her daughter Lisa celebrate her fourth birthday. With them is husband, Vincente Minnelli.

The priceless Garland talent in action before the camera.

Dressed as ragamuffins, Judy and Phil talk before beginning scene.

Judy gets big laugh out of Eddie Bracken on set.
THE Spaniards up around Monterey have a word for Bing. They speak of him as "simpatico," which means congenial, pleasant, or just plain nice. He is all of that, plus several added features. When I speak of added features, I refer to that reserve which sets him apart from ordinary mortals. Without it, he just wouldn't be Bing. It is this same quality that divides people's opinion of him. That is, those who do not know him. The truth of the matter is that the guy is so natural that he throws everyone off the scent. I'd like to give you the "Groaner," as I've observed him over a period of years. Usually around some golf course, wearing something loud and loose, and having a pretty good time.

When he comes over to his own club, Lakeside, he always brings his "mallets" with him, which means that he intends to do a bit of practicing or playing. He takes it slow and easy. First, he'll "shoot the breeze" with the caddies, then greet the boys in the golf shop, then pass on to the men's locker room where he'll take time out to ask the attendants how business is in that department. Then he'll saunter up to the grill, select a non-fattening luncheon from the heavily laden buffet table, and join a few intimate friends. No grand entrances or exits. Bing commands attention without seeking it.

Now he is ready for the practice tee. No prima donna stuff here either. He is always surrounded by a group of kibitzers who chat merrily while he works with his shots. If they are good he gets cheers and whistles, and if they are bad, he gets a lot of free advice, which he calls a bootleg lesson. If his detractors are too insistent, he has been known to sit down and relax while he asks them to demonstrate their theories. He may even toss in a couple of wagers to shut them up, if possible. He then becomes the mentor and does what he can to foil them up. His concentration is a thing of beauty. No amount of heckling can disturb him. He keeps right on swinging, and when he leaves the practice tee he has mastered his problem, and shows no sign of fatigue.

Another salute to his power of concentration, is the way he used to practice in the early mornings, with all four of his boys trying to emulate him. Each one had his own miniature golf club, and went to work with a vengeance. Bing assigned each one to his own square of turf, and warned them to keep their distance, so there would be no accidents. If a Tong war broke out among them, he'd settle it with a quiet warning, and return to his practice.

It is this same concentration that people who do not know him mistake for indifference. In reality, it is just the reverse. It isn't a pose. He is sitting back quietly trying to figure out what makes the wheels go around in this old world, and what he, in his small way, can do to help. When they lend a helping hand he'd much prefer that no one was looking, and if they are, that they'd keep mum about it.

This is particularly so during the holiday season. It is then that the back of his car becomes a treasure chest for the needy. The clothing that his four boys have outgrown is carefully put into neat bundles and delivered to a Mexican family to distribute within their colony in North Hollywood.

When Bing lived in the Valley he did his own delivering, for they were his friends and neighbors, and they were used to seeing him about. However, when he wanted to help a poor family on the East side of Los Angeles where there was the risk of running into large crowds, he equipped a friend with a hundred dollars, his car, an address, and instructions to load the car with as much food as it would hold, and if there was any change, it was to be given to the mother of the brood, with his good wishes.

One of his Christmas forays almost caused the complete alienation of one Hollywood family. That of Paul Jones, who is a pretty funny man in his own right, as may be deduced from his having produced the Hope-Crosby very successful "Road" pictures. This particular holiday was one of those long weekends where Christmas fell on Sunday, so it was celebrated on Monday too. The Joneses elected to entertain their respective families on Sunday. The celebration was an eminently successful one, in so far as numbers, duration, gifts exchanged, and food consumed were concerned. There was just enough of the second turkey left to provide Monday night pickings for the hosts. Tired and hungry, they had put on their robes and slippers and were all set to raid the pantry, when they were greeted by five male voices singing Christmas carols. They were sure that someone had left the radio on, for it was unmistakably Bing Bingle leading the singers. By the time they got to the living room for a quick survey from behind the drawn curtains, the doorbell rang and in filed Bing and his homemade quartet. The concert continued, except for time out while the boys helped themselves to the remnants of the Christmas candy. By this time the neighbors had (Please turn to page 58)
Some clarifying facts about Bing Crosby, whose actual personality often gets lost in a welter of publicity

By

Mildred MacArthur

With Nancy Olson. He won't discuss private life with those he regards as too curious.

Returning on Queen Elizabeth from England, Bing's casual air is a smoke screen that confuses many.

A classic quip on golf course is proof his best lines are original.

Really Want To Know Bing?
Linda and Indian friends on New Mexico location for "Two Flags West."

Northerner Darnell, Southerner Cotten are attracted despite obstacles.

Sunshine For Linda

She nearly succumbs to Cornel Wilde before Cotten comes into her life.

AFTER the harrowing theme of her last film, "No Way Out," Linda Darnell does get out into the sun and fresh air of the Old West in a 20th story, "Two Flags West." She is the widow of a Northern soldier who has lost his life in the Civil War. As such, she runs into Joseph Cotten, the Southern officer indirectly responsible for her husband's death. It's blood-and-thunder fare, culminating in the familiar, but ever thrilling, attack by Indians.

Linda and Cornel try to help wounded Roy Gordon in thick of Indian fight.
WITH all the roles she's played, Ruth Roman has seldom fallen victim to type casting. Actually, she is and looks like quite a fiery, dynamic lass, yet Ruth has such a convincing way with such parts as the serene and sweet heroine, the wronged woman or, occasionally, as the "straight" gal for a comedian that we usually see her as such. Certainly a tribute from her studio, Warner Brothers, which considers Ruth that talented an actress to portray parts quite dissimilar from her own personality. Her best-so-far assignment is opposite Gary Cooper in "Dallas."

Above: A daughter of a rancher in Warners' "Dallas," Ruth loves a Confederate colonel with a price on his head, Gary Cooper.

Right: The real Roman is best expressed in "Three Secrets." She's caused a sensation among Hollywood's most eligible men.

In a scene from the Technicolor "Dallas," Ruth and her weakling brother, Gil Donaldson, are threatened by invader of their ranch, Peter Ortez.

Ruth doesn't have to do "cheesecake" any more, but is aware of its value.
FOR some time a great romance has been raging in Hollywood without catching the attention of the columnists. Practically nothing has been written about the situation, although it involves all the more delightful elements of adventure, poetry, far places, and the beauty of the unknown. It's serious, too, and would appear to be a permanent liaison.

Our reference, of course, is to the love affair between Dana Andrews and his boat, The Vileehi, named in honor of a Polynesian princess whose spirit—according to legend—makes fair the seas and speeds the voyages of her namesakes. Dana's wife, Mary, liking fair seas and fast voyages as well as the next sailor, is not at all jealous of Vileehi.

She (the boat that is, not the royal wraith) is an eighty-foot, offshore ketch having in addition to her canvas an auxiliary 165 horsepower gasoline-driven engine. Her hull is solid teak, a circumstance which almost persuaded Dana to have her varnished in preference to having her painted so that the beauty of the wood could be revealed. When he learned that a varnish job would have to be repeated every four months, whereas paint remains reliable for a year, he changed his mind. Especially at current prices.

So, freshly painted, rigged, and stocked, The Vileehi was waiting impatiently in her slip while Dana finished his latest picture for 20th Century-Fox, a thriller entitled, prophetically enough, "Where The Sidewalk Ends." To allay his own impatience to be cutting the silver sea, Dana spent four preparatory months studying navigation every Thursday night. Also, whenever there was a lull on the set, he pored over charts and mathematical tables. His training began to tell: when he was driving through an unfamiliar portion of Los Angeles, he no longer got lost—an acid test of any man's navigation.

When, at last, The Vileehi made her way out of Los Angeles harbor one Sunday morning, the fog in an avalanche of buttermilk came in from the open sea to welcome the ketch. Dana's (Please turn to page 64)
Something New
In Triangles

Dana Andrews, his wife, Mary, and a lady named after a Polynesian princess are an unusual triangle

By Fredda Dudley Balling

Aboard The Vilechi, Dana's navigation brought her safely through difficult channel.

The Andrews relax here, but later they had their troubles when a broken chain drive brought the carefree cruise to a halt at La Paz.

Dana keeps rifle ready for sharks, which abounded in waters The Vilechi sailed; while Mary goes over the side for a swim.
That Rabbit Man's Here

The film version of "Harvey" is brought to the screen by Universal-International with James Stewart playing Elwood P. Dowd, a harmless but bibulous gent who forms a companionship with an invisible six-foot rabbit named Harvey. Alarmed, Jimmy's sister (Josephine Hull) has him committed to an institution. Her description of Harvey is so vivid the psychiatrist holds her, releases Jimmy. Realizing his error, the doctor seeks Jimmy, finds him at a bar. Jimmy introduces his rabbit pal to the psychiatrist who promptly falls under Harvey's spell. It's all very funny and when you see it you'll know why Mary Chase's comedy won the Pulitzer Prize.

Right: Nurse Peggy Dow stands by as Jimmy does some tall explaining to Cecil Kellaway, head of the mental institution to which he's confined in "Harvey," U-I comedy.

Right: Josephine Hull listens unbelievingly as James Stewart, her young brother, reads aloud to his invisible rabbit friend, Harvey, in the hilarious picture of the same name.

Right: Jimmy as Elwood P. Dowd. Portrait is only way Harvey appears in the film.

Below: A fellow imbibers is enthralled as Jimmy converses with his pal Harvey.
GREER GARSON and Walter Pidgeon, who have made so many delightful pictures together, are reunited in "The Miniver Story," a sequel to "Mrs. Miniver," one of their biggest successes. The new film starts where the other left off, with its first scene taking place on V-E Day. Greer again plays the lovely Mrs. Miniver who, although now in ill health, is still strong in fortitude, which she proves by helping her family adjust to postwar life. "Mrs. Miniver" was Academy Award winner.

Below: Leo Genn expectantly awaits a sour note as Greer practices on bass violin.

Right: Greer Garson, John Hodiak chat with technician Chris Doll between scenes.


Above: A joke backfires and Greer and Walter find themselves in mess.

Below: The set was a merry one and Greer contributed to the hijinks.

Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, as Mr. and Mrs. Miniver, reminisce about the hard-to-forget war days in this scene in MGM's "The Miniver Story."
Though they've risen to enviable heights, these stars are trying to overcome traits in themselves they hate

By Jerry Asher

If you share the general belief that motion picture stars are the personification of perfection; that they are the fortunate few who have happily transcended human problems and are no longer prey to those all-too-human frailties which harass the rest of humanity; you are deluding yourself.

Despite the enviable heights to which they have risen, they seldom thrust themselves upon the world with a complacent "take-me-as-I-am" attitude. They are still striving to overcome certain nuances of their natures which they heartily hate. Like other conscientious people, they seek self-improvement.

Even after her unparalleled screen success and personal achievement, Joan Crawford has not reached the stage where she can hold her emotions in firm

Eve Arden's so well liked that she couldn't make an enemy if she tried and because of this affection, she loathes her bad memory for names.
check. The very sensitivity which endows her with keen powers of interpretation proves her undoing on occasion.

There was that day on the set of "Harriet Craig," for instance.

Joan’s cooperation is legendary on the sound stages of Hollywood. When she disagrees with her director, she offers her opinions in such a soothing manner no one can take offense. On this particular occasion, however, when Joan made a suggestion to Director Vincent Sherman, Sherman tucked his tongue in his cheek and tried for a laugh.

"Listen, honey," he joked, "you just stick to acting. I’m the director here."

"Tears came to my eyes, even though I knew Vincent was kidding," Joan admits. "I hate myself for being that sensitive, but I’m so conscientious about every phase of my work, that I just can’t help it!"

And then there’s Wendell Corey; big, easy-going Wendell. "Get a load of me," he says, "letting myself get talked into doing things I know I shouldn’t do. It’s enough to make a guy hate himself in the morning!"

Wendell’s case in point occurred early this year when he was doing personal appearances in the East. He went into one small town in New York with a tight schedule that allowed him just two hours for pre-opening publicity.

But the theatre manager had ambitious promo- (Please turn to page 66)

At recent radio rehearsal Lizabeth Scott, of Hal Wallis’ "Dark City," was remorseful after blowing up because of a hitch in the proceedings.
Fashion Selection #213 At right, Janis Paige, of Laurel Film, "Mr. Universe," in a Lilli Ann coat of 100 percent virgin wool worsted chinchilla with English cavalier collar. Spice, green, navy or red. Sizes 10-20; about $80. "Walking" hat by Lydia.

Fashion Selection #214 I. J. Fox mink-dyed marmot (left) adorns Janis in a 40-inch coat of rich brown. A full flair at the back, a matching crepe lining and durability are assets. Sizes 10-18; about $165 (plus tax). Moroccan hat, John-Frederics.

Fashion Selection #215 Korday corduroy lined with Jen-Cel-Lite, featuring mouton collar. Dark red with blue lining; dark green with tan; rust with blue; grey with blue, and beige with tan. 10-20; about $40. SCREENLAND designed hat by Dani; shoes by Joyce.
Fashion Selection #216 Janis chooses York Mode coat (above) of all-wool shag fleece with 100 percent wool warmer zip-out—both lined with rayon twill. Can be worn without belt, too. Navy, kelly, gold, tangerine, beige. Sizes 8-18; under $40. Hat by Harry Furst Company, Inc.

Fashion Selection #217 Janis, silhouetted below in a Judy Nell coachman's greatcoat. It's textured suede 100 percent wool, with rayon satin lining. Hand-bound button holes, matching bone buttons. In red, green, copper or rum brown. 9-15; under $40. Her hat is by Alfreda.

Screenland Fashion Selections

by Kay Brunell

Jewels are by Monet—Scarfs by Brooke Cadwallader

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT ROCKFIELD

PLEASE TURN TO page 70 in this issue for information where to purchase these selections.
Adaptable Adele

Left: For Columbia's "The Traveling Saleswoman" Adele Jergens turns dark and menacing as she and Joe Sawyer cook up a plot against Joan Davis, itinerant saleslady. Note how she's hardly recognizable with brunette tresses and differently-shaped lips.

Right: She mixes drama in with pulchritude in "Armed Car Robbery," for RKO. Cast as a burlesque queen, aptly named Yvonne, Adele is married to one mobster, throws him over for another and winds up at the end of film solo as both men are killed.

Now that Adele Jergens is recognized by Hollywood producers and directors as a lady with decided dramatic ability and not just a decorative clothes horse—a designation which dogged poor Adele's movie career for several years—this blonde is one of the busiest gals in town. Now freelancing, Adele is turning her talents to all sorts of roles, ranging from the heavily dramatic to the brightly amusing. At the drop of a hat she'll appear as a heroine, a comedienne or a tempting menace. Despite this versatility, though, her fans prefer her in the latter role.

In "The Sound Of Fury," U.A. release, she's the kind but not too bright girl friend of killer Lloyd Bridges

Left: Adele portrays the wife of Farley Granger's friend in "Edge Of Doom," a Samuel Goldwyn film dealing with a dynamic subject. This one is about as somberly dramatic as Adele has been permitted to get so far, and she holds her own with some very seasoned, expert actors herein.

Right: A role the Jergens public likes best, that of siren, in Columbia's comedy, "Beware Of Blondie." Here she gives naive Arthur (Dagwood) Lake the come-on. As a rapacious blonde with swindling on her mind, she upsets the Bumstead household and all but lands Dagwood in jail.
Hélène does you can't find, ju
Interviews are fun," says Terry Moore, but certain questions can make a trying time of it.

"I ask you! How can I know answers to some of the questions interviewers think of?"

Well, let's be sensible about this twenty-one: I live at home with my father and brother and I have no lurid past either to hide or reveal, being interviewed is a compliment—and I love it! Sometimes players I know tell me it is—but it doesn't scare me. Thrilling part of being a star of the road is to be pretty wonderful.

Here's one of them: "HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A STAR?"

Yes, how does it feel to be a star? Well, matter of fact, I'm not a star. I asked a plumber a silly question; how it feels to be a star, get a silly answer. But there are players who tell me it's being just super and hope they'll get on to the next picture.

Are you thinking in the back of your mind that being in pictures is a get-rich-quick job that's to be done the easy way? It means being up every morning for weeks on end when you wish you were a plumber (don't have to get up 'til seven) means dusty, hot locations and cold locations. It means hoping your heart and soul that the picture be good and that you'll be good in it.

That means being sort of set apart from other people. Fans expect players to be different and are disappointed when they're not.

For instance, when the Freedom Train passed through Hollywood a number of people besides Glenn Ford and Victor Mature made appearances with it. There were three or four women stars of stock girls from other studios—all done to the teeth in silks and furs and sequins. There were boys dressed by studio wardrobe in leather jackets and loud sports coats. And there was Glenn Ford in conservative business suit and black overcoat. Here was me in sweater and skirt and...
"There is one question I'll bet the interviewer wouldn't like to be asked personally," she says.

my woolly Strock coat.

And who got the attention from the fans? Why, the dressed-up ones, of course, even though nobody's heard of them! Glenn and I had made a mistake. We didn't look like players in pictures—we looked like people.

On the other hand, some boys from the University of California at Berkeley—down here for the wedding of one of my girl friends—criticized me to my face for the way I was dressed at one of the parties beforehand. I'd worn a very simple white dress with accordion pleated skirt—but my sandals had velvet thongs that tied around the ankle.

(Please turn to page 67)

What's unusual about you?" is hard she says because we can't see our own oddities.

"Golden Opera Jewelry hits a high note with me!"

says MIMI BENZELL
famous Metropolitan Opera Star

See how exquisitely DELTAH combines soft, glowing simulated pearls with brightly polished 1/20-14K Gold-Filled ornaments and links that truly have a surface of solid karat gold, assuring rich, enduring beauty! High-styled Golden Opera necklaces and bracelets are beautifully gift cased, priced from $9.75, earrings from $5.50, plus Federal tax.

At Better Jewelers Everywhere

L. HELLER & SON. INC. FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Now the villain is more romantic than the hero—Dan Duryea's unusual contribution to Hollywood history

By Alyce Canfield

Most of today's top stars started out as heavies. Clark Gable zoomed to popularity twenty years ago on the strength of his brutality to Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." James Cagney, neither tall, dark nor handsome, started the females panting at the box-office when he shoved a grapefruit in his pretty co-star's face. Humphrey Bogart, as a mean, no-good gangster with a yen for dames, became No. 1 man at Warner Brothers. Yet, once they hit the consciousness of the femme trade—as Hollywood Variety neatly phrases it—they started to backtrack. Their fans, it seemed, wanted them to turn into nice guys. So, one after another, Gable, Cagney, Bogart, Ladd, even Widmark, started playing nice guys on the screen, completely ignoring the fact that the thing that made them stars in the first place was their male ruthlessness and charm.

This will never happen to Dan Duryea. His fans are different. The meaner he is, the better they like it. Beginning with "Scarlet Street" and "Woman In The Window" and going on to "Johnny Stool Pigeon" and "One Way Street," Dan's fans have always reacted with one solid expression, "Give us more of the same!" Studio mail clerks must occasionally blush at the frankness with which some of Dan's fans voice their admiration. From London, a shady lady wrote: "I

Stay As Mean As You Are

Dan menaces Mervin Williams in "The Underworld Story." Fans won't let him reform. They adore his outright villainy. He definitely has that man-woman look in his eyes.
Only COLORINSE gives your hair such gorgeous COLOR and SHEEN

Here's your one-minute way to win that man! Give your hair sparkling beauty with Nestle Colorinse.

Its exciting, lustrous color rinses in . . . shampoos out at will.

No other way glorifies your hair so quickly, so easily, so safely. Ten enchanting shades. Insist on genuine Colorinse . . . made only by Nestle.

6 rinses 25¢

He roughs up Shelley Winters. They appear in U-I's "Winchester 73" with Jimmy Stewart.

No matter how ornery and ruthless Dan is for screen assignments, those at home love him.

This sentiment was effectively emphasized when "Winchester 73" was previewed in Hollywood. The audience burst into wild applause when Dan came on the screen halfway through the picture and walked away with it.

He was mean, no-good; a killer, heel. But, when he looked at Shelley Winters and said, "Well, hello!," every woman in the audience knew he was probably a nice guy to have around the house. Let him go on killing, breathed these females, just so long as he gallantly helped Shelley off the horse, roughly pulled her down onto his lap, looked at her as if he would never be up to any good. That look in a man's eye always gets the girls. When it's Dan Duryea who is doing the looking, they swoon.

Now all of Dan's fan mail is love-happy, however. A school teacher from Iowa wrote sincerely, "You are the only movie star to whom I have ever written a fan letter. This does not mean I am not interested in movies. But, really, Mr. Duryea, I wonder if you know what a fine actor you are?"

Around Holly- (Please turn to page 69)
Screenland Salutes

CHARLTON
HESTON

FOR a newcomer to Hollywood, Hal Wallis' new sensation, Charlton Heston, has had more acting experience than many of the screen's veteran stars. In fact, since he was five, he's been acting. All through his schooling, which included the School of Speech at Northwestern, Charlton trained himself to be an actor. Following graduation, he plunged into stage and radio work, then three full seasons on Broadway with Summer stock in between. Charlton has played with such stars as Katherine Cornell, Martha Scott and Coleen Gray. He has been happily married for the past six years to Lydia Clark, stage actress, also of Northwestern. It was on television that Hal Wallis spotted Charlton.

Above: Awaiting scene on set of "Dark City," his first film for Producer Hal Wallis. Charlton is six feet two, light brown hair, weighs 205 pounds.

Left: With Elizabeth Scott, another Hal Wallis discovery, who co-stars with Heston in "Dark City," a Paramount release. Wallis saw him on "Studio One."

Right: Scene from "Dark City." Charlton plays an ex-G.I., who has part interest in gambling house. It's a flawless performance. He's big box-office!
**Softball Classic**

The Mighty Men of Dennis Morgan recently lost to the Jack Carson Clouters, 28 to 24, in the fourth annual "Out Of This World Series" softball benefit game staged by the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce at Gilmer Field. Both teams boasted stars of screen, radio and television. The "bat girls" were all glamour girls and they just about won all the honors despite the athletic prowess of the male stars. The contest netted about $25,000 for charitable and youth welfare purposes. Naturally, the game was played for the fun of it. There was far more comedy than baseball. Nevertheless, the players got bruised and battered during the game.
Contour Sorcery

Kay Brunell selects these Helene of Hollywood Bras for their new high, rounded contour effect

Fashion Selection #223 The Helene of Hollywood Bra on the right was designed for all occasions and costumes, as it can be worn with outfits strapless, halterless or be-sleeved. The smooth, broad back will keep it where it belongs, not down around your waist. A full deep-plunge, full separation and full circular-stitch give it soft, molded form. Stainless spring-wire. Sizes 32—36 in A cup and 32—38 in B or C cup. Colors are white or black. In nylon taffeta at about $5.00. Also in nylon lace, nylon lace edging, about $7.50.

Fashion Selection #224 Unequalled for molding and holding qualities is Helene's contour cup bra at the left. Gentle but firm support is the net result of the circular-stitch design of the cup. In sizes 32—36 A cup; 32—38 B cup; 32—40 C cup. Comes in white or pink cotton broadcloth at about $2.50. In white or black rayon satin at about $2.50. In nylon sheer, white or black, at about $3.00, but only to size 38 C. And in white, pink or black nylon taffeta for about $3.50.

Fashion Selection #225 At right, new flat-tery for the heavier figure. Helene of Hollywood creation with shoulder straps beginning at the base of the bra for perfect uplift and added comfort. Straps are adjustable in back. White or pink broadcloth. Sizes 34—44 in B or C cup, about $2.50. 34—44 D cup, about $3.00. Ventilated nylon with elastic gore under arm in white only. 34—44 B or C cup at about $4.00.

These bras may be purchased at the following stores:
Saks 34th, New York, N. Y.
The Broadway Department Stores, Los Angeles, Calif.
The Hecht Company, Washington, D. C.
The White House, San Francisco, Calif.
Meier-Frank, Portland, Ore.
Are you in the know?

What to do about "mousy" hair?

- Keep it under your hat
- Try cologne tea
- Take a capsule

If you're a Jeanie with dull, drab hair...you can spark up tired tresses with a color rinse (not a dye) that comes in capsules — washes out with the next shampoo. Harmless! Dreamy shades! Choose the one best for you — slightly lighter than your natural locks. To give you the protection best for you at "problem" time — Kotex comes in 3 absorbencies (different sizes, for different days). Choose Regular, Junior or Super. Whichever suits your particular needs.

Which helps sidestep dry skin problems?

- A creamy pillow
- A steamy shower
- Stay indoors

For that "peaches" look, dry complexions need cream — (lanolin-rich). No call to smear Mom's best pillow cases. Instead, at curfew, slather your face and retreat to a steamy shower. Then blot off excess cream with Kleenex* tissues. Good grooming habit. Saves face. And at calendar-time, to save embarrassment, make it a habit to ask for Kotex — the napkin with the exclusive safety center. This special safeguard wards off worry; gives you Grade A confidence.

When asked where you'd like to go?

- Have a plan or two
- Pick the town's top niter
- Shrug your shoulders

If that New Man leaves the doings up to you — the "I don't care" routine's no help. Have a plan or two. But don't insist on dinner at the Plush Room. Make several suggestions and let him choose whatever's in line with his financial bracket. You can gallivant confidently, even on "certain" occasions... with Kotex. There's no sign of a telltale line, because those special, flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. Won't betray your secret.

How to learn your social P's and Q's?

- The hard way
- Via charm school
- Get "In The Know"

Want quick answers to dating dilemmas? Etiquette puzzlers? Send for the new, fascinating booklet "Are You In The Know?" — it's free! It's a collection of important poise pointers selected from "Are You In The Know?" magazine advertisements (without "commercials") — reprinted in booklet form. Gives helpful hints about the man and manners department; smooth grooming, fashions.

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More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
A quick look-see at some of the tempting arrivals on cosmetic counters around town

By Elizabeth Lapham

BEAUTICIANS have a canny way of producing many of their most tempting props just at this season when you're quite apt to be in need of some new cosmetic pickups for yourself, yet fully aware that this is that golden moment in which you could, for once, get at least a little of your Christmas shopping done early. Our considered advice is to take action on both counts at the same time—fill in the gaps in your own cosmetic equipment by treating yourself to a duplicate of whatever it is you're picking out to give a friend! After all, the acid test of the success of any particular selection is whether or not you'd like to own it yourself. (Please turn to page 78)

Removing nail polish is now quick and easy; no chore at all with Helen Neushafer's E-Z Nail Polish Remover.

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gathered about the house to listen. When the Crosbys departed, still singing, they had a hidden audience for blocks around. But the end was not yet. Bright and early the next day the Joneses were besieged with calls from the relatives. The dialogue went something like this: “So you had us for Christmas dinner on Sunday, knowing darn well that you were having Bing and his family on Monday? What is the matter with us? Merry Christmas to you, you old Scrooge.”

Don’t let this opening deceive you. Bing also has all of the makings of an unscrupulous horse trader. He is never licked, and especially on a golf course. If you are lucky enough to find yourself one up coming to the last hole, he will toss three quick bets in your direction. One will get him even, and the other two will beat you. If by some miracle you should get off the hook, he’ll then make you an attractive offer to play three extra holes. At Lakeside it will be the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth, which he long ago christened the “Whiskey Route.” Since the loser drinks, if you accept his challenge the only thing that can save you is sudden darkness or a flash flood.

On the other side of the ledger, he has a standing offer that any time he breaks seventy on a round of golf, he buys his caddy a tailored suit. Several boys, in various parts of the country, have won this award. Only once have I heard of his deviating from this long standing custom. His caddy came to him after the game and said, “Mr. Crosby, I just got married a couple of weeks ago, and I could use the money a lot more than a new fiddle.” (Caddy joke, meaning a man’s best suit.) Bing just smiled, said nothing, and obliged with a check.

All of which makes the following game and will spend weeks building up to a laugh. Bing is no exception. He baited a friend with talk of a new golf ball that was guaranteed to add thirty yards to anyone’s tee shot. He didn’t mention it too often, for fear of casting suspicion upon the project. However, he did toss in a few remarks about how swell it was of Sam Snead to send him some of his exhibition balls to use. That was the bait. His victim couldn’t wait to try one of them, so Bing reluctantly parted with a ball, and even went so far as to see it up for his opponent. The happy golfer took one mighty swipe and fell flat, for the ball was made of soap and completely disintegrated as it hit Bing’s expression would have fooled anyone but his mother.

His finest quips aren’t written by gag men. He will look in the opposite direction of the object under discussion, and will come up with a minor classic. One day he saw a fellow club member approaching the practice putting green, with a beautiful girl on his arm. He shook his head sadly and said, as he continued putting, “What a silly man. The idea of his bringing that good-looking lunch to this place, with all of the wolves there are around here.”

At the Rose Bowl game last year, thousands of people saw him have the last laugh. A fan descended upon him in the stands where he was seated with his family. The man was equipped with one of those complicated big cameras that require a lot of measuring and sighting, but the diletante dithered from request to request of what he had to stand at attention until all of the corrections were made, and he was duly photographed. He thanked Bing and started to walk away. It was now Bing’s turn. He said, “Just a minute, sir. I’d like to take your picture.” To the amazement and delight of everyone around, he proceeded to dig out of his overcoat pocket, and he too produced a camera. While he made his adjustments, the fan took his turn at being jostled by the milling mob. Finished, Bing said, “Thank you, sir.” The crowd laughed and cheered. There was no more photography that day, but Bing graciously autographed plenty of programs between halves.

At this point, one of his favorite golf partners making his way up into the stands. He stood up, and in mock seriousness shouted, “Shotgun! Let us have a few words from you.” “Shotgun” Britton obliged with a tirade of double talk. Bing remained standing until he had finished, then bowed from the waist. The answer to all of this is that he loves laughter.

Later, between halves, he leaned over and quietly said, “How about coming up to my tournament at Pebble Beach next week?” 

“Shotgun,” who is one of Hollywood’s busiest makeup men, said, “Sorry, Dad, I can’t make it. I’ve got a picture.”

Bing continued, “Don’t be silly. I‘ll call the head man at your factory and see if I can fix it for you.” He did. Intimates like Barney Dean, Joe Lilley, and Johnny Burke will tell you that this is the way he operates. If he likes you, nothing is too much trouble, and if he dislikes you, he keeps it to himself.

Much has been written about the above-mentioned golf party which Bing refers to as his “clam-bake” or “hoe-down.” This is the affair where many call, but few are chosen, and as a consequence, Bing comes in for some tall abuse, which he doesn’t deserve. It all started about fifteen years ago at Rancho Santa Fe, where he and Dixie had a Saturday he-dig, near the ocean and the Del Mar Race Track, just like any other young couple, they asked a few professionals and a few amateurs to drop by for cocktails and a barbecue after the prizes had been awarded. In true Hollywood style, everyone brought a friend or a relative, so the affair grew from an initial dinner party to a few hundred people. By the end of the second year, all of the contestants were invited, and it became a Roman Holiday. Finally the event outgrew the one golf course, so Bing moved the tournament to Pebble Beach, where there are four golf courses
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How Independent Should a Girl Be?

Continued from page 23
The men each stood a four-hour watch every twelve hours, and between times Spanish was spoken for practice. The travelers became almost unębly glib in asking and answering such bon mots as "Where is the airport?" "Is there a telegraph office in your city?" "How beautiful is the view!" "I want for breakfast mangoes, bananas, and papayas."

The Vileehi put in at San Lucas on the southernmost tip of Baja California. The Andrews and Chandelers went ashore and had mangoes, bananas, and papayas for breakfast. On the hand a stroll, strolling mariachis boarded the boat and sang Mexican folk songs. Dana issued a request, "No 'E Ya en Rancho Grande.' Anything else that can be unstrung from a guitar, but no 'Rancho Grande.'"

The troubadours laughed. This Gringo, they confided, shrugging, was a strange man; one of the night's knew only one Spanish song, and could sing only the ee-yihaha part. Shaking their heads, the minstrels searched their memories for the haunting melodies of old Spain and the wild native music of the forgotten tribes of Indians.

Dana was then gnawing his nails down to his elbows and wishing he had brought along a tape recorder.

From San Lucas, The Vileehi sped eastward toward San Jose del Cabo. Had, that is, for about two hours until an arching silence descended on the engine room. Investigation explained the stopwatch: the chain drive belt had broken. Dana was optimistic, "Magellan around the world with canvas; we can get to San Jose the same way," he announced. Some time later he was forced to admit that Magellan had an extra, added ingredient: brisk wind. The Vileehi was beached on the painted ship upon a painted ocean tradition.

There was an additional possibility. The dinghy with which The Vileehi was staffed was equipped with a Johnson outboard motor. So the dinghy was lowered into the water. The motor started, and this frail but determined waterman towed the fifty-five-ton ketch into the bay before San Jose, a jaunt of slightly less than twenty miles.

The skipper dropped anchor in San Jose bay while Dana, Mary, and the Chandelers went ashore in the dinghy. To approach—in the opinion of the battered voyagers—San Jose was one of the loveliest of ports. It had been described to Dana, during his preparation for the trip, as "utterly unspoilt." At quick glance this appeared to mean that it was without a formal harbor, certainly without a pier, and without a formal hospitality committee.

Dana was pretty busy beaching the dinghy through heavy breakers when he and his party were surrounded by a delegation of shouting, gesticulating, obviously defensive townspeople. One glance at their eyebrows drawn together in a single line, the eyes as sharp as lances, and their hands trying to push the dinghy back into the water convinced Dana that he was regarded as an invasion spearhead.

Dana smiled to his back teeth and observed from a frothy throat, "Er—justiminate—yo quiero. . . ."

His vocabulary fumbled for the Spanish rendition of "engine," or "chain drive belt," "marine supply house," or even "help." One repeated in desperation, hailing his dictionary from the back pocket of his dungarees. The dictionary was a landlubber; it knew all about trains, planes, automobiles, bicycles and—in an emergency—donkeys, but it knew nothing about boats.

Just as the local attitude began to sharpen, the minstrels, in a delighted thing happened. From the distance a slight form came running and yelling, "Mi compadre, mi amigo gosh my gosh, Dana, what are you doing here? When did you get in? Hey... what's wrong?"

The Samaritans, a native of Baja California, was a chap whom Dana had met during a previous voyage. Quickly he issued assurances to the townspeople that Dana was not a vanguard from the moon; as quickly he issued information to Dana that San Jose was, indeed, unspoilt by even so much as telephone or telegraph service. There was no means of communicating with The States except by mental telepathy, over which it is so tough to transmit "chain drive belt."

There was nothing to do except hitch the dinghy onto The Vileehi and set out for La Paz, one hundred and fifty miles northward and situated on the eastern coast of Baja California. La Paz, the first of the traveler's dream of a tropical city. It lay sleepy and bright amid its varnished foliage; flowers of abandoned color were everywhere. Beguiled by his surroundings, Dana loaded his Rolleiflex with color film and took pictures until the light failed. Still shrouged when his telegraphic inquiry to Long Beach brought the reply that a new chain drive belt could be supplied in about four months.

Dana didn't have four months to languish in La Paz, enchanting as the prospect was. He caught a plane to Mazatlan. From the International Airport, took a bus to Hollywood and a taxi to his home in Tolucan Lake. After he had unveiled the delighted hands of his welcoming children, Dana hopped into his car and drove to the harbor where the Link Belt Company promised to have The Vileehi's new G-string flown out from Indianapolis in a week.

During this week, our mariner—growing more ancient every moment—was given plenty of trouble by his friends who offered a series of negligible bids to take The Vileehi off his hands. They pointed out, by plane, he was covering in two days twice the distance The Vileehi had covered in four weeks.

Like many another man whose romance has inspired chuckles from his friends, Dana answered that, traditionally, true love didn't run smoothly; The Vileehi was still his. He flew back, at the end of a week's time, with the chain drive belt, but by then his vacation period was used up, with the exception of a few days. About all he could do was go fishing between sessions of cheering local workmen in...
their manana attempts to put The Vileeshi into running order.

When Dana and Mary stopped over-night at Mazathan on their return flight to The States, they were amazed to note that five Andrews pictures had been released in the city: "Laura," "Forbidden Street," "Patria Neuva" ("Sword In The Desert"), "Kit Carson," and "Boomerang." A waiter in the restaurant in which Dana and Mary had dinner told the Andrews, "You see a movie tonight? Good pictures. This Danny Andrew, he's in La Paz right now. On a big boat—maybe 200-foot boat. Plenty rich. Never worry about not getting a table, Handsome fella. Look little like you only better, bigger, good voice. You see picture."

Travel is indeed broadening.

Next summer: Tahiti.

**Telling On Themselves**

Continued from page 41

if he's acquired any new character lines!

Recently, at the end of a particularly rough week, during which he did five radio broadcasts (play rehearsals) and attended four different Screen Actors' Guild meetings until the wee, small hours, he gave a Saturday morning look at his hollow-eyed self and smiled.

"At last!" he chortled, fondly fingering his lines of fatigue, "Now they can't cast me as anything less than Jack the Ripper!"

The silence was suddenly shattered by the ringing of the telephone. "Hello, Bill," said Paramount's casting office, "just wanted you to know we're sending over a script for you to read. It's the sequel to 'Dear Ruth.'"

Getting the chance to play even a small role in his current film, "Sunset Boulevard," was Bill Holden's idea of Utopia. And, incidentally, in the picture he is merely marvelous.

Three of the fairest females on the screen admittedly share a quality which each hates with a vengeance, and is trying desperately to change. Shelley Winters, Ruth Roman and Lizbeth Scott are guilty of extreme frankness untempered by tact.

Shelley recently made a picture called "South Sea Sinner," in which she had to do a sexy song-and-dance number. This was definitely not a kiddie-matinee routine, so when a wide-eyed little boy's face peered over her line of vision as she was singing, Shelley shuddered with embarrassment.

If the mother intended taking the child to see the picture in a theatre, that was the mother's affair, Shelley reasoned. But to play, in person, to this juvenile audience, frankly embarrassed her. She suddenly stopped singing right in the middle of a bar and, to make matters worse, blurted out to the director, "There are too many visitors here."

The set was promptly cleared of visitors and closed. And the story quickly got out that Shelley was turning temperamental. "If I'd only asked the assistant director to take the little boy away while I did the number!" she moaned later. "I wonder how long it's going to take me to learn to keep my mouth shut!"

Then there was the time Ruth Roman tested for a part with John Garfield. "It would have been a wonderful break for me," she says, "but I knew I wasn't right for the part."

A couple of days after the test was shot, Garfield met Ruth in the Green Room at Warner Bros. and told her he
This, it seemed, was all wrong. They went on disapproving of me until they saw me with the other bridesmaids. We all wore identical pastel organdy dresses. "There! That's better!" they said. "Now you look like everybody else!"

So that's a pretty game.

Well, let's get back to the questions. Though it's almost always asked, here's one I'll bet the interviewer wouldn't like personally: "WHAT DO YOU DO WITH ALL YOUR MONEY?" Now, really!

It wasn't so hard before I came of age. I just said, off-hand-like, "Oh, the Judge keeps it for me!" because as long as I was a minor, the Court had jurisdiction over my salary.

But now I have to do the best I can. There isn't any answer because it certainly isn't anybody's business. So I sort of sidestep with an apologetic little laugh and murmur, "After taxes, what do you mean—all my money?"

Then the interviewer sometimes leaps forward and demands, "NOW TELL ME ABOUT YOUR PRIVATE LIFE! And what's the answer to that?"

Truthfully, my private life is very dull copy. I go around with the same crowd here in Glendale that I went around with in grade school and high school. I go dancing and bowling and to the movies; the kids gather here in the living-room and we talk and play games. Nothing about that sort of "private life" to make anybody's hair stand on end.

Certainly, though, if I were one of the older, sophisticated actresses I'd have a stock fast-answer that would make 'em sit up and take notice: "If you have to tell anybody about your private life?"

Sometimes "TELL ME WHAT'S UNUSUAL ABOUT YOURSELF!" is a poser. How can a person know what's unusual about his own personality? If you could see yourself doing something unusual, you wouldn't do it. You'll notice that the other person doing something unusual but you haven't the perspective to spot an out-of-the-ordinary gesture, a way of talking or walking in yourself. Now, really, have you?

"TELL ME A FUNNY EXPERI-
ENCE YOU’VE HAD,” is another mental block. A dangerous experience, yes—you can remember that—but I think Bob Hope’s the only one who can invariable answer that one as soon as it’s asked.

But I know this one’s coming and I carefully memorize a joke beforehand—only to forget it immediately. Later, much later, I’ll remember what I wanted to tell—but not then.

Of course, I could make something out of a funny experience on the set. But, like some of the lines in “Sunset Boulevard,” it might not be funny to anyone since I wasn’t there. You have to know the industry and its particular, peculiar jargon and the situations belonging to it alone, to understand some of our jokes.

And right after the demand for a funny experience, there are three honeys that fall right into line. “WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO BE MARRIED?” is apt to be followed by “WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY?” Then, as you’re trying to work your way out of that one, sometimes you’re asked briskly, “WOULD YOU MARRY AN ACTOR?”

How do I know when I’m going to be married? In the first place, I haven’t met the man yet. But how do I know that I won’t meet him tomorrow or next week or some other time? You have to know the industry and its particular, peculiar jargon and the situations belonging to it alone, to understand some of our jokes.

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Stay As Mean As You Are

Continued from page 49

wood, the fact that Dan is a fine actor is legendary. He's an actor's actor, delight of producers and directors alike. Production costs go down when Dan is on a picture. He's no amateur who has to do a scene twenty times to get what the director wants. Dan gets it the first time—with a little extra thrown in. Besides being able to depend on his excellent craftsmanship, producers also know the minute they cast Dan in a picture, the box-office receipts start climbing. For Dan brings to every characterization his own eccentricity, danger, sex appeal, and suspense.

Aaron Rosenberg, who produced "Winchester 73," sums up Dan's screen appeal this way, "Some people like him. Some hate his guts. But no one is indifferent to him. I think his big quality is that women know that under that cold, dirty, mean exterior is what every woman thinks is a warm guy—a man who understands women and wants to understand them even better. They all feel that perhaps they could reform him.

"As for being an actor's actor, this means something. Dan doesn't say that he dominates every scene. He may be the first scene stealer because of his ability, but never because he thinks only of his own performance. He's smart enough to know that the people around him are what make a scene good or bad."

George Seirman, who directed Dan in "Larceny, Inc." puts it this way, "Dan has something every woman responds to: ruthless male domination."

That's the secret of Dan's enormous box-office drawing power. That's why fans write him such strange fan letters. That's why they say, "Don't ever change. Stay as you are, really exist. It means a lot. A few years back, his studio started telling the world via the press that Dan Duryea was really a nice guy when you got to know him, devoted to his wife and two sons, and that his idea of a big afternoon was putting around in his rose garden.

His fan mail slowed down to a roar. Girls didn't want to know their heel had a heart of gold. They wanted to keep the illusion real. They wanted to believe that what they saw up there on the screen, in all its menacing, ruthless, worship-driven existence, was a living, breathing being. With the box-office dollar in mind, publicity was immediately stopped on Dan and his rose garden.

The other night, as he drove into the wide driveway of his estate, he saw a young girl waiting by the iron gate. As he stopped and got out of the car to unlatch the gate, she walked up and made an odd request. "Slap me, Dan," she said.

Such perplexing incidents as these have undoubtedly driven Dan to wonder why women react to him the way they do. When "Scarlet Street" was released several years ago, and his fan letters—ninety percent of them of this strange nature—flooded the post office to the tune of 5,000 a week, Dan visited one of the biggest psychiatrists in Los Angeles to find the answer.

The psychiatrist told him, "In this age, particularly in America, men are becoming more and more polite, effete, and subservient to their women. There is so little male domination left in the world that women are hungry for it and go to the movies to enjoy it vicariously. For, biologically and fundamentally, women are naturally submissive. They like to be mastered.

"Besides," he added, "I don't think they think you are really so bad."

Many Duryea fans are honestly puzzled by the strange attraction they find in Dan. They don't know, to put it bluntly, what all them. What makes them go for Dan instead of the nice, clean-cut heroes who crowd the screens? Leaving out the fact that in real life, Dan Duryea is as handsome and clean-cut as any Van Johnson you might happen to meet, psychiatrists say girls go for Dan because he is a natural enemy, not the man to be the boss. In our modern age, point out these medicine men, the so-called emancipation of women has resulted in a namby-pamby relationship between male and female.

Whatever else you may say of Dan Duryea, no one will ever say he is namby-pamby. He has virility and force and determination. He has a slow, lazy walk—especially intriguing to the female of the species. He has a nasal, insinuating voice, and a look in his eye that is definitely a man-woman look. He looks as if women are important to him and that he would be sorry if they turned up. He looks as if he would say, "Don't forget you belong to me!" And back up the words with a hard, controlled will that would suggest, "You had darned well better remember . . . if you know what's good for you!"

Women like this. It makes them feel important. Women enjoy a certain amount of flattering jealousy.

Dan has also learned from his fan mail that women not only like to know a man is boss, but they like a man to size them up as women. With the stereotyped heroes, the men are more concerned with running a factory or winning a race than..."
in making love to the girl. Dan never gives anyone the impression that anything comes before the girl. And he always makes it evident that one girl in particular matters to him, not just any little babe. Dan’s fans see themselves as that one particular girl.

Dan is making a peculiar kind of history in Hollywood these days. He is making the villain more romantic than the hero. He is even putting sex in Westerns. For years, Hollywood has upheld the tradition that you can’t put sex in a Western. But, as Waco Johnny Dean in “Winchester 73,” Dan is not only a murderous, yellow character, he also manages to insert—as only Duryea can—the hottest scene in the picture when he kills Shelley Winters’ fiancé just to get her. (Along with the gun, of course, Winchester 73.) In “Al Jennings Of Oklahoma,” strictly a train robber Technicolor Western, Dan again makes the fans swoon in his scenes with Gale Storm. When these two pictures hit general public release, Dan will be one-man proof that sex in Westerns is here to stay.

Dan has tried to step out of his heelish characters on occasion. Once, he considered hero roles, trying comedy in “White Tie And Tails.” He played a whimsical butler and probably did it better than anyone else could have, but his fan mail dropped, nevertheless. No one, it seems, wants Hollywood’s No. 1 heel to reform. His fans wait, from picture to picture, to see what new gimmick he will use in his take-them-or-leave-them-alone technique with women. The suspense is brief, for Duryea enthusiasts know by now that the “leave them” idea is just for anxiety’s sake. By the end of the picture, he will take them, but good.

Dan’s fans visualize themselves as the lucky recipients of that bold, calculating, insinuating look in his eye. No matter how much of a rat he is, they want to see that clinch. They want to see him get the girl, and vice versa. She may get slapped. Indeed, many of Duryea’s leading ladies—from Joan Bennett to Dorothy Lamour—have gotten themselves slapped in his pictures. But the fans would like to be she-who-gets-slapped when Dan picks up his leading ladies, dusts them off, and says, “That was just on account of you forgot you belong to me, baby. Just on account . . .

That’s where his fans swoon ecstatically—and automatically figuring the slap was worth it—and settle back to enjoy themselves vicariously while Dan folds the beautiful leading lady in his strong, manly, and mean arms.

As one little fan wrote last week, “No matter how bad you are to the girl, I always know you are going to make it up to her somehow.”

That “somehow”—compellingly suggested, but never revealed—is what has skyrocketed Dan Duryea, the heel, to the top as the fans’ new romantic interest—right over the heads of the meek, salt-of-the-earth heroes.

Bogarts may turn sissy, and Ladys may prove to be just sugar sweet. But Dan is one star who won’t follow the heel-to-hero formula. He has an excellent reason: his fans won’t let him!

WHERE TO BUY SCREENLAND FASHION SELECTIONS

(Shown on Pages 42 and 43)

±213—MILGRIM’S, New York, N. Y.
CARSON, PIRIE SCOTT, Chicago, Ill.
MAY COMPANY, Los Angeles, Calif.
±214—J. FOX, New York, N. Y.
CLEVELAND, Ohio
BOSTON, Mass.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.
±215—BEST & CO., New York, N. Y.
THE FAIR STORE, Chicago, Ill.
BROADWAY DEPARTMENT STORE, Los Angeles, Calif.
MANDEL BROS., Chicago, Ill.
ERNST KERN COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.
±217—RHODES BROS., Tacoma, Wash.
ERNST KERN COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.
PENN TRAFFIC COMPANY, Johnstown, Pa.

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

he finally confesses he killed a man. To prove he’s sane, young John takes the men to the scene of the alleged crime. Not only is the place covered with dust, which always no one had been there for months, but John’s description of two men he says witnessed the killing, indicate he’s crazy. The two men so vividly described by John have been dead for ten years. It takes a lot more than words before John sets things straight in this eerie, unusual Western that has Chill Wills and Lois Butler to help John dish out cold shivers.

Tea For Two

(TECHNICOLOR)
Warner Brothers

SHOULD suit everyone to a T what with being a lighthearted musical that sports such favorites as Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Eve Arden, Billy De Wolfe and S. Z. Sakall. Doris’ guardian, Cuddles Sakall, loses much of her millions for her during the 1929 stock market crash. Completely unaware that her finances were blitted, Doris promises to back a Broadway play produced by finagler De Wolfe. Beside wanting a starring vehicle for herself, Doris thinks it’s high time folks became songwriter Mac-
Day-MacRae romance might go beggar.

Hamlet
Universal-International

O.NCE again the public will have the chance to see Laurence Olivier's production of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Needless to say it's an opportunity that shouldn't be missed. In the title role Olivier, as the half-mad Danish prince, who swears vengeance on his father's murderer, is superb. Done in such a manner that even the Shakespearean dialogue is completely engrossing and understandable, Olivier is one alone in the field of turning classic drama into entertainment for the average audiences.

Outrage
RKO

A.S USUAL, Producer Ida Lupino comes through with another shocker that tears away the cloak of blush-hush that hides one of the oldest and most brutal of crimes known to mankind. Engaged to be married soon, young, attractive Mala Powers is criminally assaulted on her way home from work one night. Because she is stricken with shame and feels temporarily solaced by what has happened, Mala runs away from home. Her hysterical flight takes her to California where she meets a priest, Ted Andrews. By his help and sympathetic understanding of her inner turmoil, Mala is able to regain a normal, healthy attitude toward life, and to put the past behind her.

Let's Dance
(Technicolor)
Paramount

BETTY HUTTON doesn't like nor appreciate the way her dead husband's Bostonian family is bringing up her son. Betty deliberately sets about to loan the lad and scours to New York. While there, she runs into her old flame, irresponsible Fred Astaire, a dancer who's always promoting some big deal in his imagination. With his help, she gets a job in a night-club and her son is thrown into an environment that gives his Back Bay grand- son a lot of activity. Granny takes Betty, but court the old gal falls the old biddy. Not all the running time of the film is taken up with maternal mumbo-jumbo; Fred is also pitching woo at Betty and together they log up some impressive dancing time.

Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye
Warner Brothers

FROM the beginning you know James Cagney hasn't too many tomorrows to which he can look forward, but he sure feels he's entitled to the time he has. An escaped chain-gang convict, Cagney deliberately killed the convict brother of his current hot-todd’y, Barbara Payton. Then, instead of high tailing it to the hills, Cagney sticks around town to play footsie with some corrupt police big-wigs. To give himself even more rope, he takes up with a neurotic millionaire. For a while, everything is peaches until Barbara finds out he's gotten married to Miss Money Bags, Helena Carter, and that, friend, is where the title of the picture comes in.

Going My Way
Paramount

B.E-RELEASE of that wonderful, won- derful Bing Crosby-Barry Fitzgerald picture that was made six years ago. The heart-warming story about two priests—Fitzgerald, an elderly Irishman, of the old school, who reluctantly shares his parish with young, progressive Crosby, is one that will enable Crosby to lose his church to the younger priest, Fitzgerald makes it clear he'll have nothing to do with Crosby or his ideas. It requires time and several painful experiences before Fitzgerald realizes that perhaps Crosby is better fitted to take over.

The acting, the scene where Fitzgerald has a visitor from Ireland, and the songs Bing sings can't be surpassed.

Desert Hawk
(Technicolor)
Universal-International

WHILE Princess Yvonne De Carlo of Bagdad languishes on a desert oasis, awaiting the arrival of her husband-to-be, wicked Prince George Macready, George’s arch enemy, Richard Greene, gallops into camp in disguise. He poses

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as George and marries Yvonne, in order to steal the vast fortune of gold and precious gems that are her dowry. (Richard needs the moola to rid his oppressed people of George's vile rule.) Discovering the horrible mistake she made, Yvonne, in addition to George and sundry other citizens, insists that Richard be found and slain. However, Richard erases all the evil, except Yvonne, when he exterminates George's entire stronghold. No, he doesn't do it singlehanded. His chums Jackie Gleason and Joe Besser assist.

**Abbott And Costello In The Foreign Legion**

*Universal-International*

**In AFRICA,** searching for one of their wrestlers who got disgusted with fixed matches they had arranged, these two zanies, Abbott and Costello, get enmeshed in a net of ferocious desert chieftains, six beautiful slave girls and the Foreign Legion. They also, as Legionnaires, meet tasty spy, Patricia Medina, who promises to get them out of military life if they will find the party or parties who are instigating a war against the Foreign Legion. By their usual methods of stumbling and bumbling, they not only find the instigator, but round up all the war-minded tribesmen.

**Beaver Valley**

*(Technicolor)*

**RKO**

**WALT DISNEY'S** latest True Adventure featurette is a refreshing panorama of animal life in a section of the Northwest that has been untouched by man. The hero is a beaver, the animal kingdom's hardest toiler. His family and neighbors comprise the rest of the universe, but nevertheless excellent cast. Through them, their ambitions, hardships and daily routine, you get a whimsical similarity to we human beings. It's super enjoyment for all age brackets.

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**What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About**

Continued from page 17

*a Navy commander for Columbia's "The Flying Missile," which was locationing in San Diego, got a sudden impulse to buy some presents for his wife and son and took off for a department store. He should have stood aboard his submarine because by the time he got through returning about a gallon salutes from sailors boys passing him on the sidewalk his arm was too sore to reach for his wallet.***

* ***

We would love to have seen Clifton Webb's face when he was told on the set of 20th's "For Heaven's Sake" that young Gigi Perreau, with whom he'd been emoting, had come down with the mumps. And we'll bet he didn't say "For heaven's sake" either. Fortunately, he was spared. Don't think he'd look pretty with the mumps.***

* ***

Things have really been popping for Barbara Bel Geddes since she made that picture for 20th with Dick Widmark and Paul Douglas (a thrilling opus called "Pan In The Streets"). Since then she's been combing picture offers out of her hair and will do the Rodgers and Hammerstein production of John Steinbeck's new play "Forests Of The Night" on Broadway this Fall.***

* ***

Betsy Hutton is not a gal to do anything less than the spectacular. All within a short time she: made up with hubby Ted Briskin, tossed the party of the year at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and sent C. B. DeMille a giant floral arrangement that cost her a thousand bucks as a pitch for the lead in his screen picture "The Greatest Show On Earth." Looks as if she'll get that lead, too. She doesn't put on such a bad show herself.***

* ***

Gregory Peck, whose three sons have birthdays a month apart, compromised and had one great big ball for all of them.
One of the very first newcomers you’re going to notice among the treasures on your favorite cosmetic counter is a squat practical looking bottle that modestly gives no hint of its superior contents and ingenious interior design. This is the reassuring container for Helga Neushaefer’s very excellent E-Z Nail Polish Remover—a gentle but quick-acting formula that, surprisingly enough, is tinted. For added efficiency there’s a brush affixed inside the bottle to help whis off old polish when a finger is dipped into the remover. Also from the talented Neushaefer comes the gilt-worthy set of nail polish and matching lipstick shown in the illustration. Candy Kisses is the name of the new color—a strong, characterful red blended with just a touch of blue. Nice with this season’s jewel reds, greens, deep browns, gray.

TO GIVE away, if you can bear to part with it, famous Djer Kiss Perfume comes in an especially attractive, partially transparent package that’s made to look like a miniature stage setting. Colored in soft pastel tones white and green—with the perfume standing impressively against an eye-taking green background.

A brace of sweet-smelling glamorizers of proven success, Blue Waltz Perfume and Irresistible Perfume come especially done up in Christmas packages that are just the right size and weight to hang on a tree.

For your own attractiveness and peace of mind in these rushed pre-holiday weeks, the House of Westmore has a dual purpose cosmetic wonder called OverGlo Caker Powder Makeup that sets a new high in performance. Being a powder and powder base in one it eliminates an entire step in your makeup routine. You’ll find that it has excellent staying power as well as a very real capacity for giving your skin a smooth young look. To wear with it you’ll probably want one of the new Westmore lipsticks. Choose your favorite from Irish Rose, Pepper Red, Glorious Red, Jarol, Garnet, Fuchsia, Rapture Pink, Deb, or brand new Subtle Red and Subtle Pink (two lighter than usual shades that are subtly effective color accents to both tanned and fair skins). Subtle Red is for brunettes; Subtle Pink for brownettes and blondes. All the Westmore Brothers’ lipsticks are making their debuts in smart new gold-toned metal cases.

THE Woodbury people always do a superior job on gift sets for the holiday season and this year is no exception. There are big ones, little ones and in-between sizes—even sets for the men in your life. All are well designed, substantial and generously filled with the notable skin-care essentials and grooming aids for which this firm is so well known. The man’s kit illustrated is just one of several available. The woman’s kit we’ve pictured is to give you an idea of how good looking the boxes are.

**To Give Or Keep?**

Continued from page 54

**RECORD ROUNDPUP**

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"**MINDY**

"**TAPESTRY**

"**WAVES"**

"**HURRICANE**

"**LITTLE**

"**THREE**

"**TWO**

"**ONE**

"**GREATEST**

"**GENE"**

"**DOROTHY"**

"**OLIVE"**

"**PATTY**

"**INA"**

"**ERMA"**

"**JAIME"**

"**GENE"**

"**DOROTHY"**

"**OLIVE"**

"**PATTY**

"**INA"**

"**ERMA"**

"**JAIME"**

"**GENE"**

"**DOROTHY"**

"**OLIVE"**

"**PATTY**

"**INA"**

"**ERMA"**

"**JAIME"**

"**GENE"**

"**DOROTHY""
She was beautiful enough to tempt any man, but no one wanted to take a female passenger into the dangerous Oregon wilderness. Yet reckless Kitty Gatewood had come a long way in search of her lost fiance, and she was not to be stopped now! She put her exquisite figure on a common grain scale—and for thirty cents a pound, shipped herself as cargo!

Instead of her fiance, she was to face the arrogant love of a rugged frontiersman who lived by one code—what a man wants, he takes! She could not know that her beauty was a perilous asset in a new and violent frontier!

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Right: Superb quality 300 denier slipper satin. V-neck with lace trim, lace triangle pockets. Tiny self buttons, extravagantly full cut skirt. By GOODMAN AND GOLDBE in gleaming peacock, fuchsia or royal. Sizes 9 to 15, $7.99
There's one in every office

The other girls never asked Laura to lunch if they could possibly avoid it. Not that she wasn't good company or that she didn't pay her share . . . but she had one fault that outweighed her good points. What it was, Laura, poor girl, would be the last to suspect. There's one in every office . . . and she had to be the one.

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Elizabeth Tells About Her Honeymoon
Interviewed in Italy, Elizabeth Taylor describes eventful life as Mrs. Hilton
Helping Hand From Ray
Joan Fontaine
Ray is the leading man every actress dreams of,” says Joan.
In Rome With Deborah
May Mann Baer
On location with Deborah Kerr for “Quo Vadis”
Always Keep Trying
Fredda Dudley Balling
Faith Domergue is now pride of pin-up collectors
Almost A “Movie Widow”
Mrs. John Wayne
Here’s one wife who’s happy to be the woman who waits for her man every night
Still Being The Confirmed Bachelor Girl
Elizabeth Wilson
Ann Sheridan discovers a bachelor girl’s life can sometimes be a problem
Wholesome Olson
Faith Service
Even marriage and a career haven’t changed the oh-so-normal Nancy Olson
Here’s How It Happened
Lynn Bowers
What you should know about Errol Flynn’s surprise romance with Patrice Wymoor
It’s Smart To Be Dumb
Gladys Hall
Judy Holliday’s decision to play a witless dame was a stroke of genius
Record Roundup
Bert Brown

Exclusive Calo Photos

Tyron Power and Micheline Prellie, starring in “American Guerilla In The Philippines”
Faith Domergue, starring in “Where Danger Lives”
John Derek, starring in “The Hero”

The Hollywood Scene

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About
Lynn Bowers
Your Guide To Current Films
Rahna Maughan
Newsreel
19
Bonnie Lassie From Detroit (Piper Laurie)
26
Grim Reminder (Tyron Power, Micheline Prellie)
29
John’s Happy Now (John Derek)
35
Happy Birthday, Kate! Kathryn Grayson
38
Challenge For Junior (John Barrymore, Jr.)
39
SCREENLAND Salutes “All About Eve”
50

For Femmes Only

Dating Season
Kay Brunell
For A Lovely Christmas
Elizabeth Lapham
Basic Outline
54

ON THE COVER, ANN BLYTH, STARRING IN THE UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE, “KATIE”

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**What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!**

**By Lynn Bowers**

In case you're counting on seeing Olivia de Havilland in the movies during the next year or three—don't. She's signed a run-of-the-play contract with Broadway producer Dwight Deere Wiman for "Romeo And Juliet," written by a practically unknown author named W. Shakespeare. The twin-Oscar winner is moving her family and dogs to New York and digging in for a long stay. We can imagine that some of the Academy Award hopefuls are breathing sighs of relief—With Olivia out of competition, another actress is bound to win.

Lawrence Olivier and Vivien Leigh have completely recaptured this town of Hollywood in their return to American film-making. And if it weren't for their rugged picture schedules they'd be up to their titled necks in social invitations. Many a local personality is hanging his head in shame because of not being invited to the party to end all parties which the Dancy Kuyes tossed for the couple. The Oultiers insisted that their friends forget about their British titles during the Hollywood stay. Vivien is starring in "Streetcar Named Desire" at Warner Bros. and Larry is making "Carrie" (formerly "Sister Carrie") for Paramount.

That individualist Marlon Brando, also in "Streetcar," claims he's retiring from stage and screen for a whole year in order to study diction at Director Elia Kazan's New York drama school. Wants to get the mush out of his mouth. We'll see.

Anne Baxter moved her miniature poodle, Shoo-fly, and six baby poodles out of the dog house and hubby John Hodiak in when he returned from the MGM location of "Across The Wide Missouri." She'd labored over a red hot stove baking large quantities of his favorite food, brownies, and dispatched them to Colorado. Helping him unpack she discovered the package, unopened, in his suitcase. His alibi was he thought it contained some inner-tubes Anne was supposed to send, but had forgotten. By this time the little calorie cakes were so old John used 'em for inner tubes.

Gene Kelly was slightly more than dashed the day he took his seven-year-old daughter Kerry visiting at MGM. After she'd cased Gene's picture, "An American In Paris," the two moseyed over to watch Fred Astaire rehearsing a dance number for "Royal Wedding." Kerry pipped up in her best pear-shaped tones and asked her Pop if he'd taught Astaire to dance. They made a hasty exit.

Distinguished-looking Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper at Mocambo. His next is "Dallas."
Yes Sir! Wednesday was WILD! Wednesday was RUGGED!

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COMPLETELY BOLIXED-
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Evie Johnson often gets taken to dance at Mocambo by erstwhile dancer husband, Van.

Jane Wyman, Armand Deutch, Audrey Totter before Beverly Hills Hotel dinner party.

from the sound stage.

* * *

Jeanne Crain finally solved the mystery of her disappearing jewels and dressing-table articles. Her three-year-old Paul, fascinated with his new brother Timothy, had been helping himself to Jeanne's loot for presents to the infant. Paul's welcoming speech to Jeanne and Timothy on their arrival home from the hospital was "Oh! Brother, another brother." Jeanne's other son, Michael, and Paul have learned to count up to ten, using Timothy's toes for their arithmetic. Between motherhood and

An evening at the Stork Club is enhanced for Brian Donlevy by pretty Marla Stevens.

movies Jeanne is a busy gal. While a nurse took care of her three little boys she was making "Take Care Of My Little Girl" and next on her schedule is "House On Washington Square."

* * *

The color of the sweater Jane Russell wears in RKO's "Macao," in case anyone will notice, is white. Michael Woolfe has also whipped up a little number in gold mesh for Jane which fits like a second skin. This latter is for a torchy song Miss R. will do in the pic.

* * *

The romance of Joan Fontaine and Collier Young, when last heard from, was

Peggy Dow, in the East for "Lights Out," with Tulsa Walt Helmerich III at Stork.
...when the mug of a mud-spattered G.I. was the prettiest sight in the world!

To Johnny she wasn't just another 'over-there' girl... she was the real, real thing!

WARNER BROS. MADE-FOR-YOUR-HEART STORY OF THE BATTLIN' BOZOS OF COMPANY 'B'-FOR-BRUISER!
Robert Montgomery gets his stars, lovely Jane Wyatt and Lee Bowman, ready for their appearance in comedy, “The Awful Truth,” which they did on “Robert Montgomery Presents” over NBC Television.

When Shirley Temple went to New York to talk over going into Jean Arthur’s part in “Peter Pan,” she was given a gay whirl. Here she is with the socially prominent Freddie Procter, Jr., at Stork Club.

Amanda Blake and Ron Randall, a romantic Manhattan pair, dining at Danny’s Hideaway.

Highway” in London for 20th with Marlene Dietrich and if our recollection is correct this is the first pic these two have done together since “Destry Rides Again.”

We didn’t see it, but we heered it—that prospective buyers of the Peter Lindstrom-Ingrid Bergman house got a free gander at a large portion of Ingrid’s wardrobe, still hanging in the cupboards.

Fish Stories: Bob Cummings should get a truth award. He trekked a thousand miles up to Oregon’s Rogue River country, came back and blithely admitted he caught nary one trout; in fact, didn’t even get a strike. Susan Hayward,
Jess Barker and her twin sons did a little better, according to Susie, who said they caught enough to cook a trout dinner for the family and two guests which, at a minimum guess, would be six fish.

* * *

Jane Powell thinks "Royal Wedding" is her lucky picture. The part was a plum, she and hubby George Steffan found their dream house, they bought their dream car, a yellow convertible, and George sold his first really big insurance policy. Jane has a new fan, who thinks she's the best singer in the world. The fan is Pietro, son of Esio Pinza.

* * *

Bunch of Hollywood actors went down to San Diego to play a benefit baseball game. In the bunch: Paul Douglas, Harry James, new cinematographer Dale Robertson, Marian Marshall, Randy Stuart, Donald O'Connor and a few more. The way Mr. Douglas, when quizzed on the outcome of the game, allowed that he thought their team won. Further probing about the score got the very explicit information "Who knows?"

* * *

Starlet Debbie Reynolds, 18 years old, finished up her role in MGM's "The Tender Hours" and went directly to Laguna Beach to join her Burbank Scout Troop. Debbie's studying to be a Scout counselor.

* * *

A few notes from New York heretofore unpublished: A fast and fun dinner with Mildred Natwick, who seems to have deserted Hollywood to become the television queen of New York; seeing the play, "The Live Wire," which didn't seem to have enough current to survive critical Broadway. Betty Field and her playwriting husband, Elmer Rice, were in the audience. We had a wonderful evening with some Hollywood pals—Bo Roros, Edna Shelton Borsage, Red and Georgia Skelton, John Howard—busy in television there—and cute Lina Romay, who was going great guns in Mike Todd's Broadway production of "Peep Show." Like most visiting firemen, we took in the show at the Copacabana. Ran smack into Glenda Farrell on a streetcorner and had a big fat yak with her. There's some talk of reviving her famous "Torchy Blane" series of movies, which made her so famous, for television.

* * *

We were as wide-eyed as any Hollywood tourist visiting a movie set when we got backstage at "Peter Pan" and watched how they rig up Jean Arthur and the other flying members of the cast for this wonderful show. And we were thrilled and excited over seeing Gian-Carlo Menotti's musical drama, "The Consul," the most unusual piece of theatre to hit Broadway in years. Had a big reunion with Zach Scott, who was playing in "Blind Alley" at the Theatre Guild's Westport, Connecticut, Playhouse. Did we talk about Hollywood, but of course.

* * *

Dana Andrews' life seems to be entirely wrapped up in boats. With two on his hands, he's decided that's one too many and is looking for someone else who's (Please turn to page 16)
All About Eve
20th Century-Fox

WHICH is more the saga of that lil' ole serpent who fooled up the Garden of Eden, than about how sweet Anne Baxter climbs from a stage-struck girl to becoming the winner of the theatre's highest award. Sweet, gentle Annie is brought backstage one rainy night by Celeste Holm in order that the starry-eyed young thing might meet Broadway's leading lady, Bette Davis. Emotional, highstrung and terribly in love with the play's director, Gary Merrill, Bette is so moved by Anne's pathetic story of her life that she takes the girl under her wing. Better she should have cuddled a stray H-bomb to her maternal breast, because of the near devastation Anne wreaks: by highlighting Bette's temperamental faults, panting on Merrill's neck, almost ending Celeste's marriage to playwright Hugh Marlowe, and in general having the same effect on the people who befriended her as a double shot of hemlock. The only person able to outdo Anne is critic George Sanders. The dialogue in this masterpiece of a film about modern theatre folk is as freely racy as the story is superb, and Bette is terrific in a role that should have happened to her a long time ago.

Mister 880
20th Century-Fox

FBI trouble-shooter Burt Lancaster takes over one of the strangest counterfeiting investigations in the files of the U.S. Secret Service. For ten years, the Government has been after the unknown counterfeiter who usually prints not more than 850 per month in one dollar bills which are printed on ordinary writing paper with the word WASHINGTON spelled WAHSINGTON. A lulu of a case and a lulu of a picture once junk dealer Edmund Gwenn appears and UN translator Dorothy McGuire starts acting like an underworld character to keep Lancaster's interests aroused. It's all wonderful fun, but gently tempered by an occasional tear over the naive Mr. Gwenn's enchanting lawlessness.

Trio
Paramount

THE long-awaited sequel to W. Somerset Maugham's "Quartet." Consisting of three separate short films, the first of these vignettes, The Verger is a delightful treatment of the old saying: everything happens for the best. Having served faithfully for 19 years as verger (a church attendant), James Hayter is forced to resign because it's discovered he's illiterate. The results of this rather dreadful turn of events for the elderly gentleman are even more unexpected than was his dismissal from the church.

Mr. Knowall, the second offering shows that he who laughs last, laughs best,
when Nigel Patrick, a boisterous, good-time Charley, regarded as strictly lower bracket by his fellow passengers aboard, saves a genteel young matron from a very embarrassing marital situation.

The last of these excellent short stories takes place in a tuberculosis sanatorium and stars Jean Simmons and Michael Rennie in what is a genuinely touching gem of love conquering all.

**Farewell To Yesterday**

*20th Century-Fox*

TURNING back the pages of history over the past thirty years, the cause and effect of wars are brought home in a shaking body-blow. Carefully gleaned from documentary films, you see what causes the wanton slaughter of millions of innocent people, families being torn apart and children stumbling homeless, cold and hungry around the ruins of once thriving communities. See the stark horrors of all this, and I dare you to sit back without asking: “What can I do to help America stop a Third World War?” Because, as this points out, if there is a next time, you might be one of the “extras” in some future film of this type.

**The Black Rose**

*(Technicolor)*

*20th Century-Fox*

SWASHBUCKLING adventure in a grande manner that takes place centuries ago. Tyrone Power, a young English nobleman, vows he will never serve under the French when they vanquish England in the 13th Century, and joining forces with another rebel, Jack Hawkins, the pair decide to strike out for the riches and fortunes of the mysterious Far East. En route, among sundry exciting events, they encounter Mongolian war lord Orson Welles, and find they have been rooked, but pleasantly so, into saving petite Cecile Aubry for the Kublai Khan’s harem. A caravan of action and thrills which takes an ultra scenic route through the world in breathtaking Technicolor. *(Please turn to next page)*

Joan Crawford, with Wendell Corey in “Harriet Craig,” has a destructive obsession.

---

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Mr. Music
Paramount

IT TAKES efficient Nancy Olson to
discover the reason why composer
Bing Crosby hasn’t tried to write any-
ingthing in the past few years. His pro-
ducer, Charles Coburn, sees that a de-
mon for work like Nancy might possibly
turn on the Crosby faucet marked genius.
After she tells Crosby that he hasn’t
written anything new due to a fear of
not being able to repeat his former suc-
cess, the Crosby mental block is eradi-
cated. Work commences, songs are writ-
ten and a one-sided romance takes form.
Ruth Hussey and Robert Stack also toss
in a few romantic operations. So all in
all, there’s enough material to afford
amusement, even if the music is disap-
pointingly below par.

The Toast Of New Orleans
(TECHNICOLOR) MGM

SOMEONE like Mario Lanza can’t re-
main a simple fisherman—not with a
voice like that. Music impresario David
Niven is the first to discover the hidden
magnificence of the Lanza voice as he
and opera star Kathryn Grayson visit a
small bayou fishing town. More inter-
ested in fishing than he is in music, Lan-
za decides to go along with Niven just
so he can be around Kathryn. Uncouth,
inhibited and rough, Lanza’s education
begins, and Kathryn learns the sort of
stuff that isn’t in any etiquette manual.

Pat O’Brien believes there
is latent decency in ill-be-
haved orphan boy Mickey
Rooney and does his best
to guide him to a better
life in “The Fireball.”

Life as a door-to-door
saleslady holds more ad-
venture than Lucille Ball
had expected in “The Full-
er Brush Girl,” a madcap
comedy, with Eddie Albert.

Ann Sheridan tries to find
her husband, Ross Elliot,
who goes into hiding after
witnessing a violent murder
in the blood-chilling film,
“Woman On The Run.”

The wiles of Joan Fontaine
cause havoc among the men
in “Born To Be Bad,” but
Robert Ryan is a tougher
proposition than any she
has previously tackled.
Pattering along at Lanza's heels is Uncle J. Carrol Naish, who just wants to go back to the bayou and shrimp creole. A constant barrage of cadenzas, arias and duets, nothing is spared in this traditional musical extravaganza.

Born To Be Bad
RKO

If MEN have any sense, they had just better watch out for these goody-goody, saccharine wenches. Honey bun Joan Fontaine pussyfoots into Joan Leslie's happy life, and snatches away her millionaire fiance Zachary Scott, and for laughs, toys with Robert Ryan and Mel Ferrer. Quite a nifty assortment of men, any girl would admit—settling for one—but Miss Fontaine marries Zack, then decides she wants all three, for various reasons, and virile Robert in particular. What a woman! What a guy whirl! And what scandal sheet material!

State Secret
Columbia

Duped into coming to a small European country ruled by a dictator, American doctor Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., doesn't realize that the operation he's been asked to demonstrate is to be per-

(please turn to page 68)

In "Between Midnight And Dawn" Mark Stevens and Edmond O'Brien are two policemen pals.
crazy over the things so he can unload. In "The Gaunt Woman," Dana spends most of his time aboard a fishing vessel, which makes him deliriously happy. Well, so some people get their kicks from breaking legs on a ski run.

Talk is that Columbia execs are so thrilled with Judy Holliday's performance in "Born Yesterday" that they're trying to talk playwright Garson Kanin into dreaming up a sequel.

It's nice to hear that stage actress Judith Evelyn has a good, fat part in 20th's "The Scarlet Pen" which they are shooting in Canada. There's a gal who can really act.

We gave you the news some time back that Richard Conte's wife, Ruth, had planned to return to the stage after a seven-year period of being just not-so-plain Mrs. Conte. Lots of actresses say they're going to do it, but somehow don't get around to it. Ruth got rave reviews at Hollywood's Circle Theatre in "What Every Woman Knows." Next stop—probably movies for her.

Van Johnson's already making preparations for his daughter Schuyler's 18th birthday, although the tot has quite a span to go before that event. He's collecting a series of small New England scenes, binding them in books, and flying them away. The artist—Van Johnson.

June Haver, much improved in the health department, was all excited over her Westwood apartment house opening. June helped decorate the place so it's a very personal project. She also hopes to go to Rome before this year is over if 20th doesn't put her in a picture.

Bob Ryan's two young sons gave him quite a bit of trouble while he was making "Best Of The Badmen" at RKO. Seems when he came home at night they gave him the rush act, wanting to play bad man with him. Bob's proud of his little woman, Jessica. She's just finished her first serious novel, called "Crying At The Lock." Her other literary efforts have been mysteries.

King Clark Gable, complete with bushy beard, went window shopping in Durango, Colorado, between scenes of "Across The Wide Missouri" and was approached by a Sioux Indian, who tipped Mr. G. that he could get a job in that same picture if he looked sharp about it. The next day the Indian looked very pleased when he spotted Gable, hard at work in the film.

When Barbara Hale laid plans for the birthday party of her three-year-old daughter Jody, she reckoned without the young 'un. Barbara planned to have six kids at the shindig, wound up with 24 moppets.

Irene Vernon, a blonde beauty you will be seeing in the dramatic "The Sound Of Fury." At the Waldorf-Astoria, Janis Paige dining with Dick Contino. She visited N. Y. this Fall, charmed its most sophisticated citizens. Richard Widmark with three dimensional camera on location for "The Halls Of Montezuma."
AND their mothers. The joint was really jumpin'.

It's a whole new career for Connie Moore, one of the prettiest gals in town, since her smackeroo opening at the Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel. There's been a professional lull in Connie's life, but the gal showed she has what it takes to click but solid. Hollywoodites who turned out for the gala affair—Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, Joan Fontaine with Collier Young, the Cary Grants, Gary Cooper, and loads of others who all cheered and hollered like mad.

Betty Grable and Harry James stirred up quite a storm when they visited Dan Dailey's night club, tagged "Curtain Call." Trumpet-tooting Mr. James took over on the drums for a hot jam session and when word got around that they were there people flocked in—to hear him and get a gander at Miss G. The Daileys separated again, you know. Maybe just another flurry, we hope, although this one sounded pretty definite.

From Rome: Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, and a thousand extras were busy emoting in "Quo Vadis" when one of the ferocious bulls broke loose and did some people-throwing before six Italian policemen shot him dead. Bob and Barbara Stanwyck celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary on the Isle of Capri during a production lull.

Betty Lynn, cute little redhead of Hollywood's younger set, finished dead last (Please turn to page 72)

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Jane Wyman was the cynosure of all eyes when she attended opening of "Ice Follies Of 1951" with Greg Bautzer, Ginger Roger's constant escort until a few months ago when Ginger went East for a lengthy visit.

Left: Having a wonderful time at premiere of the thrilling two-hour ice spectacle at the Pan Pacific Auditorium in Los Angeles are Diana and William Powell, Jeanne Crain and her husband, Paul Brinkman.

Jane Powell and Ceary Steffan were among the film-folk attending the 15th anniversary edition of the "Ice Follies," which featured Richard Dwyer, the 14-year-old sensation of the ice skating world.
Betsy Drake and Cary Grant at a gala filmland event—the recent first night of Connie Moore's singing stint at the Cocoanut Grove.

Lex Barker had returned from African location for newest Tarzan picture in time to escort his best girl, Arlene Dahl, to the opening.

NEWSREEL

Representing Hollywood's younger set was Joan Evans, with Kirby Weatherly. He's a new date for her, and the two had a fine time.

This was one of Jeanne Crain's first public appearances after the birth of her third son. She came with her husband, Paul Brinkman.

The talented Connie, after a marvelous performance, got a rewarding drink and a kiss of congratulation from Producer Collier Young.
Ann Sheridan and Collier Young engaged in heated debate at dinner. The popular Annie's new picture is the exciting "Woman On The Run."

Devoted pair Anne Baxter and John Hodiak at the Grove. He had just gotten back from "Across The Wide Missouri" location work.

Connie was feted at a party after the opening, given by Joan Fontaine. She first came to Hollywood at 17, has been married to Agent Johnny Maschio for some time.
Getting any one certain person on the telephone in Rome, unless you speak or at least have a nodding acquaintance with Italian, is a positive miracle. In fact, after asking for the Hiltons, ten voices later I wound up talking to Nicky. "Liz is out shopping," he said. "You know how it is with a woman, she wants to get things for our apartment." Then he enlightened, "We'll be here tonight and leave tomorrow for Venice. We flew down last night. We won't be here long. We just want to see Rome. This is Liz's first time here, and we want to get back to the Lido, where it is quiet. If you call back at six, Liz will be here."

Twenty photographers had been alerted for two months that any day Liz Taylor and her bridegroom would come to town. So when Liz walked out of the hotel early that AM to do some quiet shopping, she found the twenty photographers with flash bulbs waiting. They dashed after her with some of the more enterprising climbing right into her car, and insisting on going along for the ride. Liz didn't know it, but Italian photographers hand the chauffeur a tip in advance which causes him to act deaf, dumb and all but blind, of their presence.

At six o'clock I had Liz on the telephone. Marriage hasn't changed the unpretentious little girl quality, nor the certain shyness that marks Elizabeth Taylor's demeanor and voice. One would never suspect from talking to her that she was a fabulous movie queen who had just married one of America's most handsome young men, and who will one day inherit eleven million dollars.

"Oh, May, we're having such a won-

Liz and Nick at airport in Rome on way to Venice. They'd been to Paris, Monte Carlo.

Interviewed while in Italy, Elizabeth Taylor describes eventful life as Mrs. Hilton

By May Mann Baer

ROME: All roads lead to Rome—thus it was that the world's most celebrated honeymooners arrived to spend two days inspecting the ancient splendors of the Colosseum, where the Christians were fed to the lions; to see Nero's Circus Maximus; Michaelangelo's Dome atop St. Peter's; to stand on the banks of the Tiber, yellow in the moonlight, where Mark Antony, centuries ago, dreamed of returning to Cleopatra and her Nile.

Of course, I am speaking of Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton, who registered at the Excelsior Hotel on Via Veneto, Rome's Fifth Avenue, as plain Mr. & Mrs. N. Hilton. In the interim, the newspapers from London and Paris reported the Hiltons playing a veritable game of "catch me if you can" with European photographers and press, determined to get a story from the famous newlyweds. The young Hiltons preferred to be alone and be left alone. But since I was the only Hollywood columnist in Europe last Summer, I thought they'd make an exception of someone from home and telephoned asking them to share an hour of their honeymoon with the readers of SCREENLAND.
derful time," she said over the telephone. "I just love Rome. The Colosseum is just like I read about in history. Isn't it wonderful seeing all of these famous places? Yes, I know I was born in England, but until now I have seen only England and France. The rest of Europe is all new to me. Nicky, however, has seen it all before, so now we're going everywhere so he can show me the places he likes best. Cameras? Oh yes, of course. We brought along a camera and a movie camera loaded with color film. At first we took a lot of snapshots, but we're sort of tired taking them by now. Yes, we arrived yesterday afternoon. We are flying back to Venice tomorrow afternoon. Yes, we've been on the canal at Venice in a gondola, but just once. We like the motor boats better. They're faster. For our first night in Rome," Elizabeth continued, "what do you think we did? We went out to Cinecitta to watch the night filming of 'Quo Vadis.' It was so exciting seeing a movie being made again."

At this point, I made a mental note, "May Mann Baer drop dead!" For I had been invited by my husband, Buddy Baer, to visit 'Quo Vadis' that same night. They were filming the spectacular night scenes of the Christians being led into the arena to be consumed by lions at Nero's Circus Maximus. But instead, I had become so entranced with the moon swinging across the sky over my terrace that I had become moonstruck. I fear, and didn't go.

"Isn't that something, you a movie actress, visiting a movie studio on your first night in Rome," I returned. "That's like a postman (Please turn to page 52)"
Helping Hand From Ray

"Ray is the leading man every actress dreams of," reports Joan after working in a film with her friend, Ray Milland
By Joan Fontaine

RAY MILLAND is the nicest person I ever met. Except for his wife, that is. She's even nicer.

I have been crazy about Ray and Mal for years. We've known each other for years. They've been to my house a thousand times, and I've been to theirs. And Ray and I have always wanted to work together. But—well, Hollywood is funny. Sometimes the pixies step in and you never do a picture with the right person.

A few months ago, however, Ray and I finally managed to give the back of our hands to the "little people." We learned that we were to co-star in "Mr. And Miss Anonymous" for Paramount.

The making of that film has been a complete joy to me. For Ray, I find, is the leading man every actress dreams of. He always knows his job, to begin with. He can glance at seven pages of new dialogue for a scene, read it once, keep on playing gin rummy, and go before the cameras letter perfect. He is never late, either to work in the morning (which drives me crazy) or in his timing. Of the latter, Director George Stevens has said of him, by the way, "Ray is without a doubt the greatest master of comedy in the industry. No one has even scratched the surface of his talent. He's so good you don't realize how good he is; his technique doesn't show. That's saying something!"

With this sort of compliment from a director, you can see how an actress would feel about the man. For me, as I say, working with him was superb. For he was always in there, always giving, whether the scene to be made was an intimate love passage, a long shot, or my close-up. And that, my friends, is rare!

There is not an ounce of the "leading man" stuff in Ray. He isn't pompous about being a star. You don't have to get him in the mood to begin acting, and he doesn't wander around the back of the stage muttering to himself before the cameras turn. He merely gets up from his chair, puts down his gin hand, and goes to work.

To appreciate such a guy, you have to have had some lemons in your career. And I've had a few. As a result, Ray stands out like a beacon in contrast.

And, incidentally, he is the only co-star I've ever had who actually went so far as to compliment the work of his leading lady. Does that sound strange? Unfortunately, it happens to be true.

I've learned a great deal from him, of course. For one thing, in "Mr. And Miss Anonymous," Ray is undergoing the biggest switch in his career: he plays a worker for Alcoholics Anonymous, and I play a drunk.

After "Lost Weekend," of course, Ray is an authority on inebriated people of all kinds for, in order to play Don Birnam, he did an enormous amount of research. And he has passed along a lot of this material to (Please turn to page 52)
A LASS named Laurie was once described, in a song, as being most captivating, but she was only imaginary. A big improvement over that dream lady is flesh-and-blood Piper Laurie, a new starlet at Universal-International. Piper brings us a bracing breath of Highland air via Detroit, where she was born and, despite a Gaelic appearance, is of Polish-Russian extraction. It was when she emoted in a Los Angeles high school play that a talent scout was startled almost out of his chair by her looks and her ability. She was signed by U-I, went to work there just after turning 18.

Left: Piper Laurie goes into training for her role in U-I's "The Milkman" with the aid of a healthy glassful of milk.

Above: Already busy with screen commitments, Piper does get a chance to relax sometimes with this aquatic companion.

Bonnie Lassie From

Left: When Piper was staying in Chicago she did some pleasant research for her "Milkman" assignment by paying a visit to the Hawthorn-Melody Farms, where she viewed the dairy business close up.

As Piper's first part she was awarded a role in "Louisa," and all of her friends—James Best, Meg Randall, Joyce Holden, Rock Hudson and Anthony Curtis—gathered in U-I commissary to wish her lots of luck.
When she was put under contract she refused to take any salary until she actually started work at the studio.

Piper samples another Hawthorn-Melody product as she spends a happy afternoon at suburban house of some friends during her recent visit to Chicago.

Right: Piper treats her milkman kindly. Her second film for U-1 is "The Milkman," in which she has Donald O'Connor as co-star.

Below: Her hair is red and her eyes are brown; she is 5'4½". She began modeling and playing with little theatre companies at 16.
THOUGH new world conflict may surpass World War II in horrors and treachery, echoes of that vicious fight against an aggressor are still bitter enough reminders. Such a reminder is Tyrone Power’s new picture, “American Guerilla In The Philippines,” based on a novel by Ira Wolfert. It tells of the organization of hastily and belatedly trained Filipinos who learned to strike so effectively at the Japanese enemy behind his own lines. Tyrone, who makes his way to one of the Islands after his torpedo boat is sunk by hostile planes, becomes involved in the movement, at first unwillingly. But, as one after another of his own men is killed and as he witnesses the sufferings of the Islanders, including Micheline Prelle, whose husband is beaten to death, he reaches a decision to fight with these brave allies for what seems almost a lost cause.

In Manila, the two stars were the guests of honor at a Red Cross ball. Ty’s in London now in play, “Mister Roberts.”

He and Micheline experience the brief reunions and long separations that two lovers know in every war.

While on location, Ty took films of his own to add to collection he has of foreign lands he’s visited.
Deborah with husband, daughter Melissa, now with her in Rome.

Say the electricians, “She's the most lady-like of any actress.”

"Of all the tests I made in Hollywood," says Director Mervyn LeRoy, "Deborah Kerr stood out as Lygia"

By

May

Mann Baer

Deborah with May Mann Baer, whose husband is in picture.

In Rome With Deborah
ROME: Deborah Kerr was in Bob Taylor's arms, her lips parted in a slightly breathless expression. Yes, her suspicions were correct. He had had her seized to be his slave. The momentary thrill of his handsome, aggressive male virility, changed to anger, coupled with indignation, as he drew her to him. Deborah Kerr was playing the role coveted by every dramatic actress in Hollywood. Twenty stars including Ann Blyth, Janet Leigh, Elizabeth Taylor, Arlene Dahl and countless more had tested for the role of the virgin Lygia in "Quo Vadis," the biggest picture ever attempted, being filmed at a cost of eight million in Rome, Italy, by MGM.

Hollywood buzzed, "How did Deborah Kerr get the most delectable role of the year? What made her so special?" Did she have the saintliness of a virgin covering the fire of a woman recklessly in love? Certainly, she had been nominated for an Academy Award for "Edward, My Son." To some, she is England's most able contribution to Hollywood. But to star in the picture, which may be the greatest of all time—how come?

I found myself fascinated as I sat with Director Mervyn LeRoy on the set at Cinecitta while Bob Taylor, Buddy Baer and Deborah worked before the Technicolor cameras.

"I really shouldn't like Deborah at all. I should resent her," I whispered to Mervyn. "Here my favorite boy friend, Buddy Baer, is spending all day here at Cinecitta with her—and only a couple of hours with me—just long enough to take me to dinner evenings. Why, she sees him all of the time."

"Buddy thinks she's great—" smiled Mervyn LeRoy approvingly, "and that is as it should be. After all, he's her protector. He fights the bull and saves her from being burned at the stake in Nero's arena. Few people really know Deborah, but of all the tests I made in Hollywood, she stood out as Lygia. She has the fire, and that (Please turn to page 33)
Always Keep Trying

If the United Nations should decide to adopt so frivolous but lovely an item of equipment as a masthead—in the manner of venturesome ships which once cleaved many seas as strange as those upon which the UN is presently launched—Hollywood has the masthead figure for them.

Her name is Faith Domergue; she was born in New Orleans (itself an internationally celebrated city), (Please turn to page 55)

Right: Faith’s with Bob Mitchum in RKO’s “Where Danger Lives.” She once had a troublesome lisp.

Left: Faith, friend Edith Lynch. Afternoon walk led her to first encounter with Howard Hughes.

She spends much of her time in South America. Her she is in scene with Bob.

One man said, “She’s too thin,” but Faith Domergue is now a pinup collector’s item

By Fredda Dudley Balling
THE appellation "pretty boy" always made handsome John Derek so mad that he spent a lot more time at strenuous sports, riding, hunting, football, than his pals did. The result—a skill at athletics that served him well in playing the son of one of history’s most agile figures, Robin Hood. Now he’s displaying his physical prowess in a modern setting, in title role of "The Hero," which deals with the short-lived glory of a college football star. His studio, Columbia, bought "The Hero" some time ago and John, who’s always wanted to do it, feels this is his best break yet.
Esperanza, or "Chata," as he calls her, was a successful actress in Mexico. She gave up her career when they married.

By Mrs. John Wayne

SOME women call themselves "golf widows." I'm almost a "movie widow." I'd really be one if my husband didn't like a quiet evening at home after his seven-to-seven work days, which occur day after day. Suppose he cared about nightclubs and big parties? I'd never see him alone!

You see, Duke—everyone who knows him at all well calls him by that nick-name which dates back to college—is so really interested in motion pictures that he works and works and works. Much harder now than before he had his big success. It's not that he is concerned only with acting or the money he can make; he wants to do as many things in movies as possible, and know all about them.

"His temper is usually even, but he'll lose it if someone tries to make him change a decision." John's seen here with Julie Bishop in an important scene from the memorable "Sands Of Iwo Jima."
You know he has been producing pictures for the last few years. He has just completed his first production in which he did not also act, "Torero," which was filmed in Mexico and stars Bob Stack. Soon he will also try his hand at directing one, on which he will also be producer—and star! That will be "Alamo" and will also be shot in Mexico. Meantime he has starred in "Rio Grande Command," directed by his good friend, John Ford, and has finished "Jet Pilot" at RKO. For the next several years he will make one picture a year each for Warners, RKO and Republic, plus whatever ones he has time for with Jack Ford. That is a schedule, no ex verdam!

Someone said recently that Duke is the "workin'est man in town." That's just about true. I know his manager, Boo Roos, told a producer who wanted to borrow him for another studio recently, "Let's face it, John Wayne is not available for the rest of his natural career." That's a bit exaggerated, but gives you an idea of how busy he is. But he loves it.

When Duke used to have time off between pictures he went hunting or fishing with his friends, in the High Sierra or Idaho for deer, off Baja California for marlin or sword fish. He's not had a chance in two years. Sometimes I went along for dove hunting in the desert, but he's not had time for that for a while, either. We have a very small speed boat, the Apache, moored down at Newport, only about 45 miles from home, but haven't used it once since it was overhauled and painted in the late Spring.

People think all movie stars have such an easy life, that although they work hard during a film they then can vacation a long time. Well, some of them can. I know, but not all. My husband cannot. Not since he's taken on the worries and work of producing and directing.

Fortunately he is muy simpatico. May you know, means very. Simpatico is not just sympathetic. It means agreeable, friendly, easy to get along with, nice to have around. Duke is all of that. And more. He is honest and outspoken; he never does what you call "mincing words." If he makes a decision he sticks to it. His temper is usually even and under control, but he will lose it if someone tries to make him change a decision. He is casual, friendly and informal and likes to laugh, but is not a "story teller." He likes to talk about real things: world affairs, politics, government—and of course picture business, in which he's worked 20 years.

He is definite and not afraid to take sides. Some actors think that anything apart from acting is "not their business," but not Duke. He is now serving his second term as president of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, an organization designed to expose and combat Communists and their propaganda.

His sense of humor is very good. (I don't want you to think all his work is making Duke a "dull boy.") He loves a good practical joke, whether he is the perpetrator or the victim. He thought it was so funny when about a year ago Stephen Ames bought a hundred keys, put tags on them saying, "If found please return to John Wayne. Reward." He added our phone number and address. Then he scattered them all over Los Angeles. For days and days we had inquiries. I've never learned what Duke did in retaliation; I'm sure it was something equally bothersome!

I had a horribly embarrassing experience recently as the result of Duke's sense of humor. We have a Brittany spaniel which he named Brainless, because it's so smart. Then we have two Cocker spaniels that he named for two mascots of some outfit he entertained overseas. The boys' dogs were Fearless and Half-As, so that's what Duke named ours, knowing people would misunderstand or misinterpret the name of the poor little second pup that (Please turn to page 60)
Happy Birthday, Kate!

Kathryn Grayson had a birthday while she was at work on "The Toast Of New Orleans," and her co-stars, David Niven and Mario Lanza, gave her this luscious cake.

EVERYONE loves limpid-eyed songstress Kathryn Grayson, and when she reports on a set for a picture it's an occasion for rejoicing. These shots were taken during the making of "The Toast Of New Orleans," her new starring vehicle for MGM, and they are evidence of Kathryn's high status with her fellow workers. It is the second picture she has made with the new singer, Mario Lanza. Kathryn, an established singing star herself, is very confident that Mario will have a sensational career. So, when she was cast opposite him in the Technicolor opus, Kathryn felt that she really had a share in Mario's progress toward the top.

She thinks she looks dreadful, though the makeup man probably never powdered a prettier face.

She's a New Orleans opera star and Mario a lusty Cajun fisherman in the MGM picture.

Just back from the East where he did television, Kathryn's husband, Johnnie Johnston, rushed to see her on film set.

This birthday salute on the part of David and Mario is heartfelt. They both thought a lot of their leading lady.
John and his mother, Dolores Costello Vruwink, wife of a prominent physician.

Despite his heritage, he knows he must learn the technique of acting, just like any other beginner.

WHEN he was in high school, John Barrymore, Jr., deliberately avoided playing in the school shows. He knew that his mother was not eager to have him become an actor and he didn't want to discredit his family's famous name. But now, like other present-day offspring of Barrymore thesipers, he has chosen to follow a way of life that his father, his Aunt Ethel and Uncle Lionel have all pursued with great distinction. John has just done his second picture, "High Lonesome," is as yet uncertain that he'll make the grade. He had never seen a film of his father's until last year, fears imitating him.

Challenge For Junior

John with Kristine Miller in his second film, "High Lonesome." It is an Eagle Lion release in Technicolor.
IF ANN hadn't gone on that china-buying binge in Germany this never would have happened.
But you know Annie Sheridan. When she has an enthusiasm she goes all out for it. Remember when Ann discovered Mexico? The entire rhumba band from a downtown Los Angeles nightclub moved in with her and played rhumbas night and day. Her house gradually became a duplication of Olvera Street, and Ann’s digestive system, always amiable, was treated to a diet of enchiladas, beans and tortillas. Every day was fiesta. Heaven help the Sheridan bank account when Ann discovers the Old Masters.

Ann’s had a weakness for china for a long time.

It started one Christmas back in Denton, Texas, when she was seven years old. An aunt gave her a doll’s tea set with a pattern of pretty pink rosebuds. Ann thought it quite the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Today she has more Spode, Wedgwood and Haviland tucked away than she’ll ever get around to using, even if she decides to have a go at entertaining a duke and duchess. As Ann is one of the very few movie stars in Hollywood completely unimpressed by names this is as likely to happen as Thanksgiving in June.

But there was Ann in Germany in the Winter and Spring of 1949 on location with the “I Was A Male War Bride” company. For several important sequences in the picture it was necessary that Ann learn to drive a motorcycle proficiently. (That now famous bike is at the 20th Century-Fox studios in Hollywood, and Ann has been scheming to buy it—but her manager says she’ll break her pretty neck and he won’t give her the money.) A nice G.I. from Tyler, Texas, taught Ann how to handle the machine and Ann took to motorcycling with vim and vigor and no sparing the brakes. The civic officials were polite about it, but they just intimated in a friendly fashion that wouldn’t it be jolly if Miss Sheridan did her practicing in the country where there were wide open spaces. Germany had enough ruins and maimed people. Ann obligingly took her bike to the countryside. “And everywhere I looked,” she says, “I saw exquisite old china. I’d drive back to town, get a company car, and load it up.” She bought and bought and bought. Rosen—(Please turn to page 62)

Ann Sheridan discovers that a bachelor girl’s domestic life can sometimes be quite a problem

Homey interlude with David Wayne in “Stella.” Few things upset amiable, casual Ann.

Ann and Leif Erickson. She’s been rebuilding house she’s had since divorce from George Brent.

She has liked Steve Hannagan for a long while, but she likes independence, too.
Many people are puzzled that charming Ann stays single. Her next is "Woman On The Run," a U-1 released picture.

Still Being The Confirmed Bachelor Girl

By Elizabeth Wilson
Nancy is a typical normal, middle-class girl who's just like fifty million other U.S. girls.

Last March Nancy married Playwright Alan Lerner in a simple home wedding.

Even marriage and a career haven't changed the oh-so-normal Nancy Olson.
LUNCHING with Nancy Olson at Sardi's in New York one day not long ago, we remarked that we'd just come from an interview with Ruth Roman whose mother had been a snake-charmer.

Nancy looked rueful. Nancy said, wistfully, "I wish I had had a snake-charmer mother or a tattooed-man father or something interesting like that. Something that would make colorful copy when I give out a story. A skeleton in the closet, maybe, or even a neurosis which would make me behave the way Bette Davis does in some of her pictures, sort of borderline. But in me you find, alas, a very, very typical, normal middle-class girl as like as possible to fifty million other girls in these United States.

"I've never been the least bit hungry, lonely, frustrated, discouraged, unhappy, confused or anything," Nancy sighed, adding with an anxious expression in her bright blue eyes, "I doubt that you can ever write a story about me, I'm so normal."

"To be normal nowadays is to be practically abnormal," we encouraged. "If you can give us the case history of a perfectly normal girl, complete with details, we'll have a story, never fear."

Nancy brightened. "No one is better qualified than I," she said, "to analyze a normal girl since I, without the slightest detour, am one."

"At college they called me," Nancy made a funny face, "'Wholesome Olson.' How d'you like that? Why, even on the screen I'm normal. In fact, it's because I look normal, act normal, am normal that I'm on the screen at all!"

"In Gloria Swanson's great comeback picture, 'Sunset Boulevard,' I play the part of Betty Schaef er who is the only normal person in the picture. Everyone else in the cast, including Miss Swanson, is macabre, is over the borderline—I alone am all sort of genuine and simple and believable. It was because Billy Wilder, who directed the picture, wanted someone completely opposite to Miss Swanson that he chose me to play Betty. What's more he wanted me to wear my own clothes and I did. I picked out the plainest stuff I owned, sweaters and skirts and one simple dinner dress. By way of makeup I wore only a base and wouldn't have worn that except that my skin is so fair I'd wash out otherwise. But no fake eyelashes for me, nor any of the goo that makes glamour. Billy Wilder told me, "I want you to look just exactly the way you look."

"So I looked just exactly the way I look, which is so normal that it couldn't," sighed fair-of-face Miss Olson, "be normaller. I'm five feet five in height. I weigh 117 pounds. I have blue eyes. I have tan hair. In my studio biography my hair is described as 'caramel blonde' but that's just someone getting fancy about my light brown, American-color hair.

"Even the town I was born in—Milwaukee, Wisconsin—is sort of, well, conventional. I love Milwaukee, especially the suburb in which I grew up. But wasn't there a star born on the Isle of Jersey and wasn't Greer Garson born in County Down, in Ireland? Quite a number of great people, stars and otherwise, were born, I know, in New York's Hell's Kitchen or down on the lower East Side—from which they arose with tales of horror—and of heroism—to tell.

"There is nothing horrible, heroic or even slightly hysterical about my story.
WHEN Patrice Wymore answered the Warner Brothers' summons to Hollywood and timidly boarded an airplane for that destination, she was about as sure she would become front page romantic news as she was that the motion picture industry would proclaim her a new Sarah Bernhardt.

Pat had narrowly missed being in a bad airplane crash the year before and had supplied herself with remedies to ward off air fright. Being of the school who believes if one pill is good then three are better, she had hardly boarded the plane when a big sleep overtook her. She vaguely remembered landing at Chicago and her next recollection was being shaken by the air hostess, who gave her the news that she was at the end of the line, Hollywood.

The tall, blue-eyed, blonde Patrice was also unaware, from a personal point of view, that such a person as Errol Flynn existed. Sure, she knew of him. Who doesn't? But he wasn't included, even remotely, in her dreams or schemes. Pat had the usual number of boy friends in New York, no ideas of matrimony, and a clear mind fixed on her future and her career. No romantic notions cluttered up her thinking.

Or so she thought. She thought it, subconsciously, when she met the celebrated Mr. Flynn very casually at the studio. Director William Keighley introduced them after he'd singled her out for the test which led to her being Errol's leading lady in "Rocky Mountain." This is the point at which fate entered (Please turn to page 64)
What you should know about Errol Flynn’s surprise romance with Patrice Wymore

Errol and Patrice in “Rocky Mountain.” They’d met casually before, but fell in love while on location for picture.

Tense moment in “Rocky Mountain.” Errol and Pat’s dad have become great pals, result of his trip to her Kansas home.

Pat gets her neck massaged by dancing partner Gene Nelson on “Tea For Two” set at Warners after strenuous, acrobatic routine for picture.
Actually, Judy Holliday's decision to play a witless dame was a stroke of genius

By Gladys Hall

As I uncovered my typewriter, not two minutes ago, to begin work on this piece about Judy Holliday, I sounded a note of warning in my own ears. "Now, my girl," I said, "let's not get cute about this thing by pretending to be surprised that Judy Holliday is not the dumb blonde she played for so long in "Born Yesterday" on Broadway, nor the equally dumb blonde she played in "Adam's Rib" in Hollywood nor yet the return-engagement-dumb-blonde she is now playing in the film version of "Born Yesterday" for Columbia Pictures.

"Let's vary the formula," I advised myself, "by omitting to mention that Judy's grade-school I.Q. was 172 (she was the age of ten at the time) or, if we must mention it, let's forget the ubiquitous exclamation point. Let's not put in, with a simulated air of glad surprise, the biographical fact that at an age when other moppets were reading "The Bobbsy Twins" our girl, Judy, was poring over the tortured tales of Turgenev, Tolstoy's "War And Peace," Dostoyefsky's grim "The Brothers Karamazov" and the very adult like.

"Let's take it in stride," I said to me, "that she's written songs (published), skits and sketches (played), is writing A Book, a novel, collects antiques and can't be foxed by dealers, cooks to beat the Cordon Bleu, is married to a musi-
cian—David Oppenheim, first clarinetist of the New York Symphony—so knows her Sibelius from her Stravinsky, her Bela Bartok from her Ludwig Beethoven—and that a feature of Judy's living-room is an Unabridged Webster's New International Dictionary, large enough to be used as a davenport but not used, as something to sit upon, by Judy!

Having thus admonished myself I fell to typing, reflecting, as I tapped, that we all, the readers of SCREENLAND and I, have been raised in the down-

with-the-breaking-heart, villain-with-the-heart-of-gold school. We know, none better—I have written, none more often—that Danny Kaye is, by nature and temperament, the Melancholy Dane, that Humphrey Bogart plays patty-cake with baby pandas, that beneath the bejewelled bosoms of the Mesdames Turner, Hayworth, Dietrich, Grable, Swanson, Lamarr beat hearts as homely as striped calico. Thus trained, we wouldn't be caught dead believing Judy Holliday is, for real, a dumb blonde, even if she were. In short, we have been educated to understand that appearances—and acting assignments—deceive.

Besides, in no time at all, it will be dated to think of Judy as the dumb blonde she isn't because, once the last shot of "Born Yesterday" is in the box at Columbia Studios in Hollywood, Judy isn't going to play anymore. Isn't, that is, going to play dumb anymore. After the long stretch she has served as a dumb blonde on Broadway, she's tired of dumb blonde- (Please turn to page 70)
Dating Season

For festive afternoons and evenings, Rita Colton, lovely NBC television star, dons a Loma Leeds designed frock of tissue faille that features a peplum draped over the hips—to give you that new slim look so popular this season. Tiers are edged in fine beading. Dress comes in black or taupe. Sizes 12 to 18. About $15.

Screenland Fashion Selections

by Kay Brunell

PLEASE TURN to page 66 for information where to purchase these selections.

Fashion Selection #230 This exquisite Alfred Angelo designed gown of metallic damask and rayon net will make you look as bewitching as Rita. Consists of taffeta slip with double rayon net skirt reinforced with buckram. Overdrape has four folds in front, six in back. Comes in white, copper, nile shot with silver. Sizes 8 to 16. About $35.
Fashion Selection #231 Rita ready for a gala evening in a strapless Barbara dance frock of taffeta with huge side bow of contrasting color. Skirt is trimmed with double rows of cording. Comes in white or black with tomato red or emerald green trim. Sizes 9 to 15 (10 to 16). About $20.

PHOTOS TAKEN IN HOME OF HELENA ROBINSON
BY ROCKFIELD--MOSS STUDIO
Jewels by Monet.
Shoes by Andrew Geller.

Fashion Selection #232 Young Hollywood does this dainty dress of nylon ribbed tulle that resembles tucks. Top is fashioned like shirtwaist with jewel buttons, skirt is full with ruffles at bottom. Contrasting velvet sash. In grey, navy or toast. Sizes 9 to 15. The price is about $20.
Anne Baxter's career is launched when, with the aid of George Sanders, a critic, she becomes Bette's understudy.

**Individually**, Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, and Celeste Holm already have won many plaudits for superb performances. So, when they're starred in a film together a challenge has to be met. And how they meet it! Three distinct performances, each brilliantly done in a stirring photo finish for the acting honors. Bette, of course, is the dynamic one; Anne, the quiet but determined type; Celeste the gal who's a little of each. The story centers around Bette, a famous actress whose career is mostly behind her. How Anne, a devoted fan, worms her way into Bette's affections and finally into her place in the theatre will hold you spellbound until film's end.

To further career, Anne seeks help from Celeste Holm, whose playwright husband she doesn't mind stealing.
For A Lovely Christmas

New glamour in packages, to give or to receive, for many long months of continuing loveliness

By Elizabeth Lapham

SINCE everyone knows that the woman who considers her stock of beauty props complete has yet to be born, we won't waste your time or ours by going into the topic of just why beauty-for-Christmas has become the deeply-rooted tradition that it is. What we can't help wondering is how it's possible for anyone to overlook the plain economy that goes hand in hand with the selection of a cosmetic or perfume as a gift. In what else would you be able to make so small an investment and be sure of reaping the reward of thank-you's throughout so great a procession of weeks? After all, the pursuit of beauty in these vast United States is no special-occasion affair; that lipstick kit, nail make-up, cosmetic, or perfume that you give is going to be a daily reminder of the very thoughtful person that you are.

But enough of generalities; what you're wanting to know at this point is what's new and what's especially nice that you can give for this Christmas. Always happy to oblige, we've done some super-sleuthing and ferreted out a number of appealing gifts that are sufficiently varied in character to please everyone on your list from Aunt Minnie to your best girl friend—not forgetting even Uncle Bill or the man in your life (two quite different propositions, naturally).

Following the usual pattern of considering ladies first, leads pleasantly to the discovery of Pond's Angel Face in its enchanting new ivory-white mirror case. You'll remember Angel Face as a wonder-working combination of foundation and powder, that goes on smoothly and evenly without any fuss (Please turn to page 72)

This secretive snowman is hiding two precious drams of Djer-Kiss perfume so she can't possibly guess how pretty the bottle is.

The new white-and-gold Angel Face Mirror Case holds a compact supply of complete makeup to delight any girl on Christmas morning.

Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal and Eau de Quinine go right on pleasing men who appreciate definite reliability in their holiday grooming aids.

You'll find everything you need for a perfect manicure, including two popular shades of nail polish, in this Dura-Gloss kit.
on his day off, going to the post office to visit.”

Liz laughed.

“Well, I wanted to see ‘Quo Vadis.’ I was up for the role, until I got married. I was so enthused with the script.” Liz, definitely, will continue with her career.

“From Venice we’re going to Switzerland and then back to Paris for our last look. We spent six weeks at Cannes. I was on the beach every day—getting a real tan. We loved England. I was there not so long ago with Mother, making ‘Conspirator,’ so it was actually renewing acquaintances and introducing Nicky to my godmother, who thinks he is wonderful, too. We went to the races.” Did she bet? “Well, not much,” Liz said. “I’m not the gambling type.” Then came Paris. They stayed at the George V, and then attended a wonderful dinner party given by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. “We hope we grow old together gracefully and wonderfully like the Duke and Duchess. They were such lovely people,” Liz remarked. “Yes, the dinner was wonderful and it was a very formal party, a good chance to wear one of my Busta- neau numbers. We went to a lot of parties in England and France. At Monte Carlo, it was exciting visiting the casinos.” Did she place any bets? “Well, yes,” Liz admitted. “But never more than two dollars an evening.” She won and lost so it was a no-win no-lose deal and she came out even.

Missy and Dick Bigelow, a delightful young American couple whom they’d met in New York, accompanied them to Rome. It was fun going foursome on the third month of their honeymoon. They didn’t do much letter writing, but Liz and Nicky had called home five times.

“We get on the telephone and talk to everyone at home. Nicky’s father in New York, and my father, mother and brother and the cook in Beverly Hills, and of course my dog, Butch. His woof indicates that he knows my voice. I am taking a new white French poodle home from Paris. He was given to me by friends, and I’m leaving Butch home with mother. I don’t want to uproot Butch, also a French poodle, from his home after all of these years.”

What had Liz bought in Europe? “Well, not much,” Liz confessed. “I had my trousseau, all new, and I don’t really need anything. In Paris Nick, (she calls him Nick, he calls her Liz) said he expected I would want clothes. ‘All women buy clothes in Paris,’ I replied. ‘But I have plenty of wonderful new trousseau,’ I remarked. But being in Paris and not buying at least one dress was rather unthinkable so Nick said, ‘Let’s get you one at least, Liz. People will think I’m not a generous husband if you go back to America without anything new from Paris.’ We saw dresses, dresses, and I chose a dream one of pink and gray chiffon for evening. Nick still seemed amazed that I didn’t want a half-dozen. ‘What sort of a woman are you?’ he teased. ‘My, how conservative you are, Mrs. Hilton!’ But I feel that just because I now have a husband to buy my gowns is not enough reason to buy things I don’t need. I’ve always loved beautiful clothes, but I don’t believe in buying more than one can wear in one year.” Liz demonstrates a side of considerable wisey thrift in the expenditure of her husband’s income, which points to a happy, successful security for the young Hiltons. In spite of being raised in the great wealth of his father, head of the fabulous Hilton Hotel chain in America, Nicky has been taught sound business principles regarding finance, which means that a dollar saved is a dollar earned.

The following afternoon I met them both at the Airport Dell Urbe. A big limousine drove up. And presto, there was Liz alighting with a welcoming smile, and Nicky alighting with a quick “Hi” as he raced to the ticket window to purchase their tickets, to have their baggage weighed, to pay the excess which was little, since they were traveling light, after which he gave substantial, but modest tips.

“If we don’t hurry and get aboard, we won’t get a seat,” Nicky said. I thought of two last minute questions. The American columns said you’re expecting the stork. I remarked, “I wish that were true,” Liz smiled. “Maybe someday, we hope.” Nicky added.

“One last question, where did you go your last night in Rome?” I asked. “Why, to Cinecitta.” Liz laughed. “Yes, I know it seems strange spending both of our evenings at the studio, but you can’t imagine how interesting it was. As a matter of fact, I became an extra, put on a Christian martyr’s costume, and went into the Arena to be fed to the lions,” Elizabeth declared. “So I’m in ‘Quo Vadis’ after all, if you look close enough.”

They were to return to America on the Queen Elizabeth to get set up in their new apartment at the Bel Air Hotel.

“I want to have people to dinner and use some of our new wedding gifts,” Liz said. Their plane took off, became a tiny speck in the sky, heading towards Venice. And Liz and Nicky’s honeymoon in Rome was over.

Helping Hand From Ray

Continued from page 25

me. He’s taught me gestures to use, for instance, broad, undisciplined gestures without much control in them, and a way of walking, and other things. And he does it while keeping his nose down as The Big Academy Award Winner, I might add. Instead, he merely said, “Joanie, you know, there’s a little gag that you might like to do here.” It was so charming and helpful that I grabbed the suggestion. He is charming, of course. In fact, when your job calls on you to pretend to be in love with someone—as mine does—it isn’t nearly as difficult to imagine being in love with Ray as it is with some of the others. For he’s not only attractive to look at, but he’s well, nice is the word, I suppose.

I’m not trying to give myself posies, but actually we are very much alike. We might be brother and sister. For we enjoy the same things, live the same way, do our job along the same lines.

Both of us are sensitive to manners and he does offer these while Ray is particularly so. He can take a look at me in the morning and tell whether or not I am unhappy about something. And, when he finds that all is not copositive, he will say, quietly. “O.K. What’s bothering you? Want to talk about it?”

I’ll blow up for a minute, perhaps. And Ray will laugh. Kindly. Sympathetically.

“Calm down, Joanie,” he’ll go on. “Let’s find out how serious this really is.”

Naturally, within five minutes I have not only told him what is bothering me—knowing that it will go no farther, of course—but I am laughing about it.

Sometimes I have to calm him down, too. Particularly is this true after a session of gin with him. For I, she said modestly, invariably win.

And it kills him!

It isn’t the stakes we play for which upsets him. We could be playing for pennies or thousands, and he would still hate to lose. It’s the competition of the thing. He likes to win, must win, and he tries his darnest to do it.

And this, I think, carries over into his acting. He could get by, simply
by looking as he does and being what he is. But that isn't enough for Ray. When he takes on a role, it must be done—despite his outward casualness—in the best possible way, to the height of his ability. He must, in a sense, win over the role, be master of it.

He's a perfectionist in many other spheres as well, and in this I find myself once more in communion with him.

Ray is not satisfied with second best—in anything. He long ago decided, for instance, that Mal was exactly the perfect woman to be found anywhere—which she is, by the way. And he outdid himself to make her a part of his life for keeps.

At times, I might add, he's a slightly unconventional guest—at least as far as his old friends are concerned, anyway.

Mal and I will never forget one particular party I gave a short time ago, for instance.

I had just had my house remodeled, and the place was done in such a way that what seemed like the second floor was actually where most of the activity went on, the building being on a hill. The living room and dining room were on top, and there was a wing of bedrooms for myself and Deborah. And beneath these I had put in a small guest suite and an office.

Ray was working when the party began, so Mal came alone. Time passed. All the guests had appeared but Ray.

We asked ourselves if he could possibly be working so late. It didn't seem right. We phoned the studio and discovered that the company had broken for the night hours before. Where, then, was Milland?

I went out to the parking lot, finally, and asked the boy I had hired for the evening if Mr. Milland had come, by any chance.

"Sure, Miss Fontaine," he answered. "He's been in there for hours!"

"He has?" I said, astonished. "But where."

"I dunno. But he came a long time ago."

I told Mal. And together we started a search of the house. We began with the main floor. No Ray. We went out into the garden. No Ray. Finally, we descended to the office and the guest suite. There was Ray in an easy chair, calmly reading a book.

He announced, very peacefully, that he had no idea where the front door was after the remodeling, that he had come in through the guest suite door and couldn't find his way up to the festivities, and that sooner or later Mal or I would wonder where he was and send out the St. Bernards. Meanwhile, he added, he had been perfectly happy. It had been a very good book!

I think he's part pixie himself, come to consider it. And that's why he's not only fun to know, but wonderful to make a picture with.

It would be all right with me, now, that the "Blondie" series is dead, if they made Ray and me its successor. I can see it now: "Ray And Joan In The Alps." "Ray And Joan Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea." "Ray And Joan Give A Hotfoot To Stalin."

From where I sit, it would be wonderful!

In Rome With Deborah

Continued from page 31

certain quality of beauty. Here let me introduce you."

"Buddy speaks so often of you," she said with an airy, friendly smile. "He's so in love with you," she added. Now, how can you resent a girl like that? Then she said, "I really don't know how I was so lucky as to be chosen as Lygia. I'd been away from home so long in Africa making "King Solomon's Mines" that I never supposed I'd be sent away on another six-months location—so far as Italy, I was here three weeks when the rumblings started—the tests—and then here."

"Tony, my husband," she continued, and her eyes lighted, "is due here in a week. I can scarcely wait. He was with me all during the Africa location. But just getting back into our lovely new home on the Pacific Palisades, looking at the ocean, plus his making of tele- vision films forced Tony to stay on a little longer. He takes care of everything, gets everything going well and I just follow along with what he wants to do."

Suddenly she jumped up, like an arrow shot from a bow, and gathering her flowing draperies of Lygia, did a neat sprint across Cinecitta lawns. Mervyn LeRoy, amused at my amazement, explained her abrupt departure. "Deborah's been waiting for a call from Tony in Hollywood."

It was prearranged that when the doorman raised his hand, it was the signal that Tony was waiting on the wire half way around the world in California.

Production ceased until twenty minutes later when a pink cheeked, breathless Deborah returned, filled with apology. "That was Tony," she beamed. It was six o'clock in the morning in California while it was two in the afternoon here in Rome. She had been so excited she couldn't remember what he said, except he was waiting to join her immediately. And she was conscious what each word was costing—sixty dollars—nine minutes.

From then on Deborah was exuberant. She had just talked to the very special man in her life and it was difficult for her to suppress her emotions in showing indignation to Bob Taylor who was attempting to carry her off to some Roman Villa as his special prize of war—in spite of any Buddy Baer who would prevent him.

"I haven't seen all of the famous places in Rome," Deborah disclosed later, although she did enthuse about her audience with the Pope. "I've been waiting for Tony so we can share the discovery of this beautiful Rome together. And Melanie, my daughter, two and a half, is the fatal attraction to keep me home when I'm not here at the studio." But she really should see more of Rome, she agreed. So it was settled that we two women should lead an afternoon to see some of the famous places together.

It was a scorching hot when Deborah picked me up in her Italian car with the chauffeur, as it seemed to me, driving on the wrong side.

"Mama Mia!" I overheard the Italian doorman exclaim, fairly staring at Deborah. He said she was as ravishing as a golden goddess. The Italians have a special admiration for golden redheads.

Everywhere we went that afternoon there were wide-eyed exclamations of approval from admiring Italians.

Deborah's dress was cotton, green and lavender. "I bought it here in Rome," she disclosed. "The Italian salesgirl insisted that it was the color for my eyes—and simply handed it to me—refusing any others."

"I'm really not an exciting person," she declared later as we sat on some granite placed there centuries ago by the Romans and gazed on the fabulous Colosseum where Nero fed the Christians to the lions. "Everything seems to go so smoothly. Melanie loves it here. We have a beautiful villa on the outskirts of Rome with a cool garden and terrace with flowers. And a perfect cook, Nanny, who goes with us everywhere and runs a home so efficiently."

We stood under the Arch of Constantine on the Appian Way and paused long enough to note that here the Roman soldiers had returned as great conquering armies. We had changed from the car to carriage and horse to clipper clog over the brick streets to more clearly experience being Romans.

"In Nero's day," Deborah said, "the men wore the fancy clothes. They kept forms in their wardrobes and their valets spent all day finding new ways of draping their bejeweled and colorful togas.
Fashion Selection #239 Hooked in front, True Form's frontier bra makes dressing a pleasure. No twisting...no turning...no trouble. Front elastic gussets prevent binding while shaped to allow breathing space. Darts strategically spaced to give firm, perfect separation. Adjustable nylon shoulder straps. In white or pink rayon satin or broadcloth, edged in lace. Comes in sizes 32 to 36 A cup, 32 to 38 B cup, 34 to 42 C Cup. About $1.60. Sizes 34 to 44 in D cup. About $2.00. Available in black satin, A B C D cups.

Fashion Selection #240 Comfort, plus smooth, well-moulded hips are assured with True Form's "Kantroll" girdle or pantie girdle. This two-way stretch has little reinforcements placed in four different sections about the waist that prevent girdle from rolling down or digging in. There are no bones in the girdle at all. Stitched on in contrasting colors is a front panel of firm nylon. The pantie has detachable garters and crotch. Available in white or pink. Small, medium or large. Priced at about $3.00.

Fashion Selection #241 True Form's frontier bra in a strapless model that's a joy to wear. Especially designed to give a perfect, rounded contour to bust. Is also scientifically boned and covered with plush at the bottom to prevent rubbing. Generous amount of firm elastic in back keeps bra in place. In nylon, rayon satin or cotton batiste, daintily trimmed with lace. White only. Comes in sizes 32 to 36 A cup, 32 to 38 B cup, 34 to 40 C cup. Price is about $2.00.

Bras and girdle may be purchased at the following stores:
Hearn Department Store, New York, N.Y.
B. Lowenstein & Bros., Memphis, Tenn.
Swern & Co., Trenton, N. J.
The women wore mostly plain white.

We stopped for ice cream, and I remarked that Deborah never has to worry about adding any poundage. She laughed.

"I never eat much during the week when I am working, but I go on a bust over the weekend and indulge myself with everything that's good."

Deborah is a very adaptable girl. While others suffered the heat in Africa and the malaria, she weathered it through. In Italy she loves it all, taking whatever comes in stride in her level-headed and charming way. The electricians at the studio, for example, observed, "She is the most lady-like of any actress, dignified, but not snobbish." They adore her. And I can understand why.

Always Keep Trying

Continued from page 33

of a French mother and a Spanish father. Faith's husband is an Argentine who is the son of a Spanish mother and an Italian father, and Faith's daughter, Diana, was born in Buenos Aires, so holds dual citizenship in The Argentine and The United States.

The Domergue-Fregonese household includes an additional international representative, a Siamese kitten.

Finally, to clinch Faith's right to masthead honors, it should be pointed out that she is an authentic beauty whose appeal is universal.

Faith knew from the time she was seven that she was going to be an actress. Admittedly, she had some problems to solve. She lisped.

She worked diligently during school days in Los Angeles (to which city her parents had moved when Faith was seven) to correct her speech impediment and, despite the lisp, Warner Brothers signed her while she was still in high school and enrolled her in studio classes. She had already studied at Beverly Hills Catholic School and St. Monica's Convent, and suddenly she found herself occupying a desk next to Joan Leslie in the Warner school house.

During the Summer before Faith's senior high school year, Destiny took charge of her tot. Faith and a girl friend were coming home from the beach one evening when their car was struck broadside by a larger and heavier vehicle.

She awakened in the hospital three days later. In addition to other injuries, she had sustained two serious facial burns which doctors thought might leave her disfigured for life. Faith's enormous respect for the medical profession is explained by the fact that she came through weeks of ordeal without a scar, and without any physical handicap whatever.

Ordinarily, one could not regard an accident of this sort as a lucky break, yet... It was decided that Faith should complete her recuperation at Balboa, the collegiate beach in Southern California, and the harbor in which some...
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of the most famous boats in Southern waters are moored.

As Faith was strolling along the wharf one afternoon, she paused to admire the trimmest, proudest and tallest boat in the harbor. While she was scanning this towering beauty, she found herself looking up into the face of a girl friend from the Warner Brothers lot.

After mutual shrifts of surprise and recognition, the girl explained that she and her family were guests on the boat, and asked if Faith would come aboard.

The girls were lustily exchanging Hollywood gossip when they were joined by a tall, slender man wearing a beaten-up nautical cap, a sweatshirt, world-wearied jeans, and canvas sneakers. Faith's friend introduced the man, but Faith failed to catch the name. She knew merely that his eyes were both lively with wisdom and kindly with philosophy and that he wore an air of easy competence. She assumed that he was the boat's captain and asked him a great many questions about the boat's history, the distance it had logged, how it was handled, and much about navigation in general.

He answered gravely and with an air of shy appreciation for her interest. When he excused himself and went below, Faith told her friend, "I'd be willing to sail around the world with a captain like that. He inspires complete trust."

Said the friend, rolling her eyes, "I suspected that you didn't hear what I said when I introduced that man. He isn't the skipper; he's the boat's owner, Howard Hughes.

"I still think he inspires trust," asserted Miss Domergue, neither intimidated nor impressed.

In her turn, Faith inspired so much Hughes' confidence in her ability and her future that he purchased her contract from Warner Brothers.

Faith moved the scene of her schooling from the Warner lot to the Hughes studio and set to work, vigorously, to absorb the instruction of Miss Katherine Braden.

After many months of coaching, Faith was ready (in 1944) to assume the feminine lead in "Vendetta," a picture version of Prosper Merimee's celebrated French story, "Colomba." Opposite her was cast the lad who will also gain international fame along with Faith when the picture is released, Donald Buka.

For two years, off and on, the picture was shot and reshoot until it began to emerge as the motion picture masterpiece it had the right to be. What "Wings" did for Mr. Hughes' discovery, Jean Harlow, and what "The Outlaw" did for Mr. Hughes' discovery, Jane Russell, "Vendetta" will do for Faith Domergue. It will be showing, probably, at your favorite theatre at approximately the time you read this story.

Meanwhile, you will have seen Faith in "Where Danger Lives," which was shot under the working title, "A White Rose For Julie."

Before Faith is surrounded by the aura of fame, it would be wise to record what the girl, herself, without the trappings and the camouflage of worldwide prestige, is like.

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Are you in the know?

When leaving, what to do about the chaperone lineup?
- Run for the farthest exit
- Mumble hi and g'bye
- Take time out

Do you dodge the snoopervisors? Would you weasel an exit via fire escape, rather than stop for a word at the door? Be courteous. Chaperones are frequently people! Take time out to thank them for their help. You needn't cringe from watchful eyes...

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Will you see the New Year in with:
- Pink elephants
- Pink lemonade
- Rose-colored glasses

Don't be the acquaintance who'll be forgot next year. Whoop-de-doo won't hike a gal's rating. Better a rosy dating future rather than a cold gray dawn. Take extra care to spurn crash-happy drivers. And at certain times guard against problem-day "accidents," too. Get the extra protection of Kotex and that special safety center. Plus heavenly softness that holds its shape because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!

Which outfit inspires a gift idea?
- The tartan skirt
- The grey flannel dress
- The chinchilla coat

Maybe you already know—these three outfits are fashion's "firsts." If your best study-buddy owns a tartan skirt, knit her some Argyle socks to match the colors. A nifty giftie for Christmas. Different girls have different tastes in togs. Their sanitary protection needs, too, are not alike. So...Kotex comes in 3 absorbencies. (Different sizes, for different days.) Try all 3 to discover which is "definitely for you."

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

59
For one thing, she knows her own mind. At a cocktail party one night she caught sight of a square-built, rugged, dark man lounging against the grand piano at the opposite end of the room. She had never before seen him in all her life, not even a picture of him, yet there was something about his face and bearing that answered her heart’s secret quest.

Gradually she worked her way around the room in his direction, trying to think of ways in which to have him introduced to her.

Once again, Destiny obliged her тот. When Faith reached the piano, she found that one of her best friends had joined the stranger and was chatting with him quickly. The stranger was introduced to Faith as Mr. Hugo Fre-gonese, motion picture director from The Argentine.

Faith and Hugo were married three months later, on October 7, 1947. Their international romance has not been so difficult of adjustment as one might expect: she teases him about his Spanish accent when he undertakes to speak English, and he teases her about her American accent when she attempts to speak Spanish. (On one recent occasion, Hugo reached the top of the stairway in their Westwood apartment with the exhausted statement, "These steps, he keel me.")

In the midst of the unfolding days of her early picture start, Faith discovered that she was to have a child and was ecstatic. With never a backward glance at the coveted studio build-up planned for her at that time (1948), she gaily joined her husband in a year’s picture-making sojourn in South America.

Not only was the South American social life much to her liking, but their methods of work appealed. It is customary in The Argentine to work nine straight hours while a company is making a picture, those nine hours to be selected by the picture-making group and the director. Customarily, Hugo’s company started shooting at one in the afternoon and worked until five when thirty minutes was taken for cakes, sandwiches, tea and coffee; the shooting continued until nine in the evening.

Dinner is served between eleven and twelve, and social life is active until three or four in the morning.

In only one respect did Faith and the Latin countries fail to establish rapport: the South Americans like their women to follow upholstered rather than sleekly modern lines.

One afternoon Faith was returning to her hotel after a shopping tour. At an almost-respectful distance behind her followed a gay blade who had nothing else to do except perfect his cavalier technique. He kept murmuring admiring comments about Faith’s hair, her carriage, the manner in which she held her head, the smartness of her costume, her total desirability as a woman.

This is a fairly ordinary event in the lives of smart Latin women and must be given no more notice than is accorded in this country to a whistling truck driver by a cultured woman who happens also to be lovely.

Faith, naturally, ignored the man, yet even as she ascended the apartment building steps, he leaned against the newel post and called one final compliment. When she neither shrugged, turned, or indicated in any way that she had heard, he announced in a clear tone, “Oh well, she is a little too thin for me anyway.”

American men will have no such complaint against Miss Domergue, who is set to be the greatest pinup actress since Jane Russell’s debut in “The Outlaw.”

Almost A “Movie Widow”

Continued from page 37

was half as fearless as his brother.

But it was I who bore the brunt of the joke one day when I was taking Half-As to the veterinarian’s office. Part way there I realized I had no money and stopped at the bank to cash a check. I took the dog in with me and directed him to “sit” while I wrote the check. He did, for a second. I had trusted his obeying me and hadn’t put on his lead, but he’s used to romping in our yard, not seeing so many people, and suddenly he was playfully chasing a little boy. I went after him, excitedly calling “Here Half-As, Half-As, come here!” Maybe it was my accent, or perhaps people just wanted to misunderstand, but soon everyone in the bank was laughing. When I caught the dog I was so embarrassed I fled, without cashing the check. I went home, with no stop at the vet’s. When I told Duke he howled with laughter.

You might not believe it but Duke is a very sentimental man. For example, he always calls me “Chata,” which is a Mexican pet name for a little girl, although I am quite tall, or it also means pugnacious, and mine isn’t exactly that. I love the idea, because he frankly doesn’t know much Spanish when he gets along in Mexico, because English is spoken so widely, but if there is any need I act as interpreter when we are there, which has been quite often lately.

Quite in keeping with his informality is our home, which is of rambling ranch style, furnished in early American antiques. The chairs are big and comfortable, with colorful but durable covers that can stand hard wear; the lamps are copper and brass, many of them planted; the tables are sturdy. Books and magazines are everywhere, for Duke is an inveterate reader.

He keeps to drop things and leave them there for me or the housekeeper to pick up. He has a trick of flicking the ashes off his cigarettes by snapping his
fingers—but has an accurate aim. Duke isn’t exactly a hobbyist; his only collection is one of guns, between thirty and forty of them.

Duke is always forgetting his keys and when we go on trips always forgetting to take his cameras, and he has several. He is devoted to “window shopping” in magazines, continually is sending off for things he sees advertised, everything from clothes to kitchen gadgets.

He has a way with children; they are attracted to him like nails to a magnet. His own four children, although they spend most of the time with their mother, adore him, visit us often and have spent long vacations with us at Catalina, until this last Summer when it was impossible because we were in Mexico. Incidentally, the oldest boy, Mike, had a small role in an MGM picture and his brother, Pat, performed with his father in “Rio Grande Command,” in a bit role. Duke wants them all—there are also Toni and Melinda—to follow whatever careers they choose; if it is acting, he’ll encourage them.

Duke isn’t interested in any kind of jewelry for himself and likes me to wear just one nice piece. He seldom comments on my clothes, but I know he prefers me to wear well tailored, simple things. He is a wonderful dancer but isn’t too fond of dancing. He likes plain American cooking.

I had been acting in pictures, mostly in my native Mexico but some in Hollywood, for six years before we were married; then I gave up my career. I think one actor in the family is enough. If we both were working we’d see even less of each other. I want to be relaxed and untired when Duke comes home in the evening, and be free to go on location trips with him—and most of his pictures have long location schedules. Duke never has said anything about my continuing or discontinuing my career, but I feel he’s glad I gave it up.

Perhaps it was prophetic that when we met we both were very fond of the song “J’Attendrai.” You may have heard the Jean Sablon recording of it; it means “I’ll Be Waiting For You.” For the wife of a man who is as busy as Duke is, I think it is very fitting, so I now say it is my theme song!

Wholesome Olson

Continued from page 43

broken-home tragedy shadowed the sunny normalcy of my childhood.

“I went to public school. I practised piano an hour a day. I went to Sunday School. I played with all the kids on the block. I went to their birthday parties. They came to mine. My parents had a Summer place to which we went, immediately school was out, every Summer...typical, I tell you, just Miss Average American typical.

In Milwaukee’s Wauwatosa high school, I appeared in plays. After graduation from high, I went on to the University of Wisconsin where I majored in...
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drama, minored in psychology. While at Wisconsin I won a Wisconsin state oratorical contest (my oration told children how to bring up their parents—a subject upon which, considering how beautifully mine have turned out, I felt qualified to speak). As a result of this contest I was admitted to the Speech Institute of Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill. I was in the radio division, took a course in radio writing, another in reading commercials, etc. Best of all, I was thrown in for the length of my stay with some of the brilliant kids in the country. This experience really clinched the deal for me. By the time I transferred to UCLA in California (because my Uncle Erwin was teaching there) I was really strong about doing something in dramatic art—on the stage, of course. Movies never occurred to me.

At UCLA I continued to major in drama, minor in psychology. I also appeared in many of the school productions. As is customary, the Hollywood studios sent talent scouts to cover the college plays and I, Paramount asked to test 'Wholesome Olson.' I was kind of flattered. I also thought that although I had no interest in films, loathed being surrounded with Brownie, I should know something about all the mediums of dramatic art of which the movies, even if not for me, is one.

For my test I did a scene from 'A Farewell To Arms.' And soon after the studio called me and said, 'You are under contract as of March 1st.' It was my first day to the studio.

"After being told I was under contract, I went on for weeks drawing my salary for which I did nothing except a couple of other tests I made when the studio was testing an unknown boy and needed a girl to make the test with. This, too, is common studio practice. Is Hollywood人员 permitted to work? More weeks by and each week my pay check would arrive. Since it is not normal to take something for nothing, I'd go to the studio in the hope there would be something I could do to earn this money. A funny gimmick—I had a hard time getting on the studio lot. No one recognized me. No one thought I belonged. 'You didn't look,' I was later told, 'like a screen potential.' I don't now.

"Eventually, I was told that an unknown girl was wanted to play opposite Randolph Scott in the Technicolor film, 'Canadian Pacific,' and how would I like to be that girl! The location shots were to be made in Canada, Banff, Lake Louise, etc. I said I would like to be that girl.

"Upon my return, I was all set to go back to school—but never did go back because, while I was away, Billy Wilder had seen my tests and wanted me for the part of Betty Schaefer in 'Sunset Boulevard.'"

"After 'Sunset Boulevard' I was cast again with Bill Holden who is, in my opinion, one of the truly great actors in Union Station.' Then, my fourth and most recent picture, 'Mr. Music,' with Bing Crosby. It would be wonderful enough, let's face it, for a girl to play even a bit part in a Crosby picture. But, I must make it wonderful plus, have one of the strongest parts a girl ever played in a Crosby picture. It's seldom that anyone remembers who plays with Bing, or Bob Hope or Alan Ladd, but I believe I'll be remembered in 'Mr. Music' because I motivate the story. One of the problems in the story is the age conflict which is good because it makes it believable that a young girl should play the romantic lead opposite Bing—although Bing looks about twenty years old in this picture. When I first met Bing, I was in love with him didn't actually need to be made believable. I love Bing, I adore him—there's a real performer, real stuff, real guy."

"When you've worked with Randolph Scott, Bill Holden, Gloria Swanson, Bing Crosby I guess it may be said that you are in the movies," they say, laughed, "which reminds me that people may think a normal girl, such a normal girl as I claim to be, would not be a movie actress. Not so. The movies are a kind of a career like any other and besides, everybody wants to be in the movies. Anything that everybody wants to do is a common denominator, is normal.

"I was just finding 'Mr. Music' when I fell in love..."

Now, for the first time since she started talking, Nancy fell silent. After a moment she said, with something in her voice that had not been in it before, "It's still so fresh and romantic, so just mine and his that I sort of shrink from talking about it.

They were giving herself a little shake, as if to say, "Now, now, my girl, none of this nonsense," Nancy said. "Actually, it's a very simple story. A friend of mine invited me over for dinner one night—and he was there. I'm sure I need not say that he is Alan Lerner who wrote 'Brigadoon,' 'Love Life,' the screenplay for the M.G.M. picture 'Royal Wedding' and 'American In Paris'—so many things I haven't the time, nor you the space, for all of them.

"He was there—across a table from me—and I was in love. How did I know it was love? I've no idea. How can you ever explain what love is? I might say that he has blond, wavy hair, blue eyes, is medium tall, very bright, very sweet, very nice—funny. That isn't the answer. There isn't any answer because if you have specific reasons for being in love it's my guess that you are not in love.' In love, there's an extra ingredient, an unknown quantity. I don't know what it is. I don't want to know.

"After the dinner party, I went out with Alan three or four times. Then he left for New York where he stayed a week. He called me every night. Every hour of every day, it kept getting deeper and stronger. Before he came back to Hollywood we'd decided to get married. The only question was when. The answer to the question was when I finished 'Mr. Music' and when my parents, who were breaking up the old home in Milwaukee, preparatory to moving to Hollywood, would arrive. Being a normal girl I couldn't, of course, be mar-
ried anywhere but in my parents’ home. “We met in October. We got married in March. It was a home wedding, very small, only my family and his family and the local minister reading the marriage service. Small and intimate, as a wedding should be, and a beautiful Spring day, the house filled with Spring flowers, so I felt like a bride. The next day we left for Hawaii where we had four glorious weeks, surf-riding, dancing in the moonlight, loving it, and each other.

“Some time before we met, Alan had bought Paulette Goddard’s house in upscale New York so, directly after the honeymoon, we went home as a normal couple should. The house, built during the Revolution, is very old Early American, white with black shutters, much of the original woodwork still left and also left, thank heaven, the Finnish couple who were with Paulette when she lived there. They loved the house so much they wanted to stay, so there is no need for me to cook which, since I know nothing about cooking, is just as well. But I plan the meals, do a certain amount of marketing, do all the flower arrangements. Inexperienced as I am in running a house, my mother is a wonderful manager and although when a child I was never interested, I was always around, was in that smooth routine and just continue in it.

“In addition to running the house, I play the piano. Practice that hour a day. Play tennis. Badminton. Swim in our pool. Take steam baths in our steam room. Wash my own hair. Am the cleanest thing you ever saw. Like my mother before me, I’m also re-decorating the house, which is a ball. I’m teaching my husband to drive a car (he’s doing just fine), and I read a lot. Alan has a magnificent library with things in it I’ve been wanting to read all my life and am reading now. My husband likes to be with him while he’s working so, in the evenings, I read while he works, then he reads me what he’s written.

“We hope to have children, of course we do—a boy first, then a girl, the normal American family! Since it is perfectly normal nowadays for a wife to have a career, I’m not stopping out of character from that I intend to go on with my career. Alan is as anxious as I am for me to have a satisfying career. He doesn’t want it to come before him (knows very well that it couldn’t) but he’s all for it. I’d like especially to do light comedy—sort of the old Irene Dunne school of thing.

“Where our careers are concerned, we’ll try to correspond our time. When I’m in Hollywood, Alan will plan to have an idea so he can work there, too. If it is impossible for him to be with me in Hollywood, he’ll fly out for weekends, sort of commute. We’d hate separation but it would be no threat to our marriage. We are so completely married, it doesn’t worry us at all.

“In short, I’m just as normal,” said Nancy sighing the happiest sigh you ever heard, “as I was a Miss!” Alas, poor Nancy!

Still Being The Confirmed Bachelor Girl

Continued from page 40

thall and Meisen and Royal Doulton. Odd pieces. Complete sets. One complete set of china bought from a young student who wanted to pay his tuition at the University. Before they got her out of Germany Ann had nine barrels of china. Which she needed like a hole in the head.

Back in Hollywood Ann looked at her old house out in the Valley where she has lived since her divorce from George Brent. She has a small ranch where she raises chickens and pigeons and pampers an aging cow named Clara Lou. The house wasn’t nearly big enough, or elegant enough, to house that beautiful china. She’d had it nine years, and it was getting shabby. Even the locks were worn out. In fact she had had a run-in with a burglar before she went to Europe. Hadn’t scared her much, however, as Ann isn’t a girl who scares easily. Unless it’s a roller coaster. At nights she keeps near her a police special 38 that her brother-in-law in Texas gave her several years ago. “Ludie, you got a gun?” he said to her on one of her visits home. “I’ve always wanted to do something for you. Here’s a real gun. If you sock ‘em with this, you sock ‘em good.”

Well, anyway, Ann started house-hunting. It was depressing. Prices were sky high. And all the eagy agents had to do was get a look at that red hair, those clear hazel eyes, and that whistle-bait figure—and immediately the price doubled. “They were mouse traps,” said Ann in disgust—“and they wanted $500 for the house.”

She couldn’t find what she wanted, so she finally decided it would be cheaper to rebuild what she had. And while she was getting a house worthy of all that valuable china, she could add a swimming pool and a playhouse worthy of herself. The builders told her it would only take four or five months at most, and cost only a few thousand bucks.

“Well,” said Ann to her secretary-companion, Martha Giddings Bunch (she and Ann met at Warner Brothers fourteen years ago when Ann was a starlet and Martha was in wardrobe)—“I can stay at a hotel while all the hammering is going on.”

“You are not the hotel type,” said Martha. “You would be miserable in a hotel. I guess I could put you up for that short time.”

“Oh, Gidds, if you don’t mind,” sighed Annie, greatly relieved. “I could help with the housework.” Martha had her
own ideas about that, but kept discreetly quiet. Ann and housework are just about as chummy as Westmore Pegler and Mrs. Roosevelt.

So, Ann and Josephine, the French poodle she bought in England, moved into Martha's spare room, and Josephine soon afterward became a mother. At first Ann wasn't going to move any of her things out of her own house. She was just sort of "camping out" she said. The last few years of the Winter of 1959 and Ann is still a guest in Martha's house. Her things are stacked along the walls almost to the ceilings.

She loves living at Martha's. "I'll probably wind up selling my house and staying here," she says contentedly.

Martha has a small and most attractive country cottage in a semi-rural section of the Valley. No fancy new gadgets. Everything old and used and comfortable. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Coil, live with her. Mrs. Coil does all the cooking, and Mr. Coil works in the garden and the small orchard. They have an old-fashioned backyard with a grape arbor.

"I don't feel like home at my home any more," says Ann. "These days when you say, 'Let's go home,' I mean Gidd's home."

Since she has been a house guest Ann has completed two pictures. One of them, the recently released "Stella," is high old comedy at its best. Ann co-stars with Victor Mature, and they make a very handsome romantic team.

In her second picture, "Woman On The Run," made by an independent company called Fidelity Pictures, with a Universal-International release, Ann is co-starred with Dennis O'Keefe. It's described as a dramatic love story with an unusual twist.

While working on the Bunker Hill location (Bunker Hill is a slum area in Los Angeles) the picture crew noticed a gang of tough looking boys standing around the set at night. Because of a wave of "rat pack" attacks on innocent people in Los Angeles, the company became jittery.

"Shouldn't we call the cops and ask for police protection?" one of them nervously asked Ann.

"Holy Toledo," laughed Ann. "Those guys are my pals." And then she explained that the boys were members of the Mickey Finn Youth Club, an organization run by Mickey Finn, a Los Angeles police officer, to combat juvenile delinquency. Ann has for some time been the main support of the group. She frequently visits the boys at their club which is located in the toughest section of eastern Los Angeles. And they are often her guests at picnics and barbecues.

"They're here every night to see that nothing happens to me," said Ann. "Any time I work in a tough neighborhood Mickey Finn's boys are always around to chaperon me. Want to take a punch at me?" the prop man said no thanks, he didn't.

Another location for "Woman On The Run" was the Ocean Park pier, Los Angeles' most famed amusement park. For seven nights the company worked in this odd setting from six p.m. until daylight. Most of the action at the pier was filmed on the roller coaster, where the exciting climax of the film occurs—where Ann realizes for the first time the identity of the murderer.

Very few things upset happy, amiable, casual Ann. But a roller coaster, just to look at one, scares the daylight's out of her. When she was a small child her father took her to an amusement park in Dallas, and they rode on the roller coaster. The ride not only terrified the child but, in addition, she hit her lip on the guard rail, splitting it badly and chipping a front tooth. That was Sheridan's last ride—on a roller coaster. Until

Like Marie Antoinette approaching the guillotine Ann clambered into the roller car. What she hadn't counted on, however, was the fact that it was necessary for her to take the ride again and again, to get the various shots needed for the long sequence. After eight trips around the mile-and-a-quarter track Ann turned a lovely shade of chartreuse. That roller coaster did for her cast-iron stomach something that years of Southern cooking and Mexican chili have never been able to do. If you want to live to a ripe old age just don't ever mention "roller coaster" to Miss Sheridan.

Here's How It Happened

Continued from page 44

her life because another actress had been earmarked for the part, but studio head Jack Warner had asked Mr. Keighley to consider Pat since she was under contract to the studio and was due for a buildup. Mr. K. obligingly looked at the only picture Pat had made, "Tea For Two," tested her and liked what he saw. That's when the light of her destiny turned green.

But Pat was still unsuspecting when the company of "Rocky Mountain" arrived in Gallup, New Mexico, the rough-and-ready Western town which has become practically a suburb of Hollywood, because it's used so often for location. Mr. Flynn was, at the time, still being very attentive to his then fiancee, the Princess Ghika, and she had come along with him. She was more money and glamour with her shining muscles, which ached because she was taking a severe pounding astride a horse, another of her unfavorable means of transportation. She'd been thrown when she was a kid and had kept herself purposely remote from nags ever since.

No one, least of all Errol and Pat, seems to know just when or how the situation began to change. But change it
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a safe distance since the more enthusiastic spectators and the crew went in the same shape as Mr. Wyomere—hardly recognizable by dint of being liberally soaked in that dirty brown stuff that turns into clean green money.

Well, anyway, the trip got them out in the fresh air for a bit. And so did the trip to Brookville, a town eighteen miles from Salina. This is a favorite hangout for tourists and Kansans in that vicinity, because of the atmosphere, and delicious food in Helen Martin's dining room. This was a family affair and Errol was accepted with as little show of awe as had been displayed the night before at the ice cream festival.

When the last chicken wing had disappeared, there was a mad race back to Salina to board a chartered plane for Kansas City where they were to catch a TWA for New York. Errol and even Pat, with her allergy to flying, were looking forward to getting on the big Connie and to the soporific effects of the plane motors. Nothing more could happen now.

So it did. When Errol started to hand in their tickets there weren't any. He looked high and low. Then he looked again. In pockets. In suitcases. In his hat. But the tickets were gone. He knew they weren't there. Maybe they were on the piano at home. Maybe somebody picked Errol's pocket. And how were they going to get on the plane without them? It wasn't a simple matter of two tickets to New York. They had lost Errol's passage to Europe. On top of that, Pat's return to Hollywood as well. While he was trying to con the airline into letting them on without the precious pastebonds, Pat put in a quick call to Salina and it turned out Mrs. Wyomere had found them at the airport, where Errol had dropped them.

So ended the grandfather of all twenty-four-hour rest cures and began another phrenetic chapter in the romance. New York, never known for its serenity, wasn't. In a storm of press and photographers, Errol practically got off one plane and onto another for Europe. Pat was showing off the uncrowded attention of the studio and came in for some rather awed respect from chums in the theatrical apartment house where she'd lived before Hollywood and a man named Flynn changed her life completely.

They planned to be married in France. Paris or Cannes, depending on where Errol's picture was shooting at the time so Pat decided she should bone up on the native lingo. She bought all the recordings and books which purported to show the tyro a way to a conversational French in several hundred quick, easy lessons.

Pat shopped between rehearsals for a three-week personal appearance at New York's Strand Theatre in connection with the showing of "Tea For Two." This wasn't any Elks' picnic either. She wasn't exactly in shape for the dance routines, having taken a terpsichorean holiday after "Tea" was made. She had dusted off a nightclub act she used to do between appearances on Broadway and was working diligently, getting up on her lines. She was also massaging stiff muscles.

Pat barely had time to work in a bit of speculating about her exciting future which included a Parisian honeymoon, a

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cruise to the Mediterranean aboard Errol’s yacht, Zaca, which she pictured as being about a block long. They had made tentative plans to leave the boat at Morocco and fly back to the States. Maybe they would have another wedding ceremony in Salina with her family and friends attending. Among the friends would be 16 girls who, with Pat, used to have a high school club. All the girls beat Pat to the altar, the last one only by a few months.

The next stop probably would be Jamaica. Errol’s favorite spot, where they plan to spend most of their time when Hollywood doesn’t have priority. Pat’s under contract to Warners, too.

At any rate, the gal of Scotch-Irish and Swedish descent with the solid middle-Western background, who frankly wears glasses because she’s near-sighted and admits she’d be a menace to traffic without them, who captured the worldly Mr. Flynn’s heart, seems to be in for a hectic life. She also seems entirely capable of taking it all in stride.

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Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 13

formed on the dictator himself. All this subterfuge is necessary since the head of the Secret Police, Jack Hawkins, is afraid the regime will crumble once it’s learned that their leader is so close to death. By accident, Fairbanks sees his patient, but his indignation turns into terror when the patient dies. Knowing a double has stepped into the deceased dictator’s shoes, Fairbanks, as the possessor of such information must die. What follows is a masterful blend of the best cloak-and-dagger style with romantic interest supplied by Glynis Johns.

Walk Softly, Stranger/RKO

THERE’S something odd about the stranger, Joseph Cotten, who arrives in a small Midwestern town. Secretive and aloof, he gets a job as a shipping clerk in a shoe factory and rents a room from widow Spring Byington. Yet, after he meets Vally, the crippled daughter of his boss, Cotten’s actions become disturbing. Re-checking minute plans he had drawn up years ago, he scoots to a nearby large city, and aided by Paul Stewart, beists $100,000 from a gambler. Then back he comes to hide in the respectable life he had built up. Smart? No siree, the gambler catches up with him and Cotten goes through the wash, losing quite a bit of his color in the process. Vally now knows all about his shady past, too, but she still loves him, so all is not lost.

Woman On The Run/Universal-International

STACATTO shots ring out in the night. A body crumbles to the pavement. And a man walking a dog becomes the object of an intensive search by both the police and the murderers. Innocent bystander Ross Elliot, witnessed the slaying and, afraid that he might be next on the killer’s list, vanishes. Inspector Robert Keith tries tracking him down through Ann Sheridan, Elliot’s wife, and Ann has to find him to prove something to herself. Reporter Dennis O’Keefe is also interested in the whereabouts of the nobody who suddenly has become important to a number of people. Suspense at a high pitch with unusual twists to the plot and an ending that takes you for a blood-curdling roller-coaster ride.

Harriet Craig/Columbia

BASED on the Pulitzer Prize winning play, “Craig’s Wife,” this is another treatment of a worm’s eye view of a “happy marriage.” Joan Crawford, as Wendell Corey’s so wedded perfect spouse, is obsessed with acquiring security. Her entire life is based on holding her home and her husband intact—not because of love, but for possession. Wicked and given to deceit, she fools no one but her husband. He too eventually discovers the kind of woman Joan really is. In a mass slammimg of the front door, he walks out, the housekeeper walks out, and Joan, head still proudly held high, slowly walks up the sweeping staircase. Curtain.

Between Midnight And Dawn/Columbia

BECAUSE Gale Storm is determined not to fall in love with a policeman and suffer as her mother did when her father was killed in the line of duty, Gale tries to resist the combined advances of Patrolmen Mark Stevens and Edmund O’Brien. Besides pressing suit on Gale, the two officers—Patrol Car Division—are engaged in getting the goods on gangster Donald Buka. They succeed when Buka murders a rival gunman. At the trial, he threatens he’ll get both of them but no one pays too much attention to his rantings. After Buka is behind bars, the Stevens-Gale romance flourishes. Then, the night before their marriage, all prowl cars are alerted: Buka has escaped. . . . Good cops vs. crooks yarn with Buka making the toughest nasty man look like a panty-waist.

The Fuller Brush Girl/Columbia

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cozy love nest. To fatten up the bankroll, Lucille starts selling Fuller brushes and cosmetics, and almost throws the company out of business when she gives four home-permanents, leaving behind four scalped women. Lucille's life span gets even shorter when she and Eddie become involved in two murders. Completely zany and screwball, the object isn't to keep track of a story—merely keeping up with Lucille and Eddie gives you your money's worth.

The Scarf
United Artists

THRILLING murder-mystery which stars Mercedes McCambridge and John Ireland. Accused of strangling his sweetheart, Ireland is sent to the State Mental Hospital. While there something occurs which makes him believe that there's a slim possibility he's innocent. He escapes, and assisted by James Barton, who befriends Ireland starts finding out more about some facts that were casually pushed to one side at the murder trial. One being: why best friend Emlyn Williams, who was also on the scene, didn't try to stop him? Mercedes, as a tarnished woman, lends Ireland a helping hand and comes close to having her husky voice silenced forever.

Paint-sized Mickey Rooney runs away from the orphanage where Padre Pat O'Brien is the only one concerned over Mickey's inferiority complex. Still keeping tabs on the boy, O'Brien is delighted when Mickey begins to take a keen interest in roller skating and becomes a champion on the professional roller racing rinks. It's good clean sport with broken backs, arms, legs and heads tossed in for mere gory interest. Mickey breaks some opponents' limos all by his little self, and begins to feel power. His ego makes a revolting surge upward. Then, CRASH, everything crumbles and Mickey's chums, including Beverly Tyler, help him pick up the pieces and put together a new man.

Shakedown
Universal-International

As a photographer out to land a newspaper job, Howard Duff strikes you as having a commendable amount of perseverance. But this quality soon becomes a boomerang—slashes all obstacles standing in the way of Duff's ambition then comes back to deal him a wicked blow. Lots of action here.

It's Smart To Be Dumb

Continued from page 47

ness, sick and tired of it.

As I entered Judy's apartment, a seven-room floor-through in an old brownstone on New York's storied Waverly Place the afternoon I did this interview, Judy was being photographed, a home sitting, for a teenagers' magazine. The camera stopped clicking and the camerawoman said, "That's all, thank you, Miss Holliday."

Taking advantage of Judy's goodbyes to the lady photographer to survey the premises the young Oppenheims call home, I admired the deep green walls, deep green eeling, too, of the finely proportioned living-room, the draperies of Persian design, a blend of old gold, apricot, green and brown in color, that draw across the bank of windows giving on Waverly Place, the Victorian sofa, with its antique velvet upholstery that picks up the apricot in the draperies, the very old cobbler's chest, now in use as a bar, the coffee table, end tables and lathe.

"We painted the living-room ourselves," David and I," Judy began. "We used artists' colors and an artist friend stood by to advise us as we concocted the deep green, with lots of yellow and black in it which makes the right feeling back and forth, we feel, for the many different woods in the old furniture, most of which we re-finished ourselves. We would have loved to get exquisite, authentic Hepplewhite or Chippendale for our home," Judy said, "but as it was beyond our means, we decided to pick up odd things gradually, things that look—this was a Must—as though they had been lovingly made and—another Must—as though they needed us.

"But apart from old furniture, old country houses, records, we're Mr. and Mrs. Thrifty. It's luck," Judy said, happily. "That David and I are 'alikes' in our likes, in the things we want, the things that matter to us. It was luck," Judy said, this time so happily she was purring, "meeting my husband in the first place. We met, the first time, eight years ago. A mutual friend, Leonard Bernstein, introduced us. At first sight, to coin a phrase, we got mutual crushes on each other but as I was then at the age when a boy friend was something real new, I didn't know how to take advantage of the situation nor did David. I never saw him again for three years and then I met him, fleetingly, one night in a nightclub. But still very shy, nothing came of it, not even a date, although it was still there between us, the mutual attraction, the pull. Then the War and David in the Army and that was another three years! But when he got out of the Service, I was three years older, not so shy, not letting him get away this time! When Lennie brought him over to my house we didn't, in fact, let any time go by—we just got married, in my mother's house, a nice quiet wedding with a few good, real friends and that was two years, two months and," Judy counted on her fingers, "seventeen days ago!" she said.
“Lucky,” Judy said, “is the one completely descriptive word for me. Beginning with my birth, it was as if fate had dictated that I drew the mother I did. Happily for my originality as a writer, I can’t use the cliche, ‘My best friend and severest critic—my mother’ because when it comes to criticism of me, Mama gets lost. But my best friend she is, and has always been. When I got out of high school, torn between wanting to be a writer and/or an actress, Mama said, ‘Sniff around before you go to college and find out what it is you really want to do.’ She is that kind of mother. I sniffed—and went to work for a certain actor as a switchboard operator without pay. I wanted acting. A sweat at it, anyway. I didn’t get it. All I got was a sore throat. I didn’t care. I always told myself that it wouldn’t matter, I wouldn’t be hurt if I never got a job in the theatre, I was going to be a writer, anyway. I still want to be a writer,” said Miss Holliday, in a tone to mention, so I’ll do it for her, that she has already written several songs, one of which, “No Time,” was published and recorded by Woody Herman, has done a great many skits and sketches, was at work on a play when “Born Yesterday” was first read to her and is now at work on a novel.

“But I can’t take much credit for shaping my career,” Judy was saying, “since here, too, I’ve just had fabulous luck. When the sore throat contracted at the certain actor’s switchboard didn’t heal, Mama sent me to the country for the good of my health. In the country I met up with a talented bunch of stage-struck kids who christened themselves The Revuers and were hard at work writing songs and sketches; working out dance routines with the hope of nightclub engagements and, later, Broadway in mind. Adolph Green, who has since written ‘On The Town,’ was one of the kids, and I met Joe Cook, who has since made a real mark in the theatre, was another and pretty soon I, Judy Tuvim (I used my real name then), went to work as one of The Revuers, too. Our first engagement was at the Village Vanguard, then a Seventh Avenue bistro without a lid. We wrote our own songs and satires, whipped up an entirely new revue every week, in fact. We’d get together around noon every day, start to mull over our show for the following week. Someone would throw in an idea, everyone else would shout it down until, come deadline time, we’d think of something. In last one mad rehearsal.

“Luck being with us, however, as, save for one cruel interlude, it has always been with me, we managed to make a sufficient impression on visiting entrepreneurs from ‘up-town’ to be whisked off and into a picture in which Judy had the Blue Angel, from the Blue Angel to the World’s Fair and then—to Hollywood! “In Hollywood, my luck ran out on me,” Judy groaned, “all the way out for the first and, up to now, last time. It ran out, indeed, for The Revuers, and all, for after playing a spirited collective role in Twentieth Century-Fox’s Technicolor musical, ‘Greenwich Village,’ which starred Carmen Miranda and Don Ameche, The Revuers found themselves, not in the neon or in the news but spattered all over the cutting room floor! Not a foot of us remained. Somewhat out of sorts, we disbanded and dispersed. I, alone, remained in Hollywood to serve out the sentence of my one-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. During that year, save for two small bit parts, one in ‘Winged Victory,’ the other in ‘Something For The Boys,’ I spent most of my time on the beach. After a week, I didn’t care whether I ever saw a sunbeam again. I wanted OUT. And at the end of the year I collected all that filthy salary and came back to New York, a broken woman and, or so I believed then, a Hollywood-hater as ever was.

“In New York, I cheerfully went to bed with the gripe. Cheerfully because it was mid-December when any normal person should be in bed with the gripe instead of in swimming with the sunbeams that belong to mid-June.

“Then my luck ran with me again. I think it’s so dreary,” Judy broke off to say, “it’s tough to read these blow-by-blow accounts of How I Rose In The World or And How It Grew, and so on, and on. So I am not going on, and on. I’m simply going to say that I rose from my bed of gripe to play the role of the Scarlet Lady (that’s how the type-caster had me on file) in ‘Kiss Them For Me’ on Broadway, for which I won the Clarence Derwent Award for the best

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"Then, luck again, although I didn't recognize it as such at the time, the part of the dumb blonde in the MGM picture, 'Adam's Rib' was offered me. So little, indeed, did I think of the offer as luck that I refused to do it for the longest time. 'I won't go back there,' I said, and kept saying, 'I won't, I won't!'

"But the fabulous movie money,' friends said, 'doesn't that appeal to you?'

"Remembering that one fruitless year of idleness, of beachcombing, of the face on the cutting room floor, I'd say, with a shudder, 'Not that much.'

"But MGM is a big, strong lion and I,' Judy laughed, 'am but a poodle woman so I went to Hollywood to play the dumb blonde in 'Adam's Rib,' which starred Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy and it couldn't have happened to a more astonished girl! It was fun. It was great. Working with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy would melt the ice in the veins of the most anti-Hollywood actor even born to the mantle of Hamlet. I never met anyone, in New York or in Hollywood, who has so much selflessness as Katharine Hepburn. And Spencer was so easy, so genial, he relaxed me. I really had a good time.

"Such a good time that by the time these words are in print, I'll be back in Hollywood playing opposite Broderick Crawford (who has, in the picture, the role Paul Douglas played on the stage) in 'Born Yesterday.' And very happy about the whole thing. Very gratified, truth to tell, that I got the part. It's a repercussion of," Judy grinned, "my percussive luck.

"Moreover, I've signed a contract with Columbia Pictures. The whole point of signing the contract was, however, that I was able to get a one-picture-a-year deal. I'm now a convert-to, not a hater-of Hollywood but I wouldn't be away from my husband and my home for more than the two months, sometimes less, it takes to make a picture. (We finished 'Adam's Rib' in thirty-nine days.) My family, all my best friends and all my interests are in New York. In fact, I'm that rare bird, a born New Yorker—luck again—and to leave New York is, to me, like losing a leg.

"Besides, I am, primarily, a stage actress. I'm also one of those actresses who needs an audience. Being a comedienne I need the laughs, need to hear the laughs while I'm working when, you're making a movie you can't hear since no one can laugh, though you're splitting their sides, while the cameras are grinding.

"Only one life to live, enjoy it, say I," said Judy. "Enjoy your work, your play, your home, enjoy yourself—no dumb blonde would be dumb enough to think otherwise, now would she?" asked the blonde who isn't, oh, indeed, she isn't, dumb!

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**For A Lovely Christmas**

Continued from page 51

and stays on flatteringly, minus retouching. The new case has a Dreamflower design done in gold on the outside cover, inside there's a full view mirror, three-quarters ounce of Angel Face, plus a satin backed velvety puff.

**W**e've included two nail kits in our list of discoveries because they fill such basic needs. The Dura-Gloss kit comes in Christmas red, green, or navy blue, and holds two popular shades of nail polish, Dura-Cast, emery board, orange stick and cotton picker. Cute! Notably compact little leatherette traveling case has all the essentials a man would want—fine encouragement too for teenage grooming.

**B**ecause perfume is such an unfailing source of feminine delight it's more than nice to find that romantic Dje-Kiss perfume in a lovely chandelier bottle to dress up a dressing table long after the snowman package is gone.

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**What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About**

Continued from page 17

in the clam-eating contest thrown at the Captain's Table, one of the seafood eating-est restaurants in town. Betty's Un-favorite food is clams. So Roddy McDowall sent her a birthday present—two dozen clams.

* * *

Gene Kelly's danced with some of the most delectable dishes in show biz—Rita Hayworth, Judy Garland, Vera-Ellen, and French ballerina Leslie Caron. His new dancing partner in "An American In Paris" is named Mary Young—and she is 63 years young.

* * *

Vic Mature never lets life cool off, but he'll have to be quiet for a while. On location in Montana for "Wild Winds," a picture about forest fires, met his match in a motorcycle he was riding. He—and it—went over an embankment, strained copious ligaments, and is out of the picture, or any other picture for some time. Bet the motorcycle got banged up, too.

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That the number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above is . . . . . . . . (This information is required by daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

J. FRED HENRY

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Stanley M. Cook, Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1922.)
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Nestle Colorinse
Rinses in... shampoos out

Colortint comes in 10 enchanting shades.

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...All of divine imported Swiss batiste with dainty
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Address
City M.O. Check C.O.D.
**Catching Cold?**

**Throat Sore?**

*Gargle Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!*

attacks infection directly, safely

Whatever else you do, call on Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a snuffle or scratchy throat. Its effectiveness and its safety are a matter of record.

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*Among the SECONDARY INVADERS are the following: (1) Pneumococcus Type IV, (2) Streptococcus viridans, (3) Micrococcus catarrhalis, (4) Staphylococcus aureus, (5) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (6) Friedlander's bacillus, (7) Bacillus influenzae, (8) Pneumococcus Type III.*

A single gargle has reduced germs 96.7% in tests.
**FOR KEEPS**

Mayor of Monte Carlo marrying Errol Flynn and Patrice Wymore at the civil ceremony.

Errol and Pat following the religious ceremony at French Lutheran Church in Nice.

At wedding party aboard Errol’s yacht. The newlyweds are now in “Rocky Mountain.”

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**SCREENLAND**

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LESTER GRADY, Editor

CHARLES W. ADAMS
Art Director
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Asst. Art Director

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Exclusive Photos by PICTORY

**First Run Features**

Hollywood Facts Of Life .............................................. Marcia Howard 22
1950 was not one of movieland’s happiest years but it wasn’t gay elsewhere either
Dual Role For Jane .................................................... Patricia Keats 24
Jane Greer likes to act; but her role as a wife is the one she’s happiest with
Nothing Can Stop Bettel! ............................................. Jerry Asher 26
Now Bette Davis is able to say, “I have my self-respect as an actress again”
No Wonder He’ll Never Marry ........................................ May Mann Baer 30
The memory of his first and only love may keep Gordon Novack a bachelor forever
What To Tell Your Husband .......................................... Robert Peer 36
Esther Williams’ found the answers to many questions that trouble a bride-to-be
The Happy Lundigans .................................................... Elizabeth Wilson 42
Bill Lundigan and wife celebrate five glorious years with anniversary weekend
Roy’s Way Of Life Is Mine ............................................. Dale Evans 44
“Roy knows how completely he’s altered my life,” says mother of Rogers’ children
Let’s Stop Kidding .......................................................... Jane Russell 46
“Glamour without the human element isn’t very substantial stuff”
Record Roundup ............................................................ Bert Brown 69

**Exclusive Color Photos**

Ava Gardner, starring in “Pandora And The Flying Dutchman” .................. 29
Terry Moore, starring in “Alias Mike Fury” ................................... 32
Alan Ladd, starring in “Branded” ........................................... 34

**The Hollywood Scene**

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About! ................................ Lynn Bowers 6
Your Guide To Current Films ............................................ Rahna Maughan 12
Newsread ................................................................. 19
Abroad With Ava (Ava Gardner) ......................................... 29
She’s A Big Girl Now (Terry Moore) ..................................... 33
Gosh, He’s Changed (Alan Ladd) .......................................... 35
Lively Little Star-To-Be (Debbie Reynolds) ................................ 38
Another Award For Brod? (Broderick Crawford) ....................... 40
A Great Love .........
SCREENLAND Salutes Mel Ferrer ......................................... 50

**For Femmes Only**

“All About Eve” Fashion Selections ..................................... Kay Brunell 48
Post-Holiday Pickups ..................................................... Elizabeth Lapham 51
Frankly Figured ............................................................. 52

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**ON THE COVER, SUSAN HAYWARD AND WILLIAM LUNDIGAN, STARRING IN “I’d CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN,” 20TH CENTURY-Fox Film**

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**JANUARY, 1951**

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.
Silvered with stars, spangled with song, and wrapped up in romance...

M.G.M. says "Happy New Year" with the tops in Technicolor musicals!

It's a lulu of a hula-happy musical actually filmed on a tropic island paradise.

M-G-M presents

"Pagan Love Song"

starring

ESTHER WILLIAMS

woody with songs by

HOWARD KEEL

that "Annie Get Your Gun" guy!

COLOR BY

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Hear the famed "Pagan Love Song" and others:

"Sea Of The Moon"
"House Of Singing Bamboo"
"Why Is Love So Crazy"
"Singing In The Sun"
"Tahiti"

Sung by the Stars in the M-G-M Records Album

Screen Play by ROBERT NATHAN and JERRY DAVIS • Based on the Book "Tahiti Landfall" by WILLIAM S. STONE
Music by HARRY WARREN • Lyrics by ARTHUR FREED
Directed by ROBERT ALTON • Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
IT'S QUITE nice to know that after that big British wind died down over an American actress, name of Irene Dunne, playing Queen Victoria in "The Mudlark," the picture was then chosen to be shown at this year's Command Performance. Not only are our English cousins enthusiastic about the picture—they loooove Missy Dunne who is slightly irresistible when she turns on that charm. Irene had hardly unpacked in Hollywood from her stay in Europe, when she had to throw the clothes in the trunk and go back for the occasion.

Brand new star, Tony Curtis, glittering in his new dressing room at Universal-International, shared an apartment for a time with that well-known character Marlon Brando, but didn't get enough rest so he's back solo. Tony's new picture, "The Prince Who Was A Thief," will really show off the young man's shape. His 13th Century type bathing suit would make a stripteaser go on strike. You know why, all of a sudden, Tony's a real genuine star? Because you fans who have seen him do only small parts in five pictures have absolutely drenched him in letters. If he's that important to the fans, see the studio, he's important to us, too.

And over at RKO everybody's been yakking it up about Janet Leigh's latest romantic episode which concerns none other than the boy we've been talking about up there in the preceding paragraph, Tony Curtis. After a quick whirl in New York, Janet has settled down to work in her new musical, "Two Tickets To Broadway," and her leading man is another Tony named Martin.

Just to give you a slight indication of how things are with Shirley Temple and her former mother-in-law—Shirley, flanked by her new heart, Charles Black, and his family and leading little Susan, came face to face with Mrs. Agar, dining at the restaurant they had chosen. It was their first meeting since the divorce. Mrs. Agar smiled and spoke, but all she got in return was a deep, deep freeze from Shirley.

Kirk Douglas is a happy man. His new picture for Warners, called "The Travelers," is a Western-type movie and this one he won't mind letting his two young sons take a gander at.

Another guy turned cowpoke is boy singer Vic Damone, but not on the screen. MGM wanted some still shots of Damone in cowboy clothes. Vic asked studio wardrobe to let him wear a pair of Clark Gable's high heeled boots for luck. When last seen he was still stuffing paper in the toes, getting them down to size.

Maggie Whiting told me, shortly before the birth of her baby, that she was betting the infant would be a boy because her doctor had told her to expect a little gal. So, it turns out the doc was the best guesser after all.

When Jane Wyman brought Maureen and Michael out to U-I to visit their
Now making his headquarters in New York, Frank Sinatra gathers at Toots Shor's in agreeable company of old pal Van Heflin, Joe E. Lewis and proprietor Shor.

Paying a call on reporter-commentator Frances Scully is Esther Williams with the doll she carried at benefit for her special charity, visually handicapped children.

haunting Director Mark Robson's set of "Lights Out," watching him do setups, camera angles, and whatnot just to get the feel of how a director makes like a director. The why of this, apart from the fact that Shelley likes to learn new things, is that she's interested in staging some shows at one of Hollywood's best known little theatres, The Circle.

* * *

That glammer man Ezio Pinza gets asked the darndest questions—probably because he knows all the answers, even to the foolish variety. Some character asked him what his favorite love scene was. Tactfully (and the man is loaded with tact) he left his private life out and did a neat dodge when it came to choosing between Mary Martin and Lana Turner by allowing that any love scene was an actor's favorite.

* * *

Betty Grable's studio bowling team wears the same colors that her jockeys do when they race at G's nags around toward the homestretch. The colors—red and white. On the back of the 20th Century-Foxes' jerseys are pictures of Betty's legs. The team is called "Betty's Legs Men." The team Lana Turner sponsors at MGM is called "The Turner Toppers." Why?

* * *

When the good-looking Peter Thompson finished his Santa Monica beach-house, which he built with his own two hands, he was all ready to move into same when Columbia Studios picked up his dropped option at MGM. So—reluctantly the lad shopped around for a small apartment just a spit and a holler from his new studio and went to work in "Santa Fe." The beautiful beach house was rented to that handsome Britisher Stewart Granger who is under contract to Peter's ex-studio, MGM. Stewart and Jean Simmons may be hitched by now in spite of Jean being tied to her J. Arthur Rank deal in England. MGM has her fiancé sewed up tight in Hollywood, but chances are Jean will stay here for a spell until her boss needs her.

* * *

Folks are already wondering what's

---

The West Point Story

"By the Kissing Rock"
"It's Raining Sundrops"
"Military Polka"
"You Love Me"
"Long Before I Knew You"
"Brooklyn"
going to happen, when and if Errol Flynn returns to Hollywood with a bride named Pat Wymore, to Errol's good friend and ex-mother-in-law, who has been acting as his secretary, hostess and manager for some time. The two gals got along fine during their brief meeting in Hollywood so maybe they'll continue to. Pat shelled out a big fat fifteen hundred bucks for her wedding dress—a little number with four nylon skirts, much horsehair ruffling, real lace over satin, and a fingertip veil peppered with real pearls. Her introduction to Hollywood and Bevhills society should be coming off about now.

Eleanor Parker got so interested in Valentino lore while making a picture of the same name that she went visiting the various Valentino shrines in and around the town. Got to one just in time, It was the house the Great Lover owned before he moved into Falcon's Lair, a rococco Spanish type with grill-work, tile roof, swimming pool, and an inlaid colored tile threshold inscribed "Villa Valentino." The house was about to be pulled down to make way for progress in the form of a new super

Bill Lundigan waits his turn while Jeanne Crain signs the Crusade for Freedom scroll.

On her Colorado Springs trip Virginia Mayo met Roger, a local devotee of cheesecake.

highway. Lots of younger generation characters are finding out about the fabulous Valentino through TV—where his old films are being shown.

Family stuff on the RKO lot: Jane Greer feeling much like a mother, with her oldest child, 3-year-old Albert, already going to nursery school. Bob Ryan's son Timothy acted in his pop's picture "Best Of The Bad Men." He wasn't impressed with anything but his pay, which was a super double-decker ice cream cone. And Dana Andrews' brother Bill got in on the act with a small part in Dana's picture, "Gaunt Woman." He's a full-fledged actor, not just there for kicks.

Lunch at the Stork for Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson. She is in his new picture.

this young man he could have still been in short pants—if they'd been in style—and he turned out to be a real nice boy and a crackercake makeup artist.

Jeanne Crain wasn't behind the door when the brains were passed around. She repeated her very successful program of taking a course of physical exercise at Terry Hunt's conditioning emporium after the birth of her third son and before taking off on her latest picture at 20th called "Take Care Of My Little Girl".

Betty Hutton's all excited about her next screen role at Paramount. She'll do the life of that famous entertainer Blossom Seeley. Now, what I'd like to do is blow on the old crystal ball, look into the future and find out who's going to do Betty's life—it'd make a terrific movie.
Which Ones Did You See?

Listed below are 25 pictures and we’re anxious to know which of them you’ve seen. We fully realize that you’re choosy about what you see and therefore we’re terribly anxious to find out exactly which of the 25 you decided to see. It will help us tremendously to know because then we’ll be able to publish just the sort of stories and pictorial features you’re interested in. Don’t check off any picture you actually haven’t seen. That won’t help a bit. Just check the ones you’ve really seen.

For the trouble and inconvenience this will cause you we have on hand a supply of 500 free copies of the February issue of Screenland to give away. So send in your list with the pictures you’ve seen checked off and, if it’s on time, we’ll send you free a copy of the February issue of Screenland. As long as the supply lasts we’ll send out the copies. So get your list in fast.

And now here are the 25 pictures. Check the ones you’ve seen. It will be a big help to us in bringing you precisely the stories and features you most want to read. Please don’t check any picture unless you’ve really seen it.

Editor, SCREENLAND
444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

I Saw These Movies—

Barricade
Cinderella
Dear Wife
Devil’s Doorway
Father Of The Bride
Key To The City
Man On The Eiffel Tower
My Friend Irma Goes West
Nancy Goes To Rio
No Sad Songs For Me
Our Very Own
Slattery’s Hurricane
So Young So Bad
Stage Fright
Sword In The Desert
The Big Lift
The Black Rose
The Daughter of Rosie O’Grady
The Happy Years
The Men
The Petty Girl
The Sleeping City
Wagonmaster
Winchester 73

(Please Check)

Name ......................................................
Street .....................................................
City ..................................................... State ........................................

Claudette Colbert stopping off in New York on her way to Command Performance in London.

That purty Swedish gal, Marta Toren, thinks maybe she’ll take a special trip to San Diego some day with the biggest wardrobe any gal ever sported. On location there with Macdonald Carey for “Mystery Submarine,” Marta faced gangs of movie fans clustered around her hotel morning after morning in the same old outfit—a soiled lavender dress, a white wool jacket, and sneakers plus various bruises she collected scrambling up, down and around a de-commissioned Navy submarine. An onlooker asked Marta if the picture was a Technicolor number. She cracked back, “No, it’s a black-and-blue.”

Barry Sullivan and Don Taylor got ambitious and started building themselves a beach house which their families are going to share—if and when it gets finished. There really isn’t much collaboration on the actual building—Barry was busy in “Inside Straight” so Don took on the work. When Barry finished his picture Don was called to MGM for “Father’s Little Dividend,” so the planning is going on by penny postcard mostly.

(Please turn to page 16)

Prettily up for San Francisco “Three Secrets” premiere are Pat Neal and Ruth Roman.

A
Harvey
Universal-International

STARRING James Stewart in the now famous role of Elwood P. Dowd, the gentleman who outsmarted reality by producing the 8th wonder of the world: Harvey, a 6' 3" rabbit who drinks martinis, has a philosophical attitude toward life and can perform astounding miracles. Anyone with any sense knows Harvey is just an alcoholic by-product of Elwood's imagination, but Elwood's sister, Josephine Hull, a delicate reminder that there was a Victorian era, isn't a bit amused and wants him committed. Psychiatrist Cecil Kellaway attempts to pry Elwood's vivid imagination away from him, and succeeds so well that he and Harvey spend a few hours getting quietly plastered. Delightfully adapted from the original Broadway play, none of the effects are lost with Miss Hull and Stewart heading the excellent cast, and, of course, Harvey is the handsomest rabbit I've ever seen.

Two Weeks With Love
(Technicolor)
MGM

SPARKLING burgundy couldn't have more life and color than this latest musical starring Jane Powell and Ricardo Montalban. As the 18-year-old daughter of Ann Harding and Louis Calhern, Jane has a difficult time convincing her doting parents that she's practically a woman. During the family's two-weeks vacation at a Catskill mountain resort, Jane shows how really womanly she is by promptly falling in love with Ricardo. No one takes her seriously until Papa Calhern is convinced his little girl is honest-to-gosh unhappy in love, which even in those days was proof positive. Jane's dream sequences are delightful fantasy, and Papa Calhern is a bewildered, blundering charmer who gives the picture many of its more whimsical moments.

So Long At The Fair
Rank—Eagle Lion Classics

PARIS in the Spring has been touted by travel agencies and travelers in the know, since the first Frenchman bubbled oui. However, nothing has ever been said about the sort of predicament Jean Simmons, a genteel young Englishwoman, finds herself in when she and older brother David Tomlinson become embroiled in chilling intrigue. Frenchie Tomlinson disappears one night, and along with him, his hotel room, and all evidence that he's ever set foot in Paris. No one believes Jean's strange story except artist Dirk Bogarde (who rates an assortment of enthusiastic oo-la-las) and even he is dubious until he finds
Linda Darnell is drawn to Joseph Cotten after he redeems himself in "Two Flags West."

the missing room, the reason why it was so ingeniously concealed and what happened to Tomlinson. An ever present quality of suspense and mystery make this a mint of enjoyment.

To Please A Lady

CLARK GABLE is perfectly content racing cars, joshing the girls, and having a gay, free time for himself when along comes Miss Barbara Stanwyck and—zingo—life isn't easy. Barbara, a live-wire, frustrated columnist accuses him of deliberately killing a man and has him barred from race tracks. However, deep inside her, primitive passion rages for her brawny whipping-boy. Why Clark finally goes for her, too, is a mystery but a clue is revealed as he slaps her, then pulls her into his arms, murmuring through his teeth: "We're alike you and me, baby." A truer statement was never made, and it's a darn good thing Barbara slips into a decolletage gown for one scene, otherwise the difference would have been even more difficult to discern. As an auto-racing film, this is excellent. As an insight into career women, it's mere male propaganda to keep women chained to the kitchen stove.

Jackpot

20th Century-Fox

EVERYTHING is just average in the James Stewart family but James thinks he and wife Barbara Hale are hopelessly set in a too comfortable middle-class rut. Then, as if a mischievous pixie agrees, and wants to stir things up a bit, Jimmy wins, via a radio quiz show, a huge jackpot: live pony, dead steer, watches, a loose-wristed male interior decorator, a tight-bosomed female portrait painter, plus sundry other interesting prizes. Strictly mamma from heaven—until income tax, sex and jealousy rear their ugly heads, and even they, along with all the other unexpected difficulties, are funny. A jackpot of easy-going humor which demonstrates why you had better look a gift horse in the mouth.

The Sound Of Fury

United Artists

DESPERATE because he's out of a job and can't support his pregnant wife and young son, Frank Lovejoy allows himself to team up with Lloyd Bridges, a petty holdup man. Ambitious, Bridges decides to kidnap the son of the town's leading citizen, and reluctantly, Lovejoy assists in the snatch, thinking his part of the ransom money will be enough so he can retire from his brief criminal career. Unfortunately, despite Lovejoy's efforts, Bridges murders their victim. From there, it's only a matter of time until they are captured, but what happens to the incensed townspeople is a raw, vicious study of human nature at its lowest ebb. Long after leaving the theatre, the lynch scene will live in your memory as one of the screen's most shocking dramas.

I'll Get By

(Technicolor)

20th Century-Fox

SONG-PLUGGERS and publishers are a special breed of people, a fact which publisher William Lundigan proceeds to demonstrate with as much vigor and brass as a tail-gate trombone soloist. More subdued is singer June Haver but she, too, glissades into a riff that really jumps when the object of her affections, William, unknowingly lets guest-star Jeanne Crain introduce one of his new songs instead of June's. Near tragedy strikes since June realizes her mistake after William is shipped out to the South Pacific by the U. S. Marine Corps. Along with the Lundigan-Haver affair, Gloria De Haven and Dennis Day are also at odds. The only person apparently happy is Harry James, he's got his trumpet and Betty Grable's waiting at home. Nicely laced together with some fine music and songs and guest attractions Dan Dailey, Vic Mature and Reginald Gardner.

(Please turn to page 14)
Highway 301
Warner Brothers

The brutal saga of a wolf-pack of gunmen, headed by Steve Cochran, which up to a point successfully evades the authorities. Strewed along the gang's path of holdups are the bodies of a number of innocent people who have interfered with Operations Heist. Included is Steve's girl after she is determined not to have anything further to do with Steve and/or his rotten life. Lots of hair-raising man-hunt scenes, with emphasis laid on the shrewd police work which brought about the obliteration of the entire mob.

The Miniver Story
MGM

Greer Garson really suffers in this one! The War is over, and England is going through its reconstruction phase as Greer finds out she's only got a few more months to live; her daughter, Naive James Stewart runs into a bit of trouble when he goes to have his portrait painted by artist Pat Medina as one of his radio quiz prizes in 20th Century's "The Jackpot."

Tripoli
(Technicolor)
Paramount

RIP-SNORTING adventure about the first days of the U. S. Marine Corps when they got involved with desert chieftains and Maureen O'Hara. Marine Lieutenant John Payne is in charge of the expedition to gain entry into a North African port where the Marines hope to establish a vital base. Chieftain Philip Reed, whom Maureen wants to marry, pulls a double-cross and John and his cohorts are confronted with more trouble than they anticipated. Because this picture doesn't make any pretenses—it is hoped—you aren't too taken aback when what looks like an impenetrable stone wall sways as John clambers up the side, and the fact that three-quarters of the lush scenery is obviously painted canvas.

Cathy O'Donnell, is playing around with a roue; and her romance with Air Force flyer John Hodiak can't possibly survive now that her husband, Walter Pidgeon, has returned from the wars. Every tear-jerking gimmick is wrung dry in what obviously is the last of the Miniver stories. Enough tears should


be shed by women moviegoers to float the entire Miniver clan, and send them sailing into the fading sunset.

Two Flags West
20th Century-Fox

SINCE men are needed to fight the Indians on the frontier, a band of Southern prisoners of war volunteer to join the Northern army. Led by Joseph Cotten, who doesn't like the Yankees one darn bit, the men nevertheless make a courageous show of stemming the tide of blood-thirsty braves. Widow Linda Darnell causes additional turmoil with the emotions of her brother-in-law, Jeff Chandler, a Union officer, and that leaves Captain Cornel Wilde, a nice guy, to tackle the job of clipping the thorn hedge that stands between the Yankees and the Southerners. Fast-moving action, and thrills galore should make this a must for adventure fans.

Rocky Mountain
Warner Brothers

SENT to California to enlist the aid of a local band of renegades, Errol Flynn and his ragged group of eight (Please turn to page 68)

Gunman Steve Cochran makes a play for Virginia Grey in Warner Bros.' "Highway 301."

"We sailed 3 oceans...without leaving port!"


Shooting the "3-ocean" voyage for "Captain Horatio Hornblower" kept us in the English Channel for weeks. Day after day, stinging winds bit my skin raw.

The ropes on the bosun's chair rasped my hands...

But soothing Jergens on my hands, arms and face...

Softened and smoothed my skin for romantic close-ups.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

Prove it with this simple test described above...

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10¢ TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)
Laurette Luez will add allure to MGM's production of "Kim," based on Rudyard Kipling's classic story. "Kim" stars Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell and Paul Lukas and was filmed mainly in India on the sites described in the book.

Coleen Gray, just back from making a picture in Europe, had to leave her brand new wardrobe behind when U-I summoned her to be Steve McNally's leading lady in "Apache Drums." She took a flying machine back to the Hollywoods and left instructions with a pal to send her new pretties across by boat. When last heard from they were still enroute and Coleen is right sure the unused garments will arrive after styles have taken a drastic new trend.

Vic Mature's bad accident in Montana was the first of a series of bad breaks which the 20th Century-Fox company of "Wild Winds" experienced. Next mishap was when John Lund got sick. Then it seemed that the weather might turn to snow any minute, so everybody just gave up and came home. Vic was on crutches for quite a spell as a result of his motor bike crackup.

Scott Brady, the perennial apartment shopper-arounder, finally found himself one he thinks he'll learn to love. It has a garbage disposal which gets fed better than its owner. So far he's only had a few thousand complaints from the other tenants in the building and several courses of instruction in its use by his mother. But it's okay—he only has to
A glad reunion between Victor McLaglen and Danny Kaye at famed Savoy Hotel in London.

have it overhauled every other Thursday.

Fans of Howard Duff are pretty well teed off because he's no longer radio's Sam Spade. We just might have a little more lowdown on the situation next month to pass along. Howard and Ida Lupino are still a romantic bet.

Famous circus clown Emmett Kelly confounded Universal by insisting on personally taking a 40-foot leap from the top of a circus tent in "The Fat Man." Usually these dangerous stunts are done by special guys called, of course, stunt men. Reason Kelly insisted was because he's taken many a 100-foot plunge from many a big top in his long career as America's No. 1 boy in the clown department.

Two gals who have something in common, Barbara Hale and Betty Garrett, have something else in common, Barbara, who was Larry Parks' "real" wife in "Jolson Sings Again" and Betty, who is Larry's "real" wife, are both expecting their second stork visits in February. They've booked adjoining rooms at the same hospital.

Hands Look Lovelier in 24 Hours ... or your money back!

Noxzema Hand Care Helps Soften, Whiten, Heal Red, Rough "Housework Hands"—Chopped Hands!

Doctors' tests prove it! If your hands are red, rough and chapped from dishwashing, housework, endless chores . . . they can look lovelier in 24 hours! In actual tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed great improvement—often within 24 hours—with Noxzema medicated hand care.

Read what Noxzema can do for you
2. Bring soothing relief to raw, sore, chapped skin!
3. Help heal tiny surface cuts, cracks!
4. Important! Supply a soothing, protective film of oil-and-moisture to the outer surface of the skin!
5. And—it's a dainty greaseless cream!

Money-Back Offer! Try soothing, medicated Noxzema on your hands tonight. If you don't see definite improvement in 24 hours—return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and you'll get your money back.

Jean Crow, Baltimore Registered Nurse, says: "Scrubbing my hands constantly could easily make them look red, ugly. But using Noxzema daily helps keep my hands looking soft and smooth!"

Mrs. J. I. Ransome, Dallas housewife, says: "Housework left my hands looking rough and dry—until I discovered Noxzema! Now it's my regular hand cream—and my hands always look soft and smooth."

Get Noxzema today! 40¢, 60¢ and $1.00, plus tax, at any drug or cosmetic counter.
That Belvedere Man

whose phenomenal wit
(SITTING PRETTY)

and phenomenal genius
(BELVEDERE GOES TO COLLEGE)

and phenomenal prowess
(CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN)

stunned a nation . . . now
moves heaven and earth . . . with laughter!

for Heaven's Sake

CLIFTON JOAN ROBERT EDMUND
WEBB·BENNELL·CUMMINGS·GWENN
JOAN BLONDELL·GIGI PERREAU JACK LA RUE·HARRY
VONZELL·TOMMY RETTIG
Directed by GEORGE SEATON · Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG
Written for the screen by GEORGE SEATON · From a play by HARRY SEGALL
Waltz contest winners Sharman Douglas, Gary Cooper with prize at recent Chuck Wagon Whoop-De-Do.

Liz Taylor and Nicky Hilton arrive at party, given to aid the L.A. School for Visually Handicapped Children.

Desperado Betty Hutton did comedy turn with Red Skelton, but she'd lost her voice and wasn't able to sing. Here she sticks up frontier gal Virginia Field.

NEWSREEL

Left: Doll Jane Wyman holds is dressed in replica of her "Glass Menagerie" costume and is being auctioned by Roy Rogers. Top designers dressed other dolls.

Right: Old friends Ann Blyth, Jeanne Crain and Jeanne's husband, Paul Brinkman, Benefit was held at Beverly Hills Hotel and made over $30,000 for fund.
Merrymakers at the Chuck Wagon Whoop-De-Do, a recent charity fete, were Janet Leigh, with newest beau, Tony Curtis, and Ruth Roman, escorted by stage actor Paul Davis.

June Allyson and Dick Powell talking to Producer John Beck. Benefit was for Los Angeles' School for Visually Handicapped Children.

NEWSREEL

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cage (Esther Williams) at the Whoop-De-Do, given in the Beverly Hills Hotel's magnificent Crystal Room.

Right: Marie MacDonald presents doll dressed in replica of her own bathing suit to Mr. Sam Genis, buyer of doll at auction.

Bordertown belle Dorothy Lamour with husband Bill Howard, Mrs. Eddie Mannix were among costumed guests at the gala event.
At the doll auction Producer Sol Lesser was highest bidder for Arlene Dahl's wax baby, whose costume was created by a top Hollywood designer.

Ann Miller and Van Johnson, partners in the evening's exhibition dances, matched their talents with those of famed Marge and Cower Champion team.

Party was a reunion for Peter Lawford and Sharman Douglas, in town for a brief visit. Alan Ladd and his wife, Sue, on the dance floor at gay Beverly Hills Hotel gathering.

Below: The Whoop-De-Do was a success largely due to the stupendous efforts of Betty Hutton, who rounded up Western props to decorate Crystal Room, turned in typical Hutton show for guests.
The Elizabeth Taylor-Nicky Hilton wedding was big event of the year.

Garrett Christopher arrived in January to brighten life for Betty Garrett, Larry Parks.

Betty Jane and Keenan Wynn quarrelled, separated, reconsidered, then reconciled.

The year 1950 was a troubled twelve months in Hollywood, as it most certainly was in the rest of the world. A spirit of unrest prevailed, decisions were made and unmade; one of the greatest scandals of all time clouded the shining name Hollywood has been trying to make for itself, and when Hollywood lost Alan Hale, it was forced to give up one of the most talented of its citizens and a man who would have been an ornament to any profession he had chosen.

Gloria Swanson caused grandmothers everywhere to lift their heads, buy new gowns, and regard the future as challenging, when she made her dazzling comeback in "Sunset Boulevard."

In addition to being a successful year for seasoned players, 1950 introduced a number of vivid newcomers, among them Howard Keel, Sally Forrest, Keefe Brasselle, Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis, Peggy Dow, Debra Paget, Jeff Chandler, Gene Nelson, Dick Long, and Mitzi Gaynor.

And of course there were babies, as follows:
January 26—Garrett Christopher, weighing in at Cedars of Lebanon at 7 lbs. 14 ozs., claimed Betty Garrett and Larry Parks as parents.

February 2—A husky son was born in Rome to Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini.

February 7—Natalie Marie Cole, 7 lbs. 11 ozs., checked into Cedars of Lebanon to be with her parents, Nat King Cole and his wife, Marie.

February 28—A son was born to Alida Valli and Oscar De Mejo, their second child. Son Charles is now five.

Another newcomer who impressed producers and movie audiences alike was Peggy Dow.

March 4—A daughter, Melinda, weighing 5 lbs. 15 ozs., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris. Their first child, Patricia Ann (Pam) is now five.

April 7—Donna Atwood of "Ice-capades" (in private life the wife of Mr. John H. Harris) became the mother of twin sons, in Los Angeles.

April 8—A second daughter was born to Eleanor Parker and Bert Friedlob. Their first daughter, Susan, is two.

April 19—All 7 lbs. 8 ozs. of Mr. Ted Rooney came bouncing into the world to delight his parents, Martha Vickers and Mickey Rooney.

April 26—Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Shoup welcomed a son weighing 9 lbs. 2 ozs. Mommy was the former Julie Bishop. The baby's older sister was just past two.

May 23—Fibber McGee and Molly became grandparents when 4 lb. 8 oz. Janice was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Jordan, Jr. Mrs. Jordan was the former Peggy Knudsen.

May 23—News reached Los Angeles of the birth of a son on April 16 in New York, to Ricky Soma and John Huston.

May 25—A daughter, No. 3, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charnell and Mrs. Jordan was the former Peggy Knudsen.

By Marcia Howard

Howard Keel, new singing star, made American screen debut in "Annie Get Your Gun."

March 26—Another newcomer who impressed producers and movie audiences alike was Peggy Dow.

Looking back, 1950 was not one of the movie capital's happiest years, but then, it wasn't gay elsewhere either.
DUAL ROLE FOR JANE

Jane Greer likes to act, but her role as a wife is the one she's happiest with

By Patricia Keats

Jane still takes dramatic lessons, but she refuses to behave like an actress at home.
WELL, one thing's for sure. Jane Greer may not be the busiest star in Hollywood, but she is certainly one of the happiest. She's married to Edward Lasker, young and handsome, and she has two remarkable young sons, Albert and Lawrence, ages two and a half and one year. She has a beautiful home in Brentwood with all kinds of push buttons and fancy gadgets, and a swimming pool—where once Orson Welles, then married to Rita Hayworth, did his geniusing. She has a mother who writes slogans and wins coffee pots. And she has a father and an Uncle Obed who invent. They keep her in laughs.

Some families may be problems. But not Jane's. Hers are characters. And she loves everything they do. Even when Uncle Obed bought an island off the Florida Coast for $25 to grow moss for pillow stuffings. Even when her father, after years of work, invented a tearless onion peeler, only to discover that all onions aren't the same size.

Miss Jane is essentially an actress. She likes to act. She can act. And like all actresses she gets frustrated when she doesn't act. And when it comes to acting she simply hasn't been given a fair shake.

Blame it on Mr. Howard Hughes, or blame it on the Stork (an incongruous twosome if ever there was one). But every time Jane's career gets ready to shift from second into high she either has a baby or Mr. Hughes disappears into the clouds. The babies she likes, and she wants more. Two girls to be exact. ("I know all the games little girls play," she says.) But I'm sure she wishes that Mr. Hughes would get grounded one of these days.

A few weeks ago Jane finished "The Company She Keeps" at RKO, where she is under contract. This is her first picture since her second baby was born. The picture was formerly titled "The Wall Outside." (Please turn to page 66)

Co-star Dennis O'Keefe astonished her when they did "The Company She Keeps" for RKO.
Now Bette Davis is able to say, "I have my self-respect as an actress again"

By Jerry Asher

Below: Critics discovered the Bette Davis of "All About Eve" was as great as ever.

NO ONE could ever accuse Bette Davis of being subject to flattery. As a matter of record, she finds it extremely embarrassing. However, on the day she finished "Story Of A Divorce," something very flattering happened and Bette couldn't have been more pleased.

To celebrate the completion of the picture, a huge cake topped by a huge egg was wheeled onto the set and presented to the star. "To a good egg" read the inscription and below the cast and crew placed their signatures. Most actresses would have wept and given an Academy Award performance. But Bette, who was deeply touched, showed it by roaring with laughter. She thanked them, then she made a speech that remains an all-time but censorable classic!

That Bette's morale needed a hoist, is no mere conjecture. Anyone aware of her illustrious background can appreciate her own doubts prior to the scourge of criticism evoked by such pictures as "Winter Meeting" and "Beyond The Forest." Bette neither directed nor wrote these scripts. But she still happened to be the star whose name was supposed to sell the pictures. Typical of the Davis integrity, when a job has to be done she accepts it as a challenge—ofttimes at the expense of her better judgment. Obviously, had worthier vehicles been obtainable, she never would have stuck her talented neck out.

For 16 years Bette Davis and Warner Brothers shared mutual benefits. As a civic leader, a great box-office star and a representative member of the motion picture (Please turn to page 68)

She never tried to explain away rumors about her waning popularity and took acclaim for comeback calmly. Here, with Gary, Hugh Marlowe, Anne Baxter.
"Story Of A Divorce" for RKO is another script she believes in.

By accepting the fact that her career was in danger, Bette Davis saved it, but her decision to burn her bridges was a hard one.

Nothing Can Stop Bette!
PICTURESQUE Spain got more attention than it's had since the Spanish Civil War when one act of the front page romance of Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra was played there. Ava was on location for "Pandora And The Flying Dutchman" when Frank, estranged from his wife, followed her to Spain. In an effort to throw a smoke screen over the Gardner-Sinatra relations, a local matador was mixed into the plot and publicized as Ava's real interest. This ruse failed. Frank and Ava, despite denials, seemed more in love than ever.

Ava with Mario Cabre. They were reputed to be romancing during filming of "Pandora.”

James Mason is Ava’s co-star in this Lewin-Kaufman production.

Left: In Spain, Ava often sun-bathed on Mediterranean beaches.

She and cast members Nigel Patrick, Harold Warrender in a boat off port of San Feliu.

In a shady spot at the bullring in Gerona with her sister, Beatrice, and Sheila Sim.

Her future with Frank is uncertain as his wife will not divorce him.
No Wonder He'll

The beautiful memory of his first and only love may keep Cesar Romero a bachelor as long as he lives.

Cesar Romero, who dates the screen’s most famous beauties but marries none of them, has reached a definite conclusion. "I’ll never marry. I had always hoped that one day I would. But now I know why I can never marry."

True, Hollywood’s most determined bachelor has become happily accustomed to living on the spur of the moment, making his own decisions, knowing his own mind and very definitely carrying out his own way about things. Perhaps this sounds like the indulgence of a self-centered bachelor, but to know Cesar Romero at all, is to know a truly, most generous-hearted and thoughtful fellow.

It was while in London, where Cesar was making “Happy Go Lovely,” with David Niven and Vera-Ellen, that he suddenly realized why he will remain a bachelor. Why he must remain a bachelor.

Cesar had taken the weekend to fly down to Rome from London, assured that he had several free days before concluding his film. When I called him at the Excelsior it was a late Saturday afternoon and he was rushing to St. Peter’s for a general audience with the Pope. He had other plans after that. The only time he could see me would be at seven-thirty Sunday morning, just before his plane left for Venice.

Promptly at seven-thirty a.m. I entered the Excelsior and asked the portier to ring up Mr. Romero. Then Cesar was on the wire. "I'm so sorry," he said, "but I had no way of telephoning you back since you did not leave your number. Here I am sick. Maybe it's something I ate. I got some bug or something and had to cancel my plane reservation this morning."

He asked me to come to his suite and interview there. Foremost on my mind was the question I have so often heard discussed in Hollywood by his closest friends, Joan Crawford, Ann Sothern, Virginia Bruce and Barbara Stanwyck, “Will Butch ever marry?”

Cesar, his brow feverish, was in a tux robe encircling his blue silk pajamas. He was most cordial. It wasn’t long before I asked two questions at once. "Why is it you have never married?” and "Do you think you ever will?"

("Please turn to page 71")
Never Marry

By
May Mann Baer

With Lucille Ball. When their husbands are busy, Cesar is wives' favorite escort.

Dining with Betty Furness at the Stork before departure for fateful trip abroad.

Below: Cesar and Beverly Stoner at "Icecapades." He's Hollywood's number one escort.

Cesar departing on Queen Elizabeth for unexpected and adventurous time in London.
**She's A Big Girl Now**

Elated over the big girl roles that are now coming her way, Terry Moore looks excitedly to the future. With her extraordinary ability there's no reason why some day Terry won't be an important Hollywood star.

Left: Terry Moore and Victor Mature disagree about everything else but love in the RKO romantic melodrama, "Alias Mike Fury." Terry plays a social worker who gets involved with racketeers and dubious characters.

**Up to now, Terry Moore, who's been playing radio and screen roles since she was eleven years old, has considered her career uneventfully successful. Perhaps that's because, being young, she was eligible only for kid roles. But Terry is no longer a kid; in fact, she is all of twenty-one and very eager to play romantic parts. Her first one is in "He's A Cockeyed Wonder," in which she's Mickey Rooney's girl friend. She follows that with a more sophisticated role opposite Vic Mature in " Alias Mike Fury." Ah yes, little Terry Moore has indeed grown up.**

Although a novice in romantic roles, Terry, the actress, takes over like a veteran.

Mickey Rooney is the object of Terry's affections in "He's A Cockeyed Wonder."
Gosh, He's Changed!

Left: Alan Ladd with Mona Freeman, the gal who makes him change his mind in "Branded," Paramount's exciting Technicolor Western.

CAREER-WISE, Alan Ladd is a changed man. Where once he lurked in alleys and dark city streets, eluding the police and fellow mobsters, he now roams the Western plains, sometimes on the side of the law, sometimes with the bad men, but always toting a gun. Perhaps Alan's switch to the great open spaces is the direct influence of his home life, for he owns a cozy ranch where he resides with his wife Sue and two children. He loves horses, owns several of them. In keeping with the new Ladd, Alan's latest Paramount picture is "Branded," another Western film.

Charles Bickford becomes suspicious of Alan, who poses as his long-lost son in "Branded."

Right: Alan is just as much at ease depicting Western characters in horse operas as he was as a gangster. Here he is as Choya, a quick-shooting, hard-riding hombre in "Branded."

Left: Although Alan's been posing as her missing brother, Mona knows he isn't and in spite of herself, falls for the guy. Her love makes him see error of his ways and he reforms.
Happily married Esther Williams has found the answers to many of the questions that trouble a bride-to-be

By Robert Peer

Esther Williams was most emphatic, "I am no expert!" Then, with a twinkle in her eye and a touch of hesitation, "But I could tell you what I think."

That was enough for me. With five happy, successful years of marriage behind her, Esther should be in a good position to give some sound, factual advice concerning a number of problems faced by the average newlyweds.

A young bride is always filled with qualms about what to tell or what not to tell her new husband. That boy back home. The high school dates. The senior prom. Growing-up romances which were breathtaking—and short. Esther's smile was big now. She knew all about those.

Her own attempt to tell of the past had little effect on husband Ben Gage. Having married a girl at a specific time—the present—he had no intention of turning back to the past. He felt that the future held so much for them that the past could easily be discarded. So for Esther and Ben, the yester-years went untold.

Then there's the bride's first burst of over-the-fence gossip. In the movie
PRODUCER Edward Small was determined not to go ahead with his film, "Val- entino," until he found an actor who was a positive double of the man once known as the screen's greatest lover. It took many years, but Small finally found Tony Dexter who looks enough like Valentino to be his twin brother. Tony's real name is Walter Reinhold Fleischmann. He was born in Nebraska. His father is a Lutheran minister stationed in Loveland, Colo. Tony graduated from St. Olaf's College, then took an M.A. at Iowa. Under the name of Walter Craig he started stage career.

Tony Dexter and Eleanor Parker in "Val- entino," an Edward Small production.

Right: Isn't the likeness astounding? Tony was chosen over 75,000 applicants. He's athletic, a singer, dancer.

Tony, as Walter Craig, appeared with Eva La Gallienne, Katharine Cornell.
Bill Lundigan and his wife, Rena, celebrate five glorious years with anniversary weekend

By Elizabeth Wilson

THE William Lundigans recently celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary. The fifth anniversary, according to Hollywood tradition, is the one where your friends stop saying, "It won't last." So, if you can get past your fifth, you have a good chance of getting past your fiftieth. I'm only taking sure bets this season, like the Chase National Bank and the Rock of Gibraltar, and I'm not going out on any limb for any money stars. I consider them as big a risk as Hedy Lamarr's jewels. My one exception is Bill Lundigan and his bride of five years. I've got them across the board, win, place and show.

Bill and Rena celebrated their fifth anniversary at that most pleasant and hospitable of Inns, the Apple Valley Inn, in a picturesque valley near Victorville, California. Bill, an enthusiastic golfer, had heard about the new golf course recently opened in connection with the Inn. Right out there in the middle of the desert with nothing but yuccas, joshuas and sagebrush is one of the greenest, grassiest courses you'll ever be seeing even in the Everglades of Florida. Just like a mirage it is. But it doesn't play like a mirage, as Bill can testify, it plays like a mean, cantankerous course that guarantees even the best of the pill-chasers a hard fight. Even Bill, who can knock off eighteen holes and still look as fresh as a daisy, seemed a little on the pooped side when he appeared for cocktails and dinner at the Inn.

There was the customary bottle of wine at dinner for anniversary toasting (Rena responded with a snappy Coke) of which poor William got just about
Frankly, I never saw an actor at Apple Valley attract less attention. That’s the way Bill wants it. If you didn’t notice him in his pictures he’d be hurt to the quick, but in a public place—that’s different. When he’s “on the town” he’s just about as brash as a mouse with an inferiority complex. However, it’s hard not to notice Bill at restaurants and nightclubs because of his height (six feet two) and his very good looks (blue eyes, light brown hair and 170 pounds neatly distributed). But I must say our boy never does anything to attract attention to himself. You can always tell an actor by his clothes. But not Bill. He avoids the sloppy school of thespian dress sponsored by those publicity loving boys, Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift. Sweat shirts are for the gym, thinks Bill, not for the dinner table. Nor does he care for the flashy dress of the in-the-chips boys who favor twenty-dollar ties and (Please turn to page 62)
Roy's Way Of Life Is Mine

"Roy knows how completely he has altered my life," says the happy mother of Roy Rogers' four children

By Dale Evans

I THINK any mother who has a baby daughter today will have a lot to tell her husband. Certainly I have talked to Roy at length about Robin. She's bound to have an effect on her parents and on the other children in our home. I expect all of us will have a decided effect on her!

There are so many things Roy and I want for her. Luckily for me, he's the type who is as concerned about all that can happen to our family as I am.

He thought he wanted a boy until he saw Robin. Dusty, with two sisters already shouldn't have to grow up in a household full of women! I hope he won't have to, either. But right now I can't deny I'm glad we've had a girl. Somehow a girl always remains closer to a mother. A boy matures and marries and takes his place as head of a new family. I don't intend to hang onto Robin. But, someday, we'll be women together and when we can just be friends we'll have so much in common. That is, if I'm as wise as my own mother has been!

Roy and I decided on Robin Elizabeth's name when we were celebrating our second wedding anniversary. We chanced to be dining in a fascinating Chinese cafe in San Francisco. A very pretty little Chinese girl sang. Her name, we discovered, was Bobin Wing. Immediately Bobin struck me as such a happy name. It reminds me of Spring, my favorite time of the year. The Elizabeth is in memory of my mother and my great grandmother. It's important to hand down family names, I told Roy that evening. Just as it was important for me to dig out the bassinet Cheryl, Linda, and Dusty all had used. I decorated it myself, and played safe by adorning it with an equal amount of pink and blue ribbon.
Roy’s way of life was all new to her, but she feels she was intended for it.

Left: “Mothering the Rogers is a magnificent reward, anyway I look at it.”

“Our greatest obligation is to our home”—a sentiment that Roy echoes.

I didn’t pamper myself in advance of the dash to the hospital. Everything went on exactly as always. There’ll never be a quiet moment in our home. We wouldn’t want one. We all love the patter of feet we can hear somewhere and the enthusiasm that’s sure to burst through a door any second.

Each of the three older children learned that the new baby would arrive in individual talks with me. I know you have to prepare children for an addition to the family, so there’ll be no psychological feeling of being rejected (Please turn to page 56)
"I wear alluring gowns in pictures, but at home I'm the blue jeans and slacks type."

Right: Jane doesn't like football, although her husband, Bob Waterfield, is a pro star.

Let's Stop Kidding

Jane is making more movies than ever. She has an unreleased RKO film with Frank Sinatra and Groucho Marx, among others. "I do want to play many different types of roles," she says.
“Glamour without the human element isn’t very substantial stuff . . . alone it doesn’t last long”

By Jane Russell

Now don’t get me wrong. I’m glad I’m working in pictures. I’ve a career many girls would be thrilled to have. But can’t a gal have her pet peeves even though she wouldn’t want any other kind of job?

To begin with, I’m the kind of person who never goes for the taffy pulling routine. Flattery gets nowhere with me. I know what I’m like and I’m just about the same as I always was. I’ve tried to be objective about myself, to know what my faults are, and to harbor no phony illusions. Perhaps that’s why I’ve never been able to understand why some people are inclined to butter up a star. Why all the fuss about us? We’re just like anyone else—or at least we’d like to be. Yet, we get so much attention, so many compliments it’s rather hard for us to get to know people well. We’re like anyone in that we want to believe the nice things we hear, but we can’t help wondering just how much of the “You’re wonderful” routine is on the level.

Most of us who work in pictures can add two and two and come up with four—so we’ve had a habit of believing about a quarter of what’s said to us. I remember one incident that proves that we can be a lot happier if we don’t swallow too much bait.

A star was being given the royal carpet act by a visitor on the set one day. I watched him (Please turn to page 59)
Above: Stars of "All About Eve" are Bette Davis, as a great but aging actress, and Anne Baxter, a stagestruck girl. Gary Merrill and Hugh Marlowe appear with them.

Fashion Selection #246 Anne Baxter wearing a Tish-U-Knit sweater that's a dead ringer for the pullover designed by Charles LeMaire which Anne wears in the "All About Eve" scene on this page. It's the Tish-U-Knit classic long push up sleeve sweater of fine gauge zephyr 100% wool. The deep V neck adapts itself to a simple pearl necklace or colorful scarf knotted about the neck. It can be had in Haiti red, tangerine, citrus white or navy. Comes in sizes 34 to 40 at about $6.00.
Screenland offers you adaptations of two of Charles LeMaire's creations, as worn by Anne Baxter in 20th Century-Fox's brilliant new production.

Left: Anne, as Eve in the film, is the epitome of a female who will use every wile at her command to get her way. Here, she uses a few on unsuspecting Celeste Holm.

Fashion Selection #247: This short dinner dress with lace-edged neckline was created by Charles LeMaire for Anne to wear in a party scene in "All About Eve." An adaptation of it has been made by Suzy Perette in Burlington taffeta with imported lace on marquisette at neckline. Dress has bodice top, full skirt, taffeta covered buttons down the front. Comes in black, navy, slate, ruby red. Sizes 10 to 16 (9 to 15). Price is about $20.00.

PLEASE TURN TO page 74 in this issue for information where to purchase these selections.
Screenland Salutes

Mel Ferrer

As Matador Luis Bello in "The Brave Bulls," Mel Ferrer gives a distinguished portrayal.

Right: Mel with Miroslava, Mexican star, who plays feminine lead in the picture.

Below: Anthony Quinn as Raul Fuentes, manager of Mel in Columbia's "The Brave Bulls."

Mel receives plaudits of crowd after triumph in bullfight in Mexico.

Below: Mel, in rage of fury, lunges at mob in spectacular scene in "Brave Bulls."

WHEN Producer-Director Robert Rossen selected Mel Ferrer to play the leading role of Matador Luis Bello in his production of "The Brave Bulls," he knew he could expect a flawless performance by the gifted Mel, and hoped it would be, in fact, his greatest. For once a director's hopes were fully and magnificently realized. Mel Ferrer has never been more brilliant; he is, without question, the colorful Bello of Tom Lea's best-seller come to life. Watching him perform is truly an emotional experience extraordinary.
REALIZING as you do, in this age of popular psychology, that true beauty is the sum total of a great many parts, should make it easy to understand our own pleasure in reporting such an assortment of recent developments. It isn’t that in being enthusiastic about Bourjois’ new Endearing, for instance, we expect you to pour all your other perfumes down the sink and invest in a life-time supply. The idea is that in enveloping yourself in a new fragrance you have added something new to your personality and an important part of that something new is the same kind of ego-bolstering lift that you get from a new hat. Of course, Endearing can do a lot more, for it’s a potent distillation of pure romance. Light and quite sweet at the first sniff, the blend develops a beautifully lasting depth on your skin. The love birds on the graceful bottle and smart package tell the story too. All this witchery is Paris-born but by importing the concentrates unassembled and blending them after they arrive in this country Bourjois manages to keep the price at a heart-warming low.

AFTER a look at the photograph of the girl in the bath tub, hard at work with a cake of soap, you may well be asking yourself what in the world there is that’s so newsworthy about anything so fundamental. Fact is, there is an impressive and tongue-twisting chemical in Fresh Soap that’s known as 3,5,6-Trichloro-2-Hydroxyphenyl which you haven’t run into before but may recently have read about. This particular wonderworker has (Please turn to page 74)

Love birds, speaking their universal language, identify Bourjois’ new sweetly romantic perfume, Endearing, a Paris-born blend that’s most charming for human love birds and all others who aspire to be.

Fresh Soap modestly hides its bacteria-banishing chemical ingredient in a skin-pampering formula that effectively destroys perspiration odors yet adds no medicinal aroma to compete with perfume.
Fashion Selection #248 For day or evening wear Hollywood-Maxwell has designed the strapless, plunging V-Ette bra below. The continuous Whirlpool stitched cup produces a firm and rounded contour effect, so desirable under svelte new Winter season dresses. For a bra of this type, it has a remarkable faculty for staying put and offering complete wearing comfort. Available in sizes 32-36 A cup; 32-38 B and C cup. Comes in white or black to match your every ensemble. Rayon satin, fine English net, with batiste Lastex back. At about $5.00.

Fashion Selection #249 At right another Hollywood-Maxwell bra—the V-Ette Whirlpool—whose special attraction is a new construction that consists of circular stitching to bring you perfection of line and of shape. It controls, molds and supports. It is a bra that is ideal beneath sweaters, Winter wools and sheer dresses. Its sizes: 32-36 A cup; 32-38 B cup, and 32-40 C cup. Comes in white or pink broadcloth. Rayon satin or nylon taffeta with lace edging in white, pink or black. The broadcloth, about $2.50; satin, about $3.00; nylon, about $3.50.

See Page 70 for purchasing these selections

Accessories, fashion arrangements by Mac Wise—Hollywood-Maxwell’s model Betty Gilmore

Photographs By ROCKFIELD-MOSS STUDIO

Fashion Selection #250 The V-Ette '50 above, by Hollywood-Maxwell, is the bra which has a soft, pliable, ventilated elastic band all around its base. This eliminates binding across the rib-cage and will stay in place so well there is no "ride-up." Added side control for larger busts, a fuller look for smaller busts. Sizes 32-36 A cup; 32-38 B cup; 32-40 C cup. In white only. Cotton broadcloth with cotton lace edging, about $3.00. Nylon taffeta with nylon lace edging, about $4.00.
Mrs. Henry Wilexon.
May 26—Harold Lloyd became a grandfather when Peggy (Mrs. A. Bartlett Ross, Jr.) became the mother of David Lloyd Ross, 7 lbs. 7 ozs.
July 20—Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lewis adopted Ronald Stephen, almost seven months old, so that their son, Gary, five, would have a playmate.
August 3—Timothy Peter, 7 lbs. 6 ozs., joined his two brothers, Paul, Jr., and Michael, to build a charming family for parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brinkman (Jeanne Crain).
August 3—George Brent and Janet Michael became delighted parents of a daughter weighing 6 lbs. 11 ozs. and arriving at St. John’s in Santa Monica.
August 12—Kathy, 7 lbs., arrived at Good Samaritan Hospital, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rogers.
August 14—Maria Mercedez arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edmond O’Brien (Olga San Juan) to delight big sister, Bridget Eileen, just sixteen months Maria’s senior.
August 26—Robin Elizabeth, 7 lbs., was born at Hollywood Hospital, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rogers.
August 27—Daniel Lederer greeted parents Anne Shirley and Charles Lederer at Cedars of Lebanon.
August 28—Undecided as to whether he should become a singer or a dancer, Tony Martin, Jr., checked into St. John’s in Santa Monica, the 8 lbs. son of Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin.
September 17—Gretchen Louise pleased her parents by being a girl, weighing 8 lbs. 10 ozs., and choosing Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Hayden as mom and pop. Gretchen Louise has two older brothers.
On order with the stork as the year ended were cuddle bundles for Barbara Hale and Bill Williams (their second); for Betty Garret and Larry Parks (their second); for the popular singing star, Margaret Whiting and Lou Busch (their first); for June Allyson and Dick Powell (their first although they have an adorable adopted daughter); for Mr. and Mrs. Elio Pinza (their third); for Jennifer Jones and David Selznick (their first, his third and her third); for Esther Williams and Ben Gage (their second).
As it must to all men, Death came to some of Hollywood’s best. In addition to the loss of Alan Hale, the motion picture world lost old-time favorite, Bull Montana, 62; Harry Luder, personal friend of many Hollywood people, who died at Strathaven, Scotland, aged 79; Sid Grauman, who succumbed to a heart ailment at 70; Joe Yule, Mickey Rooney’s father, who died in his North Hollywood home as a result of heart failure, aged 56; and Hubert Cavanaugh, 63, who died of cancer, surgery planned to save his life. He was most recently seen in 20th Century-Fox’ “Stella.”
On April 7, all drama lovers suffered an acute loss when Walter Huston died the day after his sixty-sixth birthday. Also in April, in Beacon, New York, Frances Seymour Brokaw Fonda, estranged wife of Henry Fonda, took her own life.
Others removed from the visual stage were Jane Cowl, one of the greatest of all Juliets; world-famous Lady Charles Mendel (Elia de Wolfe), who succumbed in Versailles, France; George (Buddy) De Sylvia, and Mrs. Richard Basehart, only thirty-four, who would soon have celebrated her tenth wedding anniversary.
Jimmy Durante suffered the loss of one of his two best friends when Lou Clayton died in St. John’s Hospital, Santa Monica, of cancer of the pancreas; every picturegoer will miss Sara Allgood, who—young at sixty-six—died at the Motion Picture Country Home. She had been nominated for an Academy Award for her work in “How Green Was My Valley.” Also popular with picturegoers was character actor Pedro De Cordoba, who died in September. His best-known role was that of the gypsy chieftain in “For Whom The Bell Tolls.”
Show business was bereft of a fabulous figure when Al Jolson died in San Francisco on October 23, shortly after returning from Korea.
As is always the case in Hollywood, ministers and divorce judges were equally busy. Here are the statistics:
Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin parted on January 22, and Betty secured a divorce on April 4, but this was invalidated when they reconciled on July 31. This marriage now has an excellent chance to be permanent and happy.
Ginny Simms and Hyatt Dehn parted on January 27, divorced on March 14, and then reconciled and made a trip to Honolulu in May on a reconciliation honeymoon.
Gail and Guy Madison parted and reconciled, Jack La Rue’s marriage to Edith von Rosenberg was annulled, and the Charles Korvins separated.
Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Tucker were divorced, Diana Douglas secured an interlocutory decree from Kirk Douglas, and Gloria De Haven won a similar decree from John Payne.
A decree of divorce (by proz) was won in Juarez, Mexico, by Ingrid Bergman from Dr. Peter Lindstrom, but not until May 24 could arrangements (legal) be made for Miss Bergman and director Roberto Rossellini to be married—again by proz—in Juarez.
In February, Evelyn Keyes divorced John Huston in Juarez, and the following day, Mr. Huston married Ricky Soma in La Paz, Mexico.
The Sinatras separated for the third time on Valentine’s Day, and late in the year a property settlement was negotiated and Nancy filed suit for separate maintenance.
Orchestra leader Matty Malneck and his wife separated; Sylvia Sidney and Carleton Alsop called their marriage (kaput); a divorce from attorney Bentley Ryan was granted to Marguerite Chapman; the long-expected divorce of Kay St. Germain from Jack Carson was granted, and Coleen Gray secured her final papers terminating her marriage to Rodney Amateau.
Wanda Hendrix, carrying a volcanic torch, secured an interlocutory decree from Audie Murphy, and in London, Lady Helen Mary Hardwicke was granted an absolute divorce from Sir Cedric.
Groucho Marx divorced Kay Marie, Helmut Dantine was divorced by Charlotte Wrightsman, and Scotty Beckett was legally shed by Beverly Baker.
In Las Vegas, Joan Blondell ceased to be the wife of Mike Todd, and in Los Angeles Mimi Forsythe tore up all calling cards reading Mrs. James P. Turner.
Keenan Wynn and Betty Jane Butler (married in Tia Juana on January 11, 1949) had a serious quarrel, parted, then reconsidered to the satisfaction of everyone, and reconciled.
Juarez, Mexico, again made the head-
lines when Bette Davis flew to the border city to divorce William Grant Sherry on July 3 (the decree became final appropriately enough on Independence Day), and then Bette returned on July 28 to marry Gary Merrill whom she met when they were working together on 20th's "All About Eve."

On August 6, as a further corollary to the Juarez decree mentioned above, William Grant Sherry took Marian Richards as his bride.

As the Summer wore away, so did a number of additional marriages, among them that of Benay Venuta and Armand Deutsch, that of Linda Darnell and Pev Marley, that of Myrna Loy and Gene Markey, that of Mary Anderson and Leonard Behrens, that of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, that of Dan Dailey and Liz Hofert, that of Barbara Payton and John Payton, that of Lynn Bari and Sid Luft, and that of Ann McCormack and Jacky Coogan.

Mrs. Gladys O'Brien, Margaret's mother, was granted a divorce from orchestra leader Don Silvio Brigata, and Ginger Rogers' divorce from Jack Briggs became final.

In March, Janet Blair divorced Lou Busch, who forthwith married Margaret Whiting in Mexico.

Nan Grey was severed from jockey Jackie Westropo after eleven years of marriage, Jo Carroll Dennison and Phil Silvers decided it would not work after six years as husband and wife, Peggy Morrow and Louis Hayward called quits after four years, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Arnold secured a final decree after twenty years.

Two of the Andrews sisters went to court: Maxine to secure her final decree from Lou Levy, and Patti to shed Marty Melcher via the interlocutory step.

There were wedding bells during the year for Ona Munson and Painter Eugene Berman, at the Beverly Hills home of Igor Stravinsky.

Jean Wallace married Jim Randall, thought better of it, and had the union melted.

In London, on February 23, Moira Shearer of "Red Shoes" fame, married Ludovic H. C. Kennedy in the Royal Chapel of Hampton Court Palace; on February 19, Cornell Wilde and Patricia Knight reconciled and went to Europe to make pictures; also on February 19, Mercedes McCambridge married radio producer Fletcher Markle.

In New York, perennially youthful Irene Rich married utilities executive, George Henry Clifford, and in San Bernadino, California, John Barrymore's daughter, Dolores Ethel, married Thomas Alexander Fairbanks.

Nancy Olson and Allan Jay Lerner said "I Do," and so did Joan Leslie and Dr. William Caldwell (on St. Patrick's Day), Hannah Williams and comedian Thomas Monoghan, Hildy Parks and Jackie Cooper (in Boston), and (in Las Vegas) Patty Lydon and Johnny Meyer.

It was a single ring ceremony for Michele Morgan and Henri Vidal in Paris, and for Mrs. Virginia Dix (Richard's widow) and Walter Van de Kamp in Brentwood.

Beverly Hills was the scene of Joan Caulfield's marriage to Frank Ross; Palm Springs was the setting for Helen Walker's wedding with Edward Nicholas du Domaine; Mrs. Ruth Favor Davis, Bette's mother, went to Las Vegas to marry Captain Otbo W. Budd, USA RPT; and Ruth Warrick chose Los Angeles as the city in which to be married to decorator Carl Neubert.

The great, great wedding of the year was that of Elizabeth Taylor and Nicholas Conrad Hilton, Jr., in Beverly Hills. Their honeymoon was spent in Europe and they are currently at home in a dream suite at the Bel Air Hotel.

In Rome, Mischa Auer married Susanne Kalish; in New York Don Keefe took Catherine McLeod as his lawfully wedded; in San Diego, Joy Forstrup promised to love, honor, and obey Douglas Fowley, and in Los Angeles, Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas became a partnership, while Ann Dvorak reconciled with her estranged husband, Igor Dega.

Frankie Laine thought the Beverly Hills Club would be a charming place for his wedding with Nan Grey; Marilyn Thorpe (Mary Astor's eighteen-year-old daughter) chose her home in Van Nuys as a setting, and Don Wilson liked Santa Barbara for the culmination of his romance with Lois Virginia Corbet.

August was marked by the weddings of Vanessa Brown and Dr. Robert A. Franklyn, Jennifer Howard (daughter of playwright Sidney Howard) and Samuel Goldwyn, Jr., and Margaret Sullivan and Barrymore's daughter, Moira Whip-Wagg. It was also the month of the re-marriage of Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

Completing the year with a burst of wedding bells, Judy Canova married Cuban orchestra leader Philip Rivero, Madeleine Carroll became the wife of Life Magazine publisher Andrew Heiskell, Gene Littlefield (Hildy's daughter) wedded to William Giusti of a pioneer California family, Bruce Cabot married beautiful young Francesca De Saffa, Joan Barton married Earl Muntz, and Sally Forrest chose December for her wedding with Milo Frank.

There were a few additional landmarks worth Hollywooding: on January 18, Gary Crosby debuted on his dad's radio program and set America on its delighted ear.

Michaele Redgrave, the son in 'Mourning Becomes Electra' gave the academic reputation of the motion picture industry a boost when he won a M.A. degree from Cambridge University.

In April, the United States gained two valuable new citizens in the persons of Elsa Maxwell and her husband, Charles Laughton.

And in September, the symbol of an era passed when Falcon's Lair, once the home of Rudolph Valentino, was removed from its lofty hill top in order for the way to be cleared for California's brisk new Hollywood Freeway, an express highway to speed all the world to/from Hollywood. The greatest legend is still Rudolph Valentino.
What To Tell Your Husband

Continued from page 37

wasn’t annoyed, or helpless, or calling her moody. Neither did he tell her how wonderful she was and really had no reason to feel sorry for herself, which, after all, is what crying usually amounts to.

Instead, he simply put his arms around his wife and drew her close. When she stopped crying they discussed the tears of her tears. Because Esther had always shared her studio problems with Ben, he had gained an understanding and insight into the difficulties that confronted her at work. Production difficulties. The attitude of her co-workers. Which type of work fatigued her most. What dramatic and personal problems bothered her during the day and carried on into the home life. Through the common sharing of her experiences, Ben knows Esther’s problems as well as he knows Esther herself. With Ben’s help, her self-confidence was quickly regained. Not like the days before they were married when problems would persist for days.

To Esther, marriage, love and companionship are not based solely on pleasurable moments, with any discussion of fearsome and serious problems to be avoided. She feels that the wedding vow was intended to keep the future better or for worse.” That’s why she confides in Ben her troubled thoughts as well as her happy ones. That’s why she doesn’t shy away from talking about war, atom bombs, or any other subject that depresses her—including the budget! Although the latter is a touchy subject, Esther will admit when her planning and the cashier’s stub don’t match. By sharing all these factors, big and small, Esther feels that husband and wife can find sincere comfort in each other.

Fathers, according to Esther, love to hear everything about their growing children. Ben, of course, is a typical father. He is fascinated by anything that concerns their baby, from a tumble off the lawn chair to the bottle of milk he wouldn’t finish for lunch. No incident is too trifling for “Big Ben” when it concerns “Little Ben.”

Like most wives, Esther does her share of haggling—although at times it fires back.

Her pet complaint is her spouse’s inability to contribute to one of the virtues she cherishes most—tidiness. When he takes off his shoes in the living room, that’s where they stay. When he leaves his jacket draped over a lawn chair, unless someone else should pick it up and deliver it to its lawful owner or deposit it in his closet, it would probably stay in the garden until little Ben was big enough to wear it.

Would it be wiser for the wife to clean things up after her husband and say nothing? It certainly would be—because each time the subject is brought up, Ben simply comes back with the brutally truthful query, “Do you always put your clothes away, honey? Seems to me I fell over your slippers only this morning.”

And where does that get Mrs. Housewife? Nowhere. But she keeps on trying, anyway.

Being interested in their husbands’ work and success is important to most women. To Esther it is vital. Just as Ben helps his wife with her career, she feels fully justified in helping Ben. This is not to say her interest in business enterprise, “The Trails” restaurant, managed by Ben.

Giving unasked criticism can lead to disaster, but not when it is in the realm of a woman’s specialties. Esther usually carries out democratic procedures when tackling problems. However, one day when she tasted the coffee at “The Trails,” she had to make herself known. “Bad coffee,” she ejaculated, “is bad business. Bad business means customers stay away. Something has to be done about that coffee!”

What did she suggest? First, a new brand. The taste didn’t improve. Next, she proposed letting the coffee boil a little longer. The coffee got worst. Instead of demanding further action from her busy husband, Esther took the task on herself and brought along her own coffee urn from home. After that, everyone agreed Ben Gage had to admit it was the best coffee he’d ever tasted. Sometimes a wise woman says nothing and acts quickly.

Keeping politics out of marriage is another lesson Esther has learned. Like many couples, their political opinions differ.

Esther has always been a confirmed Democrat whose political conviction dates back to the early thirties. She believes her family survived those difficult times only with the help of the Roosevelt administration. On the other hand, Ben’s family—in better circumstances and Republican—was paying the taxes which helped the Williamses.

Once his wife had joined the upper income bracket and contributed the major share of her earnings to Uncle Sam, Ben thought she’d change her political views quickly. She didn’t, so now the subject of politics is a closed one.

Imagination is an integral part of the human being. Whenever one spouse fails to meet an appointment and no word regarding the absence reaches the other, away runs the imagination. After Esther’s experiences, she feels that wives and husbands should notify each other when something comes up.

Esther’s imagination had painted all kinds of dreadful pictures the night Ben didn’t show up until 6 a.m. It was not uncommon for her hardworking, conscientious husband to be kept at “The Trails” until 2:30 a.m. However, when, at dawn, Ben had neither shown up nor called, Esther was frantic. Much to her amazement, Ben walked into their bedroom, calm and collected. “I thought

The Whoop-De-Do was Betty Hutton’s brain child and she performed with gusto despite her voice having given out. She will be in Cecil B. DeMille’s “The Greatest Show On Earth.”

53
you’d be asleep, honey!"
Then the wives avalanche broke loose. Ben listened patiently. When she finished, he quickly explained that he and his colored waiters were discussing the colored problem. Ben wanted them to know he was all for them.

Why didn’t he call?
Because he thought she was asleep and didn’t want to wake her up, and possibly Little Ben, too.

Esther sighed—and fell asleep. When she woke she’d forgotten all about it.

Esther believes a wife should not be afraid of letting her husband know when she’s perved at him. Just as she wants to be told when he feels she’s in the wrong. Being frank with each other, in all matters, only shows concern which is a lot healthier for a successful marriage than indifference.

"Marriage," says Esther, "cannot be based on separate tracks. The reason two people find each other attractive in the first place is because they have a great deal in common. I don’t see why marriage shouldn’t increase their interest and make each day more fun because there is someone to share your experiences. To me, this is the meaning of marriage, that’s why to me, being frank has become as natural as breathing. I tell Ben everything—" Then she added with that twinkle in her eye again, "And I’m pretty sure he does the same."

Roy’s Way Of Life Is Mine

[Continued from page 45]

when so much attention has to suddenly be paid to the newcomer.

When I finally was quite sure the time was practically at our doorstep, I suggested to Roy that he invite a group of his men pals over. He phoned his singing group and ran a picture for them. Meanwhile, my doctor was standing by at his own house. A few minutes before midnight I called to Roy that I was ready. I checked in at the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital at 12:15 a.m. and Robin came at 2:01 a.m. She was an ideal seven pounds.

Roy didn’t get pushed around as they claim some fathers do. He saw the baby before he left, and then stayed up till dawn telephoning sleepy friends that his daughter was twenty inches long, and other startling facts!

I was using a phone myself by 9 a.m. I called Roy’s mother out in the San Fernando Valley then. She couldn’t believe I was conscious that quickly. So I called up half-a-dozen other friends to astonish them.

Robin’s arrival was not a big production, because Roy and I don’t care for exaggeration. I was thrilled with my room at the hospital. The nurses there had gotten together and maneuvered me the newly decorated one at the end of a hall. It was the first rest I’d had in years. I got in lots of sleeping for a change. But I’m convinced that the more active one is, the healthier he or she will be both mentally and physically. So I was soon looking forward to visiting hours. My mother had been in town for a month from Italy, Texas. We’d had our nicest visit in fifteen years. So, of course, she hurried to see me and Robin. Roy’s mother was as excited. Our minister and his wife called on me right away, and I appreciated that.

Two strangers appeared out of nowhere. A fan walked in with a present for Robin, and a young boy came in with an armload of roses for me, because we’d met once.

I got home as speedily as I could. I didn’t have to tell Roy how much I missed the gang. Four-year-old Dusty beat everyone out to the car to greet me. He ran his finger across the baby’s forehead to be sure she was real, and then announced that she was an angel! He couldn’t get over her little ears. They were more than he had counted on.

Cheryl and Linda were reassured, as well as Dusty, that they weren’t being displaced. I told Roy I had to talk to them again about that on my first day home. I’d had so much fun dressing Cheryl and Linda, and they’re to help me with every detail about Robin, while Dusty helps his father with the man’s work around a house.

The first day was so comparatively calm I shoed Roy off to the ranch at Lake Hughes so he could attend to some matters he’d let wait there. The second day began with a crash at 6 a.m. I’d gotten Dusty’s nurse for his first six months to return to us. At dawn she started for Robin’s milk and fell down the back stairs. She fainted. I had to get her off to a hospital to take care of a fractured wrist and a bleeding nose. My mother and Florence Hargis, the wife of our radio producer and a nurse herself, came to my rescue. My pediatrician arrived at 10:30 a.m. and waded through the commotion. Today’s infant sits up for her bottle of milk, to my utter amazement. But I’m not going to lag behind when doctors have acquired new wisdom, so Robin was propped up and taking her nipple with a fine flair when Roy got back that noon. "A week old and she’s sitting up!" he cried, agast. Ten days after her birth the twenty-five pounds I’d gained was gone and my waistline was only one inch larger than before. "See what riding opposite you in the movies does for me!" I quipped.

I am not positive, at this point, how much more I’ll do in the movies. I couldn’t be happier, professionally. Tramming with Roy on the screen is a lark. Only he makes about seven films a year, and that means so much time away from home for me. I can sandwich in our radio shows and make our records simply enough, but when I make a movie it demands long days away. So I just don’t know what we’ll do on that score. If I could be his leading lady only part of the time, if the fans would permit that, it’d be an ideal compromise for me.

Roy knows how completely he has altered my life. I imagined I might be a great blues singer originally. I was soloist with Amos Walker’s Band, then headliner in Chimes, the famous room at the Drake Hotel and at the Chez Paree. I had my own Sunday coast-to-coast CBS spot. I wore the satin evening gowns a sophisticate employs as a uniform. I liked to sleep peacefully till afternoon and shine in the evening. I forgot the outdoors existed.

When I got into pictures I was still aiming to score as a "hemp" girl in glitter-
With the original magic, double diagonal pull. The real secret of the French look.

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ing musicals. I didn't. They tried to make me into another Alice Faye at 20th, but couldn't. I was still paying no attention to the sunshine when I won a second try at the movies at Republic. I wasn't cast with Roy at first because the Western locations were too rugged for me. Besides, I couldn't ride. When at last they cast me with Roy I had to secretly take some fast riding lessons. I continued to sing torchy songs on the radio, with Edgar Bergen, Jack Carson, and then Jimmy Durante. I only began to sing Western songs when I had to—to sing with Roy. Now I love them. And I love the wholly new way of living he opened up for me. I not only enjoy mountain trips, but I hunt and fish and sleep in zipped sleeping bags high up in the great open spaces, to which he's introduced me. I've gone completely Western in my wardrobe, too. Like Roy, everything I wear has a distinct touch of the West.

While it's all been new to me, it's really a reverting to what I was intended for—because I spent my childhood in a small town and my parents were very sound, sensible people. When Roy and I married we each sold the houses we had and picked out our present house. We agreed we'd stay put in it at least ten years. Everyone seems to move around in California, but I've told Roy how much I want roots for us, and he sees my point. We want the children to go to the same school, year after year, so they will feel that they "belong" to it and to the community. They go to a public school, of course. The three older ones are all agog when they can visit the studio, but I limit that to one visit for each of Roy's pictures. We don't want them hanging around the sets, becoming jaded.

Here at home the two older girls have definite little household chores. With Dusty, they keep regular hours. They're up early (aren't we all in this house!) and they rest after lunch, and they are allowed to go to the movies once a week.

I don't believe in giving kids too much. That smothers their instinct to amount to something by their own wits. I want Robin to have a very normal, happy-as-possible childhood. All of us have but one childhood, and it's the parents' duty to see that it's as advantageous a period as it can be. Protecting and embracing children isn't all you owe your family. Enough to eat and a place to sleep isn't sufficient security for them. You have to love them obviously, so they have no doubt of your stability. You also must love them enough to permit them to be individuals. Each child has the right to grow into his or her unique personality. If you don't respect this right when they're little you are stifling and distorting them.

The most valuable thing you can teach a child is to be loving. All of us have a capacity for love, but too often we haven't learned how to develop and use it. A child learns by observing his parents, by imitating. That's why I've told Roy our greatest obligation is to our home. He and I are on probation here, set the example. Of course, it's mighty easy to talk to Roy like this. He's so instinctively such a wonderful father he's miles ahead of me!

I've told Cheryl and Linda that they shouldn't tell the other children at school who their father is. "If you have to say your father is Roy Rogers to get any attention, then you're nowhere. We all have to create our own importance," Ego can devour a person, and it must be channeled into a decent ambition. So the four Rogers children are getting as little of the limelight as possible. To be well-adjusted, they must be self-reliant. I think travel is fine for children when it doesn't take them out of their regular school year. Last year we took Cheryl and Linda on their first trip with us, to the Future Farmers of America convention in Kansas City and a benefit at the Boys' Ranch at Amarillo. They missed one week of school then. They felt behind temporarily. I felt guilty. We could stagger it, and treat each one of the kids to a trip once a year. I've said Roy. He's so eager to have them with him, he beam!

Today it seems to me kids are too high-strung. They have to be amused, then they should exert their own intelligence and invent their fun. They ask, "What can I do now?" because they've had too many toys, perhaps. It's a subject the Parent Teachers' Association ponder over.

I want to give our children an inner security, so they can confidently choose what they want out of life and go after it. This means a religious training. Roy and I not only take the kids to Sunday school, but we attend our church faithfully. We are as active as we can be in church doings, for we feel each person would be and do all he professes as a Christian.

Robin has "joined the party" at our house. Each child has a niche in a parent's heart that no one else can ever take, so she won't get any special favors. Nobody is tip-toeing about because of her. Modern doctors agree that a baby's nervous system will be better if it's conditioned to the everyday ways of life right off. Early every morning the two biggest of our fifteen dogs tear up the stairs to gaze at Robin. They can peek through the glass door of her nursery, which was formerly our guest room. (We have thirty-five pigeons, six horses, and three hamsters, but they're waiting until Robin can toddle, I guess!) Roy's carpenter shop is in the garage, almost underneath Robin's room. He runs his motors and pounds down there. She's already used to noise.

It's been hard to go out on a personal appearance tour with Roy, leaving the children home. We have completely reliable help. But it's so much fun to watch each child experience childhood! It won't be too long before we're bundling Robin into the car for one of our family picnics at Paradise Cove beyond Malibu. Just watching Linda eating sand on her hamburger is a treat to me.
Farley Granger, who stars in Warners' “Strangers On A Train,” meets Gorgeous Gussie Moran at Madison Square Garden in New York before one of her pro matches.

**Let's Stop Kidding**

Continued from page 47

getting more and more uncomfortable. Finally, embarrassed, he walked away. He was no sooner out of sight than this person began unleashing some snide and gossip remarks about him. That's a star to believe!

That business of having to cut through others' veneer is one of the most bothersome items. Another thing that confuses me almost as much is the way some people expect me to live up to the glamour routine.

I know the publicity I once received had its purpose, but my private life would be a hectic thing if I tried to live according to the pictures built up about me. Why, I'd be the last person to regard myself as an exponent of the astmatic sigh, the drooping eyelids.

Whenever I'm interviewed, I'm always asked the inevitable question: "What do you think of your sexy build?" I won't even answer that one now. Once a writer came up to me and said, "Why I wouldn't talk about the "old hat" issue. She valiantly asked a few questions, I gave noncommittal answers, and finally she left with this remark, "Well, I can see you don't even want to talk about why you won't talk about the sexy buildup." It's just that I feel enough has been said and written about that and I have no desire to have it all rehashed again.

Naturally I can see the value of the type of publicity I've had. It's been a good saleable commodity. But I've never stopped wondering just what glamour is. Maybe it's an aura around a person. Maybe it's a pink cloud in a life. But, to me, it can only be described as the quality that made the late Lady Mendl—and Marlene Dietrich—remarkable figures. That is real glamour.

But glamour without the human element isn't very substantial stuff. I suppose I'm the old-fashioned gal in a way because I believe the human element lasts a lot longer on the screen than glamour alone. Take June Allyson, for example. Her natural wholesomeness has helped to make her a hit in pictures. She's the embodiment of the human element, and I've a hunch she'll be around a long time.

But can you see my trying to play a glamour part at home? Why, Robert, my husband, would probably say to me, "Who are you kidding?" Anyway, I do such dull things I couldn't possibly adopt that pose off the screen.

On the other hand, in "His Kind Of Woman" I play a part that combines the human element with sex appeal and that combination, kiddies, you'd better take home.

On the whole, I'm a pretty easy-going person when it comes to such career demands as publicity. I don't rear back and say, "No, not that!" on most things. I must confess that when I do an interview it's nice to read the story later and feel that I could have conceivably been in on the interview. I guess I haven't been around long enough to understand the fantasy in the minds of some writers.

Nor do I actually enjoy posing for certain publicity stills. Not long ago I was doing a sitting and the perennial suggestion came—an alluring shot with an extreme decollete. I talked the photographer out of this since I told him that that era had done a fade as far as I was concerned.

Recently, I got the idea I was tired of long wardrobe fittings. In that respect, I'm no different from most actresses. There's nothing more tedious, but it's a vital part of the business. Now, instead of balking, which would get me nowhere, I only hope that the clothes will be attractive. What woman doesn't get a kick out of trying on good-looking gowns? If they are character clothes, I relax and merely make faces at myself in the mirror.

One fetish I have may strike some as odd and that's a dislike of working with a new group of people on each picture I make. I'm inclined to say what I think and, too often, new people don't understand. As a result, we take the first two months getting to know each other—and walking softly. Trying to become acquainted with a new crew, trying to figure them out and having them try to understand me gets pretty confusing.

I also hate personal appearance tours because they're very hard work. Long
hours, six shows a day with interviews in between—that isn't ice cream. It's another necessary evil.

Yet, even though I feel about such things as I do and I feel that to give the idea I'm disinterested in my career. That's definitely not true. I take my work seriously. If I didn't I wouldn't be working in pictures since I'm not one to knock my brains out on a job I don't enjoy. My attitude about my career, however, is to be interested in how it is going, to work hard, and to do my best always to make it my whole life. That's taking too big a chance. I've been in Hollywood long enough to know that fame can be a fleeting thing and I don't want to build up so many illusions that I'd have an empty life if something happened to my career as an actress. While I have it I'll deliver conscientiously, but if it fades away I'll still manage to have a full life.

While I haven't the intense desire to climb higher and higher—even though I want to improve—I do want to play many different types of roles. However, in "Macao," my next picture, I again play a bad girl with a heart of gold. It may seem odd, but I adore playing such parts. I want to play straight, coy ingenuous—or plain, dull girls. Nor will I go for mediocre scripts. If the day comes when I'm handed a bad screenplay I'll start blowing up. But what actor or actress wouldn't? So far I've never had to refuse any pictures. If I ever have to, I think there will be a slight repercussion.

I suppose some may tag me as temperamental for saying such things. I'm not. I can honestly say that. Temperament is old-fashioned anyway, and I can't waste my time staging such spectacles just because they might make an impression. However, I do feel that some stars get the "difficult" label when it's not their fault. I've worked with several who were said to be very temperamental, and yet I've never seen them lose their poise, their temper, or their dignity during an entire picture. On the other hand, I've seen cases where a star has been goaded and pushed until he does blow up. That is not his fault. And I don't call that being temperamental. If anyone took advantage of me, I'd blow my top, too. Who wouldn't? Besides, being sure of your ground doesn't mean you're temperamental. There's a great difference.

There are some stars who do put on the temperament where fans and autograph books are concerned. Fans don't bother me in the least. I'm glad I have them! I'd like to know where I'd be if they didn't want to see me on the screen. Sure I'll sign their books—and I don't care how many there are in the crowd.

I know one star who isn't too fond of requests for autographs but he is never rude. Once he had a good reason to be annoyed, though. He was lunching with a friend when a young girl came over, stared at him, and then said, "May I touch you?" The actor was embarrassed, but laughingly replied, "Well, yes, if you want to." The girl did so and then continued to stare at him. She began to make some peculiar remarks in her indolent fog, so finally the star had to tell her to go away and something that kind of fan would be hard to take.

So much for the career business. When I'm away from the studio I certainly don't live the way you read that stars do—the social whirl, the big parties, and the like. I wouldn't get very far with that with Robert around anywhere. He has no particular interest in my career, except to know whether it's going ahead or backward. He kiddingly remarks, "It's okay what you do as long as you don't embarrass the family." When he isn't on tour with the Rams and is at home I do put my foot down on career demands. I won't do anything that takes me away from home, unless he advises me to. Robert's more practical than I am.

Robert is primarily understanding about my career—and bored by it. I don't let it interfere with our life. I feel the same way about his career. In fact, I'd never go near the game of football if he weren't playing. We both understand this attitude, so it causes no friction.

As a housewife I leave much to be desired. I just don't go for cooking and housekeeping. Robert used to do most of the cooking because he liked it. Now we have a housekeeper. Occasionally, I'll putter around the house, but not often. Robert is no longer even surprised by my lack of domestic abilities.

We live very simply. We aren't concerned with giving lavish parties. Most of our friends are people whom we have known for years. Robert hates to go to a nightclub, which doesn't bother me too much, although there are times when I'd like to go out on the town just for the fun of it. I'm like any gawking movie fan when we do go anywhere.

We have a pool, but it's part of our love of outdoor living. It's not there just to add to the scenery. That is about the only concession we make to living star-like.

I don't even dress like a star half of the time. I wear alluring gowns in pictures, but at home, or when I go to the market, I'm the blue jeans and slacks type—something which Robert isn't always entirely in favor of. Certainly I like to wear good-looking gowns when I go anywhere that is slightly elegant, but I'd probably laugh at myself if I did. And speaking of something I was going to be listed as one of the ten best dressed women in America. Not that I'd mind the honor, but there are more important things than gilding this lily.

When you come right down to it, the things that bother me are the same things that would annoy me even if I wasn't in pictures. I have such a career because it has given me more self-confidence than I once had, but I don't ever want to lose sight of the characteristics that are me. I don't want to make an impression on anyone. I just want to be myself. If I tried to be anything else, I'm sure Robert would be heard from. I may not surprise him any more, but he certainly knows he's not married to a movie star!
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The Happy Lundigans
Continued from page 48

sharp suits from expensive tailors. Bill dresses as conservatively as a young bank vice president who is about to draw up a will for a wealthy dowager. He likes white shirts, plain ties, and suits in greys and beige. In fact his friends have to sort of keep an eye on him, and insist that they go along on his occasional shopping sprees (he loathes shopping). "Bill," said one of them, "has to be watched—or he'll dress like an undertaker."

Every Saturday night there's a good old-fashioned hoedown at the Apple Valley Inn. People come from miles around to do their do-si-dos to a name band. But Bill was having none of it. He was still embarrassed over the "exhibition" he claims he made of himself when he innocently became involved in a Charles ton contest at the Mocambo several weeks before. Bill is a good smooth dancer, not a showoff. But don't ever dance with Bill if you're less than six feet and suffer from claustrophobia. You can't see a thing on the dance floor except the buttons on his coat.

The next morning the Lundigans went to church (Bill takes his religion seriously) and after a leisurely lunch he went for a swim. Then back to Hollywood in time for a good night's sleep before starting to work the next morning on "The House On Telegraph Hill." Anniversaries in Blimston, you see, can be observed intelligently. Just because you are a movie star you don't really have to tear up the Mocambo, drench yourself in champagne, go into debt, and spend the next day in ice packs and aspirin.

Studios never have any trouble getting Bill to work on time. He could easily pick up a little extra change by unlocking the gates. He likes to get up around five in the morning and study his script while he drinks his coffee. This is the cross that his wife, a late sleeper, has to bear. "Bill is the happiest person in the world around five in the morning," says Rena sadly. "Just when I am finishing a book and going to sleep."

Bill's career is definitely on the up-beat these days. Like a lot of the boys who fought for their country (Bill was in the Marines) in the last war Bill had a hard time picking up where he left off. But evidently Saturn has stopped needing Leo and Leo has stopped snapping at Virgo and all's right with his heavenly bodies of late. Today 20th Century-Fox, where he is under contract, considers him one of their top male stars. Much of his splendid performance in "Pinkys" had to be cut, but the picture was a springboard for him. He followed it with a comedy performance in "Mother Didn't Tell Me," in which he plays a composer who falls in love with June Haver. Bill, a hard worker, spent hours practicing on his piano technique for this. However, he assured me, his piano playing will not exactly make cinema history. If cinema history is made in this picture it will be by Dennis Day. Dennis, after several false starts, really comes a winner this time.

And Bill is indeed getting a variety of roles these days. Which is a great relief after all those early years at Warners where he was always playing Olivia de Havilland's brother. "I began to feel that I was really related to her."

As the young circuit rider minister in "I'd Climb The Highest Mountain," Bill gives a performance, it is rumored, of Academy Award caliber. This sincere and moving film was adapted from Cora Harris' famous book, "The Circuit Rider's Wife," which concerned her experiences as the wife of a peripatetic par-
son who carried the gospel to such towns in Georgia as Nacoochee, Mossy Creek, Hiawasee, Helen, Cleveland, Clarkesville and Demorest in the late 1890's. The picture was made on actual location in and near these towns in the Blue Ridge Mountains of north Georgia. Susan Hayward plays the circuit rider's wife, and other members of the splendid cast are Alexander Knox, Lynn Bari, Rory Calhoun, Barbara Bates, Ruth Donnelly and Gene and Kathleen Lockhart. Acting in it all are five hundred natives of north Georgia, simply having the time of their lives. Among the natives having the best "bits" are C. L. Stowers, a fifty-four-year-old one-horse farmer from Nacoochee; Harvey Hester, a plump, jovial restaurant operator from Atlanta; H. E. Bowen, a drama teacher from Piedmont College in Demorest; Mrs. Mildred Ferguson, a housewife of Fayetteville, and ten-year-old Richard Wilson, a semi-professional from Atlanta.

Director Henry King went into the back country to find buildings and roads untouched by progress and contractors. At Demorest he used a tin-roofed railroad station squatting complacently on a red mud road, and a train from the rickety Tallulah Falls Railway whose crews, hired as actors, rescued from the mothballs uniforms that they wore in better, passenger-carrying days. At Clarkesville he married Susan and Bill in a 116-year-old, white colonial church hand-built by slave labor with wooden peg nails, and containing a gallery for the slaves. The ceremony was performed by seventy-four-year-old Judge Allace Rogers, a prominent Methodist minister of Atlanta, who, like the rest of the local talent, never dreamed of being an actor.

"They were so good, those local Georgians," says Bill, "that they put us to Hollywood actors to shame on several occasions." And the good ladies who weren't acting, it seems, were busy cooking for the California visitors. "I know now," says New York State-born Bill, "what people mean when they talk about a 'groaning board' in the South. I never saw so much food. I ate my way through black-eyed peas, turnip greens, fried pies, fried chicken, fried catfish and hush-puppies." (A hush-puppy is a corn meal ball containing onions and cheese fried in catfish grease. It gets its name from the fish-fry custom of throwing something to the beggy dogs and saying, "There, hush, puppy.")

Bill, naturally, was quite a favorite with the ladies, young and old. His good looks and unaffected charm won them completely. And talk about your Southern chivalry—why I'll have you know that Hollywood's Mr. Lundigan not only outdid all the gallants of the Old South but even put it over on England's Sir Walter Raleigh. Whereas Sir Walter merely placed his coat over a mud puddle for a lady to walk across, Bill took off his coat in the rain and placed it under the rear wheels of a lady's automobile which was mired in the slick red Georgia mud. Then with a little pushing he helped her car out of the rut. Now that's real chivalry. Makes those gallants of history sound like a bunch of goons.

Bill's innate good manners go unnoticed in Hollywood where the boys make a fetish of bad manners. Bill has never scratched himself in public, never crushed an egg in his hand when he shook hands with a studio executive, never gone to a party without his socks. Emily Post would give him A plus on his table manners. Of course, he doesn't get as much space in the newspapers and magazines as Marilyn Brandos, but it gets him a lot of real friends. He's so punctual at parties, completely unheard of in Hollywood, that he and Rena often have to drive around the block for a quarter of an hour to give the hostess time to get her make-up on.

Another vogue among the male stars of Hollywood is to make a combination servant and comedian out of their stand-ins. Not Bill. When Bill wants coffee he goes after it himself. When he wants

Craig Stevens pays a surprise visit to his wife, Alexis Smith, in her dressing room at Universal-International where she is finishing up her starring role in "Undercover Girl."
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A very pleasant young man was born in Syracuse, New York, the son of Martha and Michael Lundigan who had Ireland in their souls. From them and his Irish grandparents Bill inherited his happy spirit. He attended grammar school and the William Nottingham High School in Syracuse. At Syracuse University he majored in law. But from the age of ten Bill had other interests besides lessons and law. His father, who was in the shoe business, had a store in the same building that housed WFBL, a CBS affiliate. At sixteen Bill was not only playing roles but he was producing three shows—a minstrel, a dramatic and a musical. One of his masters of ceremony was Gordon MacRae, then all of eleven years old.

He struck up an acquaintance with an exploitation fellow visiting at WFBL, and at his suggestion went to New York to make a screen test. The next thing he knew he was on his way to Hollywood with a contract. That was in 1937. In June, 1943, he enlisted in the Marines, and served with the First Marine division in the Pacific, engaging in operations at Peleliu and Okinawa. He was honorably discharged in November, 1945.

Bill is one of the more serious-minded actors of this town. He takes an active part in the Screen Actors Guild, and can always be counted upon to serve on worthwhile charitable and civic committees. Perhaps this doesn’t make him as colorful as Lawrence Tierney or Victor Mature or Errol Flynn. But it makes him a good man to have around the house. And to have around Hollywood, too.

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Dual Role for Jane

Continued from page 25

which had everyone, including Jane, completely confused, as there was already a picture called "The Outside Wall." As Jane was leaving the studio one night a fan rushed up to her for an autograph. "What picture are you making now?" he asked conversationally. "The Outside Wall," said Jane. "Huh," said the fan. That picture is playing the corner theatre next Friday," Jane, I know," said Jane hastily. "That's why we're working nights to finish it.

In "The Company She Keeps" Jane plays a parlor girl who has her problems. "My character's main problem in the picture," she told me in the modernistic and elegant Lasker living room, where young Albert was pushing buttons and things were popping in and out, "is deep-rooted insecurity. But she is a good girl at heart. At least I don't have egg on my face." Sharing star billing with her are Dennis O'Keefe and Lizabeth Scott. Dennis is about the most amazing actor she has ever met. To improve the story he wrote himself right out of one of his best scenes. "Imagine," said Jane, "an actor doing a thing like that.

Jane has been the smouldering, passionate type in most of her pictures up to date. ("Unless I have a gun in my hand I'm not Jane Greer," she says sadly). The day she gets out of her sultry rut will be a great day for Jane. She'd like to do romantic comedy. And with her sense of humor and her flair for comedy (she can tell a story that will have you laughing for hours) Jane would be excellent in romantic comedy.

"But musical comedies are out," said Jane. "I can't dance." Jane had a very harrowing experience in a musical soon after she came to Hollywood. RKO was making "George White's Scandals." The director told Jane that she was in for a dance routine in the big production number. "I didn't even know a simple time step," said Jane, "but I gulped and hurried out to take lessons. At the end of the week I had worked out a pretty good tap. When the day came for the rehearsal of my dance number I saw, in cold horror, that they were dragging prop steps out on the stage. 'Look, boys,' I said breaking out in goose pimples, 'I've learned on dry land.' Those steps scared me. I kept thinking I'd stumble and break a leg. I was terribly bad. They called a conference in the front office and were all for taking me out of the picture. But it seems that my plot scene had been shot so they couldn't take me out. So they had George White say to Phil Terry, 'Why that girl is no dancer,' and he was so right.

Jane is so serious about becoming a good actress (She likes to tell about the little starlet who said, 'I don't want to be an actress, I just want to be a movie star") that she goes three afternoons a week to take dramatic lessons from one of Hollywood's best coaches. Studies overtime at it. But she is not one to
bring Bernhardt into the living room. Jane is a very relaxed girl, with no pressures, and no burning desire to set the world on fire. She has an inferiority complex that, instead of being a bore to her friends as most i.c.'s are, is a joy and a delight. For instance, her voice.

She actually has a very nice singing voice. She sang in "Station West" with Dick Powell. But she likes to tell you about a meeting with a friend shortly after the picture was released. "Jane, he exclaimed dramatically, "what they did to you in that picture! You have such a good voice. Why don't you insist upon doing your own singing? The voice they dubbed in for yours was terrible. But that's Hollywood for you."

"I simply didn't have the heart to tell him," said Jane, "that I recorded that song for a whole day."

Jane has always been a girl for hobbies. At present her hobby is painting. But Picasso needn't get excited. Her best work so far has been on a straw hat and a pair of white satin evening slippers—both of which she proudly showed me, and I admired her handwork. The strawberries on the hat, she confessed, were sort of hybrid strawberries, and the slippers weren't exactly what she had had in mind. Seems that she couldn't buy any slippers to match a new evening gown for a certain party. So, late in the afternoon she decided to paint her white satin slippers. The only trouble, she said later, was that I didn't mix up enough paint on the tray, and had to keep mixing up a new batch. It never came out the same color. The slippers looked like Joseph's coat of many colors. Also, they didn't dry in time. So she spent all evening at the party with her feet stuck out awkwardly. Naturally people thought she was trying to show off something devastatingly expensive in new footwear—and they kept telling her, "What lovely hand-painted slippers, Jane!" Hand-painted, they were.

Before painting, her hobby was sewing. She bought a sewing machine and six easy lessons. But never got around to taking them. She proceeded to make over all her clothes, with shuddering results. One day she tackled her emblem stole. It has never been the same since. A very unathletic girl she once decided to have a go at tennis. "Tennis, anyone?" she thought would be a pleasant hobby. She went to Magnin and bought herself a jaunty outfit, shorts, T-shirt, cap and cashmere sweater to drape casually over her shoulders. She took three lessons. She was just getting the ball over the net when she decided there must be easier hobbies. For months, the expensive racquet to wave at friends as she drove along Sunset Boulevard in a convertible with the top down. The studio—she was doing cheese cake at the time—perverted her that she was positively dreamy in a white bathing suit. So Jane decided not to swim at all. But not for long. The best part of the pool, she is convinced, is the edge.

Jane excels at all indoor sports. She is a whiz at all card games, and plays solitaire for relaxation. She loves cross word puzzles and brain twisters. She likes parties and movies and practical jokes. She put over a very neat one on the director and producer of her latest picture. The dialogue called for someone to ask her, after ringing her phone, "Did I wake you?" Jane made up her own lines. "Oh no, you didn't wake me. I had to get up to answer the phone anyway!"

"It got by in the rushes," said Jane gleefully. "But they're bound to catch it before the preview."

She has two wonderful stories which she likes to tell on herself:

Jane is one of the few stars to arrive in Hollywood (Pasadena, that is) without fanfare. But don't blame that on Mr. Hughes. The Hughes Eastern office—Jane had been tested and signed by Hughes in the East—did very handsomely by Jane and her mother on their first trip to Hollywood. A drawing room on the Super Chief no less. Jane looked at the tickets and said, "What a waste of good money, when we need rehabilitation." For the price of the drawing room she bought a new suit for herself, and a coat for her mother, and two upper s on a strictly non de luxe train. The photographers and press agents met the Super Chief. She sent a wire that she had missed connections in Chicago.

After a year in Hollywood under contract to Mr. Hughes, she had no pictures. Jane decided that she'd better do something about breaking her contract. The War was on and Mr. Hughes was more interested in planes than in pictures. When Jane contacted his office they said all right she could buy back her contract if that was the way she felt about it. The price was $7,772 and Jane arranged to pay it in weekly installments of $82. Jane kicked in with two installments. Then she thought it over. Mr. Hughes was a multi-millionaire. He didn't need the $25 per. And she did, how she did! So she stopped paying. Nothing. But about a year later she met Mr. Hughes in a restaurant, and before she could say hello he inquired about his payments. Jane turned red and started to stammer. He smiled at her embarrassment and quietly assured her that he hadn't even expected her to make the first two payments.

After she broke her contract with Mr. Hughes she signed with RKO. So what happened? Mr. Hughes bought RKO lock, stock and barrel, and she's working for him again.

Jane has no patience with movie stars who consider themselves sensitive artists and above such mundane things as press and photographers. She is always agreeable and cooperative on an interview. She claims she loves to see her name in print. But she's not quite as bad a publicity hound as she was in the old days when she used to comb the columns and magazines for any little notice or an article about her. There was a starlet at MGM at that time named Jane Green who was getting around to all the nightclubs. She would get the
column breaks, but Jane would clip them anyway for her scrapbook, explaining to her friends, "Why, they spelled my name wrong. How careless of them."

She'll always have a tender spot for the photographers. Because there, she got her Hollywood contract. Jane was singing with an orchestra in Washington when a photographer suggested that she pose in the first uniforms issued to the WACS. The photographs appeared in a magazine. And three producers immediately sent their talent scouts to contact her.

"Why, I'm so eager to have my picture taken," Jane has told her photographer friends in nightclubs, "that I'll probably trip you if you don't take it."

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

men make one last desperate attempt to swing a victory for the near-defeated Confederacy by capturing the West. Instead, because they rescue a Yankee girl from Shoshones on the warpath, Errol and his men become primarily concerned with saving their own hides. The girl, Patrice Wymore, is engaged to a Yankee officer who comes searching for her with an entourage of three soldiers and three Indian scouts. Using Patrice as a decoy, the seven men are captured by Flynn, but two of the Indians are killed while trying to escape. The other gets back to his people and returns with hundreds of warriors bent on swift revenge. Based on an episode in American history, this shows the heroism of a handful of men whose mission was doomed from the start.

Cry Danger

Olympic—RKO

EXCITING, swift-paced thriller straight out of the hard-fisted, tough-talking school of mystery writing. Dick Powell has served five years of his life sentence for armed robbery and murder when Marine veteran Richard Erdman produces an alibi which shows Dick was innocent of the charge. With Dick free, several rather rotten characters, including menace William Con-

Wyoming Mail

Universal-International

WHAT with all the corrupt officials and underlings, according to this, it's a wonder early post offices ever got a toe-hold in the rough and ready West. Stephen McNally is hired by the postal chiefs to clean up some mighty dirty stickups that are threatening to ruin the newly installed mail-transportation-by-railroad. Steve pretends he's an escaped convict in order to facilitate getting to the top man of the mail-train mafarders. After copious close shaves, he gets his boys, and girl, too, in the person of Alexis Smith, saloon singer extraordinaire. Plenty of connivance, confusion and flatcuffs, after which McNally and his opponents look as if they've been liberally doused with catsup.—can't waste Technicolor, y'know.

Nothing Can Stop Bette!

Continued from page 26

industry, she remained unparalleled. However, the time can come when it's possible for studios and their stars to outgrow each other. When Bette felt she could no longer cope with conditions, she decided to move on. It wasn't an easy decision to make. For one thing, there was a reputed $200,000 per picture contract involved and rumors were rumbling that the Davis career was careening. They granted her request to be released. Parting was such sweet sorrow!

"I thought I'd have to wait at least a year," Bette confided to this writer, "before I'd find a good script. But instead of one—I found two! And now the most wonderful thing has happened. I believed in those scripts the way I used to believe when I made pictures like 'Jezebel,' 'Dark Victory,' 'The Letter,' 'The Corn Is Green'—to name a few. As a result, I have my self-respect as an actress again—something I lost when I had to play roles that weren't right in pictures that were wrong. Nothing can stop me from now on!"

One only has to look at Bette these days to know that nothing can stop her, perhaps from being even better than she ever was before. That "good egg" appellation was only the beginning of a local reaction to the prevalent Davis spirit. At 20th Century-Fox, where she made "All About Eve," co-workers and the working press discovered the Bette of old was back. Her sets (not necessarily closed at her request in the past) (Please turn to page 70)
**Tops In Movie Music**


**Other Toppers**

**Perry Como's** "Marrying For Love" and "The Best Thing For You" for Victor... Mary Martin and Arthur Godfrey's "A Rainy Day Re- frame" and "C'est Tout" for Columbia... Jo Stafford's "Autumn Leaves" and "Autumn In New York" for Capitol... Mills Brothers' "Thirsty For Your Kisses" and "Nevertheless" for Decca... Jack Finn's "Always You" and "Once In A Lifetime" for MGM... Bing Crosby-Patti Andrews' "If I Were A Bell" and "I've Never Been In Love Before" for Decca... Betty Hutton-Perry Como's "A Bushel And A Peck" and "She's A Lady" for Victor... Jack Smith's "Ca Va Ca Va" and "All My Love" for Columbia... Mel Torme's "Say No More" and "I Owe A Kiss To A Girl In Iowa" for Capitol... Billy Eckstine's "I'll Know" and "I've Never Been In Love Before" for MGM... Jan Garber's "Daddy's Little Boy" and "Loningly" for Capitol...

**Grab Bag**

"Yes! We Have No Bananas" and "Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula" by Spike Jones for Victor... Paul Weston's "Music For The Fireside" album for Capitol... Rosemary Clooney's "Where Do I Go From You" and "I'm The One Who Loves You" for Columbia... Phil Siptahny's "Lady Of Fatima" and "Ave Maria" for Victor... Lani McIntyre's "Hawaiian Nights" album for MGM... Joe Bushkin's "Piano Moods" for Columbia...

**Bert Brown**

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And so—through her own philosophy and good sense, by accepting which that ordinarily would have relegated the average actress to oblivion, Bette Davis remains unconquered. A truism if ever there was one, of course—Bette is NO average actress. An average actress, or even an average person, for example, never would have jeopardized her health as Bette did on her birthday last April. On this particular day, from screaming dialogue over loud machinery noises in "Story Of A Divorce," she broke a blood vessel in her throat. And with typical Davis humor she recalls:

"For me, NOT to be able to talk was the greatest 'role' I've ever played!"

Because her adopted sister Barbara had planned a party for her at the end of this exhausting studio day, Bette drove all the way to Laguna Beach. In a gay little Mexican restaurant that had been taken over for the evening, she went from table to table carrying a pad and pencil! Some forty odd friends were present and there wasn't a "name" in the group. Bette scribbled endless messages until smoke practically poured out of her pencil! Suddenly, her lovely mother stood up and made a brief speech:

"I just want to say," she announced, "that at this moment 42 years ago—Bette was born!"

When this story reached the unbelieving ears of certain aging actresses, they were so shocked they immediately called in their psychiatrists! They probably were further shocked when Bette agreed to have her little daughter Bee-Dee (Barbara) appear in "Story Of A Divorce." She had two worthy reasons. The first one was purely for sentiment's sake, because in later years the film would make a memorable Keepsake. According to Bette:

"I'm not one of those mothers who believes in hiding things from their child. I wanted Bee-Dee to know about my work, to understand what I meant when I said I had to go to the studio. Then she wouldn't wonder why other little girls' mothers were at home during the daytime, when hers wasn't. When I'm working, I always try to arrange for Bee-Dee to visit the set on Saturday."

"While she was "All About Eve" Bette divorced William Grant Sherry (who has since married their baby's former nursemaid) and met Gary Merrill. The first time she played a scene with the former New York stage actor, Bette turned to Director Joe Mankiewicz and said:

"This man is a fine actor. If he's handled right, he can become a very important star."

By the time the picture was finished, Gary, who had been close to it before he came to Hollywood, was divorced too. In keeping with her personal policy, Bette never discussed their romance, publically or otherwise. During the permisions, she was told nothing which could influence her to make a statement. It was Hollywood's general impression that she hung on to the point where her health and professional future were endangered. Of course, no one actually knows anything about it.

Bette became Mrs. Gary Merrill in what then was a charmingly called a "quickie" ceremony that took place in Juarez, Mexico. Unlike a few honeymooners we might mention, theirs neither began nor ended in the Mocambo! At Prouts Neck in Maine, where candid cameras are conspicuous by their absence, Bette and Gary actually accomplished a way of living that most people in Hollywood just talk about. At this writing plans for the future are uncertain. Gary has a picture to make in Germany. Bette may accompany him and accept one of those innumerable European offers. Then again she may make her next picture in Hollywood where every studio is after her. Of one thing we are sure. Now that she's discovered all over again that properly prepared scripts can be shot in thirty-three days without argument, it's the only way she'll do them.

A perfect example of the esteem held for Bette, is Barry Sullivan's reaction to working opposite her in "Story Of A Divorce." Because of his great admiration for the Davis talents, Barry literally devoted years to wishing he could make a picture with her. When Robert Young, who was originally assigned, stepped out of his role, Barry stepped in. Later he learned that Bette, who had seen him do a play with Eve Arden at the little Las Palmas Theatre in Hollywood had personally called MGM and asked if they had a part for him. The picture looked like a reward to Barry for all those early days of struggle, there was only one fly in the lovely ointment.

"Working with you is the greatest thing that ever happened to me," Barry told Bette one day on the set. "It makes up for some of those smellyroos I had to do, only now I think—I hate you!"
Cesar gasped for that pause that refreshes and remarked, “I have certainly had a very different time in Rome. The Romans driving those scooters down the street inspired me. I thought I was a kid again. I jumped on one and went for a ride, only to slide off when a horse and carriage and a motor bus both ran into my course. I skidded on my left arm like a baseball player sliding into base.” Indicating his bandages, he smiled and said, “I am still in the scooter age.”

I pretended I wasn’t aware that he had chosen to ignore my questions. There was time. I had heard he had been escorting Barbara Stanwyck on a sightseeing tour of Rome and—

“Yes,” Cesar smiled pleasantly, “I’ve known Barbara and Bob for years. With Bob working at Cinecitta on ‘Quo Vadis,’ Barbara said she’d go with me to see the Colosseum and Vatican City. We climbed up to the top of Michaelangel’s dome on St. Peter’s. Last night I joined some fifty thousand Holy Year Pilgrims and stood two and a half hours to glimpse the Pope. My cousin is a Franciscan monk and we were able to join a New England group of Pilgrims who were seated right by the Pope’s throne. I held out my hand with my Rosary and His Holiness put his hand on mine and blessed them. He is a wonderful man.” Cesar remarked, “The heat and the long wait after that scooter accident suddenly caused me to feel faint. I thought this will never do for me. I came home here immediately really feeling off the beam. ’I had planned to see the film festival at Venice today. They are running my last picture, ‘Once A Thief,’ which William Wilder produced and in which June Havoc also appears. However, here I am, and Wednesday I have to be in London to finish ‘Happy Go Lucky.’ I’ll be glad to get back to Hollywood. I miss my friends and family.”

“Any certain person you’ll be very glad to see?”

Cesar laughed.

“Certainly, my mother. I had a letter from her today. News from home—the death of Lamarr Trotti’s son in an accident. The boy only 18. It was a terrible tragedy. Trotti is a producer at 20th Century-Fox. But good news about Ann Sothern, who is at Ocean House for a change and the sea air. And—”

“ ‘Yes?’ I prodded gently.

“ ‘Hmmm,’ Cesar sighed, admitting defeat in this subtle by-play. ‘I have a home in Brentwood with my whole family living with me. Father and Mother and my two sisters and my niece and nephews and various pets. I miss them all.’

“But surely there must be one woman—”

“ ‘Well, yes,’ he finally admitted. ‘And, surprising as it sounds, I had to go to England this Summer to find out how I felt—although I probably knew in my heart that she was the one all along. We bachelors are cautious to the extent that we secretly are so afraid of being ensnared in the heart department, that we pretend even to ourselves that falling in love is something we will never do.
Sure, we say it is a great life, but that is because we have nothing better to offer ourselves. I knew in London when I saw this girl who reminded me of her that there was and always would be only one woman I would love. I discovered that she has always been in my heart and always will be. It was not love at first sight. Our romance was the kind that had no beginning that I can recall, and no end. We were engaged for two years. Though I shall never be sentimental or pretend the luxury of discussing our romance, it will probably be in my heart until I die.

"I knew it fully when I saw this girl, her daughter, in London. You see this romance happened twenty years ago. I was a dancer in New York, dancing at the St. Regis Roof, as well as other well-known spots. I had girl dancing partners, but I was only 23 and I had never fallen in love. And then I met her. She was Marion Harris, a well-known singer. I have only to close my eyes to see her wide eyes, her rather sensitive, serious mouth, her both defenseless and independent attitude. She had a daughter, then nine years of age. My prospects did not guarantee security. Then something happened that seemed, given time, would come out well. I found myself, to my surprise, in pictures. Life hurried on—and suddenly she died.

"She was a lovely woman. I never knew anyone to be quite like her. As the years sped by, I kept thinking I'd meet someone like her, but I never have. This Summer, I became a father. My daughter in London and knew then I never would marry.

"It was strange," Cesar continued, "meeting Mary Ellen, who looks exactly like her mother. The same radiance, the same smile, the same facial expressions, the same mannerisms. She too is now singing and doing well in London. She is known professionally as Marion Harris, Jr. When I called to invite her to dine, she was gracious, but naturally she could not know what was going through my mind as I sat opposite her. It was just like sitting opposite her mother—the same light gay voice. I would never tell her what I would give if she were only her mother. She was more fun than anyone I ever knew—happier in love, quicker to laugh, and with all of her poise and beauty she was half childlike in her eager interest in everything. She never was bored. But all of this I kept to myself as I sat there watching Mary Ellen, who is her mother. Of course, Mary Ellen thinks of me only as an old friend of her mother's of years ago."

Cesar might be quite mistaken. Mary Ellen might well regard him, like every woman who meets him, off-screen or sees him in pictures, as a most arresting and fascinating bachelor. But Cesar smiled and said, "No, of course not."

For those few moments we had discussed what she was, his heart, and now he was eager to end it. He seemed almost embarrassed and concluded, "That is it. I shall never marry. Never. Why, all of my friends, the people I've known all of these years in Hollywood—out of all of them, only one couple is still married: Julie and George Murphy. They've all tried. Believe me, they have tried. No one tried to make a success of their marriage more than Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling. But when two wonderful people can't get along, then it is better that they separate. The tragic side is the ending when they feel that they have failed their child, because they could not make the adjustment to each other's temperaments.

"She is such a wonderful girl," Cesar said, "She has been so ill this past year, and with the illness came the customary melancholy, typical with the nature of her illness. I was at the same hospital for an appendectomy and I could hear poor little Ann sobbing heart-brokenly from her room down the corridor. I'd hustle down and sit with her trying to offer her comfort, but it was no help for her recovery and boost her morale. And Bob is certainly a fine fellow. I received a happy letter from him in London. I introduced him to Clinton Stonier's (the Sunset Haberdasher) daughter, Beverly. She is a beautiful girl, and for a while I thought it might become a serious relationship.

According to Cesar, the average couple in Hollywood really try harder than the average American newlyweds to make a success of marriage. The reason being they have many more obstacles to surmount, living in the scope of gossip columns who pick up the slightest misdeeds to heap them as divorce rumors. Then there are the hazards of independence, irregular working hours, too much money, inflation of ego through high-powered publicity, and the demands of the limelight.

"Most of the girls in Hollywood are just like all women; they prefer to have a husband who loves them and who shares their life. But you take the big stars: they are personalities. No matter how much they try not too—soon they are dominating home life and their husbands. If a guy rebels, stands up for his manly rights, there is conflict and friction. If he doesn’t he becomes a beaten-down-person that they can no longer respect. That’s the way it is. Virginia Bruce is an intelligent girl. I saw her and her Ali Param and their small son, Christopher, in London on their way to Turkey where they will make their home. That is his country and Virginia wisely chose to live his life, because she sincerely wants to be a wife, and not a movie star. Most women eventually have to make that choice.

"London is great—so many American people," Cesar said. "As you know, Ty Power and Linda Christian live down the street from me on Salt Air Avenue in Brentwood. I escorted Linda and Ty’s mother, Patia Power, on the opening night of ‘Mister Roberts’ at the Coliseum Theatre. Ty was great and the show went like a million. Angela Lansbury and Peter Shadrack and Ben Lyon, the Ben Goetzes, the David Nivens, Beatrice Lily and Helen Hayes were in the audience. It was a great night. There was a big party afterwards given by the producer, but
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I had an early call the next morning so I took Linda and Patia to the party and left.

"Then why are you so anxious to return to Hollywood?" I asked. "To escape seeing Mary Ellen?"

"Mary Ellen never gives me a thought," Cesar replied. "Don't misunderstand, I have no crush on Mary Ellen—just the woman who was so like her years ago."

And then with finality, as though the subject was closed for once and all—"This Rome—what a place. I told my cousin I'd like to go swimming. We went down to the railroad station to catch the train for Anzio Beach. We boarded the nine o'clock train at eleven. After sitting two hours, we were told it was scheduled to leave at one. All of the Italian families aboard were opening their lunch boxes and eating their sandwiches and salami and fruit. But then perhaps that is the way to live, leisurely, that is if you haven't any place to go in a hurry."

That afternoon I called Cesar to ask him how he was feeling.

"I'm going out to get a breath of fresh air," he said. "Want to go for a ride in a carriage up Via Veneto?"

I thought that would be fun and agreed. But once we were in the carriage, the streets filled. People followed us like a parade. "Signor Romero," they yelled in salute. Cesar went cheerfully on his way, a bachelor, fancy free and unattached.

Post-Holiday Pickups

Continued from page 51

ARRIVING on your favorite cosmetic counter just as you read these lines is Tussy's Medicated Lotion. This special formula deals specifically with the bumps and blemishes that plague adolescent skins and intermittently afflict most others. You can use Medicated Lotion on individual spots or apply it evenly as you would any powder foundation. As a matter of fact, by reducing oiliness, it makes a particularly desirable powder base for excessively oily skins. There are two shades keyed to blend with the majority of skin tones. One is a soft, light pink, suitable for the lighter shades of face powder—Shade 2 has a deeper glow and should be worn under darker powder.

THE big news from Richard Hudnut has to do with their Home Permanent—a new Neutralizer Booster to be used with the regular Richard Hudnut Neutralizer that comes in the wave kit. The Booster is packed in a separate envelope and is to be added to the regular solution to speed up and strengthen the permanizing of your waves and curls. You'll find this new beauty bonus in all the Hudnut Wave or Refill kits from now on.

TO ONE yet has succeeded in dreaming up anything to take the place of a really good complexion brush—the kind that gets in those little nook spots around your nose and mouth. The Prophylactic Brush Company is making a new one with silk-like prolon bristles—soft enough for a sensitive skin yet sturdy enough to cleanse and stimulate. The brush is small and conveniently egg-shaped—comes with a plastic back in ivory, light pink and blue.

WHERE TO BUY SSCREENLAND FASHION SELECTIONS

(Shown on pages 48 and 49)

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Pomeroy's, Inc., Reading, Pa.
Tische-Goettlinger Co., Dallas, Texas
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C. C. Anderson, Idaho Falls, Idaho
M. E. Blatt Co., Atlantic City, N. J.
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Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Kerr Dry Goods Co., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Broadway Dept. Store, Pasadena, Calif.
Kaufman's, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Meier & Frank, Portland, Oregon
Wallace Co., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
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Hale Bros., Sacramento, Cal.
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.
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The Emperium, San Francisco, Calif.
The White House, San Francisco, Calif.
L. Hart & Son, San Jose, Cal.
Wallace Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
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S. P. Dunham Co., Trenton, N. J.
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(For Susy Perette dress #247 see page 72)
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WHEN THEY FOUND THEY COULD PLAY

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I did not know a single note of music, but now I can play any song in any key or tempo. Each lesson was so easy to understand. I'm sure anyone can learn to play the U. S. School Way.

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Production Manager

KAY BRUNELL  
Fashion Editor

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First Run Features

Males, Marriage And Me. ............................. Ruth Roman 22

Don't Be The Life Of The Party! .................... Ben Maddox 26

Let's Talk About The Ladies ...................... Kate Hollday 31

If I Were Queen Of Hollywood ..................... Shelley Winters 36

Keeping Up Romance After Marriage ............. Robert Peel 40

Gentleman With A Problem ......................... Louis Reid 46

Record Roundup .......................... Bert Brown 70

Exclusive Color Photos

Richard Widmark, starring in “Halls Of Montezuma” 28

Paula Raymond, starring in “Grounds For Marriage” 32

Joan Fontaine, starring in “September Affair” 34

The Hollywood Scene

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About! ............ Lynn Bowers 6

Your Guide To Current Films .......................... Rahna Maughan 12

Newscr. ................................................. Jamison 19

Once A Hoofer (James Cagney and Virginia Mayo) 24

A Welcome Change (Richard Widmark) ............... 29

A New Life For Errol (Errol Flynn) .................. 30

Plaudits For Paula (Paula Raymond) ............... 33

Unhappy Joan (Joan Fontaine) ....................... 38

Where Others Have Failed ........................... 43

Cocktails For Isa ....................................... 42

Paradise For Debra (Debra Paget) ................... 43

A Great Actor Returns (Laurence Olivier) .......... 44

SCREENLAND Salutes Irene Dunne .................... 50

For Femmes Only

Fashion Selections That Don’t “Break The Bank” .... Kay Brunell 48

Personalize Your Legs .................................. 52

For A Happy Valentine ................................ 54

ON THE COVER, ESTHER WILLIAMS, STARRING IN THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER FILM, “THE PAGAN LOVE SONG”

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En route to Connecticut to visit her mother, Gene Tierney shows off her young Christina.

personation of the latter is a cooked-up publicity stunt or the genuine article. Whichever, it's the best one since the heyday of the Jack Benny-Fred Allen vendetta.

If all goes well, Jimmy Stewart will be a papa in May and maybe the little stranger will arrive on his birthday—both Jimmy and Gloria hope. Mr. S. is crazy about his wife's two sons by her former marriage.

Well, finally, the Joan Fontaine-Bill Dozier divorce hassle is all settled and in the mill. Joan filed for the papers on her return from a mad New York whirl, resumed her dating with Collier Young, who used to be married to Ida Lupino, while Bill started escorting Linda Darnell around the glammer spots. Linda, of course, recently pfft with cameraman Pev Marley.

Kimball Austin Gage, the second son of Esther Williams and Ben Gage, arrived on the scene six weeks ahead of schedule. Seems his ma and pa had just

Bette Davis and daughter, Barbara, entrain to join Cary Merrill, away on film location.
"Scrubbing my hands constantly, in order to keep them "hospital clean," could easily make them look red and ugly," says Jean Crow, Registered Nurse of Baltimore, Maryland.

"But my hands don't show the harsh treatment they undergo," she continues. "I use Noxzema throughout the day to help keep my hands looking soft and smooth."

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Money-Back Offer! Try medicated Noxzema on your hands tonight. If you don't see definite improvement in 24 hours—return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.

Mrs. J. I. Ransome, Dallas housewife, says: "Cleaning, washing and cooking used to leave my hands looking rough, and feeling dry and uncomfortable. But now, Noxzema medicated hand care helps keep them looking lovely! I use Noxzema as my regular hand cream—and think it's wonderful!"

Winona McClure, Denver schoolteacher, says: "My druggist first recommended Noxzema for chapped hands—and it's been my regular hand cream ever since. In spite of schoolwork and the chores I do at home every day, medicated Noxzema helps keep my hands looking soft and nice."

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER!
Regular 40¢ size NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM now only 29¢ plus tax Limited Time Only at drug or cosmetic counters
What's best for removing lipstick?
- Towels
- Tissues
- Kleenex Tissues

Why spot your towels? Let a gentle Kleenex tissue smooth away lipstick. Unlike ordinary tissues, Kleenex is soft as a kiss, yet remarkably strong. Saves trouble, laundry bills.

Kleenex ends waste - saves money...
1. INSTEAD OF MANY...
2. YOU GET JUST ONE...
3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX
America's Favorite Tissue

To help stockings last longer —
- Lady, be seated
- Wear round garters
Don't let garter-pull strain your nylons. Fasten while in a sitting position to avoid future hosiery strain, runs, or when seated. And cover garter clasps with Kleenex. Saves stockings, money.

Want
Lovelier Hips?

“Trim-me” Pants 398
- Sensational new easy way to have lovelier hips, thighs, legs.
- The way Hollywood's Stars do it.
- No pills or medicines.
- Wear as you work, play or sleep.
- Healthful steam-bath effect, without heat discomfort.
- Virgin Vinyl, no skin irritation.
- Works only on parts of body covered.
- Wear over shorts, etc.
- One size for men or women, fits up to 54” waist.
- Good looking metallic opaque colors.
- Money-Back Guarantee.
- Patent Pending.

ORDER BY MAIL FROM Betty Coed of Hollywood

Send for FREE Fashion Booklet

START NOW... ORDER NOW!
Betty Coed of Hollywood, Dept. 75-SL
Rush me your Money-Back Guaranteed “Trim-me” Pants at 3.98 per pair. After wearing them for 10 days, if I am not satisfied in any way you agree to refund my money.

QUANTITY — Payment enclosed □ C.O.D. □
NAME __________________________
ADDRESS _________________________
CITY ______ ZONE ______ STATE ______

Joseph Cotten and Joan Fontaine in tender moment in the exciting “September Affair.”

Cyrano de Bergerac
United Artists

SCREEN adaptation of the Broadway hit of the same name. Then, as now, Jose Ferrer, dons the oversized nose, which is the trademark of Cyrano, to do some of the finest emoting yet to flicker across the silver screen. Name it: comedy, tragedy, pathos, passion, and Ferrer can reach up to the highest note of any of these and present it to you with a masterful flourish. A man with less fortitude and courage than Cyrano would have hidden himself and his enormous

David Brian and John Agar in the stirring realistic “Breakthrough,” indictment of war.
Are you in the know?

Can you remedy cold, red hands with —
- Open-air workouts
- Mittens
- Lotion

If Winter turns your mitts to icy "lobster claws"—chances are, your circulation needs recharging. Get more outdoor exercise. Swap tight gloves for warm, wool mittens that give your fingers wiggle-room. And use hand lotion, faithfully. (Did you guess all 3 answers were right?) On certain days, you don't have to guess which Kotex absorbency's right for you. Try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super—(different sizes, for different days). See which answers your needs!

For some gals, which style demands special grooming?
- Horseshoe neckline
- Bowing sleeves
- Pleated skirts

Squires soon tire of gals who perspire and don't do something about it! Use underarm deodorants; dress shields. And with batting sleeves, you can wear a bra with built-in shields: special precaution to save your dress, your daintiness. At "calendar" time, smooth grooming's no problem—when you let Kotex banish revealing outlines. With those special, flat pressed ends no telltale outlines show. You can flaunt any smart new fashion—minus a single secret qualm!

How to straighten out a feud you started?
- Make the first move
- Wait for him to call
- Try the weeping technique

You blow your top. And you're sorry—even before you hear the door slam. Well, tell him so, in a little note. Or ask the crowd over and include your bitter half. If that doesn't fetch him, why knock yourself out? Tame worth it... any more than it is to fret over trying days' woes. You needn't, for Kotex gives you the extra protection of an exclusive safety center. A Kotex feature that guards against accidents; spares you "those" nagging cares.

If you're conversation-shy in a crowd, what helps overcome it?
- Take a public-speaking course
- Avoid gong gatherings
- Go in for sports

Your sound track fails you in "parlor" chatter? Join a sports group. Go skating. Bowling... (who can be a dumb belle when she scores a strike?) Hop on a snow train... and look who's talking! You, leading the yacketty-yak about ski lessons, boots, waxes.

Have you tried Delsey?
Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

And once in the sports whirl don't be a quitter. On difficult days, choose Kotex for comfort... downy softness that holds its shape because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. (Comfort and confidence are team-mates!)

How to prepare for "certain" days?
- Circle your calendar
- Perk up your wardrobe
- Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting... non-curving. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt now. (Why not buy two—for a change?)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

If you're experience any problem with Kotex, circle your name for service. Kotex, the Kotex Corporation, 1201 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.
Non-Smear Lipstick
Won't Eat Off-Bite Off-Kiss Off!

HERE IT IS! The entirely new-kind-of-lipstick that won't come off on cups, glasses, cigarettes, teeth — or the object of your affection! HAZEL BISHOP is the only lipstick that stays on and on until you take it off! There's nothing like it!

TODAY GET HAZEL BISHOP'S revolutionary NON-SMEAR, LASTING LIPSTICK in your most flattering shade. More economical, too—you use it only once or twice a day! Only $1. You must be delighted, or your money back!

Hazell Bishop
LASTING LIPSTICK
HAZEL BISHOP, INC. * 745 FIFTH AVE. * NEW YORK 22, N.Y

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

[Continued from page 10]

which, oddly enough, is being filmed in Australia. We might add—and we will—that on Pete the beard looks kinda cute. * * *

Missy Irene Dunne was about to snap the last lock shut on her trunks for a return trip to England when she was called back to RKO by bossman Howard Hughes for a couple of added scenes in Harriet Parsons' comedy, "Never A Dull Moment." For a spell it was touch and go, but Irene

Dennis O'Keefe and his wife, Stoffi, hand holding at the "Red White And Blue Revue." finally got gone, made the boat, and had a real fine time taking some well deserved bows for her performance in "The Mudlark."

* * *

Seems like Cary Grant and his Mrs. are planning another picture together at Warners. It'll be the first as a team since they did "Every Girl Should Be Married" and the new one is tagged "Room For One More." Well, Cary's always willing to find room for one more picture on his crowded schedule, even though he doesn't always get around to making them all.

* * *

Blonde, sophisticated Constance Bennett's back in town for a movie at 20th. For the last couple years she's nixed pix, preferring to be with her husband, Colonel John Coulter, who's stationed in Germany. Another actor signed for this one, called "Will You Love Me In December," is Monte Woolley and he's been AWOL from the screen for a considerable spell. Just for variety, David Wayne, a boy who's done nothing but make pictures, has joined this pair of "newcomers."

* * *

One of the newer two-ers in Hollywood are Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger and they hope to settle down for a few (Please turn to page 68)

Partygoers Eleanor Parker and her husband, Bert Friedlob. Her next film's "Valentina."

A lot of girls in Hollywood would love a date with Ronald Reagan, but a lass from New York, Monica Lewis, was squired by Ronnie to gala "Red White And Blue Revue" of American Legion.

Together for Billy Daniels' debut at the Coconut Grove are Bob Sterling, Shirley Smith. Bob had returned to Hollywood to appear opposite Ava Gardner in "Show Boat" for MGM.
Suzy Perette

SENSATIONAL SPRING HIT!

Wear it as

AN ENSEMBLE,
SEPARATE COAT, or
SEPARATE DRESS!

$25 the outfit

Rustling rayon taffeta coat with rayon polka dot trim that matches graceful polka dot casual dress.

Coat can be worn belted, semi-belted or unbelted... detach collar and cuffs to make a perfect all-occasion coat!

Dress worn separately, ideal for days and dates! In navy and white, or black and white.
Sizes 10 to 20.

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Eagerly Awaited... Widely Acclaimed...

AT LAST IT IS HERE!

20th Century Fox's

THE MUDLARK

The story of the kid who wanted to sit on the Queen's throne!

The heart-warming motion picture that takes you up the back stairs of Windsor Castle ... and into the delightful scandal that changed the course of empire!

with ALEC GUINNESS - ANDREW RAY - BEATRICE CAMPBELL - FINLAY CURRIE

Directed by JEAN NEGULESCO Produced by NUNNALLY JOHNSON

Screen Play by NUNNALLY JOHNSON Based on the Novel by Theodore Bonnet
A distinguished audience, including Sir Laurence Olivier, his wife, Vivien Leigh and Ronald Colman, turned out for the formal premiere of the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. Laurence couldn't shave because the stubble was necessary for role in "Carrie."

Below: Also among the film celebrities attending the Ballet opening were Clark Cable and his wife, the former Lady Ashley. The Ballet was a sensational success in Los Angeles as elsewhere. Clark had just completed "Across The Wide Missouri," in color, at Durango, Colorado.

NEWSREEL

Rosalind Russell and her husband, Fred Brisson, arriving with Gregory Peck, back in good health, and his wife for the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Shrine Auditorium.

Below: Studying the program before the performance begins at Auditorium are Anne Baxter and her husband, John Hodiak.
Many Hollywood personages turned out to pay tribute to Sadler's Wells Ballet Company on opening night. Here are Louis Hayward, Greer Garson, Agent Mike Levee.

Shelley Winters with Dan Dailey at the premiere of "Harvey." Surprised Hollywood wondered if he were paying court to Shelley.

No one but Harvey would rate all this attention. Here, Western thespian Bill Boyd and his pretty wife stop to admire him.

Happy looking Paul Douglas at the "Harvey" event. Jan Sterling's future includes making Paramount's "Rhubarb."
Ezio Pinza, almost a legend himself due to "South Pacific," is made welcome by fabulous Harvey on evening of the rabbit's film debut. With them is Mrs. Pinza.

Conferring across an empty seat at the Sadler's Wells opening are Ida Lupino and Pat Neal. Pat's reverted to her natural hair color, brown, for film, "Raton Pass."

Something of a sensation was caused at "Harvey" by Ruth Roman with Swedish twins, Gustaf and Bertil Ungar. They're writers.

Sadler's Wells enthusiasts were Gene Tierney, Michael Graham, Joseph Cotten and his wife. A warm reception was accorded the Ballet's stars, Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann and Moira Shearer, the ballerina who appeared in the beautiful English-made film, "The Red Shoes."
Males, Marriage And Me!

By Ruth Roman

"If I can make a go of a film career, I believe I can find a man of my own, and a marriage that will be my reward for being a woman who wants to fulfill herself in every way"
You know that shiver of excitement when you suddenly look new? A delirious dress can do it... or a once-in-a-million hair-do... that lift sends you dancing up to the stars. That's exactly the way you'll feel when you first wear Dream Stuff.

This brand new make-up is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff—it clings for hours. Tuck it in your purse—it can't spill! 4 dreamy shades.

Woodbury DREAM STUFF

New! Tinted Foundation and Powder in one!
Loretta Young in the wedding scene in her new 20th Century film, "Half Angel."

With Joseph Cotten in "Half Angel." Join in the fun, but don't overdo it, says Loretta.

"You're on the wrong track if you think you must be something you're not," says Loretta Young

By Ben Maddox

"It takes quite awhile for us to recognize that, socially, we actually don't need a variety of talents."

Don't Be The Life Of The Party!
DO YOU want to be much more popular as both a guest and a host? Then listen to Loretta Young. I don't know of anyone in Hollywood who shines more brightly in each capacity.

"Who wants to be the life of the party if you mean being that awful bore who tries to dominate everything?" Loretta asked me when I appealed to her for the secrets of her social success. "If you think you must be something you're not in order to receive the invitations you want, you're off on the wrong track at the outset. That's the way to get laughed at and talked about behind your back. You don't make a smashing impression by going all-out conspicuous. Being loud speaking and trying to steal the attention of all the men present is foolish behavior.

"On the other hand, you can't be passive if you want to be popular," Loretta will hasten to add—also that she does not see herself as an authority on this subject. Loretta has much too active a sense of humor to stand up on a pedestal and spout advice. I had to guarantee her I wouldn't make her sound like an oracle if I quoted her. So let's keep the record straight. She isn't handing out a lot of stuffy rules. She's talking frankly from her own experience.

(Please turn to page 58)
Battle strategy is mapped by Dick Widmark and other Marines in "Halls Of Montezuma."

Ladies do not shrink from off-screen Widmark, here with Marion Marshall.


A WELCOME CHANGE

RICHARD WIDMARK, who excels all comers in the portrayal of despicable heels, shows us his softer side in "Halls Of Montezuma." Not that there is anything soft about a hell-for-leather Marine Lieutenant, which Widmark plays in the production; it's simply that he will epitomize the field officer who is not alone concerned with disciplining his men, but who feels a responsibility for their welfare, compassion for their problems. As a man trying to hold his harrased platoon together long enough to take a Pacific island from the Japs, he'll enlist sympathy instead of the usual boos.

Right: With little notice, he subbed on Screen Guild Players, with Teresa Wright.

The dynamic Widmark used to teach dramatics and speech at Lake Forest University.
A New Life
For Errol

Left: In India for MGM’s “Kim,” Errol cropped his hair, wore dark makeup, visited local maharajas.

Errol is very proud of Sean, Deirdre and little Rory. He was especially glad when Pat and his children became fast friends at their first meeting.

In this scene from “Kim,” with Laurette Luez, you can see why Errol will always be good box-office.

Because Errol Flynn was apparently endowed, at birth, with a picturesque personality he just can’t remain out of the news for long. And he’s survived plenty of bad publicity because his friends know and his fans instinctively sense that Errol is a likeable and delightful guy whose shortcomings are outweighed by his good qualities. That’s why he has many a well-wisher now that he’s found a new and genuine happiness with Pat Wymore.

Errol and Patrice, married last Fall in Monte Carlo, plan to spend a lot of time on island of Jamaica.

With I. A. Hafejee, the technical advisor on “Kim,” he partakes of cast member Dean Stockwell’s birthday cake.
To Stewart, Deborah Kerr, his co-star of MGM’s “King Solomon’s Mines,” is lovely looking and possessed of enormous courage.

Let’s Talk About
The Ladies

Seven girls have made a deep impression on urbane Englishman, Stewart Granger

By Kate Holliday

With Jean Simmons, the lady who’s most important to him, at Stork Club. “She’s the most unspoiled girl I’ve ever met.”

Englishwomen are shyer, more reserved than Americans but, says Stewart; “A beautiful dame is a beautiful dame no matter what country she is in.”

How can I talk about women?” Stewart Granger asked, plaintively. “Recently, I haven’t been in one place long enough to meet any!"

We had to admit there was justice in what the big guy said. We looked at him across a room in the Beverly Hills Hotel, and decided that the women had had a definitely bad break.

He was sprawled sideways in a deep chair, his feet on a coffee table, his huge body clad in slacks and a red-and-white cotton shirt. His almost Romanesque head was thrown back, and his dark eyes were laughing at us.

He picked up a cigarette and lit it.

“You know, it’s funny,” he declared. “The columnists out here have made me into a tremendous wolf. According to them, all I do is pursue lovely ladies night and day. And that is most amusing to me, for two reasons.

“First, I’ve been in this town, in Hollywood, so short a time that I hardly know anyone. I was here a few weeks some months ago, and I’ve been here now a few days. Leaving again tomorrow. So, if I am a wolf,” he added, his mouth twisted into a grin, “I certainly work fast!

“And then, too,” he went on, “all the dates I have had here have come about because someone knew I was lonely. I’d go to the studio and somebody would ask me, in that wonderful friendly manner of Americans, if I had something (Please turn to page 62)
Paula Raymond and Robert Taylor in a tender scene in "Devil's Doorway." Paula was so good in her first film she was given lead in this.

Right: With Van Johnson in her latest, "Grounds For Marriage." She studied art of acting with Little Theatre and Shakespearean groups.

**Plaudits For Paula**

A NEWCOMER who's gradually but surely edging her way to stardom is pert Paula Raymond. Spotted on a TV program, Paula was given a screen test by MCM and promptly assigned to a small part in "Adam's Rib." She handled this so deftly the studio rushed her into a featured role in "Devil's Doorway." Then she did "Crisis" and "Grounds For Marriage." There's no mistake about it, this striking young beauty has the stuff of which movie stars are made.

The versatile Paula can play light or dramatic roles equally well. Here she is in a gay scene with John Lund in "Duchess Of Idaho."

Another scene in "Grounds For Marriage." Paula's a tall girl (5' 6½''), with brown hair, and changeable blue grey-green eyes.
Unhappy Joan

Ever since her separation from producer William Dozier, which she took rather hard, Joan Fontaine has led a different kind of life—busier and fuller, both professionally and socially. She has made a picture in Europe, she's made one in Hollywood, she does radio shows, she's seen at all the smart places, gives big parties and has her name linked with various men-about-town. Underneath it all though, Joan is still the same loving and devoted mother to little Deborah Dozier, her two-year-old daughter. Joan and Bill had not done anything about a divorce since neither of them had any marriage plans. But in November Joan filed. She's been dating Collier Young rather steadily of late so who knows but what he may be her next.

Joan is devoted mother and manages to spend much time with her young daughter, Debbie.

In a merry group at El Morocco in New York are Joan, Alberto Dodero and Ginny Sims.

Right: Joan gets bussed by William Powell while emoting on Screen Guild radio show.

Constance Moore affectionately greets Joan, her hostess at gay party in Connie's honor.
Shelley Winters plays the queen of a colorful gambling establishment in "Frenchie," her latest opus for Universal-International.

She enjoys a temporary supremacy over Marie Windsor in this battle scene from "Frenchie."

Decisive Shelley tells what Farley Granger's fate would be if she reigned in Hollywood.

By Shelley Winters
"I'd stir up things," announces Shelley, who has some startling innovations she'd like to bring to filmtown

HERE'S what I'd do.

There'd be some changes made!

First, I'd take pity on the poor actors. Poor? Yes, that's what the queen said. If you really think the actors are pampered in Hollywood, you can be my court fool.

Every time an actor gets a movie name everything suddenly, immediately costs $20 more—and up until you owe you, which is a horrible discovery. I'd put everyone with something to sell an actor on the honor system, and off with the head of every greedy gyp artist!

I'd order a superb stage theatre built in a plaza to be cleared in the center of Hollywood. This place reeks with talent that needs a showcase. No one can do their best unless the circumstances are favorable. Appearances in plays could be made only by those who passed the eagle eyes of a board of drama experts. All screen tests would be abolished, for with a new play presented to the public each night every actor in town would get a chance to prove himself in the type of roles for which he aims. I don't see how anyone can make a good screen test. The accompanying tension is too great, and you can't (Please turn to page 61)

"All screen tests would be abolished," decrees Miss Winters; she doesn't think anyone can do his best under the high tension of a test. Here, she's with Joel McCrea in "Frenchie.

First and foremost of Shelley's royal whims would be to better fellow actors' condition.
Jeanne Crain and husband, Paul Brinkman, with their three sons. Paul, Jr., who's almost four, Michael Anthony just two, and Timothy Peter born in August.

Paul, Jr., opens door for his heavily-laden ma. Jeanne does own marketing. When Paul is home he minds the boys, helps to feed them and bathe them.
Where Others Have Failed...

ONE of the happiest and most successful of all Hollywood marriages is that of Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman. They seem to have found the utopia sought by many young couples. What is it that has made their marriage so wonderful, so lasting, so permanent? Have they discovered a magic formula? Could it be Jeanne's deep spiritual quality? Or is it because they understand each other, are devoted to each other, enjoy doing things together? When Jeanne married Paul some five years ago she said her marriage would always come first with her. Many others have said the same thing and with the same amount of earnestness yet their marriages failed. Perhaps Jeanne is more determined. What is more likely, though, is that she has learned that only a shared life can lead to real happiness.
THE New York customs official pointed at Glenn Ford and whispered to his subordinate, "That guy hasn't only rocks in his head, he's got 'em in his bags, too."

The subordinate shrugged his shoulders. "What do you expect from a Hollywood actor!"

For the past fifteen minutes they had been through a nerve grinding session with Glenn. When asked to declare his dutiable items, Glenn had listed a bottle of perfume, a handmade scarf, a lace handkerchief, a few other incidentals. But going through his luggage, the officials had discovered a heavy carton of rocks. All shapes. All colors.

"What's that?" they had inquired suspiciously.

In "The Flying Missile." During War, letters he wrote to Elli kept their love warm as ever.

Glenn scratched behind his right ear and looked at them sheepishly. "Why—rocks, of course."

"Where did you get 'em?"

Glenn pointed at an oval shaped, greyish brown granite. "This one I picked up on the summit of Europe's highest mountain, the Mont Blanc." Lifting up another, "This one is from Cournajours. This one from the banks of the Seine in Paris. This ..."

"Never mind, Mr. Ford." The official sounded a little sarcastic. "Tell me, just why are you lugging down rocks from Europe's highest mountain? Fishing them out of oceans? Picking them up from river beds?"

Glenn told him about the rockpile he and his wife Eleanor were accumulating behind their Beverly Hills home. Rocks from all the places they had visited together. Mexico. Canada. Montana. How these rocks brought back romantic memories. And finally, why he had decided to take some rocks back from Europe although his wife hadn't been along. "Take this one," Glenn said, pointing at the Mont Blanc granite. "Just imagine the thrill of picking it up on Europe's highest mountain. But that'll be nothing compared to the thrill of telling Elli about it. Elli is Mrs. Ford," he explained.

The official was still doubtful. "What are you going to do with all the rocks?"

Apparentl, Glenn's explanation about a projected barbecue he was going to build with them didn't satisfy the official. He disappeared. (Please turn to page 67)
The family—Glenn, Peter and Eleanor. She hopes that Peter will be like his father.

Glenn Ford is one Hollywood leading man who knows how to live up to his romantic reputation in private life, as you'll discover from this story of his life with Elli

By Robert Peer

To Glenn romance in a marriage consists of more than just remembering anniversaries.

The dashing way he courted Dorothy Malone in “Convicted” wasn’t merely make-believe.
Cocktails For Isa

WHEN foreign star Isa Miranda arrived in Hollywood, Producer Fred Finklehoff held a cocktail party in her honor to which many of your film favorites were invited. Isa has starred in many European films, including "Walls Of Malapaga," her latest, now being shown here. She is in this country to make an American film. Isa was born in Milan, Italy, and has been in pictures since 1933.

Left: Joan Evans, Isa Miranda and Tony Curtis at Finklehoff fete. Tony gets his first starring role in "The Prince Who Was A Thief."

Below: A light for Shelley Winters from Anthony Quinn. He's now in "The Brave Bulls."

Below: Larry Parks, his wife, Betty Garrett, Olga San Juan, her husband, Edmond O'Brien, and David Wayne among those toasting the talents of Isa. David's starring in "Up Front."

Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis and Joan Evans. Janet and Tony are still a steady and serious twosome. She co-stars in "Jet Pilot."

Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis, Shelley Winters and David Wayne. Shelley and Tony used to go around together quite a bit until Janet came into Tony's story-book life.
The exotic beauty of Debra Paget blends perfectly into background of Hawaii, where the picture was made.

Paradise For Debra

"BIRD Of Paradise," the beautiful but tragic love story of a South Sea Island beauty and a white man, is brought to the screen again by 20th Century-Fox, starring Debra Paget and Louis Jourdan. For Debra, who's only 17, this is a wonderful break, because the role is not only colorful and dramatic, it's also renowned as a stepping stone in the advancement of many a star's career. While the part of Kalua calls for emotional depth far beyond her years, Debra, an actress to her fingertips, is quite capable of handling it.

Debra at ceremonial dance at which she offers herself to a mate of her own choosing in "Bird Of Paradise."

Unaware of the tragedy that is to befall them, Debra and Louis Jourdan are ideally happy in their marriage.
In "Carrie," Laurence Olivier falls fatally in love with Jennifer Jones, a woman who is unacceptable to the society in which he moves.

Right: The ultimate result of his love for Jennifer is a descent to the gutter after he has given up his family, position and friends for her.

Below: Love scene from Paramount film. One of Olivier's few failures was his production of "Romeo And Juliet" on New York stage in 1940.

A Great Actor Returns

In first days of their love he and Jennifer happily ignore the barriers between them.
AFTER ten years Laurence Olivier returns to Hollywood to make a film, "Carrie," based on a novel by Theodore Dreiser. In this decade he has crossed that invisible line which divides the very good actor from the great actor—a fact demonstrated to American audiences by his performances in "Henry V," "Hamlet" and his Broadway appearance with England's Old Vic Company. "Carrie" is a Paramount picture and also stars Jennifer Jones.

Well-born gentleman Olivier pays his first call on an obscure but beautiful young girl, Jennifer Jones.

Left: He finds her unlike the women of his class but charming nonetheless. The Olivier gamut ranges from roles like this to malevolent Richard III.

Right: Olivier is pleased over Jennifer's delight with uncustomed finery. He was born in Dorking, England, in 1907; was acting at age eighteen.

Below: They try to bridge the sizeable gap between their backgrounds. Later, Jennifer leaves him, afraid he'll be completely ruined by love for her.
Cordon MacRae and Lucille Norman with whom he's made a series of records based on their radio shows. Cordon, incidentally, won't sing a song if he doesn't like the lyrics—thinks they are important to its success.

Gordon with Doris Day in his latest film, "The West Point Story." He had to lose 20 lbs. to get that cadet trimness.

Gordon MacRae, whose real love is singing, does some serious thinking about his future as an entertainer.

"I have no gripes, but I don't want my career as a singer to be limited to Hollywood," says Gordon MacRae.

GORDON MacRAE has set his sights on Broadway musical leads four years hence. Four years' plans are not as common with screen stars as with politicians, and 1955 is a long way off even in Bagdad-on-the-Pacific. But the MacRae mind is made up. He's airing his decision now in the fervent hope that if he deserts Hollywood for a spell nobody will point a finger and shout: "What an ungrateful guy!"

"Of course, I'm grateful to Hollywood for my success, for the very pleasant way of life I've been enjoying," he said in his dressing room at New York's Strand Theatre where he had been engaged in, as he put it, "pelting some songs across."
Singing sweet nothings to Julie London in the Warner film, "Return Of The Frontiersman," Cordon admits his singing is neither intimate nor swoony and can't understand what it is that bowls over the gals.

Below: There's a genuine wholesomeness, a sly sense of humor, a modest engagingness about Cordon who absolutely refuses to take himself too seriously. Life to him is continuously an amusingly challenging affair.

By Louis Reid

Gordon and wife Sheila. They have three children. The MacRaes' way of living doesn't follow the Hollywood pattern.

"You've got to be grateful when you reflect that 50,000,000 people are looking at your kisser. I've got to think of my future as a song-pelter. I just like to get out there and sing. Oh, I've been treated all right in Hollywood. Have no gripes at all. But I don't want my career as a singer to be limited to Hollywood."

Radio programs, recordings, personal stage appearances—all are a big part of Gordon MacRae's life now. He wants to expand these outlets, so firm, so fully packed with opportunity and opulence. To him, a singer—and he is a singer, primarily—is only as good as his pipes. A singer's pipes have a way of wearing out. Hence, the emphasis on the old injunction: Seize the day, time is of the essence. Back in 1946, he reminds you, he piped and pelted and belted songs to the tune of $100,000. Not bad for a young fellow of twenty-nine.

"You know something," he said, warbling snatches of Irving Berlin's "Show Business"—he makes a habit of singing and humming off stage or off the set—"I don't think there'd be anything more wonderful for me, say about four years from now, than to be starring on Broadway in a Rodgers-Hammerstein musical."

"The young Pinza, eh?" it was suggested.

"I don't know about that," he chuckled, "but, say, the show might be called 'North Atlantic.'"

Is Gordon MacRae destiny's boy? Could be. He seems on the verge of hitting a home run with the bases loaded. He even gives off the air of a top-class athlete who somehow has strayed into the entertainment world for the fun of it. His singing, he admits, is neither intimate nor swoony. Yet, he bowls 'em over, men and women alike. He has, to get down to (Please turn to page 66)
Bud Collyer is Master of Ceremonies for "Break The Bank," popular weekday program, broadcast over NBC at 11:00 a.m. EST.

Fashion Selection #254 In a chic rayon Taffetone frock (above) Jean Golden revisits "Break The Bank," on which she's often appeared. Her Betty Barclay designed mode has black velveteen trimming on collar, cuffs. Jet buttons are rhinestone studded. You'll find it in these colors: slate blue, copper or red, in sizes 9 to 15. It's retail price is in the neighborhood of $15.00.

Fashion Selection #255 Her career as model and actress has given Jean a taste for uncluttered but effective costumes. That is why she chose the Idle Hour Junior two-piece dress (right) by Kolodney. It's Springmaid combed broadcloth, Sanforized and washable, with a black velveteen belt. Navy, green, copper, citron, terra cotta. Sizes 9 to 15, about $9.00.
Fashion Selection #256 For jobs on "Break The Bank" Jean often dressed up in attire that would carry her on into afternoon festivities. The Betty Barclay dress she models (left) is a perfect example, with full skirt and graceful, throat-framing collar, plus its gay gold buttons. Iridescent metallic—non tarnishing—taffeta fabric give it a beguiling rustle. Black, green, copper. 9 to 15, about $15.00.

Fashion Selection #257 Casual charm is the keynote of Jean Golden's outfit (right). Its highlight is a one-piece dress of rayon jersey—the Rite-Fit Half-Size dress. Here you have a permanently pleated skirt that measures some 200 inches around the bottom, incredible as it may seem. Its buttons boast a silver trim. Colors are navy, black, wine or peacock. It comes in sizes 14½ to 22½ for about $8.00.

Hats by Stetson—Shoes, bags and umbrella by Town & Country—Hosiery fashioned by Munsingwear

PLEASE TURN to page 66 for information where to purchase these selections.
UNQUESTIONABLY the greatest characterization of her career is Irene Dunne's portrayal of Queen Victoria in "The Mudlark," 20th Century-Fox Command Performance production. Her makeup, as you can see, is utterly incredible, but it is ever so much more than this magic touch that vividly brings to life again one of history's most famous queens. It is the inspired underplaying of Irene Dunne which makes the portrayal fully believable and loveable. Her befriending of "The Mudlark" (young human derelict), who slips into Windsor Castle just to see what a mother looks like, is beautifully done, with Irene happily blending royal dignity with warmth and understanding.

Left: Irene Dunne was guest of honor at the Command Performance of "The Mudlark" when it was held for King and Queen of England.

Below: Irene Dunne as Queen Victoria, Alec Guinness as Disraeli and young Andrew Ray as "The Mudlark." Film was made in England.
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dits the classics . . . for action and attraction . . . at only $2.98

Shirts . . . at ease with slacks and skirts, with shorts and pedal pushers.
And leave it to Korday to keep them beautifully basic . . . with high fashion colors
in playtone cottons, wonderful Sanforized pastel broadcloths, striking plaid ginghams . . .
with or without sleeves, with convertible neckline or Peter Pan collar. All in sizes 10 to 18.
At your favorite store or write KORDAY Sportswear Inc., 1385 Broadway, New York 16.
For A Happy Valentine

An assortment of new ways to help Dan Cupid on his day and keep him working for you

By Elizabeth Lapham

Fortunately for all of us, beauticians here, there, and everywhere, know that there is no such thing as "resting on your laurels" when you're trying to live up to the high American standard of grooming. As beau-bait, each of this month's discoveries makes its special contribution. Some you'll want to quietly latch on to for the excellence of the job they can do in your behalf—others we have listed because of their eminent suitability as gifts for a heart-warming February fourteenth. Nor have we entirely overlooked the Valentine requirements of that most important personage; the man in your life.

There are two new compacts that you should know about. One, the Coty Cova Vanity. Looks and feels as though it came from a jeweler. That square, fluted gold-metal case, with the tiny spot of smooth surface for a monogram, is executed in the manner of the latest solid gold powder boxes. For all practical purposes the only difference is the price, which is considerable since it doesn't even have a federal cosmetic tax because it's a loose powder vanity. Coty's Creamy Lipstick case and the new Air-Spun rouge case match the vanity and open up possibilities for building a beautifully matched purse equipment. For gifts there are Coty-assembled sets too.

(Please turn to page 70)
Sensational New Scientifically Designed Patent Pend. BRAS for LARGE • MEDIUM • SMALL BUSTS
Correct and Flatter Your Individual Bust Problems INSTANTLY! on FREE 10-DAY TRIAL!

LARGE BUST
Sizes 34 TO 52

Complete Line of "Youth-Bust" Bras Designed to fit and flatter your individual figure type.

Colors
NUDE, WHITE, BLACK

Look Slimmer and Years Younger.

Self-Conscious about oversized, spread out, sagging busts? Does your bustline make you look years older than you are? Both Lanple and Barnard styles of "Youth-Bust" Bras have an exclusive patent pend feature, for youthful contours. Given bust size, select your own special "Youth" Bra with the following style numbers: No. 101, No. 202. They have the SPECIAL V CONTROL FEATURE of midriff support to help FLATTEN BULGING STOMACH. The girdle attachment hooks, Light and comfortable—adored! "A must up shoulder straps of bra fabric. Simple adjustment. Excellent durable fabric—easy to wash.

Style No. 101
Longline Built-up Shoulder only

$2.98

Style No. 202
Adjustable Shoulder Straps only $2.98

Style No. 303
Bandless Adjustable Bra $2.75

Style No. 404
Bandless Built-up Shoulder Bra only $2.75

SECRET INSIDE CONTROL
helps control your individual large bust problems

One of our Many Satisfied Customers Below Says: "I'm always had expensive bras made to order. But I could never get a good one. Now I have the "Youth-Bust" Bra and I never order another one."

-Mrs. E. B. Hautz, New York, Conn.

MEDIUM BUST
Sizes 32 TO 42

New Patent Pend. constructed "Glamour-Form" bra corrects medium bust problems in a jiffy!

Colors—NUDE, WHITE, BLUE, BLACK

You rarely see a woman with an average size bust who looks older. That is because a woman's breasts sag and tissue break down leaving your bust shaped with one end drooping and the other drawn. The "Youth-Bust" Bra is not designed to correct your individual bust problem. For this purpose, bust culture stylist designed the "Glamour-Form" Bra to specifically correct the medium size bust problems. Does your bustline need some adjustment? Look in this ad. You'll see figure in ad is bust size exactly like yours. But look again—she's younger than you. Adjustments for bustline and bust. They wash like a charm, and wearable. Only $2.49

Style No. 505

Illustrated are some types who can be helped.

INNER BRA BUST BEAUTIFIER which dons marvels for your individual medium bust problems.

Here's Another Satisfied Customer Below Says: "I can't thank you enough...unattractive "Bustline-Firm" Bra. It held me together for my bust, but I still had an unattractive shape."

-Miss J. Ward
Birmingham, Michigan

PICTURED HERE are some of the Medium Bustline Types which can be helped.

Famous bust culture stylist created this wonderful feature underneath the bra. It instantly flattens and reshapes the unattractive bust line, gives them a firm, flat, smooth, and highness no matter where your medium size bustShape is. Non-momch, it is flatly spread out, or to firm or round enough.

Send No Money! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!

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Rush to me my specially designed Bra for my individual Bustline course...which I have checked below in PLAIN WRAP. PER add my FREE "Glamour Bustline Course" which I will keep whether I return merchandise or not. I will pay postage on delivery, plus postage. If after 10 days I am not completely satisfied, I may return merchandise for my money back. Be sure to write in HOW MANY, SIZE and COLORS of styles you desire.

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with your order of any bra whether you keep it or not!

FREE GLAMOUR BUSTLINE COURSE
FOR SMALL—MEDIUM—LARGE BUSTS

An authority shows you how to improve your individual bustline appearance so that your new bra looks its best on you. Contains a dressing for each bust type: instruction the Small, Medium, Large bust type what to do for their own bust problem. Most scientific, up-to-date guidance. Step-by-step illustrations with easy to understand directions. Partial list of priceless contents in this course are:

What type of clothing you should wear to bring about the desired bustline appearance for each bust type. What type of accessories you should wear. How to do it in the most natural manner. Figure proportion chart giving correct bust size according to height and weight. Further methods of bustline improvements for each bust type and how to do it extra cheap. With your order of any of the above bras—whether you keep the bra or not—if you act NOW!
THE MIRACLE SUIT WITH 3 SKIRTS!

5-PIECE COMBO TO WEAR 21 DIFFERENT WAYS
(BELIEVE IT OR NOT!)

Suit Includes:

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RAYON MENSWEAR ensemble. Jacket has deep-notched collar, back belt, hip pockets — skirts are the new slim line... reversible vest.

Colors:

(A) Black and white check jacket + matching check skirt + black skirt + red skirt + reversible check and solid black vest.
(B) brown and white check jacket + matching check skirt + brown skirt + green skirt + reversible check and solid brown vest. (Please order by initials).

Sizes 9 to 15; 10 to 16. Entire outfit. $16.99
Millers first sign of spring

A. IMPORTED SWISS SHEER BATISTE
Shadow-striped organdy and wide chiffon embroidery lend a decorative touch to the yoke. Baby sleeves. By CLIK BLOUSE
White only. Sizes 32 to 38. $2.99

B. LUSTROUS COTTON BROADCLOTH, SANFORIZED and vat-dyed to retain full color. New and exciting back pleat interest. Rows of tiny pleats on classic collar and across back. Pearl buttons. Three-quarter push up sleeves. By CLIK BLOUSE
White, lilac, lime, navy, pink, light melon. Sizes 32 to 38. $3.99

C. DAINTY SHEER BATISTE and ORGANDY blouse. Tiny collar above criss-crossed lattice panel and puffed sleeves or organdy. Pink, blue, white. Sizes 32 to 38. $1.99

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"I don't believe anyone can sit back and just wish for the things they want," she told me. "You have to go after them deliberately. I've never understood the theory of the drifter. I'm not a fatalist. I think you can make things work out if you decide what you want—and then go about energizing yourself toward the goal.

"You'll make a lot of mistakes. Personally, I average about ten a day. But pick yourself up and go right on trying. Admit your errors. Why should any of us try to kid anybody? We never stand still in this world. If we're not going forward, we're going backward—that's for sure.

"To get back to party behavior. If you start out with the angle 'Gee, I hope this shindig's going to be good tonight!' you already have the wrong approach. Immediately you are placing the entire responsibility on someone else—and why? Until you learn you have the biggest responsibility yourself, as either a guest or a hostess, you're concentrating conceitedly and uselessly on your own ego—and I guarantee you the party won't be a success—for you.

"In the first place, when you attend a party you aren't supposed to go just to be entertained. You are automatically obligated to make your contribution to seeing that others than yourself have a good time. If you don't see it this way, you don't deserve any enjoyment from the occasion. And if you can't contribute something to your host and hostess' hospitality—then you've got some things to learn.

"The girl or boy who wants to enjoy a lot of lift and gaiety derived from being comfortably surrounded by friends in a happy mood must make their own specific effort in that picture. This is quite different from being the life of the party. 'So who wants to be an eager beaver?' someone who is lazy, or cynical might inquire here. I say, what's wrong with wanting to make a good impression? Is there any more gratifying discovery than knowing you can make someone else happy? The affirmative approach is to try to discover how to please people.

"I'm always overwhelmed when an invitation is received with obvious, extraneous enthusiasm," she said next. "That's why I love inviting June Allyson to a party. She responds with such sharp interest. 'Oh, we want to be there!' she'll practically sing. 'Now wait a minute—let me get my date book. Richard will be so pleased!' Her reaction is quite opposite to the apathetic character who sounds so blase when you invite him that you're sorry you called. When June and Dick Powell arrive, things get started. They're always on time. So I never left wondering when they'll materialize. If I'm busy at one side of the room, they'll walk right in and introduce themselves. They're a joy as guests, because they cooperate on all phases.

"Shy people are a problem to themselves and everyone else—but I accept no alibi for exaggerated shyness in a person. For the simple reason I've discovered they are all wrapped up in I. We're all born shy as we're all born with an equal amount of time to do something about it. For my show, it's no alibi for anyone sitting like a bump on a log, grim-faced, giving only an indifferent eye to others. How can anyone have the nerve to be bored, or righteous, or utterly dependent on someone else to extract them from a situation when they refuse to make even the slightest effort themselves? Life simply doesn't permit such self-absorption.

"I can never figure what possesses people when they decide to volubly settle a family argument at a party. It's horrible, taste, makes all witnesses squirm, and the victory in winning for either party could never be important enough to justify the hurt to the loser. No one should ever make a person seem inadequate, especially to him or herself. If you call you're guilty of outrageous conduct and anyone who regards it as being clever is deluding himself.

"I learned a lesson when I was quite young through one of my sisters, who had her first date with a football hero. At a high school senior ball, he sat down cooly with a pal and proceeded to talk football instead of dancing with her. She retired to a corner in a magnificent huff and completely furious. Finally she deigned to speak to him—to demand that he escort her home early. She wasn't going to allow him to push her around like that, she informed Mama, who quietly remarked that she had been completely wrong. 'The smart thing to do,' she said, 'is to have a good wide-eyed discussion of the football chatter!' My sister wailed, 'But I don't care anything about football!' Mama said wisely, 'Then you'd better if you expect him to care anything about you!'

"Actually, if you have a martyr complex you shouldn't consider yourself equipped for any kind of social whirl. If a date pays more attention to another girl than you like, the thing not to do is to freeze up resentfully. That'll never get him back. Instead, acknowledge in adult fashion the fact that you've been outclassed—temporarily—and proceed to be more charming than your rival. You don't need more beauty or a more expensive dress or anything of the material things to accomplish this. Almost everyone longs instinctively to share his inner human feelings, and you can express your affinity by revealing a genuine and sincere interest. Don't let anyone show you up. You can be as appreciative of your date as anyone else—by the simple expedient of honest expression of your understanding and interest.

"This takes self-discipline. For a long while you may assume that a girl who
always seems happy, witty, and an ideal companion is that way naturally. I don’t think she is. I suspect that long ago she learned to discipline herself pretty sternly. She may be an actress or a secretary or a housewife, but she’s subtly made a career of being appealing because she knows the dividends it pays.

“It takes quite awhile for us to recognize that, socially, we actually don’t need a variety of talents. All adolescents want to dress, talk, and act alike. Soon they learn that as they venture on their own they acquire confidence in their ability to score at a certain one thing—and one talent is enough for anyone. The important thing is to develop it. If you sing, work at it. If you’re an interesting raconteur, work at that. If your greatest talent is projecting warmth, charm, and the ability to make friends, for heaven’s sake—work at that.

“Don’t think you have to top others in their field. In fact, don’t even try. I remember struggling through ten piano lessons that were guaranteed to make me—honestly—the life of the party! I finally mastered the ditty, ‘Lies,’ and played it so persistently at every opportunity that my suffering friends begged me to stop. The moral stuck—fortunately. Now, if there’s a Charleston contest I don’t attempt to get up and compete with Barbara Stanwyck. I try to get a splendid view of it from the sidelines and make my contribution by applauding. When Dinah Shore begins to sing at a party, a warm pleasantness permeates the whole room. Wouldn’t I be an idiot to want to prove I could sing as well? Be aware of your own limitations and you’ll never put yourself in a spot where you feel silly.

“Talent is not confined to accomplishments like the above, Dore Schary, for instance, is a wonderful guest. I don’t imagine there’s any busier executive in Hollywood than Dore. Yet he never carries his work over into a party. He makes it a point to enjoy people when he leaves his office at MGM. That’s why he’s rated a Number One guest. Dore is himself—a good listener—an alert, receptive and responsive mind. He and Danny Kaye were simply hilarious one night at a party in a completely impromptu conversation. Danny was telling Dore about a marvelous ‘comeback ball’ he’d invented. He called it that because wherever you threw it, it came back. Dore was playing straight man to Danny’s fantastically funny and nimble wit, and the entire room of guests was kept hilariously entertained. Dore was being no one but himself, but in his modest, soft-spoken manner he made a wonderful contribution as a guest. . . . as, of course, had Danny.

“A willingness to join the fun is characteristic of Tyrone Power, of Claudette Colbert, of Rosalind Russell. If you don’t want to pitch in and add something of yourself to a gathering, then confess—you shouldn’t go to the party. Nobody wants an ‘oddie’ or a fish out of water around. Neither does anyone want to sit back and listen politely to the voluble airing of anyone’s one-sided opinions. If your only forte or contribu-
tion potential is this—hire a hall, and send tickets to your lecture.

"I don’t think anyone can be a failure socially if he or she is generous in affection and praise. If you take it upon yourself to be a stern critic of others, and to regally pass judgment, you’re going to be classified as exasperating. Divert all the energy that takes into acquiring an open mind, and then your curiosity will stamp you as fascinating—because you will have the talent for listening to what others say with genuine interest."

"Any man or woman—in order to be a successful person—must project his or her own individuality in a manner that will draw out people. Dullness is a disease that can and should be outgrown. But don’t expect a miracle to happen. You have to create whatever charm you have, yourself. You have to overcome selfishness and self-centeredness—something that will repel anyone you want to attract. Perhaps you will discover you—and since it’s a ‘nut-habit’ it can be eliminated by substituting its opposite. To be fascinating, your first step is to become fascinated in what others say. Resolve to be a pleasant company—and you can acquire a lot from there. A mellow disposition is more valuable than a beautiful face or figure. And unselfishness and consideration of others is one of the best talents you can develop."

"I don’t believe you can whip off a party and fall in love with someone at first sight. I don’t think real love comes that way. It is something you must grow into, as you are ready to give all it requires. I feel pretty much the same way about falling into good friendships. You have to work at being a friend and make a big contribution in selflessness. You can’t expect to sit back and receive admiration, loyalty and devotion without doing your part."

"A good host or guest reputation in Hollywood or anywhere else doesn’t demand that you be stunning, or young, or spectacular. You can’t get by on wealth or family background, It’s the kind of character that makes you—your personality—will attract others. You are as a person that matters—that makes people like you and that will make you a success wherever you go."

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**Males, Marriage And Me!**

Continued from page 23

one else possibly could be to read I go so many places. Actually, I’m not on a merry-go-round with men either while making a picture or between films. I know it isn’t customary for an actress to say this, but here I go being impulsively frank. I don’t go out very much. I haven’t, as I write this, had a date for several weeks. I’m not glad about it.

The woman who has not found her man yet is always the victim of chatter, I suppose. In my case, the recent story spread about in print is that I am secretly married. I am not secretly married. There is no earthly reason for me to be a private bride. If I had a husband, I’d be very flattered. I’d feel so honored I’d tell everyone who cared about me my big news. I would like to be married, but I have no immediate plans. I think one should wait for the right mate, and I feel that when one is truly ready he’ll come along. I don’t think one has to rush into passing romances, in Hollywood or Keokuk, just to demonstrate she can be popular. I’m all for glamour, but not for phony versions of it. Glamour should mean Exactness, and it can be based on vivacity. Then it doesn’t wear off. It packs a punch in any locale, and isn’t a candy-box sweetening. You have glamour if you can make people laugh or cry and see deeply. Camera beauty has little to do with it.

So it follows, to my way of figuring, that it isn’t what others say about your romantic record that counts. It’s what you can legitimately say of yourself when you quietly chalk up your accomplishments. If you compromise easily, you may not have any real ones. There are many things you must do as part of your business life. You can’t alter a whole industrial set-up to suit your own whims about it. But you can keep your personal life entirely separate from an office, shop, factory, or yes—a studio job. That’s my theory, and I suppose it works for me. I do the same sort of work, so we definitely understand one another’s challenges and dilemmas. We invariably have so much in common to discuss. I’m never bored debating the pros and cons of the theatre and the movies. I know this would be a horrible fate for a man with no interest in show business, and that’s why I don’t think I’d marry such a man.

"They say there is far too much competition between an actor and an actress for harmony in the same household. This I don’t get, either. I don’t see any competition. An actor is male and an actress is female, and neither can be the other. They complement and complete one another as a team."

While I’m on the subject of harmony, I realize that a bachelor girl like myself is going to have to alter her own ways to fit in with a man around the house. I could go on doing that. I suspect I’ll have to stop hanging stockings up to dry in the bathroom and leaving makeup traces. Most males are so much neater than women. I think we women should respect our man’s notions, and that means adjusting to minor preferences. I expect to lead the brand of life my husband likes, in short. I don’t mind cooking occasionally, but I’m not crazy to cook. However, when I’m in love enough I’ll become the equal of a French chef if
that'll make him extra happy!

I don't think one's faults should be shocks. If a man evidences a desire to see me again, I let him see me in every mood. I enjoy dolling up for premiers. When I'm not working I don't spend much time on clothes, or my appearance. I don't feel I must have a fabulous wardrobe, and at home I'm comfortable in convenient blue jeans, an old sweater, and barefoot or in loafers when I'm busy 'fixing' something. Buying my first house has been my gigantic investment. I want my men friends, as well as girl friends, to like me in such a get-up as well as in a fancy one, and I find they do! So I invite them over to give me a hand.

If a man wants the aloof-from-the-world woman, he won't want my company. I'm also the neighborly sort. Aside from my tried-and-true pals I adore inviting over, I enjoy my neighbors. The people next door and across the street aren't Movie Names at all. They're just grand human beings I've been able to discover. I don't take on new friends too quickly. I know immediately whether we'll click, and I may seem indifferent or cold when a beautiful friendship is in the cards—because I foresee it and, meantime, I have so much to do at the studio. Once I trust someone there's nothing I won't do for him or her. (Silly gossip, by the way, appalls me.) I never throw anything as precious as a friend away. At the studio my standin, Grace Kenny, is one of my dearest friends.

I know you can't please everybody, but whenever I'm so hurried I'm sharp in a reply I am unhappy myself afterwards. I hate to hurt people. It isn't fair, and I've the impulse to bop anyone who is unjust. I avoid arguments. I either say I'll talk to you later about it and remain quiet, or I manage to walk away. If you don't agree on something, why insist? Go find someone who does see it your way.

Men have told me that they appreciate my punctuality. I respect their plans for their time and they do the same for me. I'm as impatient as any man with fiddling around when one ought to make a decision. Men know fast what I like because I come right out with it. If they propose we go somewhere that seems dull to me, I don't grin and coyly bear it. I see no purpose in deceit. I reply, "Oh, no, I'd rather not go there!" I think it's necessary for tastes to be alike, in the long run, so why waste time fearing to be yourself from the start?

I'm a peppy individual, and don't suppress my natural energy so a man will feel twice as strong. (No languid line for me!) I plunge into intellectual topics on dates if they arise in our conversation. If a man wants a dumb yes-gal, I'm not interested in him anyway. The more intellect I can uncover in a male, the better! We all blunder through life, so brains are an asset.

Handsome in the male species doesn't mean a thing to me. I don't gape at a pretty boy and swoon. Looks are something entirely accidental, for which
to do that night. I’d say I didn’t. And that would shock the person so much that he’d immediately set about planning things for me. I’d be included in a party, or be asked to a preview, or something—And always—luckily there was some lovely lady to escort,” he finished, happily.

The waiter knocked on the door and we ordered lunch.

“What about all this traveling?” we asked. “You must have met somebody!”

“Yes—African queens, mostly. Not exactly my dream type, you know.”

For King Solomon’s Mines,” Granger continued, “MGM sent a company over there to shoot on location, you know, and I found I liked the place and wanted to do some hunting on my own when the picture was finished. So I went back for a month or so—Oh, speaking of women, there is a gal in the film who is my idea of a great person. Deborah Kerr.

“Not only is Deborah about as lovely looking as they make ‘em, but she has guts, enormous guts. That location wasn’t exactly a picnic, you know, from any angle. It was hot, rugged country. We were surrounded by natives, wild beasts, and all kinds of crawling and flying things. The script called for us to trek and trek across the terrain for miles, to climb mountains until we were exhausted, and then act while we were doing it. And Deborah went through it all as light-heartedly as if she were attending an afternoon tea.”

“What other women do you admire?” we asked.

“Well.” Stewart answered, smiling, “without a doubt the most attractive woman I ever saw is my four-year-old daughter, Lindsay. She has blonde hair and blue eyes—surprisingly, for her a male deserves no credit. He shouldn’t be pampered merely because he has inherited a striking profile, or big blue eyes, and won’t behave in a manner to be, won’t make him any brighter, or kinder.

Most women demand too much of the man in their lives. I do not demand that he be wealthy. A male’s business shrewdness is only a civilized bit of his real, basic self. I don’t care if a man has a penny to his name. If he’s a great guy he makes life one adventure after another, takes awfully risks, doesn’t crawl into a crammed little shell. I don’t want to receive elaborate gifts. How much I can get a man to lavish on me isn’t my objective. I don’t need fine jewelry or a fur coat to be happy. I have neither now, and I’m not envious of those who possess diamonds and mink. I just don’t put much value on material things. The spirit of something that thrills me. The intangible qualities are the fundamental ones for me.

So I am hoping to meet a guy someday who’s a terrific male! The important gifts he’ll give me will be his affection and his understanding. I don’t believe in kissing in public, so I don’t want a splashy show staged for all my girl friends. And I don’t want to be, won’t make him any brighter, or kinder.

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Let’s Talk About The Ladies

Continued from page 31

mother and I are dark. And she has enormous sex appeal. She can twist me around her small finger in nothing flat.

Another person whom I consider outstanding is Lindsay’s mother, who is known on the British stage as Elspeth March. We are divorced now, as you probably know, but Elspeth has a stately kind of loveliness which has always delighted me.

“And then there’s Jean Simmons, the girl I’ve been going around with for the past four years. I first knew her, by the way, when she was thirteen. But I really didn’t know her well until we began to have dates when she was seventeen.

“She’s not only pretty beautiful, but she’s the most completely unspoiled girl I’ve ever met. And that is remarkable, for since she was a child the British—and the American—public have been saying that she was extraordinary. That she was the most talented actress in England. That she was the most gorgeous young girl in England. And so on. She ought to have had her head turned. Somehow, she didn’t. She smiles nicely when they tell her such things, and then they go on.

There was a silence.

“Are you going to ask me if we’re going to be married?” he inquired, incredulously.

We shook our head. “That’s your business,” we answered.

He was astounded. “Well,” he said, finally, “as long as you didn’t ask, I will tell you that if we do get married, there will be no great rush about it, because we both want to be sure. And then, too, it wouldn’t make much sense for me to be here in Hollywood and Jean in England, would it? There is a chance, of course, that she may come to the States.
for a reasonably lengthy period, to make some films here. At this moment, I really don't know what our immediate plans are."

"The waiter arrived with cold crab and iced tea for us and a man-sized steak for Granger. He rose lazily to sign the check. And, as we sat down to attack the vittles, he continued:"

"There is one girl out here in pictures whom I think is absolutely wonderful—Judy Garland. I've never met her and I'm dying to."

"She has the most fantastic face I've ever seen! There's personality in it, and gaiety, and humanity—everything. And when she sings I literally curl up. There is a great talent, she've me!"

We agreed with him.

"Oh, that reminds me of someone else—Betsy Drake. You know, I've known Cary Grant for a long time, but I'd never really known Betsy until this trip to the Coast."

"They are redecorating their house—but yes, really, doing all the dirty work. And last night they got me over there to help scrape walls." His eyes twinkled. "It's fascinating, really. You put stuff on the wall and pretty soon it begins to bubble in a funny way, and then you take a steel scraper and off comes the paint in great hunks. Don't laugh!" he warned us. "I'm serious. It's fun!"

"Well, anyway, we three started about seven and I left about twelve. We had some Garland records on the player, and we'd stop to rest and chat every half hour or so. And I expected Betsy to give up long before we did, of course. She looks frail, you know. Delicate."

"She called me this morning and said she'd kept on for two hours after Cary and I quit! Wonderful girl!"

We laughed. "Your criteria for admiration are a little strange," we said.

"Oh, I don't know," Granger answered. "I also admire Lana Turner, you know, and that's pretty universal!"

"I had never met Lana until she was in Paris on her honeymoon with Bob Topping. I'd seen her on the screen, of course, and thought she was not only the most breath-taking creature I'd ever looked on but was most impressed with her acting ability. Why is it," he interjected, "that Americans don't seem to recognize how really good she is?"

"Anyway, I went out to dinner one night in Paris, and there she was. And I was ga-ga. How gorgeous can a woman get? So, finally, someone in my party knew someone in hers and introduced me. And then I found that she was not merely beautiful but intelligent and tremenduous fun. That floored me. All she had to do, as far as I was concerned, was just sit there and look like herself. The rest was a dividend I didn't expect."

"What are the differences between British women and American?" we asked. "Are there any?"

Granger grinned again, and it was a grin of pure mischief. "A beautiful dame is a beautiful dame, no matter what country she's in!" he answered, his voice intoning the words.
We could cheerfully have choked him. "What about the way they think?" we pursued. This time he really laughed, having as much fun teasing us as if he was winning the Irish Sweepstakes.

"I think all dotes' minds work alike," he said. And the way he said it, it wasn't a compliment. "There's no logic in 'em. The more all, they're just dotes. And they think like dotes."

Then he got serious for a moment. "The English women are, of course, more reserved than Americans," he said. "Even if they are career girls—and we have many of them—they are a bit shyer than your women. That is a part of our heritage as Englishmen, naturally: We are friendly, but friendly in a different fashion from the people in the States. We are not as open. We stop and wonder whether or not we shall be intruding on someone if we suggest dinner or tea. And our women are even more this way than our men.

"Actually, I think Americans have the right idea. I've been first amazed and then delighted with the casual kindness of the people here. Everyone takes friendship, comradeship, for granted."

"Of course, I personally think that Hollywood dwells too much on Hollywood. It's easier to get away from pictures in England, to stop talking about the industry.

"Actually, I think that is a good thing for any actor—to get away, I mean. For it keeps him fresh, gives him not only fresh viewpoints but lets him study new kinds of people. And that's always valuable.

"Of course, though, every actor who wants to be known internationally must come eventually to Hollywood. He has to try his luck, at least, in the American studios."

His eyes went around the beautifully furnished room in the hotel. Then he laughed.

"It isn't exactly a hardship—coming here. I think I can manage to live through it!"

"Even with wall-scraping on the side?"

Granger's face straightened into mock solemnity.

"Even," he sighed, "with that!"

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**If I Were Queen Of Hollywood**

Continued from page 37

Relax—which is the essence of decent movie acting.

Studio managers would have to completely revise their present way of scheduling picture production. Now writers are assigned many months ahead. Set designers can juggle their sketches months in advance. Everyone but the actors get plenty of chance to prepare in detail. On set the cameramen can sample the lighting possibilities as long as they please. All great actors have been given every aid that will enable them to create memorable characterizations. So all movie actors would prepare for a month ahead. They would go sample the atmosphere around the sort of person they're to portray, work a bit at whatever job their man or woman has. Then there'd be several weeks of actual rehearsal with the full cast on the sets to be used. The overhead's skyrocketing? Listen, who's queen? Did Marie Antoinette worry about the cost of cake she ordered ate? (Who dares criticize a queen's grammar?)

Stars wouldn't hang around Hollywood between pictures, either. They take a fast plane to everywhere. An actor can bring to the screen all he really is. If he can't go exploring the world and its infinite differences, how can he have versatility to express it? It takes dough and plenty of it to broaden your mind by travel. Subsidized vacations for stars, I say! Whenever I start thinking of how Farley Granger saw Europe last Summer, I feel ready to bop him. He's trying to win every discussion now with a knowing grin that implies I'm rather provincial, because I have never seen Paree or any place further across the sea than Catalina.

While we are speaking of Farley, if I were queen he'd have to do everything I wanted him to do—for one month. With no exceptions. No back-talk. Sister, stop reading my mind! I don't think we are going to be married, so don't you hate yourself for leaping to conclusions? I'm already having such a good time being single I'm not ready to settle down. The sob stories printed about how lonely I am are baloney.

Actors never can answer gossip columnists back, since we have no column in which to reply. I'd make every newspaper in the land run a daily Hollywood column containing only quotes from the stars. If you're interested in what your pet star really did or said, at last you'll get the inside remarks hot off the presses.

Naturally, I'd rearrange the dating situation in Hollywood. Here I go, men on my mind again. But if I ever could telephone an attractive man and ask him for a date, I'd know I was ruling with every woman's welfare at heart. Why can't a girl invite a boy to go out and have dinner? Or just to come over and sit in her parlor? Why shouldn't it be permissible for a woman to dine in a nice restaurant and not afford to afford it? Manners that discriminate against women would be given a going over by royal command. I'd have a flock of single fellows shipped in, too. We are dreadfully short of them in Hollywood, and that should go!

We'd have more formal parties. I bought a strapless, red satin evening gown for New Year's Eve away back last August, and that's too many months to keep a flattering dress with a beauti-
ful bustle in the closet. I wouldn't make everyone dress up all the time, though. I approve of casual clothes. Farley can wear his blue jeans and I'll wear my slacks and we'll both take off our shoes as we always do when we want to relax. Just because I'd have diamond tiaras, they wouldn't weigh me down except when I simply had to ritz it up majestically.

Hollywood would get a fast physical face lift. There aren't any trees here any more, unless you import each one at a frightening figure. I told Vine Street used to be a terrific tunnel of pepper trees from Sunset Boulevard down to Melrose. They touched above, literally. They were all chopped down when the street was widened so we could have better traffic jets. European and South American capitals, and Washington, D.C., have broad boulevards lined with noble trees. There are lovely parks. We'd become less commercial overnight, meet architectural qualifications, advertise with a beautiful facade instead of on billboards and in blatant neon as soon as we got the gracious boulevards.

I'd be pretty miserable being a queen for a long run. I haven't had the training for it. A princess who inherits a crown is educated for elegance from birth. She has a natural grace from the beginning—I was twenty before I tripped across a room without practically stumbling from self-consciousness. A princess expects to be agreed with. I've always had to talk a blue streak to even get my ideas up for consideration. I've never had a maid, to say nothing of a secretary, chauffeur, ladies-in-waiting, and all that comprises a staff of glorified servants. It must be nice to merely wish for excellent service, and get it.

When a queen travels, she has the banner flying atop her palace lowered to indicate she's not in residence at the moment. A banner flies from the radiator of her motor-car, and when she zooms out of her walled-in gardens they think nothing of holding up all traffic as her Rolls Royce ignores the stop-and-go signals. Oh boy—could I make time getting around Hollywood with the same deal as an ambulance or a fire department! The nearest I can get I've gotten—I've just bought a new convertible that's lipstick red.

If I were queen, I wouldn't be content with my one mink I've earned. I'm all for having half-a-dozen marvelous fur coats. But I'd hock the crown jewels and funnel those funds into some useful channel. I'd keep on smiling at everyone I liked, regardless of our respective "positions" in life. Nobody would have to tiptoe. The most difficult self-discipline would be learning to be on the dot. I'm always late because I go off on half-a-dozen tangents when a couple should do for anyone. I couldn't live in grandeur, refuse to answer the phone when it might be a friend.

If I were queen in Hollywood, I'd stir up things. But not my friends. I'd take them all along for the ride. I'd rather be a queen—in my own odd, Wintersy way—in their hearts.
cases, the magnetism of personality that passes for oomph and glamour. Though to him oomph is something that comes out of the large end of a horn in a parade, and he would be the last to own up to the term "glamour boy," for glamour to him has a definitely feminine connotation.

Apparent is a genuine wholesomeness, a sly sense of humor, a modest engaging- ness. Refusing to take himself too seriously, he finds life continuously an amusingly challenging affair. Yet, these attractive traits don't explain his appeal over the footlights or the screen when he's singing "That Old Black Magic" or telling a Pretty One that he loves her—and only her. His detached air toward his feminine audience is as complete as it is disarming. Indeed, it is almost Gallic in its amused aloofness.

He is by no means indifferent to feminine charm, but men's company gives him the same sort of viewpoint that is the most salient characteristic of the locker room. Bobby-soxers are attracted to him, too. But what is equally important, their boy friends don't resent him. They don't resent him because in general he typifies them. They see in him their own prototypes. When they look out on the stage, when they hear a song or tell an anecdote he gives off a naturalness, a simplicity sincere and unaffected.

"I try to radiate friendliness," he said. "I try hard to play up to the people out front. I say to myself: 'MacRae, these people are your friends.' And always my aim is to be natural, to be myself, to remember humbly that it wasn't a song or a story or an anecdote, but a guy who gives off a naturalness, a simplicity sincere and unaffected.

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type to give out with panting, eye-rolling seriousness which makes him a particularly pleasing personality. He conveys the impression love is for him something he will take in stride just as he would take a pitch to the greens at the Lakeside Golf Club near his studio.

It's a perplexing characteristic to the dames, no doubt. It challenges them no end, just as his modesty and buoyant good nature charm them no end.

If, as he says, he is having a streak of luck, he is shrewd enough to push the streak to the uttermost limit. At the same time he is riding his triumph modestly which reveals that he is unquestionably adult.

It takes not only adulthood but something of a conquering spirit to strike out for greater self-expression. He would not sever all association with Hollywood in the furtherance of this aim.

"I would like to make one picture a year," he said. "But it is essentially freedom I want—freedom to come and go as I please, sing when I want to, act when I want to. Variety—and plenty of it—I guess I'm blessed, having a restless temperament."

Keeping Up Romance

Continued from page 40

muttering, "That guy's trying to smuggle something into the country."

A few minutes later, back with a hammer and chisel, he started chancing on the rocks. After splitting and crushing about half a dozen, he gave up his fruitless labor.

Glenn had watched him smilingly. He didn't mind that the customs man didn't believe his story, or thought him an eccentric. Some of the men in his own unit, who had accompanied him to France where they had filmed "The White Tower," had called him a sentimentalist. They couldn't understand how rocks could play such an important part in keeping up his romance with Elli—a romance which disappears from the lives of many couples just as soon as the judge or minister pronounces them man and wife.

To Glenn, romance and sentiment are identical. Not the gushy kind, with perpetual, high-school-like flattery. Not the remembrances of starry anniversaries, pulled out of the past once a year and dusted off to remind people that they were in love once. To Glenn and Elli, romance lies in every day living. Sharing common experiences. People. Places. Events. In memories that are relived periodically.

Glenn and Elli don't take each other for granted, as so many couples do. With the help of letters, phone calls, little gifts, and other personal attentions, they keep up their courtship.

Glenn's number one assistant is the telephone. His calling isn't limited to a casual "hello" from the studio during his luncheon break. When he was in Europe, he called Elli every day to share the
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What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 16

It wasn’t a studio call that got Betty Grable out at the crack of dawn while she was filming “Call Me Mister.” Betty’s trumpet-totin’ husband, Harry James, arrived home in the early dawn from a stint of 3½ one-night stands and the little woman was standing in the early morning fog at the Palladium parking lot when his bus rolled in. Sounds like love.

Could be that the play “Mister Roberts” might snatch still another of our top glamour boys away from the screen for a long, long time. Hank Fonda, y’know, hasn’t made a picture for three years since he took over the Roberts role on Broadway. Now Ty Power, in the London company, has passed the 200-performance

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day’s events with her. When she danced at the Palladium in London, and Glenn had to stay behind because of picture commitments, she phoned backstage just as she started her performance one night. He told the stage manager to leave the phone off the hook and put it as close to the stage as possible. For the next thirty minutes he listened to her wife’s dancing via long distance.

But it isn’t the astronomical phone bill at the end of the month that makes an impression on Elli. It’s the thought behind the idea that counts. She prefers a small bottle of her favorite perfume, Caron’s “Sweet Pea,” to a diamond necklace. A hastily written love note in preference to the perfume.

Glenn has seen many romances killed by possessiveness—especially in Hollywood. That’s why he adjusted himself early in marriage to participate in his wife’s life, but not to run or dominate it. He didn’t object when she wanted to go to London. Neither did he oppose her personal appearance tours in the United States or tell her what movie contracts to accept or reject.

At the same time, Elli has never envied because her husband spent the day in front of a camera making love to Rita Hayworth, Evelyn Keyes or Janet Leigh. Nor has she put on a wifey act when he told her the “boys” were coming over for a card game. Or when he takes off alone to the High Sierras for a couple of weeks of fishing.

Until last year, Elli hadn’t been able to get enthusiastic about Glenn’s sports activities. Especially fishing. She had learned, because both she and Glenn are convinced that doing things together is the best way of keeping a marriage successful and romantic.

After seven years, Glenn finally succeeded in getting her into a fishing trip to Lake Seeley, Montana. Glenn can be very convincing—as Elli found out. She was still arguing against it when they were 150 miles out of Los Angeles, Montana bound.

Twelve hours and ten minutes after they had arrived, Elli had completely reversed her antipathy about fishing—she’d caught her first fish! Nowadays, she can compare exploits with the most experienced fishermen of the Pacific Northwest.

Glenn’s thrill wasn’t confined to the fact that Elli caught a fish. What mattered most was that they were together when she caught her first. Just as it was Glenn who piloted the plane on his wife’s first flight. Or how both plan to go along on Don Peter’s first train and boat rides.

When Elli changed her attitude about fishing, both Ford’s immediately visualized the day when Peter would be grown up enough to be taken along to turbulent, romantic mountain streams, or dreamy, peaceful lakes. To give him a taste of things to come, Glenn and Elli took him to the trout pond behind the Sportsman’s Lodge Restaurant in Los Angeles. This pond is so well stocked that even the most inexperienced angler couldn’t help pulling out a fish every few seconds.

They let Peter try his luck before dinner. That was a mistake. The moment he felt a bite, Peter screamed, “Look, Dad...”—then ran after the fish! They took their dripping wet son home and all three ate scrambled eggs instead of the anticipated filet of trout at the Lodge. But the trout pond at the Sportsman’s Lodge had become another place full of nostalgic memories for Glenn and Elli.

Gradually, Peter is acquiring many of his dad’s romantic ways. Like bringing his mother flowers. For five years, almost every morning before leaving for the studio, Glenn has gone into the yard and picked a bouquet for Elli. During the last few weeks, Peter has followed his father’s footsteps. Unfortunately, he hasn’t learned the difference between flowers and weeds yet. Usually he shows up with an armful of mustard or foxtails. But, like his dad, he has learned to appreciate his mother’s grateful smile. Her warm, “Thank you!” Her soft kiss.

How does Elli feel about it? She is happy—because now she has two men who know how to keep romance alive.

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Midway Company, Dept. BHS-2, Kennewick, Nebraska.
mark with no sign of being bored. Zack Scott’s another of our boys who seems to be enjoying himself so much doing plays and television that he’s temporarily filed movies away. Come on back boys—we still love you.

* * *

Latest on Lana: she and Bob Topping are ranch shopping. Mr. T took off by plane to look over a likely spot in either Oregon or Utah and photographed the ones he liked, for final approval by his ever-lovin’ wife. Somehow Lana tilling the soil or herding cattle sounds a little on the improbable side but you never know.

* * *

Practically the biggest swimming pool in town belongs to Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling—but the Paul’s practically the biggest guy in the colony too. The pond measures three hundred feet in length.

* * *

Not a little speculation went on in this town when Ida Lupino started dating Bob Walker when he returned from the eastern location of Alfred Hitchcock’s “Strangers On A Train.” What, the speculation went, happened between her and Howard Duff, who used to have exclusive dating privileges. Ida was Sally Forrest’s Matron of Honor when she married Milo Frank. Sally is the gal who looks so much like her discoverer, Miss L. and Red Skelton’s leading lady in MGM’s Technicolor musical “Excuse My Dust.”

June Haver wrote glowing letters back to her chums from Europe when she finally made that much-postponed trip. June had a ball in Rome, Paris, and London, and has a movie record of her entire trip which also included a stop-over in Jerusalem.

* * *

We aren’t the greatest pushover for kid actors but there’s an enchanting little guy named Brandon de Wilde coming to Hollywood who can stay for our money. He was just terrific in the Manhattan play, “Member Of The Wedding.” Now he’s to do a picture called “The Day They Gave Babies Away,” with Margaret O’Brien. The story came from the pen of Dale Evans who, among other things, is Joan Evans’ father.

* * *

With all the frantic rushing of actors into television, it seems worthy of comment that Charlton Heston, Hal Wallis’ latest discovery (“Dark City”), is the first actor who has made a bigtime success in our village direct from the TV cameras. You probably remember him from the TV show “Studio One.”

Bing Crosby’s kids would gladly have given up school in favor of a career if their pop hadn’t firmly put his foot down and ordered them to get educated before they stepped into the entertainment field for keeps. So the four boys are whiling away their time playing football. All of them made first team at their various schools.

Vic Mature’s dog, Genius, got side-swiped by an automobile just about the time Vic got off his crutches from that accident of his. So the two inseparables make quite a sight limping along together on the 20th lot.

* * *

Jane Wyman’s up to her bangs in chewing gum, courtesy of the various manufacturers who gratefully watched her and Kirk Douglas chewing away on the stuff during that love scene in “Glass Menagerie.” Jane’s got a couple of kids who undoubtedly made short work of disposing of the supply.

* * *

Funny fellow Groucho Marx, famous for that wide, wild prop mustache that he’s worn for years and years, finally grew one of his own when he went into the new Bing Crosby picture, “Mr. Music,” at Paramount.

* * *

Bob Taylor, home from that long production of “Quo Vadis” in Rome, reports he did a three-week hitch on the night shift, from 7 p.m. to 7 a.m., for purely business and not social reasons. Picture has big, fat night sequences which made dirty old stay-outs of the entire company.

* * *

Bad news department: Two serious marital rifts announced in as many days. Gary and Veronica Cooper, who have been married for so long; Barbara Bel Geddes and her husband Carl Schreuer, who always seemed so happy.
For A Happy Valentine

Continued from page 54

THE second entry in the compact field is something quite different. This one, by Bourjois, is called the Evening in Paris Satin-Finish Make-up Vanity. This time the emphasis is round, with a tiny all-over pattern in the gold finish, that suggests petit point. There's a place for a monogram too; a diamond-shaped plaque in the center. Inside all this splendor is Bourjois' new Satin-Finish powder make-up cake—a composition of tinted foundation blended with fine face powder.

THOUGH we've been considerably slower than our European sisters in realizing the potentialities of eye make-up, we're making up for lost time. Hence a new twenty-five cent size of eye shadow by Maybelline, the people who turned out more eye make-up than any one else in the world. The new plastic case shows you the color of the creamy shadow for easy selection. There are eight shades.

DARK Eyes is still another example of just how eye-conscious we've become as a nation. To beautify your eyes with the glamour of brows and lashes that are deeply accented without looking artificial, the Dark Eyes people have produced a lash and brow darkener that's swing proof, tear proof, and is supposed to be time proof to the extent of a full four to five weeks. Dark Eyes comes in both black and brown and you can have a trial size for personal try-out if you'll send a quarter right now to the Dark Eyes Company, 3911-3919 W. Carroll Avenue, Chicago, Ill. The regular size is to be found at cosmetic counters.

HEADLINE news is the latest and simplest home wave to date. The girl in the picture tells practically the whole story in one scene. Actually, the special Bobbi cremeoil waving lotion was developed particularly for pin-curl waves. The procedure involves waving your hair with this lotion—putting the hair up in pin curls, and re-wetting the hair with more waving lotion. Follow this with forty-five minutes of whatever you happen to want to do around the house, then put on the fast-acting Bobbi neutralizer solution. That short sequence sets, styles and waves your hair.

For Valentine's Day and other red-letter occasions Helen Neusheaf has created a quartette of new irisdecent nail polish shades that are notable eye-catchers. Plat-num Perl, to be worn with luscious evening fashions. Icy Pink intensifies the nails' natural tone and adds a wisecrackle. Star Dust and Frosty Night are even more spectacular.

CHOOSING a Valentine present for the male of the species shouldn't be any problem at all now. Of Thee I Sing After-Shaving Lotion comes in a leather-covered flask, packed impressively beside a miniature kettle-bron shovel bowl—just one of Carhartt's many sets for men.

Other Toppers

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"I am enthusiastic about Doctor Parrish's Plan!", say thousands of lovely women. And no wonder! What could be easier and pleasanter than this? Think of it—for breakfast and supper, eat ANY food you like—merely cutting down sensibly on portions. For lunch, eat 8 Dr. Parrish's Tasty Tablets with your favorite beverage. That's all! Dr. Parrish's Plan cuts down your daily calorie intake and is positively the EASIER way to LOSE FAT HARMLESSLY. YOUR DOCTOR can tell you how safe Dr. Parrish's Tasty Tablets really are. No prescription is necessary. Use the Plan for 7 days and then, unless you are overjoyed with results, you may return the remaining Tablets for refund of full purchase price.

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Since no two persons are exactly alike, it is impossible to predict the exact number of pounds you will lose on Doctor Parrish's 7-day Plan. But the average person may expect to lose a few pounds in 7 days—some may lose as much as seven pounds in 7 days. The point is, you lose fat HARMLESSLY!

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Sented on Approval
Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 14

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nose from the sight of mankind, but not so this unusual hero. He flounts his nose at society and those who so much as dare make sport of his prominent appendage soon learn why he is rated as the best swordsman in all France. However, his love for the beautiful Mala Powers is a tortured affair, since, because of his ugliness, he's afraid she'll laugh at him. Cyno proceeds to make love to her through handsome, but unwordly, William Prince. That's enough of the story, which takes several strange bypaths, except to say, it's drama at its best.

Dallas
(Technicolor)
Warner Brothers

WHEN renegade Gary Cooper's out to get his man, there are no holds barred. The fact that tenderfoot U.S. Marshall Lief Erickson happens on the Southwest scene, advances rather than hinders the Cooper Cause: to do away with three brothers, two of whom are Raymond Massey and Steve Cochran, who wiped out Coop's family back in Georgia. Cooper forces Erickson to switch identity with him, and the pair sally forth into Dallas where Massey is pretending to be a respectable business man, and Ruth Roman is waiting to marry Erickson. In both cases, Cooper manages some surprising upsets, including his own lovelorn attitude toward life. Action-loaded, which makes it a gold-durn good buy for anybody's money.

For Heaven's Sake
20th Century-Fox

A BABY sitter, a college student and now—an Angel? Why Clifton Webb, Esq.! Sent down from heaven to super-intend a pair of unhappily married theatrical people, Joan Bennett and Robert Cummings, Clifton finds that life gets pretty complicated down here on earth. For one thing, Clifton's job is to see to it that Joan's and Bob's daughter-to-be gets born, but even with all this, and brother Angel Edmund Gwen's heavenly powers working, Clifton just about throws everything into a spin. Forgetting he's an angel, he gets humanly involved with sexy Joan Blondell, $10,000, and quarts of champagne (any man would willingly get his wings clipped for one, let alone all three), instead of attending strictly to his business. It's a honey of a picture and as cute as a bundle from heaven.

Frenchie
(Technicolor)
Universal-International

AS A little girl, Shelley Winters saw her father shot down by her two partners. She knew the name of one, who is played by Paul Kelly, but who the other killer is, she doesn't know. Years later, a BIG girl now, Shelley returns to the scene to avenge her father, and with Elsa Lanchester opens a gambling casino—a surefire way of attracting more trouble. Sheriff Joel McCrea, an easy-going, homely character who spouts folksy philosophy at the drop of a Stetson, don't aim to have his respectable townsfolk get up with a hot vendetta. Suspecting something is due to explode, Joel keeps an eye, appreciative and sleuthing, on Shelley as, step by step, she gets closer to her father's killers. When she trips into another murder, Joel has an idea that Shelley dealt the cards for this. Shelley Winters-type wisecracks galore, and all in all quite a neat package.

Breakthrough
Warner Brothers

THE experiences of one group of soldiers and their officers who were in on the never to be forgotten "D" Day invasion of Europe. Young Lieutenant John Agar, recently put in charge of a platoon, finds that his company commander, David Brian, is hard, tough, and to all appearances indifferent toward his men. As the grim battle into Normandy progresses, Agar grows to hate Brian more and more for his brutal coldness. What Agar doesn't know, but finds out, is that Brian is as affected by death and fear as much as the next Joe. Being commanding officer, he can't allow himself the normal weakness without endangering his entire company. Along with Brian and Agar, Frank Lovejoy shares starring honors in this hard-hitting film about hard-hitting soldiers.

September Affair
Paramount

A DULT love story about an illicit romance that had its beginnings in a casual friendship and developed into a crescendo of unhappiness and frustration. Follow passengers aboard an overseas airline plane, Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten are drawn to one another and in a very short space of time discover they're deeply in love. Joan, a young concert pianist, has no attachments, but Cotten, a successful engineer, is married and has a grown son. Unable to get a divorce from his wife, Jessica Tandy, Cotten and Joan are nevertheless given the green light by fate when the plane they missed, during a stopover in Italy, crashes and all on the passenger list are reported killed, including the very much alive Joan and Cotten. Believing dead, they start their new lives as "Mr. and Mrs." in an Italian villa. But this idyllic relationship can't go on forever. Joan gradually realizes Cotten's responsibilities to his family and work outweigh even the love they have stolen.
It's an excellent film designed for the mature mind.

**Brandied**  
(Technicolor)  
**Paramount**

A LAN LADD, a wandering no account brome, lets Robert Keith talk him into posing as wealthy ranch tycoon Charles Bickford's long lost son. If the deception is carried off, the deal could mean over a million in cold, crisp cash. For a while, Ladd does some mighty fancy pretending, but when he really gets to know the family—"sister" Mona Freeman, in particular, he finds he can't continue the lies and deceit. To repay them for all the grief and heartache he has caused, Ladd is determined to find their real son. He does, but not without considerable effort that almost spells disaster to the entire family. This is proof positive that a Western needn't be the stereotyped fare so often foisted upon movie audiences, and Ladd does himself proud in a role tailor-made for him.

**Emergency Wedding**  
**Columbia**

HOW many guys would trade places with Larry Parks when, following his marriage to Doctor Barbara Hale, Larry sits at home while Barbara goes out to work? Sounds great! Well, don't get excited fellers because Larry practically goes off on a rocker trying to figure out what does go on between Barbara and her male patients. The trouble with Larry is he's got millions—that trouble!—and has nothing to do all day except kaffe klatte with old man jealousy. The way he spies on Barbara makes Mata Hari look like a playing tatte-latte until Barbara high-tails it to Reno. The effect this produces on Larry is remarkable and his aimless life begins to have a purpose. Light comedy and silly hoopla.

**American Guerrilla In The Philippines**  
(Technicolor)  
**20th Century-Fox**

TYRONE POWER and the remnant crew of his torpedo boat remain in the Philippines to harass the Japanese who have captured Leyte. To keep their radio sending station operating, Ty and his men work their wits and courage to the bone trying to send off the enemy. Outnumbered by terrific odds, it's inevitable that the Japs liquidate the small band of men, but during Ty's final stand, the U.S. Armed Forces, en masse, arrive in the nick of time. Micheline Presle adds to the South Pacific scenery, and to Ty's reasons for carrying on his one-man war.

**The West Point Story**  
**Warner Brothers**

PICTURE, if you can, James Cagney as a West Point plebe. It's hard to imagine, and even harder for stage direc-
tor Cagney to do, but it's the only way he can pick up $10,000 from Cadet Gordon MacRae's uncle. The plan is this, if Cagney can get MacRae to give up Army life and become a singer, the money is Jimmie's. So, he produces and directs the annual West Point musical show, stars MacRae in a good deal of time trying to win the cadet over. When this fails, Cagney enlists the assistance of Doris Day, a famous movie star. The only difficulty there is, Doris falls in love with MacRae and gives up her career. Virginia Mayo, who gets better and better with each role, is on hand too, as Cagney's dancing partner. It's an extra special musical that's loaded with West Point lore and super acting.

**Undercover Girl**  
**Universal-International**

ROOKIE policewoman Alexis Smith is chosen by Detective Lieutenant Scott Brady as the girl most likely to succeed in breaking a powerful narcotics ring. To gain entry into the mob, Alexis poses as a narcotics big shot, and finds, much to her surprise, that Doctor Edmon Ryan not only wants to sell her the dope, but is willing that she take him, also—romantically, that is. Through an ex-beau, who should have known better, word gets around that Alexis isn't the babe she pretends, and the assignment nearly gets her a posthumous medal.

**The Goldbergs**  
**Paramount**

WITH the original cast from radio and television, The Goldbergs now add movies to their other triumphs. As usual, Molly, Gertrude Berg, turns a simple situation into a minor catastrophe, then pours oil over the troubled water and calms return once again. This time, an old flame of Molly's, Eduard Franz, pays a call, and Mr. Goldberg, Philip Loeb, goes financially deeper into the red trying to impress Franz. With her mind on two romances instead of the family budget, Molly almost ruins Jake for good. Folksy humor at its best, this will make The Bronx the eighth wonder of the world.

**Katie Did It**  
**Universal-International**

COMMERCIAL artist Mark Stevens, who draws chesty, leggy females, is the cause of Ann Blyth's fine New England family name suffering near defama-
tion. Because of Mark, Ann's tippling uncle, Cecil Kellaway, bets $800 on a nag who couldn't win a race if he were running alone. So, to pay off the persis-
tent bookie, Ann poses for Mark and gets her body plastered all over the na-
tion's billboards. Her family is cam-
plished, though, because Ann's aloof, aristocratic bearing slips as devastatingly as a faulty one-piece bathing suit. The misunderstanding between Ann and Mark clears up in time for the traditional happy ending.
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The sensational story of a gorgeous and fabulously successful girl author, whose private life would make Amber blush! She made men adore her—and smashed their love to bits; then discovered that she needed from life more than excitement, more than a Park Avenue apartment, more than fame!

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YES—I am interested in your opportunity to make money in spare time and get my own dresses without a penny of cost. Send me everything I need to start right away, without obligation.

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Tint GRAY HAIRS from view
It's safe and easy to do!
use Nestle COLORTINT

Rinse DRAB HAIR gleaming-clean
Add color-highlights and sheen!
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Ask your beautician for a PROFESSIONAL application of COLORINSE or COLORTINT… made by NESTLE—originators of permanent waving.
What I Know About Ann Blyth
By Roddy McDowall

Elizabethe Taylor

March
15¢
FREE! Send for our latest Fashion Catalog.

For a big date, night or day! Sun-up you're so modestly feminine in the sweet high-collar jacket. But oh when the moon shines!...bare go your shoulders as you swish around to show a bow-busted back. Of rustling rayon taffeta. Black, brown, navy.

FREE! Send for our latest Fashion Catalog.
When this happens... Wet feet, or cold feet, may so lower body resistance that germs in the throat called the Secondary Invaders can get the upper hand.

these germs may invade tissue... Here are some of the Secondary Invaders which many authorities think responsible for most of a cold's misery. Anything that lowers body resistance makes it easier for them to invade the tissue. Listerine Antiseptic often halts such an invasion.

you start sneezing! That sneeze, or cough, or snuffle is usually a sign that you may be in for a cold... that you should start fighting it with Listerine Antiseptic.

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—QUICK!

The safe, direct way to attack colds and sore throat

That Listerine Antiseptic gargle gets right to the seat of the trouble... the threatening germs in the throat shown above. They can cause most of a cold's misery when they invade the tissue. Listerine Antiseptic kills them by millions on throat surfaces.

So, if you gargle Listerine Antiseptic early, you may head off a cold entirely or lessen its severity, once started.

The Listerine Antiseptic way is a safe way, a direct way, with none of the undesirable side-effects of some so-called "miracle drugs". It has a wonderful record against colds and sore throat.

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—married or single
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You all know how easily everything can go wrong with your usual sanitary protection. You may put on a dress that’s too clinging or find yourself again and again in crowded places with constant fear of “offending.” No wonder you get jittery beforehand. No wonder the after-thoughts are unpleasant. Yes, it’s no exaggeration to say “your whole month is spoiled.”

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First New Features

So Easily Misunderstood.........................Fredda Dudley Balling 22

Some Of My Best Friends Are Married..................Fic Damone 24

"It’s a lovely business, this living alone. . . . I know what I’m missing"

Matter-Of-Fact Marlene..........................May Mann Baer 26

Everyone is entranced when Marlene Dietrich appears, everyone but Marlene herself

What I Know About Ann Blyth..........................Roddy McDowall 30

Roddy, who’s dated Ann, gives the lowdown on this unusual girl

If You Were Gene Autry............................William Lynch Vallee 36

This is the kind of guy you’d be and the eventual kind of file you’d lead

Young Man With A Future..........................Robert Perkins 42

Van Heflin, a success for years, still feels he’s just getting started

A Modern Wife Looks At Love........................Florence Marly 46

“Marriage is not meant to be a routine, nor a fixation"

Record Roundup..................................Bert Brown 69

Exclusive Color Photos

Gene Tierney, starring in “The Mating Season”.................................28
Marlon Brando, starring in “A Streetcar Named Desire”.........................32
Jane Wyman, starring in “Three Guys Named Mike”...........................34

The Hollywood Scene

What Hollywood Is Talking About............................Lynn Bowers 6
Your Guide To Current Films........................................Rahna Maughan 12
Newsreel.................................................19
The Ladylke Approach (Gene Tierney)..............................29
Sincerely Yours (Marlon Brando)........................................33
Merry Mixup (Jane Wyman)...........................................35
Fabulous Fabiola...........................................38
Movie Stars’ Movie...........................................40
None Other Than Donald (Donald O’Conner)........................44
Bringing Up Bonzo..........................................45
SCREENLAND Salutes Margaret O’Brien.............................50

For Femmes Only

A New Star In The Sun....................................Kay Brunell 48
Theme Song For Spring.....................................Elizabeth Lapham 51
For Personal You..........................................52

ON THE COVER, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, STARRING IN THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER FILM, “FATHER’S LITTLE DIVIDEND”

MARCH, 1951

PUBLISHED BY J. FRED HENRY PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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NEW! 2 IN 1
Flame-Glo
"KISSABLE SKIN"
Instant Make-up
FOUNDATION AND POWDER COMBINED

By Lynn Bowers

THAT 39-year-old violinist named Jack Benny has finally made his wistfully comic allusions to being a former picture star pay off. The fair-haired production team of RKO, Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna, have beckoned Mr. B. for a funny one called, "A Story For Grownups," which used to be the play, "Time For Elizabeth," that Mr. Krasna wrote with Groucho Marx. The thing will be made this Summer, when Jack isn't busy with radio and TV.

* * *

Looks as if Hollywood won't see much of the famous newlyweds Errol Flynn and Pat Wymore, what with Errol seemingly preferring to make pictures abroad (newest one in Ireland, a mystery-murder type) and Pat not accepting any local offers unless her man is working in Hollywood at the same time.

* * *

And it seems Ingrid Bergman won't be coming back for a spell, despite the glittering offers that have been dangled before her eyes. Rumors are around that there will be another little Rossellini before too long. Ingrid's daughter, Pia, by the way, recently became an American citizen.

* * *

All of Dan Dailey's letters, while he's taking that much needed rest at Menninger Clinic in Kansas, are addressed to Barbara Whiting. Well, nearly all. The big guy with the fleet feet was emotion-
The kiss of a Klansman...!

"I got power—I'm a big guy in this town... I'm a member of the Ku Klux Klan."

This is the story of a pretty girl who spends the night in a "friendly" little town... Suddenly out of the dark she is faced with the fear only a girl can know. Here is a picture more tense than words can describe— as fresh as the ink on tomorrow's headlines!

Warner Bros.

"Storm Warning"

NOT A STORY OF TEN YEARS AGO—OR TEN MONTHS AGO—A STORY OF TODAY!

Starring Ginger Rogers, Ronald Reagan, Doris Day, Steve Cochran

Produced by Jerry Wald, written by Daniel Fuchs and Richard Brooks, directed by Stuart Heisler
Howard Duff's day-and-night date for a spell was the dullest one HE ever had. The "date" was with the cast he was on his broken leg and the guy was confined to quarters at his Malibu Beach house until he got a new "date"—the kind a guy can walk around with.

It's just real good news that purty Dinah Shore, who sings good too, is going to do a movie at Paramount. She and Alan Young pair up, for a musical with the improbable title "Aaron Slick From Pumkin Creek," which is an old-timey number that your grandpappy probably saw when he was a boy. About the same time Dinah's man, George Montgomery, will be Bob Mitchum's pardner at RKO in "Cowpoke," which we somehow suspect may be a Western-type film.

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same time Martha Vickers threw in the towel and declared her marriage to Mickey Rooney off. However, they have reconciled, but it still looks a little wobbly.

John Agar seems to be on the up-beat again, career-wise and in the romance division. He's been taking singing lessons for over a year and plans a personal appearance crooning tour after he finishes at Warners in "The Travelers" with Kirk Douglas. He's been dating Shelley Winters and Gloria De Haven, to name a few.

* * *

When last heard from (but don't take this as final) the beautiful Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker were all cozy again. Lex (Please turn to page Vo)

Betty Lynn and Richard Long, of the younger set, were "Storm Warning" enthusiasts.

Dry skin. "My skin had been dry, before I tried the Noxzema Home Facial," says beautiful Mrs. Ellen Sloan of Raleigh, N. C. "This beauty routine helped my skin look so much lovelier, I follow it daily now!"

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The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

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With this doctor's Home Facial, you "creamwash" skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base...the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal, soften and smooth—and leaves no greasy film.

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By Rahna Maughan

The Mudlark
20th Century-Fox

FILMED in England with Irene Dunne as Queen Victoria, and Alec Guinness as Disraeli, two outstanding performers on anyone’s score sheet, nevertheless a young man by the name of Andrew Ray, aged 11, romps off with the acting honors. Accidentally thrown amid all the pomp and circumstance of magnificent Windsor Castle, young Ray’s undernourished, filthy little form causes a turmoil of uncomfortable feelings which range from the parlor maid to Parliament. However, despite the commotion he causes, Master Ray unwittingly shows Queen Victoria where she failed in performing her duty as Mother of England. A slick production with some delightful humor about the homeless waif who not only sat on the throne of England, but who also kept it from toppling over.

Tomahawk
( Technicolor )
Universal-International

INDIAN scout Van Heflin is the only man involved in the forming of a peace treaty between the Sioux Indians and the States who understands and appreciates the problems of the Sioux. Having lived with Indians, and being married to an Indian maiden, make Heflin a very necessary intermediary between the Indians and the government, but all his good work goes up in smoke signals when hate-bloated Cavalry Lt. Alex Nicol decides to unleash another bloody Indian war. Beside trying to avert another full scale massacre, Heflin is concerned with finding the murderer of his Indian wife and their child. Yvonne DeCarlo fits into this, too, in one of the best roles she has been handed so far. It all adds up to a first class film that hits home through excitement, suspense and plain talking communism.

Teresa
MGM

No one can really understand what goes on in a man’s mind, except the man himself, and when he refuses to face a deep-rooted problem squarely there are bound to be hurtful results. In John Ericson’s tense case, not only is his life a miserable affair but he drags his young Italian war bride, Pier Angeli, into his world of fear and hopelessness. It wouldn’t be fair to the moviegoer to give any clue about Ericson’s problem except that it’s one of startling nature since it takes a slug at a type of unwholesome “love.” Ericson and Miss Angeli, two exceptionally talented newcomers, couldn’t have had a better starting vehicle. And their support: Peggy Ann Garner, Patricia Collinge and Richard Bishop, as Ericson’s family, deserve an extra round of applause.

Kim
( Technicolor )
MGM

USH and exotic India serve as the background for Dean Stockwell’s derring-do adventures as the young hero of Rudyard Kipling’s beloved classic. Born in India, the son of a British Army officer, Kim is orphaned at an early age when both parents are killed by plague. Through some miracle the boy survives, and also thrives, in growing up just like any other native street urchin. It’s through friends, Lama Paul Lukas, and horse-trader-spy Errol Flynn that Kim’s wandering path leads to his true identity. A gem of a thriller filmed in the original setting of mysterious India.

The Enforcer
Warner Brothers

RUGGEDLY authentic drama concerning District Attorney Humphrey Bogart vs. gang of paid killers. Working
on the theory that a murder can only be solved if there is a motive, Everett Sloane organizes an unsavory pack of assassins who, for a price, will kill anyone for anybody. The gang successfully handles dozens of these "perfect crimes" until one of the killers falls in love with his intended victim. Forced to kill her, he gives himself up to the police; but before more information can be gotten, he commits suicide. From the few slim leads the police have, the investigation continues for four years. Although evidence builds up, the succession of terror-stricken or dead witnesses fails to give Bogart and his men the necessary proof of Sloane's guilt.

Grim, brutal moviefare that plays havoc with your solar plexis.

The Mating Season

Paramount

WHEN John Lund finds the very social Gene Tierney in a car that's hanging precariously over the edge of a cliff, little does he think that he'll be in a worse spot than Gene very shortly. It's love at first sight and marriage at the second sight—not that playing connubial footsie is John's downfall. It's his mother, Thelma Ritter, who brings on John's

Pfc. Jerry Lewis, Sgt. Dean Martin carry on proverbial feud in "At War With The Army."

"This scene for 'The Redhead and the Cowboy' was rougher on my hands than housework. The director had me fall 12 times before he said: 'Take!'"

Can your Lotion or Hand Cream Pass This Film Test?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY...STATE

Occupation...Age

sleepless nights. Though John loves his mother dearly, he’s definitely apprehensive about her meeting the members of the social set he’s married into. Matrimonial bliss becomes even more hectic when Gene, never having met Thelma, hires her as their cook. Then Gene’s gadabout mother, Miriam Hopkins, joins the frantic household to add the coup de grace to John’s fast-greying head. Fresh, sparkling humour that’s guaranteed to make you forget your worries—even the mother-in-law kind.

Halls of Montezuma
(Technicolor)

20th Century-Fox

TIMELY tribute to the United States Marine Corps, especially since some of the Marine units seen in this later went to Korea. Starring Richard Widmark, the action takes place on a Japanese-held island in the South Pacific. Unable to move the troops inland because of constant rocket attacks, the C.O. orders Widmark to take several men from his hard-hit platoon and find out from the Japs themselves where the rockets are coming from. The mission is accomplished, but the rockets still keep pouring down in a holocaust of death because the Jap prisoners that were taken deny they know anything about rocket installations. It strikes Widmark that the lives of his men were lost for nothing until the personal effects of two slain Marines indicate otherwise. A fighting picture about fighting men, the all-male cast includes Bernhard Gardiner, Jack Palance, Jack Webb and Skip Homeier.

Pagan Love Song
(Technicolor)

MGM

THERE isn’t a person nowadays who doesn’t dream of some peaceful tropical island, where there’s nothing to do but lie in a hammock, listen to native songs, and watch the out-rigger canoes go by. Such is the paradise to which Howard Keel comes, but on his island it’s even better! Esther Williams, who displays a terrific wardrobe of sarongs plus an adequate supply of the stuff that fills them, is Keel’s next door neighbor. Naturally, after Howard and Esther fall in love, and everything is so perfect, something’s just itching to come along and louse things up. It does: a cloudburst that leads Howard to believe his crop is ruined. Without the money he expected to get from the crop, it’ll be back to the States, and work. He loses his temper. Esther loves Keel’s, and the natives take over from there. A slick musical that has all the wanted entertainment qualities: songs, water ballets, eye-carressing color, bare chests and LOVE.

Rio Grande

Republic

DIRECTED by John Ford, who has long been hailed for his vigorous epics of the days when the U.S. Cavalry fought it out tooth and nail with the Indians, this has a few more added advantages in that it also has Maureen O’Hara and John Wayne. Because he’s a soldier through and through, John’s wife, Maureen, leaves him when she decides she can’t compete with the U.S. Cavalry. Happily, John gets another chance, but again it’s a matter of love or duty—tying a man to two wild horses couldn’t be more devastating. Think that’s trouble?! Well, out-galloping the emotion torment are enough Indian raids and cavalry charges to delight the most avid blood-and-thunder fan.

Double Crossbones
(Technicolor)

Universal-International

AVAST! That’s a pirate ship harbord! And it’s manned by none other than the swashbuckling, cold-blooded terror of the sea—Donald O’Connor. With Will Geer in tow, it’s amazing how Donald, a not-too bright shop clerk, gains control.
of a pirate ship, Lady Helana Carter, and a crew of loyal followers. Donald convinces everyone, including such characters as Blackbeard, Captain Kidd, Henry Morgan, and sundry other pirates who are in the big time, that he's a two-fisted hard-drinking demon. There's only one thing wrong, Donald can't convince himself, but Lady Luck stands by to yank him out of more jams than you'd find in a preserve factory. Hilarious make-believe that sails merrily along.

**Mystery Submarine**

*Universal-International*

**MAYBE** you think, with the end of World War II, all the Nazi submarines were either sunk to the bottom of the seas or captured. Think again, chum, because according to this there was one lone U-boat prowling around, under the menacing captaincy of Commandant Robert Douglas. Douglas inveigles Marta Toren to assist him in kidnapping an eminent scientist who he intends to sell to some foreign power. The plot seems fool-proof until the U.S. Navy puts Macdonald Carey on the job after he's been supplied with forged papers that testify to his Nazi origin. Espionage on the high seas with trouble as its running mate.

*Please turn to page 71*

Van Heflin, Yvonne DeCarlo, Tom Tully survive Indian war in "Tomahawk," historical drama.

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**Are you in the know?**

Van Heflin, Yvonne DeCarlo, Tom Tully survive Indian war in "Tomahawk," historical drama.

---

**How to win a reputation as a top-flight hostess?**

- **Hire a caterer**
- **Take an airlines job**
- **Give a "twenties" party**

Want to throw the most-fun party of the season? Plan a costume jamboree—with gals rigged up in their Moms' old "twenties" outfits. (And maybe the boys' Dads could supply plus-fours.) Have a Charleston contest; with prizes. And if calendar problems threaten you, don't retreat. Choose Kotex. With that new, downy softness that holds its shape, you're set for hours of comfort—Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. So, as a confident hostess—you'll be the "bee's knees!"

**What to do about kingsize pores?**

- **Mask 'em with makeup**
- **Make like an owl**
- **Tighten up**

Can your complexion take a daytime close-up? To help belittle large pores, duds your face thoroughly, and often; then "tighten" with cold splashings and a good astringent. Come calendar time, you can take your place in the sun confidently. For those flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. (No fear that anyone "knows.") And that special safety center gives extra protection; keeps you serenely de-flustered.

**If his "competition" calls you, what's your cue?**

- **Be brief**
- **Linger on the line**
- **"Sorry, wrong number"**

You chat for hours with the buzz boy—while your date smoulders on the family sofa. Be brief! Else next time you're waiting for his call, don't ask for whom the bell rings. It's not for you. But at problem time, one of the 3 Kotex absorbencies will seem "made to order" for you. Try Regular, Junior, Super (different sizes, for different days). You'll wonder why you never thought of trying all 3 before!

**More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins**

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

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**Have you tried Delsey?** It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 11

had put a diamond ring on the appropriate finger—an old family heirloom. We mean, of course, the ring was an heirloom, not the finger.

* * *

We always have had a great admiration for Bing Crosby, and his great moral support to Judy Garland makes him a real right guy. If she does what Bing wants

Charlton Heston with his wife, stage actress Lydia Clark, lunching at Colony in Gotham.

her to—co-star with him in the picture, “Famous,” it'll be a great thing for Judy, the public and the picture. Judy, during her trial separation from Vincente Minnelli, saw a lot of Sid Luft, Lynn Bari's ex, and they evidently had lots to talk about. Their troubles maybe?

* * *

That elusive bachelor, Rod Cameron, who has dated most of Hollywood's eligible bachelor gals, finally traded his freedom for a marriage license. He married a non-professional named Angela Alves-Lico.

* * *

Dana Andrews had a big reunion in Texas with five of his seven brothers on a ten-day vacation before he started work in “The Frog Men,” which is a story about those guys who swim around in weird rubber suits and blow up things like ships and docks. Two of Dana's brothers live in Fort Worth, two in Dallas, and one in Houston. The other two Andrews boys live in California. That's quite a lot of brothers to have around here and there.

* * *

Eve Arden couldn't have been happier to discover during filming of “Goodbye My Fancy” that Joan Crawford and she are both barefoot-type girls. They both feel better doing highly emotional scenes with their shoes off, but neither knew they had the trait in common until one day, doing such a scene together, they removed their shoes at the same time and kept right on doing it when the camera angles permitted such freedom.

* * *

Wont he be long before you'll be seeing Ty Power back on the screen. He left the London cast of the stage show “Mister Roberts” last January to go to work on “Beyond Time And Space” for 20th Century-Fox.

But it may be some time before you see Farley Granger in pictures, except for Alfred Hitchcock's “Strangers On A Train.” Farley has been kicking up his heels a bit over the kind of roles offered him, wants to try his wings on the stage, or go to Europe, or something—anything to get away from being the neurotic character on the screen. We ain't sayin' whether Farley's right or wrong, but we know a lot of ambitious actors who would give their shirts to get just one of the parts Farley's turned down.

* * *

Peggy Dow, the cute little gal in that rabbit picture, “Harvey,” had to move from her room at the Hollywood Studio Club into an apartment, because fans have sent her so many bunnies. They're not real bunnies, but they do multiply. She's got 'em in china, fur, cotton, wool, wood and feathers. And it only takes several hours a day to dust them.

Pliers are needed for Jane Russell's metallic gown in "Macao," her latest film for RKO.
Howard Duff and Ida Lupino at Screen Guild Players rehearsal. They're best of friends.

Greg Peck's son, Jonathan, is out-of-this-world happy over the present his dad gave him for not hollering when he had his tonsils removed. As anyone could easily guess, the present was a Hopalong Cassidy bicycle.

The execs at MGM gave a party for some of the "Quo Vadis" picture company that recently returned from a long, long stay in Italy. The main course was, of all things, great heaping platters of spaghetti, a dish they all got extremely well acquainted with in Italy!

The 3,000 feet of color film which June Haver shot on her trip to Europe is all strung together and ready to show to people. June's planning to take it around to children and veteran hospitals. It's mostly kid stuff—children of France, Italy, Ireland, Arabia and Jerusalem. June didn't get any English film on account it rained all the time she was there.

The name of the character John Wayne plays in Warners' "Operation Pacific" is Duke. That, by an odd coincidence, is the big guy's nickname.

Spencer Tracy's 17-year-old daughter, Susan, gets a job at her dad's studio, MGM, this Summer when she returns home from her freshman year at the University of Arizona. She wants to be a writer, not an actress.

Well, shucks, if it ain't that there Park Avenue Hillbilly Dorothy Shay a-sashaying around out at Universal-International. Gal has done turned into one of them actor people and she'll be a-feuding with Abbott and Costello in a movie called "The Real McCoy."

We hadn't heard anything about that Turkish delight, Turhan Bey, until he recently cropped up in the news, escorting Errol Flynn's almost bride, the Princess Ghika, around the hot spots of Paris.

That cute son of Glenda Farrell's, Tommy, seems well on his way to having an important movie career—and we're glad, glad, glad. He's a nice and extremely clever boy. Got his first good break in the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis rib-cracker, "At War With The Army," and now Tommy's got a good part in Alfred Hitchcock's "Strangers On A Train." Good deal!

Howard Keel has worked out an arrangement with a golf pro at a local country club. Howard gets coaching with his golf and the pro gets an assist with his vocalizing.

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Two-way Ipana cleansing* helps protect your teeth and gums both!

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No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And proper massaging with Ipana does more than that—its cleansing action actually helps keep your gums healthy, too.

Start using Ipana today—to keep your whole mouth healthier. You'll like Ipana's flavor, too—so refreshing. Get Ipana, it's another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

You can keep your whole mouth healthier, more wholesome—even your breath sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles both. So don't risk halfway dental care. Always use two-way Ipana cleansing* for healthier teeth and healthier gums—for better all-around mouth protection.

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Dan Dailey — dancin' so gaily!
Danny Thomas — laughter he'll promise!
Dale Robertson — he's got love on the run!
Benay Venuta — who could be cuter!
Dunhill Dance Trio — terrific from Paris to Rio!
Harry Von Zell — rings the bell!
Richard Boone
Jeffrey Hunter
Frank Fontaine

Directed by Lloyd Bacon • Produced by Fred Kohlmair
Written by Albert L. Lewin and Burt Styler — Suggested by the Musical Revue by Harold J. Rome and Arnold Auerbach

I'm Gonna Love That Guy
Going Home Train
Military Life
and Call Me Mister

8 Swell Songs
I Just Can't Do Enough For You, Baby
Japanese Girl Like American Boy
Love Is Back In Business
Lament To The Pots And Pans
Paul Douglas and his wife, Jan Sterling, lunching at the Hollywood Brown Derby. Jan's now making "Ace In The Hole" and Paul's latest film is "Fourteen Hours."

Left: Tony Curtis whispers a tall yarn in the ear of cute Piper Laurie between scenes of the Universal-International picture, "The Prince Who Was A Thief," in which both youngsters achieve full-fledged Hollywood stardom.

Below: Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker as they recently appeared at Ciro's. Speculation on their marriage is rife, with some saying they will and some saying they won't. As for Arlene and Lex, they just say nothing at all.
Left: Jane Powell and her husband, Geary Steffen, at Fine Arts Theatre for Los Angeles premiere of "Cyrano." Jane's just completed "Rich, Young And Pretty."

Right: Vera Ellen with one of her favorite escorts, A. C. Lyles. New York also had star-studded opening of colorful "Cyrano."

Below: Richard Widmark and his wife in lobby of Fine Arts Theatre. He's just about the busiest star on 20th Century-Fox payroll.

Below: Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Lauren Bacall, were early arrivals. Film is by far Jose Ferrer's best offering.
Kirk Douglas was with Irene Wrightsman, although their romance now seems over.

Happiest couple at the opening, Jose Ferrer and his wife. He was especially thrilled by the huge turnout of his fellows thespians.

**NEWSREEL**

Eleanor Parker and her husband, Producer Bert Friedlob. Critics were unanimous in their praise of Stanley Kramer's production.
It is very easy to misunderstand Vivien Leigh. She looks like an imaginative painter's version of The Spirit of Water Lilies. She is long-stemmed and slender and her skin has the luminous look of moonlight in a still lake; there is no particular reason why anyone's eyelashes should be as long as hers, and her features are, in general, the sort of assembly turned out by the manufacturing angel on a day when he was bucking for a Christmas bonus.

Probably poems have been written about her. There remains no real reason why a versifier should confine himself to the June-moon routine when it is feasible to rhyme Leigh with holy gee, while introducing "alabaster" and "Dresden" in proper meter.

All of this has given rise to the Great Lady tradition. True, her first American film role, that of Scarlett O'Hara in Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With The Wind" garnered the coveted Oscar; true, she has been one of the few actresses to bring Cleopatra to life, not as the red-haired temptress of the Egyptian court, but as playwright Shaw's spoiled, immature, but developing child queen... a terrifying difficult characterization; true, she has recreated for film and on stages many of Shakespeare's queens; true, she is Lady Olivier, which makes her somewhat paralyzing to those Americans who are in awe of titles. (Does one address the first Lord of the Admiralty as "your flagship," and Sir Cedric Hardwicke as "your hardship"?)

It is easy, we repeat, to misunderstand Vivien Leigh. Because she gives the appearance of physical fragility and spiritual wingedness, one can easily miss the fact that she is really a sixteen-cylinder motor installed in ectoplasm; that she is a three-hundred-watt globe installed in a pastel paper Japanese lantern; that she is a four-alarm fire in a chiffon factory.

She has humor, drive, imagination and, if the Lady will pardon the expression, guts. (Please turn to page 54)
Looks are deceiving, especially in the intriguing person of Vivien Leigh

By Fredda Dudley Balling

As an unstable, desperate woman she flaunts her tarnished finery before the impassive Marlon Brando in "Streetcar."

Vivien and Karl Malden in the Warner film. Intense Vivien brings a burning concentration to everything she attempts.

Right: Before beginning work on a picture Vivien always loses weight.

Below: First parts she did in the theatre, she feels, were beyond her.
I know what I'm missing... I want to get married... It's a lonely business, this living alone...

By Vic Damone

There's a large misconception currently kicking about. It has to do with the fact that it's supposed to be wonderful to be unattached, to be what is known as an "eligible bachelor."

The guys who foster this make a big thing of flitting from gal to gal, of showing up at nightclubs with the most newsworthy lady in town, of running like mad when someone asks them when—and if—they are going to make a quick trip to Las Vegas. They love to flaunt their "independence."

Maybe that sort of thing works for some of my fellowmen.

It doesn't work for me.

I want to get married. 'Nuff said.

Debbie Reynolds, one of his most ardent fans, wishes Vic good luck as he starts new career.
Why? Well, it’s a lonely business, this living alone. That, you might say, is the beginning and the end of the story.

It wasn’t so bad when I was on the road, you understand. For then I was hopping from place to place, living in hotels, working until all hours of the night, and my existence was not exactly what you would want to subject a girl to. There wasn’t any routine to it, no time to take stock of things or relax.

But now that I’m in Hollywood things are different. You would be right if you said that, of all the places in the world, Hollywood is the one spot in which I can settle down.

And in which I realize how lonely I actually am.

It’s this way: I’m making a picture at MGM now, called “Rich, Young, And Pretty.” I’m delighted with it, incidentally, for I’m playing opposite Jane Powell—and she’s simply sensational in my book. Too, Dave Rose is doing all the background music for the songs we sing, and I think you’ll agree when you see the film that he makes the two of us sound better than we ever have before.

But when you make a picture you don’t have time for much else. You go to the studio in the early morning, rehearse or shoot all day and come home in the evening both keyed-up and exhausted, if you get what I mean. You’re tired, but at the same time you have a good feeling of accomplishment. And it’s then that you want someone to talk to, someone to tell the day’s happenings to.

As it is now, I come home to a silent, dark apartment. I put on some records and maybe I call someone up and go to see a movie. But there’s no one there who really cares.

I know that last statement sounds somewhat like a soap opera, and I’m sorry. But I’ve seen, in Hollywood particularly, how different my life could be.

Most of my friends are married, you see—people like Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield, and Forrest Tucker, and a few more. And, when they come home after work, there is someone there who says, “What did you do today? How did that bad scene go?” And so on. And the lights are on, and the records are already playing, so that they hear music as they put their keys in the door.

And, if they do want to do something after dinner—well, they just go and do it. There’s none of this telephoning around, hunting for someone who wants to do the same thing at that moment, someone who is free that night. Instead, they just look up a movie in the papers and walk out the front door, or stop by a bowling alley, without making a production of it.

I want someone who loves me, of course, but also someone I can trust completely. And someone who lives my work the way I do.

Singing is my life. I’d sing for an apple, if no one would pay me more. And the girl I (Please turn to page 58)
Matter-Of-Fact

By May Mann Baer

Glynis Johns with Marlene Dietrich in the giant airliner aboard which much of the action takes place in "No Highway," made in England.

Wherever she goes Marlene is asked how to be glamorous. "I've devoted a lot of thought to the answer, but still don't know it. Real glamour has something to do with authority, that's all I know."

Right: At London Airport on way to Denham Studios to make "No Highway" for 20th Century-Fox release. Marlene's philosophy is to try to make everyone happy, for in their happiness she finds her own joy.

Left: With co-star Jimmy Stewart. He's a research aircraft scientist and she the favorite screen star of his departed wife and him. Marlene is confining herself to appearing in one picture a year.
Marlene

Everyone is entranced when Marlene Dietrich, "the world's most glamorous woman," appears—everyone, that is, but Marlene, herself

You sense a strong undercurrent of excitement and expectancy, as though the King and Queen and the two Princesses of England were arriving. You are on the set of "No Highway," being filmed by 20th Century-Fox at Denham Studios just outside of London, England. You chat with Jimmy Stewart and Director Henry Koster, but your ears are aware of snatches of remarks like, "She'll be here in ten minutes precisely..." "I told my wife the good Creator never made such a gorgeous woman..." You find yourself asking, "Who?"

"Marlene Dietrich," is the answer. Neither a spotlight nor the clanging of bells announced her entrance. Yet everything and everybody just stopped dead still and stared. She was wearing a tan beige jersey frock that revealed a delicately curved figure and her pale blonde hair was brushed into a smooth coiffure under a chic mink hat. Her skin was creamy velvet, her mouth was red, and her eyes—wide and blue—under a long fringe of black lashes. Even the wardrobe woman exclaimed, "She is the most glamorous, the most beautiful woman in the world. She looks just like every woman wishes she could look."

Mr. Koster ran forward. There was no horseplay, but a warm greeting of great respect—with Dietrich's laugh singing back in a modulated low tone. Then she was turning in our direction and a sudden look of pleased recognition lighted her face. "Why, my good friend from Hollywood," she exclaimed. "I am so glad and so surprised to see you here in England. We have been friends for years," she added to Henry Koster.

I was leaving London that night for Southampton, so she said, "But you will take time to have a little visit. Perhaps lunch?" Mr. Koster agreed to release her from their previous engagement and we walked to the next sound stage where Marlene posed for several stills inside a plane. Then we walked to the commissary where a large painting of Leslie Howard is silhouetted with a blue light. As we went in I felt that Marlene's brand of glamour was so succulent that any lesser personalities were overshadowed. Remember her as the glamorous star in "Stage Fright"? You remember Marlene, you visualize her in every scene, but can you remember who else was in the cast? "I know I'm different than I am (Please turn to page 60)
IN HER gentle and ladylike way Gene Tierney's proved just as able at holding her own in dynamic-tempoed Hollywood as the more aggressive girls who mow down everything in their path to forge ahead. Gene's just-as-effective formula for success is good manners and becoming modesty.

Gene, Director Mitch Leisen study small problem for Paramount's "Mating Season."

The Ladylike Approach

Oleg designed all of her dresses for the picture. Gene co-stars with John Lund.

Left: Aid from Troy Sanders on "The Mating Season" set. Males flock from all sides to offer assistance to quietly charming Gene.

Below: Gene's innate breeding has much to do with making her marriage successful and non-publicized. With Hubby Oleg Cassini.
Ann Blyth is unlike any other star I know. In fact, she's unlike any other person I know.

She is very much a part of our group—which includes people like Janie Powell and Geary Steffen, Elizabeth Taylor, Georgiana and Ricardo Montalban, Barbara and Marshall Thompson, Dick Long, and others—and yet we all regard this very beautiful and charming girl as someone who seems really apart from the Hollywood scene. It's even difficult for us at times to remember that she is one of the town's most important personalities. Ann always seems more like a girl who could live next door to you in your own small town. That's perhaps a prosaic comparison, but it happens to be true.

I've known Ann for some time. Our first meeting was rather an unusual one.

An agent friend of mine said to me one day about six years ago, "There's a perfectly charming girl I'd like you to meet. I know you'd like her. Her name is Ann Blyth."

Well, I'd naturally heard of Ann. I'd seen a couple of her pictures and had thought of her as a delightful actress. She was someone I really wanted to know so I asked her to come over to a party. (She was recovering from a very bad accident. She had been tobogganing and had fallen and broken her back.) She was, however, unable to come then, so I asked her later and she did accept. I don't think Ann will ever forget that day since it was the first time she had gone swimming since her accident.

She was at the house most of the day and I thought she was one of the sweetest and nicest people I'd ever met. I'd say that gentility was the right term to use to describe her. That is a quality she has to this day.

After that Ann and I went out together several times. And we have done some strange things, I can assure you.

There was a date we had in New York, for instance. I went to her hotel to pick her up and had planned to take her to Toots Shor's for dinner. Afterwards we were going to see the Lunts at the Empire Theatre which is down on 40th St. and Broadway. When I met Ann she had something else in mind.

"Roddy," she said, "let's go to the Automat for dinner instead."

This was something new to me—a star who wanted to go to the Automat—but since I'd never been there it was fine with me. We both were more than intrigued with all the nickels we had to acquire to buy our dinner.

(please turn to page 62)

Ann Blyth and Roddy McDowall at Hollywood premiere. "She's one star who really enjoys seeing pictures other than her own."

Below: Preparing for a scene in "Katie," her latest film for Universal-International. She's now at work on "Bonaventure."
Marlon on outdoor set at Warners. He dressed more conservatively in Hollywood. Felt it was the thing to do.

Below: Visitor on set uses light meter for photo of Marlon. His mother was an actress; a sister, too.

Left: Marlon abhors fuss and folderol. He loves honesty. Says he's poor business man.

MARLON BRANDO, about to be seen in "A Streetcar Named Desire," has long been misunderstood because of his indomitable sincerity. Because he says and does as he honestly feels what's right, he's labeled an egocentric. Actually he's not.

Marlon amuses Kim Hunter, also in "A Streetcar Named Desire," with good-natured mugging, as she knits socks.

Sincerely Yours
Merry Mixup

Fray ensues when Van Johnson, Barry Sullivan, Howard Keel find Jane posing in sarong for Photographer Don McGuire.

As a small town girl who takes a job as an airline stewardess in MGM's "Three Guys Named Mike," Jane Wyman just can't seem to keep out of entanglements like the one pictured above. But when a girl happens to meet, in rapid succession, three attractive males, all named Mike, then she's a natural candidate for unusual situations. First, there's Howard (Mike) Keel, pilot of the plane she's assigned to. Next, Van (Mike) Johnson, a young scientist, one of her passengers. And finally, Barry (Mike) Sullivan, an advertising man. She inadvertently gets all three into hot water, but they come up smiling at film's end with offers of marriage and she has a hard choice to make.

She begins her career as a stewardess quite unfortunately in referring to Pilot Howard Keel as a chauffeur.

Jane, star of MGM's "Three Guys Named Mike," enjoys a fellow actor's wit while on location. Picture's story is based on the experiences of a real stewardess during various flights, giving Jane a chance for light comedy.

To model for soap ad Jane (with Don) sheds stewardess uniform.
If You Were Gene Autry

This is the kind of guy you'd be and the eventful kind of life you'd lead

Gene Autry giving chase to a villain on "The Gene Autry Show," over CBS Television.

CONFIDENTIALLY—haven't you ever left a movie with the feeling that you were the star you'd just seen?
And if you're a Western fan (there's no age limit), haven't you ever walked out of the Star Theatre as Gene Autry, sinking your spurs into Champion's flanks, while reaching back with a sure hand for your trusty pistol?
Don't be ashamed to admit it. Psychologists say it's a perfectly normal reaction—and if you have this normal

Gene seems on the verge of kissing Lynne Roberts. So far, he's not yielded, but is considering more love interest for his films.

With Elena Verdugo and 12-year-old Champion. Gene's ridden since he was a kid.
reaction, then the following is your meat, pardner.

If you were Gene Autry—you'd be one of the foremost cowboy heroes in the world. You'd own a hoss named Champion or, vice versa. You'd be comparatively wealthy, since you'd not only be a film star, you'd also be on the air and on TV, via films. You'd also write, sing and publish hit songs and your records would be perennial best-sellers.

But why stop there?

You'd own an oil well or three, as well as factories that turned out Gene Autry clothes and gimmicks. You'd receive royalties from articles that bore your name and picture. You'd owe Uncle Sam a hefty piece of change for income taxes, each and every year. You'd pay it.

As Gene, you'd be interviewed constantly, and so it might be well for you to listen to what Gene said to this reporter over lunch.

Said Gene: "Our addition, Little Champion, is a small hoss but a big ham. I get a chuckle out of him, whenever we're making a personal appearance, because he insists on looking at the audience for a couple of minutes. I think he's actually counting the house!"

"No, he isn't Champion's son. I got him in Arizona (where Gene owns radio station KWOL, Phoenix). He was a real runt at first, but he's filled out some, since. However, he won't get much bigger than he is now.

"In my business," Gene went on, even as should you, "you always have to be the character that the kids imagine you are. I don't mind wearing cowboy clothes because, if you don't, the kids lose the illusion. I remember that when I was a boy, I once saw my pet Western star wearing an ordinary suit, and it bothered me. In fact, I've never forgotten it.

"Kids often ask me where my gun is—the answer being that you can't wear a gun on city streets. I never wear gaudy cowboy clothes unless I'm on the stage or where the part calls for it. My suits for street wear are actually as conservative as any businessman's.

"I'm making films these days," he continued, "for my TV show. The emcee act isn't for me, the boys and girls want horses and action and, as (Please turn to page 68)
The lovers in "Fabiola," Michele Morgan and Henry Vidal, were wed during production.

Left: Henry Vidal as Rhual, young Christian gladiator, uses only wooden stick in combat.

Massimo Girotti is among the Christian martyrs being pinned to tree with an arrow.

Michele Simon, as Fabius, Roman Senator, toasts a luscious guest at his banquet.
THE splendor, pageantry and depravity of Ancient Rome are strikingly depicted in the lavish spectacle, "Fabiola," made in France, and now being shown in this country with English dialog expertly dubbed in. A cast of 7,000, headed by Michele Morgan in the title role, vividly portrays these fantastic days when the early Christians were slaughtered in the Colosseum for the sordid amusement of the bloodthirsty Romans. For added realism, 200 French and Italian athletes were used in the more arduous combat sequences. It cost a fortune to make "Fabiola," but since it is planned to show it in all parts of the world, eventually the film will be a profitable undertaking for the producers. Its message of good will is especially timely.
IN HOLLYWOOD, where important picture premiers occur frequently, it takes a really marvelous combination of stars, story and direction to bring forth cheers from an opening night crowd. The happy collaboration of stars Judy Holliday, William Holden and Broderick Crawford, author Garson Kanin and Director George Cukor on the movie version of "Born Yesterday" resulted in enthusiastic applause from a celebrity-filled audience when the film was shown for the first time.

Terry Moore proudly indicates that her date, Dick Long, hasn’t forgotten their tickets.

Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas arrive at "Born Yesterday" premiere. He was the first to play the male lead—in the stage version—and Jan has done feminine lead in two stage companies.

In the lobby of the RKO Pantages Theatre are "Born Yesterday" premiere guests Laraine Day, Leo Durocher and Frankie Laine. The picturesque Leo’s presence caused lots of excitement.

Shelley Winters and Farley Granger, who keep appearing together despite mutual denials.
Above: Fanny Brice obliges June Havoc, Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas with a characteristic expression. Attractive June will soon be seen in 20th's "Follow The Sun," with Glenn Ford.

Left: Marta Toren at the premiere of "Born Yesterday" with Kell Henning, a singer who comes from her native Sweden. Marta's done better than most stars imported from Europe.

Cornel Wilde, who hasn't spent too much time making pictures lately, being besieged by some fans who think he is still pretty wonderful.

Ezio Pinza signs an autograph book as his wife looks on. He's still the town's social lion in spite of competition from younger males.

Old friends Gale Storm and Barbara Hale have so much to say that husbands Lee Bonnell and Bill Williams can only look on in silence.

Betty Garrett and Larry Parks, who gave up independent film plan to accommodate anticipated blessed event, in lobby with Eddie Buzzell.
Van Heflin, a stage and movie success for years, still feels he’s just getting started

This has to do with Van Heflin—a young man with a future... If you’re any sort of a moviegoer, you’ve just done a beautiful doubletake, followed it with a reasonable question along the lines of: What is this? Van Heflin’s a movie star. And wasn’t he on the legitimate stage with Ina Claire, and with Katie Hepburn in the original “Philadelphia Story,” during its two-year run in the theatre?

Yes.

Okay (it’s your turn again), and what about such film hits as “Johnny Eager” (Van won an Oscar for it), “Presenting Lily Mars,” “B. F.’s Daughter,” “Act Of Violence” and such?

Yes.

Now you move in for the kill, by adding: They were successful movies and personal triumphs—in each case—for Van Heflin; the same whom you dast call a young man with a future. What future does a $150,000-a-film man need?

Yes and no.

You’ve been right about everything you’ve said and everything you’ve said would seem to knock the future-for-Van thing into a cocked hat—except for one item. Which happens to be, Van himself...

Van, as you’ll see, isn’t—couldn’t be—static. He won’t stand still and he’s convinced that he’s just getting started. He has so much to do (and so much to do with), that we’ve only begun to hear from the gentleman from Oklahoma.

When he was interviewed, Van (born Emmet Evan Heflin, in Walters, Oklahoma) was in New York, negotiating for a play. One with a provocative husband-wife theme that would entail some (Please turn to page 72)
Role of the unscrupulous cop appealed to Van "because he's someone I could've been, a requirement for a good performance."

YOUNG MAN
WITH A
FUTURE

With wife, Frances. Van's dickering for a play that would offer him a challenge.

By Robert Perkins
Donald wields lorgnette in "Double Cross-bones," with Helena Carter, John Emery.

As lowly citizen he really is, he sings for habitues of Lester Luther's tavern.

DONALD O'CONNOR runs amuck in the 18th Century in "Double Cross-bones," a Technicolor period piece, tailored to fit the O'Connor talents. Donald starts out as a shopkeeper's apprentice, becomes enamored of a lady of high degree and eventually finds himself a pirate by accident, with time out for an excursion (in foppish disguise) to the Governor's mansion to claim his beloved. Plots like this are usually done with a straight face, but, with Donald in charge, it is a droll caricature of the stock costume drama.

Right: Inept pirate O'Connor winds up as pal of famed buccaneers Kidd and Morgan.

Youthful Donald has already made select circle of great comedians.

Dressed to the hilt, Donald appears in this outlandish disguise in the U-I production.

He woos Helena Carter with sardonic, un-O'Connorlike expression.
Bonzo clings to Diana, who's delegated to help bring him up in "Bedtime For Bonzo."

Left: Typical of Diana, she undertook acting assignment with Bonzo as a great lark.

In picture, Bonzo lapses occasionally from Diana's child program of love and culture.

Below: Like most chimps, Bonzo wanted to try everything and Diana humored his whims.

THE tot being mothered here by Diana Lynn is Bonzo, a talented chimpanzee who emotes, with Diana and Ronald Reagan, in "Bedtime For Bonzo," a U-I film about a noble experiment conducted by Ronald and Diana to prove that early environment, not heredity, determines eventual character.

Left: Like most children, Bonzo heartily objected to bedtime, even for make-believe. Here, Diana finds him far from his nursery.

Right: Is this all the character Bonzo can show after Diana's efforts to bring him up properly? Lucille Barkley is the temptress.
"Living with your husband must never become an ordinary habit," warns Florence.

By Florence Marly

LOVE, when you are married, does not mean a constant, secret maneuvering of your own man. The male element in your life is that electric charge that makes you glad you are a woman. But you must be wary of pitfalls, must deal with your husband as he deserves to be treated.

He shouldn’t do what you want, but what he, himself, wants. You have no right at all to expect your personal wishes to be granted automatically. You don’t possess him, nor he you, no matter how legal the tie between. Love, for a wife, cannot be a selfish joy, nor can it last if temporarily prolonged by battles or bargains. They’re bound to make it wither, turn it into a hidden tragedy.

Living with your husband must never become an ordinary habit. Marriage is not meant to be a routine, for then it develops into a prison in which all your ambitions are ignored. If you let it grow monotonous for awhile you are short-circulating your contact with excitement for the duration of your mistake. Both you and your husband always will be a magnetic challenge to one another. This is a basic law of human nature, so face it early and appreciate the novelty it brings. If you don’t stimulate someone, you bore him.

Marriage is not meant to be a safe thing. Sailing lazily on a cloud a husband mysteriously keeps in the air for you is, of course, the utterly childish conception that soon fades when reality is added to romance. Marriage is not merely the most important step a woman can take with anyone else, but it’s never going to be absolutely secure, a simple relationship fencing you off from the world. Neither of you can be neatly cataloged by the other and counted upon to stay put. Every human being must change, for better or worse, and this is inevitable in spite of all the adolescent imagining that we’re destined.
At Love

a routine, nor a prison"

“Love, for a wife, cannot be a selfish joy,” says happily married Florence.


to remain dependably the same. No vows can cement a personality. We're all altering in some way. Only the stuffy fancy they can stay static.

The reward that comes from a real marriage is the ecstasy of sharing your own evolution with your sweetheart, and feeling that he, along with you, is fulfilling himself. Whatever your particular talent is, however you are impelled to experiment and grow, you fondly give your partner the freedom to venture and then, amazingly, love becomes more marvelous than ever.

I have wandered far from my original home in Obrnie, Czechoslovakia. Because I followed my instinct to better myself somehow, some way many doors have opened miraculously for me. My life has become fantastically full. You must believe it will be, with all your heart. Only then will the thrills start and never stop.

My girlhood was quiet. My father was a teacher, but we were unsophisticated country people. Father died when I entered my teens and mother sensed that a farm could never hold me. I felt that if I remained in a small district the possibilities would (Please turn to page 64)

Screenland Fashion Selections

by Kay Brunell
Fashion Selection #268 Faith wears a
White Stag four-piece play suit made of
Textron's Indianhead cotton woven in the
classic Greek design, the Diana Pattern.
It is washable, colorfast and pre-shrunk.
A real double-duty outfit in a variety
of colors—navy, flamingo, turquoise and
mocha. The sun-square vest is finished
off so that it can be worn either outside
or inside, as you like. Comes in sizes
10 to 20, at about $4.00. Turn-up Pedal
Pushers in sizes 10 to 20, about $5.50.

Fashion Selection #269 A full skirt with
large square pockets whirls busily about
Faith. This "Social Security" wrap-around
skirt was also designed by White Stag.
Goes on in a jiffy, wraps completely
around you and buttons in the front. With
it comes a special safety pin to secure
that open flap in the back. It comes in
sizes, small, medium and large. About
$7.00. A crew hat in the same variety
of colors tops the outfit. Sizes small,
medium and large. Price, about $2.00.
Screenland Salutes Margaret O'Brien

Margaret reveals amazing dancing ability with a Charleston solo in the picture. Her mother was a professional dancer.

Allen Martin shows Margaret that he's quite the man of muscle in Columbia's delightful "The Romantic Age."

Margaret and Frank Inn, famed cat trainer, hold two sets of identical feline triplets on set of "The Romantic Age."

For her first teenage role, Margaret O'Brien, now all of 15, appears in the appropriately titled Columbia comedy, "The Romantic Age." She, as in her child role days, is decidedly captivating and appreciably more assured and easy to look at than in her earlier years. Margaret in "The Romantic Age" gives every reason to believe that her childhood achievement will be surpassed as she grows older.
Theme Song For Spring

The scenery may be different, the lights brighter but here are new ideas that fit in with these changes

An improved formula and a new gold-colored metal case turn your old friend Pond's Lips into brighter bait for Spring conquests.

Press the button and out comes a complete circle of atomized spray without drizzle or drip, to give you all-day Obay safety.

New means and new ways to maintain glamour 'spite shorter clothes and sheer stockings are available courtesy Eversharp-Schick.

By Elizabeth Lapham

COMES March and things happen, whether you're ready for them or not. Beauticians anticipate that higher sun in the sky and the resulting need for a change of makeup and a change of mood. That's why, just now when you're wanting to meet the new season with your best face forward you'll find a bonanza of beauty props arriving on counters around town. Each is a small thing in itself but equipped to make a very definite contribution to the complete picture—which is you.

BIRDS greet Spring with a splurge of gay plumage so perhaps we only need to follow our own instincts to choose a lighter, more exciting looking lipstick for a color pick-up and ignore the more scientific reasons. Whatever your private incentives, there are some very new lipsticks around now that you should know about. Pond's for one, has been working overtime and re-done your old friend Pond's Lips into a spectacularly improved version. The formula is a lot creamier now; the color even more true. The handsome gold metal case tapers to a point at the top. Instead of your favorite winter Dark Secret you'll probably want to switch to pleasantly pink Dither or Heart Throb (if you hanker for a dash of blue in the blend).

THE Djer-Kiss excitement is something important called "new French Formula Perma-color Lipstick"—sounds impressive and is. For a really professional result you're supposed first to trace the outline of your lips lightly with your lipstick, then fill in with a generous application of color. Allow it to set for about five minutes before you wipe off the excess lipstick and assure yourself of a non-blurring color that won't come off on anything until you take it off with soap and water. You'll like the case too—a slim shaft that is conveniently short when it's closed but professionally long-length when opened for use. There are five excellent colors in this French Formula that range from the deep blue-pink of Amour to a bright rosy pink aptly named La Vie en Rose.

ONE look at the fashion magazines should be enough to warn you that skirts are being shortened to a point that will put legs back on almost permanent display. No more stalling on the job of leg grooming for a large slice of the year and then trying to make up for lost time during just the bathing suit season. There's nothing less attractive than a well-fuzzed leg, with or without stockings. That's essentially the reason why the Eversharp-Schick firm has designed not only one but two razors exclusively for feminine use and spent a couple of years testing techniques. To us the razors appear to be equally effective. Fashion Razor is a resplendent gold and white affair that's a bit higher in price than the cherky red and blue Deb model. As for technique—all that research produced a number of very definite do's and don'ts. For alabaster skin smoothness don't ever dry shave—do use soap and hot water. By always shaving your legs immediately after a hot tub or shower you tackle the hair in its softest most unresisting state. Soap (or shaving cream) is essential to remove the coating of waterproof oil which swathes each hair shaft. Take care of these two basic steps in skin preparation and you'll get such a close, comfortable shave, even going against the grain in the recom- (Please turn to page 67)
Kay Brunell selects
St. Louis' Miss Elaine lingerie for style, quality, fit

Fashion Selection #274 Right: A Miss Elaine Slip made of fine combed handkerchief cotton nainsook. It is not only a dainty little slip, but also because of the way it is so attractively trimmed down the front, it can be worn beneath a suit to serve as a very pretty little dickie. Besides playing this dual role of slip and dickie, it has a shadow panel, a feature that is a find today. It comes in white only. Sizes 32 to 44. Around $4.00.

Fashion Selection #275 Left: Shown here is a Miss Elaine two-piece pajama or play suit, as you like, for it can be worn for play or sleep. It is made of fine combed broadcloth and piped in white. There is a handy little pocket with a coat of arms design, and each section is banded with elastic to insure fit and allow free movement. It comes in three nice bright colors: gold, aqua and brick. Sizes, small, medium and large. Price, about $3.00.

Modeled by June Kirby, now in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Fashion Arrangements by Mac Wise—Slippers by Honeybugs.

PLEASE TURN TO page 78 in this issue for information on where to purchase these selections.
Sensational New Scientifically Designed BRAS for LARGE - MEDIUM - SMALL BUSTS

Correct and Flatter Your Individual Bust Problems INSTANTLY! on FREE 10-DAY TRIAL!

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**New Patent Pend**, constructed "Glamour-Form" bra corrects medium bust problems in a Jiffy!

**COLORS—NUDE WHITE, BLACK**
You rarely see a woman with an average-size bra which is naturally perfect. This is because a woman's breast muscles and tissues break down leaving your bust more or less protruding. Your medium bust may be too full, or too flat, or more problems that your bustline may be poorly fitted and unshapely. Your ordinary bra is not designed to correct to your individual bust problem. This new patent pend creates a perfect fit and shape for your bust, whether you are young, or older, and looks like a miracle. Our new invention, the world’s first bra designed the "Glamour-Form" bra to specifically correct the medium size bust, solves and eliminates wonders for your figure. It is easy to wash — like your other bra! Genial, wonderful, and durable — yet inexpensive. This illustrated is some of the medium bust types who can be helped.

**INNER BRA BUST BEAUTIFIER**
which been marketed for your individual medium bust problems.

**Picture Here** are some of the medium bust types who can be helped.

Famous bust culture stylist created this wonderful feature underneath the bra. It instantly flatters and accentuates the average medium bust, gives them a firm uplift, roundness, and confidence in themselves. You need not wonder whether your medical size bust fits too much, or too flatly spread out, or is not firm or round enough.

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**SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10-DAY TRIAL!**

**FREE! GLAMOUR BUSTLINE FORM**

For SMALL—MEDIUM—LARGE BUSTS

An authority shows you how to improve your individual bustline appearance so that your new bra looks its best on you! Contains 3 sections for each bust type: instructs the small, medium, large bust type what to do for their own bust problem, most scientific, up-to-date guidance, step-by-step illustrations with easy to understand directions. Partial list of precent contents in this course are: Simple Illustrated scientific movements, formation for each bust type, using a "Glamour-Form" bra, likeness of the small, medium and large bust women, illustration of bust structure and how it works, figure proportion charts giving correct bust size according to height and weight. Plus other methods of bustline improvement! Yours free of extra charge with your order of any of the above bras—whether you buy the bra or not—if you act NOW!
This intestinal fortitude is revealed by her relationship to flying. In 1916, when she was returning to England via New York, Boston, and Newfoundland, her plane tossed a motor into the midst of the State of Massachusetts. The flight pattern was at fifteen thousand feet, so, for seven precarious minutes, the plane sliced altitude while seeking an emergency landing field. When one was reported, the pilot (Miss Leigh still applauds his skill, speaking in fervent tone) had to make two approaches to the landing strip in order to get down without pioretting on the heavy wing.

A few years earlier, when she and her husband were flying to Atlanta, Georgia, to do a British War Relief benefit, their plane fought weather and headwinds to such an extent that it finally landed at Augusta with less than a pint of fuel left in the tanks.

On a third occasion, when the Oliviers were returning to London, via Lisbon during the War, their plane caught fire and was forced to make an emergency landing under perilous wartime conditions.

It happens that Warner Brothers Studio, where Miss Leigh has been working in the screen version of "A Streetcar Named Desire," is not far from a jet base. The expected result was that, a dozen times a day, jet squadrons split the sky with their celestial thunder. The roaring always caused Miss Leigh to shudder. "I don't like planes," she would say, "I really don't."

However, when asked whether she would fly again she murmured, with a controlled show of polite surprise, "Oh, of course—whenever necessary."

Trains and boats are her great transportation loves. After "Streetcar Named Desire" was completed, Miss Leigh and her husband took passage on a French cargo ship sailing from Los Angeles, through the Panama Canal, thence to the British Isles, The trip required twenty-five blissful days of leisurely sea travel.

The inbound trip from New York to Hollywood was made by Twentieth Century Limited from New York to Chicago, and by Super Chief from Chicago westward. Miss Leigh explored every inch of each of these luxurious iron horses, and regretted only that their schedules made it impossible to visit the stations of American small towns to catch a glimpse of the infinite variety of American rural life.

When the picture company went to New Orleans to film "Streetcar" backgrounds and outdoor action, Miss Leigh rode Southern Pacific's Sunset Limited, a resplendent crimson and gold streamliner, and lamented every mile the fact that her husband was still deep in the Paramount production of "Carrie," so was unable to accompany her. This separation was an extensive disappointment, as they had long planned to investigate storied New Orleans together.

Aside from this mishap, Miss Leigh found the city all she had been led to expect. Whenever possible, she slipped into the French Quarter to peer into the shops; tiptoed into the walled and landscaped courtyards whose opened grille work gates are always an invitation to enter; she paused in doorways to tilt her ears toward the perennial jazz that drifts from the balcony upper rooms overlooking Bourbon, Dauphin, and Royal Streets.

She loved the typically black coffee, redolent of chicory, and she found that dining at the Vieux Carre, Antoine's and Galatoire's lived up to expectations. Now she wants to return to New Orleans whenever possible; perhaps, and this is a dream, she and her husband might be able to take a flat in the French Quarter for a few weeks some early Spring.

Another city beloved of Miss Leigh is Carmel, on the Monterey Peninsula. She adores the air which, most of the year, is sharp and damp, rich with the scent of pine needles and wood smoke. The mountains and the land are thickly wooded, and the sea crashes against a steep and rocky shore, interrupted only occasionally by strips of deep, chill sand.

There is also a romance between Miss Leigh and San Francisco, city of "sudden hills, lavender flowers, and smartest women. Cable cars, the Top O' The Mark, Gravel Street at night in the heart of Chinatown, and Fisherman's Wharf, like the vistas of Carmel, awaken her painter's instinct.

For several years, Miss Leigh and her husband have followed the Churchillian technique of relaxing over canvas and easel. Both (of the Oliviers) are working toward perfecting a landscape technique. "Someday I'm going to take lessons," she says with an emphatic nod. "Someday, when I find time."

She doesn't feel that she does even slightly laudable work yet, but she has never been able to destroy a canvas on grounds of utter hopelessness. "Probably after I start to study and do something really worthwhile I'll be able to face my early efforts. That will be time enough to dispose of the things I am now keeping," is her easy dismissal of the super-critical attitude of many hobbyist painters.

When the weather is bad and Miss Leigh is unable to interpret a landscape, she and her husband play canasta. She usually wins their two-handed games, probably because she brings to anything she does a burning concentration.

This is, of course, intensely true of her professional behavior. She is a trouper to a degree rather impressively in this fact: after she had completed her final scenes for "Streetcar Named Desire," the technical crew paid her the supreme compliment of presenting a gift to her.

Technical crews are not easily bowled over by an actress' talent or charm: they are on the job eight hours a day, serving as a phalanx of anonymous eyes and ears, overalls, silently, knowingly critical of false starts, blown scenes, painful re-takes.

(Please turn to page 38)
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hearsals, and of gradually perfected characterizations. They make up the toughest audience on earth because they make a profession of being unimpressed, and because most of them know show business from box office to handbill and back again. This hard-boiled aggregation acknowledged Miss Leigh's excellence by giving her a silver cigarette box. Inscribed on the cover was the single word, "Vivien" and on the inside of the cover was engraved a sentence of admiration which, characteristically, Miss Leigh has not shown to anyone. Neither will she repeat it.

Incidentally, Miss Leigh went blonde for the part of Blanche although her own hair is reddish brown and naturally curly. In the film, her shadow is between ten and twelve pounds slimmer than the image she likes to cast, but there seems to be little she can do about it. Before the beginning of each of her pictures, and before opening night of her plays, she begins to melt away. Also she is inclined to develop a severe head cold at this rehearsal and spend the day before premiere in a tumult of apprehension that she is going to lose her voice.

A relaxing aid at such times is her coterie of three cats, serving loyally as household pets in good standing. One is an aristocratic Siamese, but the other two are incidental war-farers of questionable lineage. One wandered in on Christmas day, obviously seeking a handout. He was accommodated and named, inevitably, "Christmas." Before creating her London characterization of Blanche in "Streetcar Named Desire" (which she played for eight months), Miss Leigh did not see Jea Tandy's New York performance, nor did she see the poignant Judith Evelyn interpretation which was played for West Coasters. Aside from the geographical problems involved in her catching these performances, she has made it a practice to avoid seeing the work of her colleagues in modern plays which might become vehicles for herself; the sole exception is "Antigone" which she saw Katherine Cornell do some years ago.

Naturally, she saw the great mistakes of drama re-create the classical roles of the past, she was growing up, but she seems to feel that classical drama is expansive enough and flexible enough in changing times, to allow for a fresh approach at regular intervals.

Naturally, because of her eminence and the sympathetic quality she projects, she receives a great deal of mail from youngsters with theatrical ambitions. "How am I to get started? What are the short cuts and how shall I find them? How must I prepare myself?" are the usual queries.

Miss Leigh's answer is delivered straight from the shoulder: "If you want to be an actor, truly want to work in the theatre, you will find your own way without advice from anyone. If you were meant to be an actor, you will be an actor, regardless of apparent obstacles."

She adds that, in the main, acting is not a munificent profession: there are as many struggling actors as there are struggling chemists, drapers, or fishermen. She thinks it should be stressed that acting is one of the most difficult of all professions, a tantalizing, elusive, exhilarating business.

She herself started at a very young age, and was tossed into parts which, she feels now, were beyond her. She was required to perfect characterizations which were too intricate for her knowledge and experience; naturally, being Vivien Leigh, she learned faster than she had dreamed possible, she matured more rapidly than the normal climate of her development would have allowed. She rose to the challenge.

She is like that.

Sly as a sceptor, and as authoritative. Bright as a sword and as valiant. Fresh as an English rose, and quite as sweet.

D'ya know what the technicians call Lady Olivier, when Lady Olivier is out of sight?

Quote: Cute Kid. Close quote.

Some Of My Best Friends Are Married

Continued from page 25

find must feel the same way. She must love music as I do.

I know that perhaps that would be tough to find, considering all-consuming thing, a thing that starts the moment I wake in the morning and goes on every moment of my day. There's never a time when a song is not important to me, or when I've had too much of melody. And I suppose that's rare in anyone else.

The girl I need doesn't have to be a raving beauty. I like the blonde type—most Italians do—but I'll probably wind up marrying a brunette. Life is like that.

She must be, above all temperamental things, pleasant. She must have a nice character. And she must have heart.

There's a girl I know in New York who has these things. She's a tiny thing, physically, but her heart is enormous. She is invariably trying to do things for people, things they don't expect, things which come at the times when they need them most. And she knows, too, the difference between an acquaintance and a friend. She doesn't presume on a casual relationship; she keeps her dignity. When she does give her friendship, you know that it's for keeps.

There are a few little things which are important to me in a girl.

First, I'd like her to look "clean." By that, I mean that she shouldn't have too much stuff on her face. I'd like to be able to see what she looked like, not what some beautician dreamed up for her.

And I'd like her to be reasonably athletic. She doesn't have to be a "muscle moll," but I'd like her to join me in playing golf, or bowling, or a few hours at an archery range. I enjoy these things immensely, and I would enjoy them even more if I had a good companion when I did them.

Another thing: She's simply got to know how to dance. I don't do much nightclubbing—I've spent too much time poring over the pictures to like them for entertainment—but, when I do go to such a spot, I'd like the girl to be able to follow the music. There is nothing worse, as far as I'm concerned, than to go to a party or a cabaret and get up to dance and—nuthin' happens! And, last, I want the girl to go out with me, not with everyone in the room.

There are gals who date men, you know, for what it will do for their careers, or because they think it is "smart" to be seen with them, or because they merely want to go to certain places. And you dance with them and, physically, they are dancing with you. But, mentally, they are off in a corner with some guy they've seen across the floor, or looking around to see who's there, or something. To me, that is not only as rude as someone can get but it's vastly embarrassing.

Does my girl have to know how to cook? No, not at first. I'll teach her how to cook!

Does that sound funny? Well, after all the years of training I've had from my mother and sisters, cooking is one of my favorite indoor sports. And, if the marriage doesn't work out, I'll be glad to act as professor.

Ours would be a quiet life, as you may be gathering. For in Hollywood I've found the first regular existence I've had in years. And I love it, especially after the nightclub circuit.

I go to the movies a lot, for the very simple reason that I feel I have a great deal to learn about technique, and I want to be a success in films. I watch the people in my particular field, the big-shots like Crosby, for instance, and see how they handle things, pick up tricks from them, hope that some day I can have the ease on a stage that they do.

And I go out to a drive-in and munch hamburgers with two or three of my friends, and then drop down to that archery place I mentioned, or bowl a few lines, or perhaps stop in at the Beverly Tropics or the Encore for some music. It isn't very glamorous, my life, but it's a lot of fun.

I hope it could be fun for someone else, too.

There's another misconception in the public brain, incidentally. And that is that when you are signed to a movie contract, or have achieved any sort of prominence, you are instantly besieged by all sorts of invitations from all sorts of people.

In a way, this is true. But, unfortunately, the invitations are often not the sort you want and they're not from the people you care to become intimate with. The real people don't chase you. They wait until they happen to meet you.
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They wait to see whether or not they really like you, not because you have your name on a record but because you’re a nice guy. And that is why it is so hard to keep from being lonely.

I’m sorry to sound as if I were weeping into my beer, for I don’t intend that. But, when I see a couple walking together down the street, laughing, with the aura of complete companionship about them, I know what I am missing.

I’m young, I know. There is plenty of time.

But some of my best friends are married, and they like it.

So why wait?

Matter-Of-Fact Marlene

Continued from page 27

I still don’t know it. Real glamour has something to do with authority, that’s all I know. I won’t call it glamour.

For myself, I think the real spirit and confidence of a person who has something exceptional in life gives that air, gives a woman a glamour that no make-up box or costume can manufacture.

It isn’t by means of a formula that Marlene decides what she wants from life. She thinks that most people become so self-centered in their objective just what they want to be that they end by living only for themselves. They have no one to think of but themselves and no inner radiance can shine from a self-centered miserable person.

Glamour is not a phony charm, according to Marlene. Even if you are an actress, she says, you can’t pretend to listen with great interest to another’s plans or conversation while you mentally arrange your own plans. Stimulation of your own mind through social discussion, music, art, is more beneficial than time spent in a beauty parlor, for a woman with an active mind is exciting.

There’s nothing a man likes better than explaining things that interest him to an attentive listener. Once you have a man as your confidant, he finds you, the most glamorous woman in the world—which explains a man’s rapture over, sometimes, a woman of plain physical charm. You hear, “What does he see in her?”

Marlene’s career is only a part of her life. She always decides what to do that will make everybody happy; for in their happiness she finds her own. These may not sound like potent words, but anyone who thinks them over and gives them a try, will experience the full benefit of them. It makes one vital and alive.

When Marlene’s daughter, Maria, was a baby of three, she appeared with her in one of Marlene’s first pictures at Paramount. Marlene was far more delighted with the childish beauty and fun of having her in a picture, than she was about herself. Maria was always such a lovely child and now she is a lovely woman with two babies to look after. Marlene often takes care of them so her daughter can have a free afternoon or evening. Helping others and giving happiness to people is characteristic of her and was her main incentive for joining the USO.

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When the United States Armed Forces first entered Germany it was thought risky for her to go with them. But she was determined to go with them.

As everyone knows, Marlene plays the violin and piano, and in the War she took up the musical saw to entertain the GIs up front. She has remained their friend ever since. As a result she is constantly getting free taxi rides in New York—in fact she says she can hardly remember paying for a cab. The driver nearly always says “I saw you in the War. You were in such and such a town. We’re old war buddies.” When she tries to insist on paying her fare they won’t take it. “Don’t deny me the pleasure, Miss Dietrich,” they’ll say. She knows it gives them pleasure—so she accepts.

As for men, Marlene was quite willing to discuss them. Several years ago she was asked to list the most exciting men in her life. She did so and today the list remains the same: Noel Coward, Erich Remarque, Earle Stanley Gardner, the mystery novelist. (Mr. Gardner says his life has never been the same since he was named in that list), Roberto Rossellini, (he was unknown when Marlene originally nominated him), Ernest Hemingway and Orson Welles. Of the fabulous Mr. Welles, she says the only trouble in putting him on such a list of fascinators is that he knows it!

It has been said a million times how young Marlene looks. As I walked beside her to the Studio gates I thought once again how true this is. Marlene looks 30 actually, but she is 48. She has more fascination in her little finger than most women have in all ten.

Regarding her pictures, she says, “I usually make just one picture a year because there are so few good stories.” Her current one—“No Highway”—she likes very much. It is the story of a research aircraft scientist, Jimmy Stewart. Marlene plays the film star, who was the No. 1 favorite of Stewart and his wife. After they meet in the same plane the plot begins to unfold.

Marlene’s next picture will be in Hollywood with Director Fritz Lang. As for men, she is madly in love with two—Mara’s baby boys, lucky fellows.

What I Know About Ann Blyth

Continued from page 30

Of course, we go to the movies—practically all of the time. She’s one star who really enjoys seeing pictures other than her own.

But of all our dates, I don’t think I shall ever forget a date we had at Ciro’s with Elizabeth Taylor (before her marriage) and Dick Long.

We were having an awfully good time until we got the check. To Dick’s and my horror we discovered we didn’t have enough money to pay the bill. Dick and I went into a hurried conference while Ann and Elizabeth looked on amused. Dick finally gave me all the money he had so I could pay for Ann’s and my share of the check. Then Ciro’s gave him a credit card so he could take care of his end of the expenses.

Dick and I were very embarrassed. Ann simply remained unfruffled. And it was a deal where a person of her importance might have felt a little—shall we say, upset?

Ann is always a lady on a date. She never loses her innate good taste—and I’ve seen occasions when she could easily have been very annoyed. But I like to take her out mainly because I’ve never known her to be out of sorts. At one time she had made five pictures in a row, among them “Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid” which was a difficult job what with that tail she had to cart around with her all of the time. Yet, not once did she ever dwell on how tired she was or get moody or irritable, as some girls do. However, when she got really tired she would very quietly say, “I think I’d better go home now.” A few times I’d suggest we stay just a little longer at a party, but she’d smile sweetly and remark, “No, I think I’d better go.”
It didn’t take me long to learn that when Ann makes up her mind about a thing you know it’s made up for good.

On a date, Ann is a completely unselfish person — and a completely un-}
mandating one. At times I think she should be a bit more selfish, a little more}
mandating. But when you come right down to it, those are qualities any fellow
appreciates in a girl. You ask Ann where she wants to go, for instance, and she
doesn’t say, “Oh, I think I want to go dancing tonight.” Instead it’s “Whatever
you'd like is fine with me.”

Ann is also a girl you're proud to take out because she always looks so nice. She
dresses conservatively — more like a prom-
inent social debutante than a big star —
but good taste governs everything about
her.

When you take her to a party, as I have on several occasions, she really can
throw you. To begin with, and not many
know this about her, she is one of the
funniest people I’ve ever met. She’s a
tremendous story-teller and when she
gets started on one of her dialect stories
you laugh so hard you almost fall on
your face. I’ve never ceased to be
amazed at how quickly she changes when
she’s being the comedienne. It’s a gift
not many girls have.

Ann really loves parties — especially if
charades is the game of the evening.
Once she came to my house for a party
and although she stepped inside she
said, “Are we playing charades
tonight?” She looked so hopeful that I
felt very sorry when I told her we weren’t. She almost suggested, she was so
disappointed.

I mentioned earlier that Ann was un-
like any star I'd ever known. She is
because she will hardly ever discuss her
career. Yet — she's deeply serious about her
work.

Only occasionally have I been able to
get her to talk about what she'd like
from her career. She's said that she'd
enjoy doing a big musical— perhaps on the
stage — because she enjoys singing and appreciates fine music.

Her part in “The Great Caruso” was a
thrill to her for this reason, and she's
hoping that her home studio, Universal-
International, will think of her for the
lead in “Song Of Norway,” if and when
it is made.

She's already had several exciting mo-
ments in her career. I was with her, for
example, the night she heard she was to
make the Bing Crosby picture. I've
never seen her so completely happy.
It was the most important break she had
since she made “Mildred Pierce.”

Yet, with this enthusiasm, she is defi-
nitely not complacent about her work.
She won’t do anything unless she feels
it’s right for her. There have been times
when she's been set for a picture she
didn’t think right for her and refused to
make it. Somehow it’s hard to think of
quiet Little Ann as having such positive
attitudes — but she has!

I've seldom heard Ann pass any opin-
ions about her work on the screen. And
she never has asked me — or anyone else
that I know of — for comments about her
work. But that’s like Ann — she's entirely
unobtrusive about herself. Her remarks
about her career — or anything else for
that matter — are almost always general.
She simply does not like to talk about
herself.

That is perhaps her most unusual char-
acteristic — her reserve. She’s a great in-
trovert. It’s as though there was a wall
around her. Maybe you’d call this self-
sufficiency, but I don’t really know. It
does, however, seem that she lives a good
deal within herself.

Most people who have that trait are
selfish and often unkind. Not Ann. In
all the years I’ve known her I’ve never
heard her say an unkind thing about
anyone. Which is perhaps why everyone
in Hollywood is so fond of her.

One day I went to Universal to have
lunch with her. Afterwards we were
walking down the lot. Several times as
we passed people, I heard them say,
“Oh, that’s the sweetest girl in town!”

I believe Ann is like this because she
lives by one rule—she will only do and
say what is in line with her code of
ethics, her belief in what is right. To
drive is the most important thing to her
—and that’s probably because she is
such a deeply religious person. Her
religion governs most of her life.

Ann lives very quietly with her aunt
and uncle and has never had any of the
typical desire of most young people to
break away and go on her own. She
somewhere doesn’t seem to need that in-
dividual independence. She has found
her own happiness and her life is com-
plete as far as she is concerned.

Not that Ann intends to go on living
this way indefinitely. She hasn’t dis-
cussed such things as marriage with me
to any extent, but I have the feeling
that she is waiting until only she is
ready for a married life. Ann is so
seriously fond of children that she would
make a wonderful wife and mother.

But there won’t be any impulsive move for
Ann in this direction. She takes marriage
far too seriously to go into it lightly. I
suppose I’m waiting because she isn’t
ready yet for such a step.

Ann is today exactly the same as she
was when I first met her, so if she’s an
example of growing up in Hollywood I
think no one need worry about the al-
leged stunting effect of Hollywood upon
young people. Never once has she
been staggered by her own importance—
nor shown any inclination to live the so-
called glamorous life of a star. Con-
sistency is her greatest trait. You’ll never
find her acting any differently, no matter
what the situation is.

Her goal in life, as far as I can see it,
is to be a great success as an actress and
to do things that are truly fine — and yet
retain the best qualities in life. Other-
wise, she has no burning, all-possessing
ambition or frustration.

Ann and I have had many long talks
about each other and about life in gen-
eral. But always she has kept what is
personally important to her within her.
That is why I say that since I so sic-
cerely admire and respect Ann, I wish I
knew her better. I am not alone, among
her friends, in that wish.
be small. I had no money. So opera was my original goal. I studied piano and singing at home. Then I changed and figured I should become a newspaperwoman. That would mean travel, seeing the great sights of the world at first-hand. I would meet the most interesting people. I would miss nothing. That meant writing interviews. I could not write. I must cultivate the knack of journalism, I said. So my mother, bless her, scraped up barely enough to send me to Paris. She allowed me to go there, to a foreign country, alone at fifteen. I enrolled at the Sorbonne and took literature and philosophy. It was a magazine that lurk, plunging into that famous university like that.

I switched from my classes there to dramatic training under a noted Parisian coach, Raymond Rouleau, because everyone, to my astonishment, asked me if I were a movie actress. They said I had the look of a star. I made my acting debut in a dramatic school play at six-thirty. It was breath-taking just for me, for I was still a student, still emotionally nobody.

A fellow student at the university, a musical composer, said, "I will help you. I will introduce you to my friends in the theatre and studios." I never question a generous offer. If it comes to us, we are ready for it. He took me to a play one evening. We peered down from the balcony. "That's Monsieur Chenal, the famous film director," my escort pointed out. "I would introduce you at the intermission, only he won't bother to speak to me." Between the acts we went downstairs and suddenly Monsieur Chenal looked at me and said, "Hello, how are you?" to my friend. In his next breath this foremost French director declared, "I am going to Italy in two weeks to make my next picture there. I'm sorry it is all cast. I have been searching for such a face as yours always." Then he bowed and walked away.

I spent the most nerve-wracking night. Would he, or would he not, call me? If he were sincere, he would attempt to find me. He did telephone. "I'll pick you up for dinner," he announced in the suavest tone. He'd been smoking a cigar at the theatre, so, impulsively, I ran out and selected one fine cigar and sent it to him by messenger with a merry little note. Don't wait for a man to send you flowers if you feel like noticing something he likes! At dinner, at a swanky cafe, he told me, "I am going to marry you!" I—well, how could I help being flattered? I was stunned, but it was a nice sensation. I did not say yes immediately. I was only seventeen and had nothing but myself to bring to marriage. He had grown up in fabulous Paris, was superbly cosmopolitan in his tastes. He knew everything about the screen, the theatre, music, the other arts. And about human beings, I discovered. He was a true intellectual, and read continually. He moved in the most intelligent and sophisticated circles in Paris.

But, to be honest, I wasn't afraid. I was entranced by this so glamorous man. I postponed a decision until I could think through on how I would adjust. When Pierre and his film troupe left for Italy I arranged to go with them, to watch how pictures were made. I'd heard nothing about Italy. We drove and remained there six months. He made his first screen test there and insisted that I could become a professional actress of merit if I chose.

To be in Italy with the man you love is a unique thrill. To return to Paris, the one and only, and marry him there, to settle down in a beautiful apartment on a fashionable boulevard was another chapter of story-book stature for me. Pierre resolved that we would take a new place so I could select each piece of furniture, each drape, each dish, with him. He wanted to share this experience. And so we had our honeymoon in our own elegant apartment of our own choice. In the afloat under the thirty-three shade trees on our private terrace. In the evenings we dined out at a different restaurant every night. In Paris you live in the city, not just in a building. He taught me to relish foods of all nations, for in Paris there are splendid chefs who feature every type of cuisine. This is a sample of the education my husband has given me. It was so glamorous!

It was Pierre who persuaded me to seriously consider acting. I no longer needed to work for money, nor for an entree to the world I'd dreamed about. But I would revel in a career, he so wisely suspected and informed me. He put me in my first picture, one of his. And after another role under his sympathetic direction he left the matter wholly up to me. I did get a terrific pleasure from this adventure, so I determined I would continue it and become an actress.

The War destroyed our first home. Suddenly Pierre was marching off to the front, had to abandon his whole life's prospects to be a soldier at sixty five times a day. He went from the top to the bottom, in prominence. But bravely, with a smile, with assurance to me that we would again be together. When the Nazis invaded Paris I fled to Spain, and on to Portugal where I was a refugee in Lisbon for an interminable year. We lost our lovely apartment and everything in it. The Nazis could destroy it. Today it seems like a dream.

After a year and a half I was able to meet Pierre in Argentina, which I reached myself via Bolivia and Paraguay. In Buenos Aires we began our second home. He resumed directing in Argentine films and I starred in three of them, one being with Pierre. In our several years there we made the most loyal friends. There is much to say of the glamour of Argentinia—I can promise you, Buenos Aires is half Paris, half New York. It is very rich, clean and modern. We had week ends on millionaires' yachts, and traveled all over that big country, and it would
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65
have been perfect if the worry about relatives and friends back in wartorn Europe hadn't plagued us.

When the war was over, we returned to Paris. I went by way of Czechoslovakia to see my mother and relations. Lately, they had been in touch. While there I was asked to star in a Czechoslovakian film, an honor I couldn't resist for I'd left as a mere student.

In Paris once more with Pierre, life was not the carefree, pre-War festival. Living conditions were hard for everyone. We stayed in a hotel, since we'd lost all our possessions. My career made a difference between us as I was advancing to stardom in half-a-dozen French pictures.

Out of the blue I was offered my opportunity to come to Hollywood. I could go to London and make a test with Ray Milland and probably reach California three weeks later. I couldn't speak English, would have to learn it en route. But why not a fifth language in a breeze? I asked my husband what he wished me to do. "You tell me what to do," I said. He replied, "If I tell you to stay here, you will conceal a longing for Hollywood. If you go there, you will long for me!"

By then movies had become my hobby. I couldn't turn down the bid to try American films, and he was really happy I had this chance.

As soon as I got to Hollywood I rented a three-story house, complete with even a piano, for I expected my husband, my mother and brother, and a girl-friend from Czechoslovakia. Nobody came, but, eventually, my brother arrived. Then I realized I was here to make movies, to demonstrate what I might do with Hollywood advantages for an actress. I moved to a small, but comfortable, apartment and I have been a married bachelor since. For two whole years!

Pierre had to turn down his first Hollywood offer, which came to him before the War when he had a binding French contract. I wish I could have known before long. A few months ago he signed to direct "Native Son," which he filmed partly in Chicago and then completed in Argentina. I flew to New York to meet him. We had written regularly, and had telephoned across a continent and an ocean every two weeks, and certainly there were tears in our eyes when we saw one another. I was scared, hoped I'd make the right impression. But it was a wonderful reunion! "Darling, may I marry you once again?" Pierre asked me.

I tagged along to Chicago for his six weeks of location work there, staying five inches behind him all that time. He put me in my place just before he flew to Buenos Aires. He should receive Hollywood bids after his newest film is shown in this country.

I've found Hollywood crowded with cultured people, distinguished writers, scientists, musicians and artists. There are so many intelligent men and women here that Pierre will be content. Until he arrives, I've got to give dinner parties or entertain. I had a hull last year when I had to decide if I should give up my wish to succeed in Hollywood. I went to Sequoia National Park and didn't buy a souvenir or take a picture because I wanted to carry my majesty in my memory. I remember sitting on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, too, gazing across at Rockefeller Center. It's like a symphony to me, makes me feel I can accomplish anything. I was still timid and reserved when I got to this country. Now, like Americans, I feel free to say what I think.

If you don't believe in yourself, who can? If you have a talent, you must present it, prove it, or you don't have it. I finally felt I could click, and since my mind became clear on that I have been presented with (I believe) what I should devote at least half an hour of each day to meditating. Our thoughts must be controlled, for they become things without any doubt.

I fought to go to Japan to do "Tokyo File 212." It's the first time an American film company has made a picture in Japan. We flew there, worked in six different cities, and I learned so much of the Orient I'd longed to know. ("Madame Butterfly," prophetically is the only opera I've ever liked!) Our cast, except for two other leads, was Japanese. And wasn't I surprised when no Japanese performer muffed a single line! I brought back some records by the Crosby of Japan and am striving to get him a start in Hollywood. The courtesy and honesty of the Japanese people was as intriguing as the quaint beauty of their land.

When the government of Peru invited a group of stars to fly down there for a gala personal appearance I was thrilled to go. I managed to find time to slip away and sit the floor with the Indian country women there. I wanted to talk to them. They have the same problems, or should I say problem? How to keep your man in love with you is a woman's chief concern the world over, I've noticed.

You do it by wanting what is best for him. Being apart is not fatal. A couple can see each other a lifetime and be apart, actually. Pierre has been encouraging me to become my genuine self. He didn't show me into a mold he could have tyrannically decided on. He knew I had to find out, establish, and develop my own character. I'm grateful I never had to pretend to him.

While I'm on my own I'm a gay gypsy. I've no more urge for material belongings. When I visit a gorgeous house it seems charming, but I no longer envy the owner. I only believe in what is inside a person—that is how I rate people now. The more I've traveled the more tolerant and simple I've grown. You lose false pride and silly fears when you see forty or fifty of all sisters under our assorted skins. Each new chapter, in a different country, has been a further identification with life for me.

Dates? I have some. You have your free will. Nothing can happen if you don't want it to. If you feel you oughtn't to do something then—don't! Look for your own way for your own conduct. Perhaps once you may be ignorant. But after that you have your own experience to warn you. You can't claim something had happened to you then—you let it happen. The consoling fact is..."
that there is always the opposite way to save you. If you can have bad habits, that means you also can acquire good ones. You can refuse to be offended by unkind people who, really, are unaware souls.

To hold a husband let him think he can do anything and he will not abuse this tremendous compliment to his loyalty. Jealousy is pathetic. If you want your husband entirely for yourself, that’s not love, but complete selfishness. You should learn to approve of all his friends, of everything that truly makes him happy, for all that extension of his personality is his to build on. There is a sure cure for jealousy. If you feel it coming on, start loving your husband as a sister would. You can erase every error with pure love, which is understanding, of course.

Pierre is going to find I’ve tried to live up to his abundant hopes for me. The effort has brought me happiness. I feel he is with me, encouraging me, at every step.

**Theme Song For Spring**

Continued from page 21

recommended ankle-to-knee direction, that you’ll need to shave much less frequently than you’d supposed possible. And don’t forget there’s a good deal of territory to cover on two legs-use a new blade each time you start out.

**THERE** really isn’t any moment in the year when one can safely ignore the necessity for a deodorant. But with Spring officially upon us the need becomes acute for one that will be absolutely dependable in spite of rising temperatures. Obay isn’t the first deodorant spray—it’s the latest. The result is that the many mechanical faults that beset those early efforts to produce an atomized spray have been eliminated. One press of the button on the top of the small metal cylinder releases a fine spray that covers the full circle of your underarm evenly—you can feel it go on. The whole thing is so well designed that just enough of the deodorant gets on your skin to dry at once and give you a full day’s protection without any of the usual nuisance of having to rinse or wipe off excess dripples.

**GLAMOUR** Tool Extraordinary may be a high lauding title to give anything as tiny as Kurlash Midget Twissor but it’s our own way of trying to tell you that this Spring debutante is something rather special. The Twissor is a precision-made tweezer with scissors handles. Just about the most convenient gadget imaginable for taming eyebrows. This gadget version comes in its own plastic carrying case so that you will have a protected Tweezor tucked into a corner of your purse ready to use whenever your reflection in a mirror away from home prompts emergency tweezing.

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If You Were Gene Autry

Continued from page 37

you know, it isn’t possible to gallep through a crowded television studio. I’m working on a plan to combine both live action and film on TV.

“As for the matter of kissing,” a point you would be faced with, so note well, “kisses may be expected of the cowboy hero by the audience. My fans aren’t only little guys—I actually get more mail from women and girls—13 to 20, and older! I’m considering more boy and girl stuff in our movies. The Johnston Office never lets me drink colored water (as whiskey) on the screen. A fellow like John Wayne can toss down caramel and water because he’s only playing a role. Whereas I’m a permanent fixture as Gene Autry, and must act accordingly. As for kissing—I smacked Ann Miller in a musical film.

“Another point. A lot of people are certain that it’s a snap making movies, doing radio and TV and collecting big money. All I can say is, if it was easy, everybody would be doing it!

“There’s plenty of competition in this game, too. I was the first singing cowboy and, as such, made good on the screen. I started out making action films, then added boy and girl stuff. The rest followed suit and, since I want to be different, I switched back to action. The others are now concentrating on action, so I think I’ll do boy and girl stuff again. By the way, I was the first Western star to make films especially for TV.

“You were asking about Tom Mix,” said Gene. “I’m proud to be able to say that I knew him. He was very helpful to me when I was starting out in pictures. He gave me good advice which I took. I even used a hoss of Tom’s, Tony, Jr., in early films—the hoss’ real name was Lindy. My own Champion isn’t an old cayuse by any manner of means, even if he is 12 years old. Mix’s old Tony—a wonderful animal—was over 30 when he died! I’m a great hoss fan. They’re darned near human, even to getting stubborn when they get off their feed. They get so used to the camera that their sensitive ears keep imagining that they hear it and then they expect to run out of the scene.”

Here’s some general information that you should have at your fingertips if you’re going to be Gene Autry.

You were born in Tioga, Texas—spent your early life in Ravia, Oklahoma. Your birthdate is September 29, 1908.

Your father was Delbert Autry—mother’s name was Nora. Your younger brother’s name is Dudley (he’s called Doug), and you have two sisters, Vida and Wilma. The family background is Scotch-Irish-French.

You were married April 1, 1932, to Ina Mae Spivey, an Oklahoma girl whom you met while she was at a teachers’ college in Springfield, Missouri. You haven’t any children and you’re still married to Ina Mae.

You stand 5’10½”, weigh 155 pounds. Your light-brown-blonde hair is parted on the side and your eyes are blue. You have a tan and your teeth are a good feature—important, since you’re sponsored on radio and TV by a gum concern.

You’re usually calm and relaxed and you can sleep anywhere and for a spare ten minutes or ten hours. You don’t smoke.

Though you were named one of “America’s Ten Best-Dressed Men” in 1930, you don’t own a single conventional business suit. Your wardrobe, nevertheless, is one of the world’s best—and is divided into three sections. (1) Suits for private life. (2) Flamboyant tour-and-personal-appearance duds. (3) Movie wardrobe.

As Gene Autry, you wouldn’t have a valet. At home, you’d look after your clothes yourself. On the road, and with millions of details to look after, you’d have Johnny Brousseau to keep your duds straight.

Your voice is low-pitched, easy on the ear. There’s a little bit of both Texas and Oklahoma showing through. You drop the final g on certain words and have several word-idiom syncrasies, such as the word sure to emphasize action, as in: “I sure do thank you.” But pardon and Mal’am are not in your vocabulary.

Your tenor voice is entirely untrained. You use it easily and sans tricks. However, your singing style, rather than your voice, is what has brought you acclaim as a vocalist. You remember that correspondence course you took as a youngster to learn to play the guitar. You can read music fairly well but play mostly by ear.

You’ll be glad to hear that you’re a hearty eater. Steak is your pet dish, sprinkled with a sauce of your own devising, mainly Worcestershire sauce and catsup. For breakfast—orange juice, ham (Please turn to page 70)
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Act Today!
Your Guide To Current Films
Continued from page 13

Prelude to Fame
Universal-International

INTERESTING and different type of film which is based on an aldous Huxley story. While Guy Rolfe and his wife Kathleen Ryan are vacationing in Italy, Rolfe discovers that a 12-year-old peasant boy, Robin Dowell, has an amazing instinct for orchestration, and an extraordinary music memory. A wealthy neighbor, Kathleen Byron, decides to exploit the lad's talents, and becomes the patroness of the young prodigy. Because of her, the boy is a phenomenal success as a symphonic conductor, but the strain of being a virtual prisoner causes his nerves to crack. As a selfish woman with an overpowering lust to create, Miss Byron is excellent, and Robin is nothing short of amazing as one of the world's youngest symphonic geniuses.

Grounds For Marriage
MGM

SHOWS how downright ornery women can be. Here, Kathryn Grayson gets a divorce from her doctor husband, Van Johnson, then reappears to foil up his forthcoming marriage. An opera singer who decided that marriage and career wouldn't mix, Kathryn suddenly unveils a startling change of heart—much to Van's disgust—and proceeds, through devious means, to get her ex-husband back. It's light, fluffy comedy that makes no pretense to do anything except keep the audience pleasantly occupied with such novelties as a dream opera sequence, Barry Sullivan, a woman-eater who loves to play with toys, too, and Paula Raymond, Van's fiancée who loses Van to the woman he hates.

At War With the Army
Paramount

THERE'S nothing quite as devastating to a soldier as an Army sergeant. When the soldier happens to be Private First Class Jerry Lewis, and the sergeant is Skip Martin, then the odds are high that the Army is in for some block-busting headaches. The plot is one of those which people can put in a gun's eye and still have enough remaining for a few more unhappy gnat. However, with Martin and Lewis—who needs anything as sane as a story? As usual, Lewis is the constant underdog while Martin is the slick, suave cookie who never misses a trick, and of course little old Jerry somehow manages to wind up winniah and still champeen. The situations the pair get into are tossed around with gay and reckless abandon.

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Of Men and Music

20th Century-Fox

TAKES you behind the scenes to visit with some of the world's greatest names in music: Artur Rubinstein, Jan Peerce, Nadine Connor, Jascha Heifetz and Dimitri Mitropoulos. Informal backgrounds to superb music makes you realize how truly wonderful movies are if they can bring such moments to the average person who can't afford to see these same stars in person. Music when presented in this manner, can't help but win many, many more enthusiasts.

Watch the Birdie

MGM

A$ if one Skelton isn't enough, Red plays his father and grandfather in this wacky package of nonsense that deals with Red's one-man attack on the camera business. A photography shop proprietor, Red faces bankruptcy but both business and Red are saved from a watery grave by building heiress Arlene Dahl. Beside fishing Red out of the drink, Arlene also sets him up in photography the progress of her current housing development. There's some crooked business afoot which Red innocently captures on film, and it becomes the evidence which pays back Arlene many times over for her Lady Bountiful gestures to Red. Typical Red Skelton mayhem, which should suit everyone.
first-class acting, or else—a challenge relished by Emmett Van.

He began by talking about his personal setup—how he had enough doubloons set aside so he could afford to take a flyer with a play—when a long distance call came through and served to back up what he'd been saying. The call was from Hollywood, one of the name producers asking Van to star in an A-plus picture. It would have meant either $150,000 or a percentage deal—either way, guaranteed and no risk (unlike any play). Van said he was sorry. He couldn't accept the offer at this time—but thanks.

This possible play is one-facet news of his future—he has other plans, besides this. Read further, if you will, and see for yourself before you whip off a letter to the editor or tip off Bellevue about the lunatic writer who thinks established film luminaries are still on the way up.

"It's nice to be back in New York," said Van, also a young man with a past. "I did several stretches in some of the better Automats here."

"I've been freelancing in the movie field," he said, in answer to a question, "since the first of the year—an aim I've cherished ever since I got out of the Army.

"I want to make my own decisions," he added. "The movie companies want people under contract so they can be sure the actor will be around when he's needed. And they can afford to make casting mistakes, since they turn out 50 movies a year. But an actor works in some four films a year and, if three of them are flops, he'd better start negotiating a long-term deal with the nearest Automat.

"On his own, an actor can usually extend his potential," Van said about the script writer, "it's different, for instance, while sitting with his feet comfortably perched on the hotel divan. "He has a chance for a more polished performance if he can pick his plots. And the fellow who's done a lot of acting finds that a script tells him plenty. Also, an actor is only as good as his material—a very true cliché. If a singer simply sings scales, he will never be recognized. He's got to palm off a singer on his audiences if he's official actor who, during rushing, would tap on his glass screen at the festive board and declare that flaming bit from "Henry V"—about "God for Henry, England and St. George!"

He chuckled quietly at this mental picture and said: "Hello, no. The University and the Phi Dels shared a common admiration for athletes and joint disinterest in Shakespeare, who didn't play football.

"As a matter of fact," he added, "the only reason the Phi Dels took me was because my brother Marty, an astonishing personality, told them that if they wanted him, they'd have to take me, too.

"It may or may not be news to you, but it's true that Van worked with famed stage director Richard Boleslawski; that he took time out from Oklahoma U. for his seafaring and finally finished the last two years of college in one. Came a year at the Yale Dramatic School, stock in Denver and then Broadway. Also Ina Claire and Katharine Hepburn.

After "Philadelphia Story," Van signed with MGM and made "The Feminine Touch," in 1941—though he'd previously worked in movies at RKO as early as 1936.

"My main reason," says Van, "for switching to movies was that, soon after "Philadelphia Story," I learned that my father had cancer. A heartbreaking fact that made me anxious to please him as much as possible.

"Dad, you see, wanted me to make good in the movies. As much as he enjoyed seeing me act on the legitimate stage, he always felt that movie stardom would create a bigger splash. With stage work, there were fewer pictures in the papers, no big cars, definitely no swimming pool. Dad was especially devoted to the swimming-pool idea—so it would mean that I had arrived. For my father's death I gave them both up—they'd served their purpose...

Talking to Van is as pleasant a task he'd be assigned a reporter. He's the pretty-boy but he has a stock face (much admired by the business, and he loves to talk. To a subject, he really n, there's no

esoteric crowd—mostly in New York—that only patronizes the theatre, scorns the fickers and radio.

"Perhaps the group that could be influenced for the best would be the movies-only crowd. TV or radio might shove them in the direction of a flesh-and-blood appearance. Television can doubtless combine all four media, but it's hard to predict its future—it's still such a baby. I'm doing two TV shows while I'm in town."

Van's had a play on his mind for some time now. "I have an idea in connection with the play," he said. "Which is, while we're doing the play, to make it into a movie—using the same cast. In that way, the film would benefit because of the extensive rehearsals before various audiences—which is what the play's run would constitute. There are some wonderful character actors around New York—top-flight people who've never taken the Hollywood plunge and aren't actually available to the Coast boys.

"Another angle is the encouragement such a profitable, double setup would be to young writers. To keep them in

WHERE TO BUY SCREENLAND FASHION SELECTIONS

(Shown on Pages 48 and 49)

#267- Stern Bros., New York, N. Y.
- Dayton Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
- The Emporium, San Francisco, Calif.

#268 - 269—
- Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y.
- Julius Garfinckel Co., Washington, D. C.
- Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.

(Shown on Page 52)

#273 - 274 - 275—
- The Golden Rule, St. Paul, Minn.
- Sibley, Lindsay & Carr, Rochester, N. Y.
- D. H. Holmes, New Orleans, La.
- Selber Bros., Inc., Shreveport, La.
- Bry-Block Mercantile Corp., Memphis, Tenn.
- Robeson's, Champaign, Ill.
- Weise Department Store, Rockford, Ill.
- Meyer Bros., Springfield, Ill.
- Montgomery Fair, Montgomery, Ala.
- The Vanity, Mobile, Ala.
- The New Williams, Birmingham, Ala.
- Foley Bros., Houston, Texas
- Leonard F. Worth, Texas
- Eastern-Columbia, Los Angeles, Cal.
- Harris Company, San Bernardino, Cal.
- "Hastings, Nebr.
New York, since the writing of a play could also be the writing of a movie script, and real money. It would be a way of keeping writers for the legitimate stage in spite of the movies' habit of picking the brains of new writing talent.

"And there'd be fewer actors trekking 'way out to the Coast," said Van. "Given the incentive of a role that would mean both stage and movie work, they'd be happy to stay around home.

"If this idea of making a movie of the play you're doing works, it'll not only stir things up in a healthy way, it'll also bring some of the almost-confirmed Hollywogs back to writing and writing in New York. The theatre has always been a source of talent for the other three mediums—bad business to let the well dry up.

"I first thought of the play/movie idea when we were playing 'Philadelphia Story' to capacity houses. A lot of the play's actors, who have since made their mark in films, would have started their film careers sooner; if we'd made the play into a movie, then and there. Consider the value of all those careful 'rehearsals' before tough audiences! The newer movie technique is to rehearse movies before they're shot. Brief rehearsals and without benefit of an exacting audience. It's not hard to visualize the smooth-as-oil performance of a cast that's been living its roles for a year—is it?"

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What Happened, Annabelle?

by GORDON KAY

Here she was, back in her berth, hopping mad and more than a little bit puzzled.

What right had that attractive man in the Club Car to terminate so quickly a conversation that had begun so pleasantly? Who did he think he was? There was no mistaking his attitude... snubbing her thus deliberately... the brush-off complete. And, as a beauty contest winner, she wasn't used to being brushed off.

Mixed with her resentment was a feeling of regret. Annabelle was sure that he was at least a director or a writer... definitely someone important on his way back to Hollywood. Such contacts were valuable; a girl needed all the help she could get in screenland.

It was possible, too, that he even knew Mr. Stukas, the famous producer to whom she carried a number of priceless letters of introduction setting forth her ability.

As she began to undress, her anger cooled off and the incident lost some of its importance. After all, what did it matter... He was just another guy. What did matter were those letters to Mr. Stukas. It was Mr. Stukas who really counted... the man she must impress... the man who could make or mar her career in Hollywood. Everything depended on Mr. Stukas. She would do that bit from "Interlude" for Mr. Stukas... she would say this and that to Mr. Stukas. Abruptly she dropped off to sleep.

She awoke happy and eager. As the train halted at Pasadena, she stepped to the station platform for a momentary walk and a breath of sweet California air. As she did so, a man moving in a sea of baggage brushed by her, avoiding her eyes. It was her acquaintance of the Club Car.

"'Board! All 'board," cried the porter as he helped Annabelle up the steps. When the car door closed she turned to him.

"Who was that man with all the luggage?" she demanded curiously.

The porter grinned. "Honey chile, you sho do need glasses! You don't know him? He's the Big, Big Wheel in Hollywood. He's the Mr. Stukas!"

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First Run Features

Confessions Of A Redhead ........................................ Arlene Dahl 24
"Men believe redheads are 'hot little numbers' and that presents a problem!"
Life's Not Been Dull For Louis .............................. Helen Hendricks 26
The life of Louis Jourdan is one exciting adventure followed by another
"I Want To Be Typed" ................................ Patricila Keats 30
"Maybe I'm going against tradition but I like my roles," says Jan Sterling
Right Kind Of Guy ........................................... Steffi O'Keefe 36
It's his consideration for others that endears Dennis O'Keefe to his friends
When Will They Wed? ...................................... Freda Dudley Balling 38
The romance of Vera-Ellen and Rock Hudson has been building solidly
Rugged But Romantic ...................................... Jack Holland 42
Everyone but his wife thought Frank Lovejoy was just a tough character actor

Record Roundup ............................................... Bert Brown 72

Exclusive Color Photos

Jeanne Crain, starring in "Take Care Of My Little Girl" .................. 28
Fred Astaire and Jane Powell, starring in "Royal Wedding" .......... 32
Peggy Dow, starring in "Lights Out" ................................ 34

The Hollywood Scene

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About! ...................... Lynn Bowers 6
Your Guide To Current Films .................................. Rona Maughan 12
Newsreel ................................................................ 19
Head Of Her Class (Jeanne Crain) .......................... 29
Dancing On Air! (Jane Powell and Fred Astaire) ............. 33
No Greater Love (Peggy Dow) ................................. 35
"Queen For A Day" As A Movie ................................ 40
A Man Of Many Worlds (Bob Hope)......................... 44
The Girl Who Was Sally (Carla Belinda) .................... 47
On Her Toes Again (Cyndi Charisse) ........................ 48
SCREENLAND Salutes Thelma Ritter ........................ 50

Cool And Comfy .................................................. Kay Brunell 46
Hidden Loveliness ................................................ Elizabeth Lapham 53
April Beauty Showers ........................................... 54

ON THE COVER: LANA TURNER, STARRING IN THE METRO-GOLDWIN-MAYER PICTURE, "MR. IMPERIUM"

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By Lynn Bowers

Right: Judy Garland thoroughly enjoying herself at the Kay Thompson opening at Mocambo. With jubilant Judy are Gloria De Haven and Roger Eden. Judy is now on a reducing diet prior to resuming her screen career.

Below: Lana Turner and her husband, Bob Topping, at the Kay Thompson opening. They recently celebrated their second wedding anniversary. Lana is co-starring in "Mr. Imperium" with Ezio Pinza.

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New MUM contains amazing new ingredient M-3 to protect underarms against odor-causing bacteria

BURT LANCASTER, never one to spare the horses—or himself, has bit himself off quite a chunk in casting the picture his Norma Productions is making for Columbia, called "Ten Tall Men." This is a Foreign Legion type motion picksha and the Hollywoods aren't exactly full of guys who are as tall as Burt or, for that matter, who are as good actors. Mr. L. broke his long-standing rule about no photographs of his family when he posed with his young son for the March of Dimes campaign. The little boy had just recovered from polio.

The newlyweds, Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall, made up their minds to get married so fast that they had to borrow the wedding ring from Ruth's stand-in. They're living in Ruth's so-called bachelor girl house until they decide to take to the valley or the hills. To plenty of guys in this town it was bad news that this gal quit roamin' and hired a hall. EEEK! Did we say that?

Ideally mated Jeanne Crain and husband, Paul Brinkman, at Darryl Zanuck party at Mocambo.
The intimate
behind-the-scenes story of the man
so many women loved!

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the world
who could
play the
part!

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

AN EDWARD SMALL PRODUCTION starring
ELEANOR PARKER
ANTHONY DEXTER

with
Richard Carlson • Patricia Medina
Joseph Calleia • Written by George Bruce
Produced by EDWARD SMALL
Associate of Producer • JAN GRIPPO
Directed by LEWIS ALLEN
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Another perennial bachelor gal who's about to take the bridal veil is Audrey Totter. She just might up and marry Armand Deutsch, MGM producer, when his divorce from Benay Venuta becomes final. Benay is sposed to hitch with character actor Fred Clark about the same time.

Tony Curtis, who's had nothing but good things happen to him (like stardom in "The Prince Who Was A Thief" and a beeg romance with vivacious Janet Leigh), kicked up his heels a bit when Universal-International assigned him to the Western, "Cattle Drive," with Joel McCrea. But it was all amiable. It seems horses are allergic to Tony and spend most of their time trying to unseat him. Tony's pitch to the studio was that the horses know he's from the Bronx where dodo birds are more plentiful than our four-footed friends. U-I let their boy off the hook and he went happily back to his favorite means of trans-

Humphrey Bogart and spouse, Lauren Bacall, arrive for premiere of "Halls Of Montezuma."

The recently wed Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas were among the guests at Darryl Zanuck's formal dinner party at Mocambo. Jan has a standout role in Paramount's "Ace In The Hole."
Ann Sheridan* LOVES THE NEW Cellu-woven® SITRUE TISSUES

"Of course I love Sitru Tissues! Their new Cellu-woven texture makes every tissue so wonderfully absorbent, yet so extra-soft! Why, they remove even the last faint trace of heavy camera makeup—gently! Yes, Sitru Tissues are really kind to my skin. Try a box today...you’ll love them, too!"

* Starring in Universal-International’s
 "Woman On The Run"

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Betty Hutton and Dorothy Lamour are so enthusiastic about their roles in C. B. DeMille’s “Greatest Show On Earth” that they spent all their time training for the difficult routines they have in the picture. Betty is learning to fly through the air with the greatest of ease and Dotty whirls like a mad thing, hanging by her teeth. Her dentist told her the exercise makes her a cinch to get voted Miss Healthiest Teeth of any year. The motif of Dorothy’s five-year-old son Ridge’s birthday party was, can’t you guess, strictly circus. While the small fry of the Bob Hopes, Alan Ladd’s, Bob Cummings, Edgar Bergens, and Betty Hutton stared pop-eyed at the three-ring mechanical circus, Ridge was making time with the young ladies at the party. He’s turning into Junior Wolf No. 1 in the Beverly Hills younger set.

The John Dereks made the prettiest, nicest plans to move into their new Encino home which overlooks Clark Gable’s ranch, during John’s six-week vacation between “The Hero” and “The Secret.” So what happened? On the day they got word that everything was all set and they could start moving in, John got his call from the studio to get in there and start his new picture.

Ezio Pinza and his wife, Doris, were surprised, startled, and very proud to discover that their new baby, named Gloria, came into this world equipped with two teeth!

The Humphrey Bogarts (Lauren Bacall to you) are doing a radio adventure series together, also a picture. Meanwhile and between chores Bogy is amusing himself with one of those strange and wonderful gadgets, an ant colony. When anyone expresses surprise at his hobby he mutters something about wanting to know how to live underground—just in case, you know.

Most interesting spot around these parts recently was the amusement park specially built by Warners for the Alfred Hitchcock suspense show “Strangers On A Train,” and it attracts many visitors. Bob Walker’s two sons, Bob and Mike, like to come and see their pop because they get to go on

(Please turn to page 16)

Left: Bob Hope and co-star Roy Rogers who are about to start their Paramount picture.

Below: Gene Tierney and Designer Oleg Cassini at N. Y. preem of "Halls Of Montezuma."
Holmes & Edwards introduces the most enchanting pattern of our times!

May Queen

FOR THE YOUNG IN HEART! A carefree new design reflecting the gaiety of youth with a touch of old world charm. The most used spoons and forks of Holmes & Edwards Silverplate are Sterling Inlaid at rest points to stay lovelier longer. 6 piece place setting only $8.06. Eight place settings, plus four servicing pieces, plus chest, $69.95.
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the modern hair beauty rinse
- Leaves hair soft, easy to manage
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Only 10¢ or 25¢

Ruth Roman and Richard Todd marry despite black clouds in "Lightning Strikes Twice."


**By Rahna Maughan**

**Operation Pacific**
*Warner Brothers*

Of TIMELY and significant importance, this is a thrilling tribute to the men and officers of the United States Submarine Fleet. Starring John Wayne, Patricia Neal, Ward Bond, and introducing Scott Forbes, you get a periscope view of what submariners were up against at the start of World War II. Because arms appropriations were, at that time, cut to the bone, actual pre-combat tests of torpedoes were prohibited because of cost. Therefore a large number of torpedoes supplied to submarines were duds. Beside causing no damage to enemy shipping, these duds were frequently responsible for giving away the position of the submarine, which too often meant its destruction and loss of crew. This, and many other grim hazards, are just part of the job to which Lt. Com. John Wayne and his crew dedicate their lives and efforts. All the hair-raising incidents of undersea warfare you'll see here might appear as figments of a scenario writer's imagination, but they actually did happen.

**Lightning Strikes Twice**
*Warner Brothers*

OriginaLy accused of killing his wife, Richard Todd is acquitted, but his innocence is still doubted by many people. It takes actress Ruth Roman, who's visiting that section of the country for her health, to get matters cleared up once and for all. You can't blame the gal for getting nosey. She's in love with Todd, in spite of his past. In poking around, Ruth gets to realize almost all of Todd's friends act mighty suspicious—Zachary Scott, Mercedes McCambridge, Darryl Hickman and even Todd's foster parents. Todd puts in his bid, too, by turning on some fierce scowls, grimaces, and an Oxford accent deep in the heart of Texas. It's a
"Rawhide" with Tyrone Power and Susan Hayward is a fast-paced, nerve-jostling movie.

toughie to decipher and Ruth is almost sorry that she does. Suspects galore, spurts of excitement and a fair share of mystery.

I'd Climb The Highest Mountain
(Technicolor)
20th Century-Fox

A RIGHT smart little gem plucked straight from the hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Preacher William Lundigan's prime concern is bringing the gospel to the folk and bringing his young bride, Susan Hayward, to understand that it's not the simplest thing in the world to be a preacher's wife. Naive as Susan might be about some of her wifely duties, she can't cook worth a darn, for one thing, she nevertheless manages to keep Lynn Bari's predatory claws out of Bill. There's much beside

And roping 'the villain' was tough on my hands again...

But I smoothed them with soothing Jergens Lotion...

It kept them soft and lovely for romantic closeups!

We retook the plane crash for 'The Groom Wore Spurs' ten times. The director made me twist and turn the wheel 'til my hands were stinging red!

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

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Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

To save baby's neck, should you—
☐ Buy a fur-lined bib
☐ Pod the bathtub
☐ Sandpaper his shoes

Make tiny tykes' new shoes skid-proof! Sandpapering the soles prevents many falls. And keep soft, moisture-lovin' Kleenex tissues handy around baby. Super to use for bibs; applying baby oil, powder. Saves his delicate skin.

Every school-timer needs a—
☐ Lunch box
☐ Pencil box
☐ Serv-a-Tissue box

In sneezin' season, youngsters need Kleenex—to help keep colds from spreading, comfort sniffly noses. Saves good hankies, saves washing. Unlike "just tissues," Kleenex has that Serv-a-Tissue box... so handy! Thrifty, too!

Can you cut down weight with—
☐ A new girdle
☐ A deck of cords

Want less "waist"? Toss up a deck of cards; pick up one at a time. These 52 bends help save your figure. To stop waste, save money—use Kleenex. Only Kleenex tissues let you pull one at a time (not a handful)—and have the next one pop up, ready to use.

What keeps cake from drying out?
☐ An apple
☐ The refrigerator

Eat your cake and keep it—fresh. Put an apple in the cake tin. And save that apple-cheeked complexion, with Kleenex to wheedle weary makeup away. Extra soft (through a special process), Kleenex has just-right strength, too, for crumble-proof beauty duty.

Kleenex ends waste - saves money...

1. INSTEAD OF MANY...
2. YOU GET JUST ONE...
3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX

Diana Lynn mothers a chimp—all in the interest of science—in "Bedtime For Bonzo."

Miss Bari's roving eye to test Susan's mettle, and Bill's, too. Sometimes out of necessity the rule book gets heaved out the window but, like a yo-yo, always flips back into Bill's capable hands. Not saccharine, holier-than-thou, nor sticky sweetness and light, which you might expect in a picture about a preacher and his wife. Instead, it's solid entertainment with a number of unexpected high-lights.

Bedtime For Bonzo
Universal-International

The way the human race has been acting lately, it's no wonder psychology professor Ronald Reagan decides to figure out why human beings turn "bad."

"The son of a jailbird, Ronald wants to prove to any interested parties that it's environment, rather than genes which makes a person what he is.

For his experiment Professor Reagan singles out Master Bonzo the cutest, most unrestrained bundle of joy the Stork ever dropped, with a sigh of relief, no doubt, into the hairy arms of a Mama chimpanzee. New to the game of fatherhood,

Lady spy Rhonda Fleming is sidetracked by Glenn Ford in "The Redhead And The Cowboy."
Ronald soon sends out a frantic SOS for a mother's helper. Diana Lynn arrives, and before you can say I'll-be-a-monkey's-uncle, she and Ronald are acting like a for-real mama and papa to the little chimp—all in the interest of science, of course! The experiment proves successful, but for a while what with Ronald in jail for "heisting" a necklace, Bonzo escaping via a tricycle and dressed in a cowboy suit, and Diana falling in love with Ronald, it looks as though even Einstein couldn't figure on the results. Cute stuff, especially since nobody makes a monkey out of Bonzo.

The Flying Missile
Columbia

FILMED partially at the San Diego Naval Base, and Point Mugu, California, this is an interesting session in guided missiles. Commander Glenn Ford puts up a heroic battle against red tape in his efforts to equip submarines with the latest in projectiles. With his work cut out for him, there's little time for anything else, but Glenn does find a few spare hours to carry on a romance with Viveca Lindfors. Luckily he does, because Viveca later helps him recover from an emotional strain that paralyzes his legs. The real interest, however, comes from the actual shots of guided missiles and the Navy in action, but a little love never hurt even the Navy.

The Great Missouri Raid
(Technicolor)
Paramount

VERSION #24 of the rootin', tootin' hell-bent-for-leather Jesse and Frank James. This time played by Macdonald Carey and Wendell Corey. It was none of the James boys' doing in the first place, according to this, that they started their notorious careers as train and bank bandits. Army officer Ward Bond was

(Please turn to page 68)
Fight tooth decay, guard your gums—

to keep your **Whole Mouth Healthier**!

Two-way Ipana cleansing* helps protect your teeth and gums both!

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And proper massaging with Ipana does more than that—its cleansing action actually helps keep your gums healthy, too.

* You help guard your teeth and gums *BOTH*—by brushing and massaging the way your dentist directs—and by using famous Ipana Tooth Paste.

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You can keep your whole mouth healthier, more wholesome—even your breath sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles both. So don’t risk halfway dental care. Always use two-way Ipana cleansing* for healthier teeth and healthier gums—for better all-around mouth protection.
Left: John Derek and his happy wife, Patti, at recent preview. John feels his role in Columbia's "The Hero" should be long-awaited turning point in his career. "Mask Of The Avenger" follows "The Hero."

Above: Kirk Douglas, who has two potential box-office hits coming up in "Ace In The Hole" and "The Travelers," relaxes with socialite Irene Wrightsman at the Stork Club during recent vacation in Manhattan. Busy Kirk will next make "Detective Story."

Left: Judy Holliday, hilarious comedienne in the sparkling "Born Yesterday," reminds you to do your part in the fight against cancer and join the 1951 Cancer Crusade of the American Cancer Society by sending contribution to CANCER c/o Postmaster, your town.

Above: Ruth Roman, Warner Brothers star, who had everyone puzzled as to the No. One Man in her life, surprised all by marrying Mortimer Hall, young radio executive, whose name had seldom been linked with hers romantically.
Right: Tom Lewis and his wife, Loretta Young, discussing the bringing up of children with Esther Williams in the lobby of the Four Star Theatre before the gala premiere of the MGM hit, "The Magnificent Yankee."

Below: Vera-Ellen arriving for the formal opening. Louis Calhem, in the title role of "The Magnificent Yankee," gives one of the finest performances ever seen on a movie screen. He also played role in stage version.

NEWSREEL

Dr. Joel Pressman and his wife, Claudette Colbert, who've been happily married for fifteen years, chatting with Dinah Shore and her husband, George Montgomery, before the start of the picture.

Joan Evans, looking much thinner, was escorted to the affair by her favorite beau, Carleton Carpenter.
you'll make his heart stand still in

"Sunny Dream"
...new golden-skin shade with a peach bloom!

Woodbury Dream Stuff

Like the most flirtatious, feminine hat you ever wore... Sunny Dream... is an outrageously flattering new make-up shade! Pat it on with its puff and in a twinkling it honeys your skin with a delicate sunlit-look! Warms it with a soft peach glow! Gives you that wonderful golden-girl look!
Dream Stuff is not drying or greasy, but a sheer satin-textured make-up. So natural, too! No powdery mask to mar the glow! 5 dreamy shades.

...tint, foundation and powder in one ...only 49¢ plus tax
Left: Tony Martin and his lovely wife, Cyd Charisse. Tony's just finished "Two Tickets To Broadway" at RKO with Janet Leigh. Oddly enough, Tony and his wife may soon head East to do a big musical on Broadway.

Below: Gloria De Haven, who's also in "Two Tickets To Broadway," sitting with Producer Norman Krasna. Krasna and Jerry Wald are co-producing "I Married A Woman," by Goodman Ace, as their first venture for RKO.

Left: Howard Keel is interviewed in Four Star Theatre lobby by Commentator Paula Stone. Howard had to grow the mustache for his role in "Show Boat," the musical in which he stars with Kathryn Grayson, Ava Gardner.

Below: Paula greets Ann Harding, who plays the wife of Louis Calhern in "The Magnificent Yankee." Calhern did not attend premiere as he was in the East where he's appearing on the Broadway stage in "King Lear."

Danny Kaye and his wife, Sylvia Fine, enjoying the festivities. Danny's latest picture is "On The Riviera," in which he co-stars with Gene Tierney for 20th Century.
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WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI
Confessions Of A Redhead

By Arlene Dahl

"Men don't prefer blondes. They prefer ladies. And it doesn't matter what the coloring is," declares Arlene.

"Men believe redheads are 'hot little numbers,' and that, of course, is silly, but it presents a problem"
SOME expert with an adding machine has calculated that only three percent of the girls in an average distribution of American population are redheads and that four percent of the gals in Hollywood are naturally red-haired. Why more here than elsewhere I don’t know, unless they’re attracted by Technicolor. At any rate, we’re a small group to have had so many traditions built up about us!

Look at the old bromides.

"Who ever heard of a dull redhead?" “Girls with red hair are tempestuous, temperamental and have awful tempers.” “Redheads are too independent.” “They’re busybodies and kibitzers.” “Redheads can’t wear pink.” “Red-haired girls are hot stuff.”

Let’s see just how much of this is fiddle-faddle and how much is fact!

In the interest of you girls who have red hair and don’t like it, because you hate being called “Red” or “Carrots” or “Bricktop,” perk up! Those nicknames seldom stick; I used to be called “Carrots,” but I outgrew it. I’ve known a few red-haired girls who let themselves develop awful complexes because of this—and they’re silly.

In the first place, men don’t prefer blondes. A huge preference survey of more than 25,000 choices made at an Eastern university showed that numerically men prefer brunettes—of whom there are most. Then blondes, then brownettes. Only eight percent of the men voted for redheads—BUT there are only three percent of us, remember? So we’re way ahead!

And let’s face it, if a well-turned-out redhead, who has made the most of her natural endowments, walks into a room filled with equally well-groomed blondes and brunettes, the redhead will get more masculine heads turning her way than the others. So maybe we aren’t dull. Perhaps that’s because we’re a minority.

How about temper and temperament? Of course we have tempers, but who hasn’t? We all have to learn to curb them if we would get along with others.

I think a lot of the talk about “redhead temper” has been based on the fact that many redheads are Irish—so the temper is a nationality trait rather than one based on pigmentation. On the other hand, Latin brunettes have tempers, too. Anyway, I’ve learned through experience that temper tantrums do not pay.

I recall, very distinctly, when I was 10 my parents were going to a large formal party. I wanted to go, too, mostly because I had my first long dress—I had worn it (Please turn to page 51)
He was high on the Gestapo's "wanted" list for his work in French propaganda films.

Louis Jourdan is and isn't what you might think a Frenchman is.

By Helen Hendricks
Whatever way you look at it, the life of Louis Jourdan, who gained a cosmopolitan outlook early in his travels, is always one exciting adventure followed by another.

ABOUT the time you read this, you will be seeing a picture entitled “Bird Of Paradise,” a love story set in romantic Hawaii. The picture has three stars—Louis Jourdan, Jeff Chandler and Debra Paget. This is the first time, in an American picture, that Louis Jourdan has played a real hero. Up to now, he has been a troublemaker for the heroine. And doing very well at it, too.

Being the curious type, I wondered how this transformation came about—and what Louis, himself, thinks about it. So I went and asked him.

He and his blonde wife, Quique (pronounced “Keek”) live in a Colonial house in Beverly Hills. There, in a spacious living room whose walls are gay with modern French paintings, he tentatively relaxed in an easy chair. What did I want to know?

The first question had him leaning forward, reaching for a cigarette from a box on the large coffee table between us. As he lighted it, he smiled disarmingly.

No, he had waged no campaign to become known as a definitely romantic type. His voice implied that he would be embarrassed if anyone started pinning “lover” labels on him.

He didn’t know, when he signed his present contract last May, about the possibility of his being in “Bird Of Paradise.” The matter arose about a month later.

“I didn’t want to do it at first,” he said. “I hadn’t read the script, but I knew that it was a sarong picture, and it sounded as if it might be a South-Sea-Island-magic sort of thing, in Technicolor—so I was afraid of it. Then I was persuaded to read the script and I changed my mind. I discovered that here, for once, was an honest story about the Polynesians. Although it is a picture with sarongs, that is not important. We don’t make a fuss about them. If we wear sarongs, it is because it is the custom of the natives—and they help to tell the story of the conflict that confronts a European arriving on this island. That was what interested me in the picture: the dramatic conflict that was inescapable with a civilized man trying to adapt himself to the native ways.”

Weren’t the romantic potentialities of his role—as a civilized young Frenchman who falls in love with a native girl (played by Debra Paget)—also inescapable?

His answer was a Gallic shrug of the shoulders as if, really, he hadn’t given the matter too much thought. “Of course, the setting was romantic,” he conceded. “The picture was to be made entirely in Hawaii, a place where my wife and I had never been—and had heard so much about. That appealed to me. Who,” he asked, “hasn’t wondered what it would be like to see Hawaii?”

Who, indeed? But how many of us can imagine seeing it—and getting paid at the same time?

“It was my first location trip in America,” he went on, “and it impressed me very much. A big location 3,000 miles away is flabbergasting when you see it for the first time. A company takes along everything that might be needed, from Kleenex to 10-ton camera cranes. There are 80 to 100 people, like a big expedition. (Please turn to page 56)
JEANNE CRAIN again plays a school girl in her latest picture, "Take Care Of My Little Girl," but this time she's somewhat older, being a freshman at Midwestern University. The story, for the most part, deals with the joys and sorrows found in sorority life. Jeanne plays Liz Ericson, whose mother before her had been a Tri U, so naturally she is expected to be a member, too. But when several astonishing things happen, Liz wishes she'd never heard of Tri U. Jeanne looks just as young and girlish as ever, despite being the busy housewife and mother of three children that she is in real life.
"I Want To Be Typed"

WHEN Paramount took "U. S. Mail" to Glendale for a sneak preview several months ago they thought it would be the usual routine affair. Alan Ladd's bobby-soxer admirers would go slightly mad, as always, over Alan Ladd and his dangling forelock. But to their surprise, when the preview cards were read the next morning, it was witty, curvaceous Jan Sterling who had grabbed the raves. 83% of the cards demanded, "Who's the new slick chick?" "Love that blonde, who is she?" "Why don't you show us more of that blonde?" "Where's that lush dish been all my life? Let's have more of her." (This enthusiasm for a new player rarely happens these days. In fact, it hadn't happened with such intensity at Paramount since the fans "discovered" the practically unknown Alan Ladd in a Veronica Lake starrer, "This Gun For Hire.")

Producer Robert Fellows said he wasn't at all surprised. He had seen Jan Sterling play the dumb blonde in the Chicago company of "Born Yesterday" and he insisted upon having her play the be-bop-happy broad in his "U. S. Mail." The studio had thought so little of her that they allowed her to play her best scene in white shoes that appeared to take up more of the screen than Alan Ladd.

Hollywood is impressed with the written word. Before Jan's agent, Louis Schurr of the mink coat legend, could get a gander at those preview cards they hastily signed her on a seven-year contract. And they promptly pushed her into a much larger part, a gun moll, in "Union Station." When "Union Station" was previewed in Pasadena, history repeated itself with the preview cards.

Jan Sterling, who reversed the usual Hollywood procedure by being born a lady, celebrated her unexpected good fortune by buying a mink stole from her chum June Havoc on the Time Payment Havoc Plan, and getting married to very popular, very attractive, four times a bridegroom, Paul Douglas.

A few months ago Paramount issued a statement, to wit, "as a result of the tremendous smash preview reaction to her featured roles in 'U. S. Mail' and 'Union Station,' Jan Sterling is set for the top role in 'Ace In the Hole,' Billy Wilder's first project as a producer-director." Kirk Douglas is Jan's co-star in the highly dramatic "Ace In The Hole," which is based on the recent Kathy Fiscus case in California and the Floyd Collins disaster of some years ago. Jan's characterization of the heartless young... (Please turn to page 60)

Jan was born Jane Sterling Adriance in N. Y. C. and right smack in Social Register.
"Maybe I'm going against screen tradition," says Jan Sterling, "but I'm satisfied with the roles I'm playing."

By Patricia Keats

Jan married the popular Paul Douglas last May. "I trapped him," she says jubilantly.

Her role in the dramatic film, "Ace In The Hole," in which she co-stars with Kirk Douglas, is her biggest to date.

In "The Mating Season" with John Lund, Gene Tierney. "In twenty shows I was an ingénue. Now in films I'm a tramp. It's a pleasure."
EVERY young musical comedy star aspires to become a dancing partner of the illustrious Fred Astaire, for that is a real claim to fame in the dancing world. And these days it’s pert Jane Powell who has combined her singing talents with some fast stepping and become Fred Astaire’s newest dancing partner. It is she who is dancing on air and in Fred’s arms as his co-star in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s new Technicolor musical, “Royal Wedding.” The two appear as a brother-and-sister song and dance team who first hit the top on Broadway with such numbers as, “How Could You Believe Me When I Said I Loved You When You Know I’ve Been A Liar All My Life,” then go to England for the royal wedding where they both find gay romances.

Jane jumps enthusiastically in the air during one dance.

Jane and Fred doing what they gaily call their “Liars” number.

Jane as a fiery native Haitian dances in fast Latin tempo with Fred.

Skirts swirl around Jane as she gracefully follows Fred in “Royal Wedding.”
No Greater Love

Left: Life doesn't seem quite so hopeless to Arthur Kennedy under the tender care of gentle, sympathetic and understanding Peggy Dow.


Ever since that fateful day when Director William Goetz spotted her doing a TV show and offered her a role in his picture, "Woman in Hiding," Peggy Dow has been one of Universal-International's brightest young stars. Her latest picture is "Lights Out." Peggy is a bank cashier who spends her evenings dancing with vets. That's how she meets Arthur Kennedy, a blinded G.I. who cannot adjust himself to a life of darkness. His fiancee isn't much of a help, either. Eventually, he learns the difference between the two women and goes to Peggy, who loves him.

Above: A deep friendship has its beginning at a USO dance when Peggy treats Arthur just the same as she does the other servicemen.

Left: Peggy bids goodbye to Arthur upon his departure for a hospital in Connecticut where he will receive rehabilitation instruction.

Right: Ever-loving Peggy takes Arthur back after his fiancee decides she cannot face such an uncertain future as wife of a blind man.
“There’s one career in our home and that’s Dennis,” says Steffi.

Dennis with Glenn Ford in a scene from “Follow The Sun.”

Dennis gets some real professional advice from golfer Sam Snead.

It looks like a hole in one for Dennis with Glenn Ford in “Follow The Sun.”

Right Kind Of Guy
By Steffi O'Keefe

I've always been the kind of woman who pulls back a little when wives get gooey about their husbands. But what's a girl to do when she feels as I do as Dennis O'Keefe's wife?

Every time I tell how Dennis and I met and fell in love I get embarrassed. It seems so ridiculous, so school-girlish. It's something that's not supposed to happen to grown up people. But it's true—and the night we met is the greatest single event in my life.

Richard Greene had invited Dennis to his house to be my blind date. Dennis was supposed to arrive at a certain time, but one hour passed, two hours, and he didn't show up. I thought I'd been stood up when he came. I took one look at him, fell in love, and said, "This is the man I'm going to marry." Sounds corny? Okay—that's exactly what happened anyway.

Dennis told me later that he was late for a particularly unromantic reason—he had forgotten about the date! He'd been out playing golf and the date had slipped his mind. Then his mother called him and reminded him he was due at Richard's house. Since he was in his golf clothes and had no time to go home he quickly borrowed a friend's suit at the club and arrived looking very baggy and something of a misfit. But he could have appeared in a gunny sack and I'd have felt the same way. A feeling like this happening to me! I never thought it possible.

I can't ever forget that evening. I sat by Dennis on the arm of a big chair all of the time. Richard would try to carry on a conversation with him and there I'd be. Fortunately, Dennis wasn't unhappy that I was so impressed. He felt the same way. As for Richard, he's like a proud father for bringing us together. And he still regards us as his own personal property.

Dennis and I went together—and that's a cloying cliche—for nine months. There was never any doubt about our getting married. But there was one problem to be settled—and that was the question of my career. I'd been on tour and I'd been doing pictures, so naturally Dennis wanted to know how I felt about my work. One day he said, "Were you planning on going on with your career after we're married?" I'd been waiting for him to ask me that so I quickly blurted out, "Thank you, no." I just wanted to be a wife and a homemaker—and that's still the way I feel. (Please turn to page 64)
When Will They Wed?

By Fredda Dudley Balling
The romance of Vera-Ellen and Rock Hudson has been building solidly and wedding bells may soon be ringing

ONCE upon a time, as all good love stories should begin, there lived in Hollywood-on-the-Pacific a golden haired princess named Vera-Ellen. She was born, romantically enough, in February, the month of hearts, and she was just as high as a tall man’s heart.

Once upon a time, stick with me because it’s worth it, there also lived in Hollywood a tall man (six feet, three inches) named Rock Hudson. He had come to the West Coast from Winnetka, Illinois, by way of Chicago and was doing his level best to make a name for himself in the motion picture business. Being a regular guy, as well as being somewhat reserved and slightly self-effacing, he did not make friends as fast, say, as a ninety-nine-year-old millionaire with no relatives.

He spent a good deal of time with his agent, so that is how it happened one night that Rock and he were stagging it at Mocambo when they saw Vera-Ellen dancing with a local actor.

“I’ve seen every picture that girl has made,” rumbled Rock, “and I’d love to dance with her.”

Rock’s agent, a cooperative soul, inquired, “Why don’t you cut in?”

“In Hollywood!” choked Mr. Hudson. “You’re kidding, of course. They’d bounce me out of this, now, Mocambo.”

“Chick-e-n!” observed the agent.

Rock arose with dignity and an assurance he did not feel in the least and strode onto the dance floor.

“I beg your pardon,” he said after the conventional tap on the escort’s shoulder. “May I?”

And after an eon had passed during which Rock did not get tossed out of Mocambo, did not get ordered from the scene by Vera’s escort, and did not get iced by the princess herself, Rock found himself dancing with one of motion picture’s most talented dancers.

Rock concentrated on conversation. What in heck did one say to a movie queen.

“You dance very well,” he observed politely.

Blue-flamed candles flickered in the depths of Vera-Ellen’s eyes and she seemed to have trouble with the corners of her mouth, but she said solemnly, “Thank you very much. You’re easy to follow.”

The music stopped, Rock returned his lady to her escort, uttered the usual expressions of gratitude and returned to his agent’s table. He felt like a poker player who has filled an inside straight. Also, his knees quivered somewhat.

Several (Please turn to page 58)
UNITED Artist's latest release, "Queen For A Day," uses as its framework the well-known and very popular radio program of the same name. Within this framework a trilogy of short stories by three outstanding American authors is deftly woven—Faith Baldwin's "The Gossamer World," co-starring Darren McGavin and Phyllis Avery as the devoted and happy young married couple; John Ashworth's O. Henry Memorial Award winner, "High Diver," with Adam Williams playing the courageous young football player who does the perilous 110-foot dive to earn money for an education, and Tracey Roberts as the carnival dancer who loves him; and Dorothy Parker's "Horsie," a story of an unloved, homely infant nurse played by Edith Meiser. The film marks the first actual combination of a regularly heard radio and TV program with a screen play. Jack Bailey, the master of ceremonies for the radio show, is in his usual good form at the microphone interviewing the candidates for "Queen" and sending the winner off in a royal flourish laden with gifts. The story shifts back and forth between the radio appearances of the contestants and their respective life stories. A Robert Stillman production. Screenplay is by Seton I. Miller.
Tracey Roberts gets acquainted with Adam Williams when he emerges from the tank after a trial dive.

Darren McGavin and Phyllis Avery star in Faith Baldwin's "The Gossamer World."

Day" As A Movie

Director Arthur Lubin gives Dan Tobin a lesson in making love to Jessie Cavitt, his wife in "Horsie." Jessie makes her screen debut in this episode from the film.

Darren McGavin and Phyllis Avery play a devoted and happy young married couple in the delightful story, "The Gossamer World," one of a trilogy in this production.
Frank and Kathleen Ryan as a devoted couple whose love equals the tragedy in their lives in "The Sound Of Fury."

Rugged But Romantic

For a while, everyone but his wife thought Frank Lovejoy was just a hard-boiled character actor

By Jack Holland

THERE was once an important executive of a motion picture studio who had a habit of seeing Frank Lovejoy on the stage in New York and immediately sending for him to consider him for pictures. Four times Frank had come to his office. And four times the same thing happened.

The man would say, "Oh yes, how are you? How's the show going?" Then he'd be sure to say, "Turn around." Frank would oblige and the fellow would inevitably shake his head and remark, "No, no, you just won't do for pictures."

Frank Lovejoy at one time was forced to agree with this man. But things have changed considerably since then.

First of all, just take a look at Frank. He's no Tyrone Power or Montgomery Clift. You might not think of him as the roman-
tic type who sends girls into ecstatic squeals—but he is. Some have said to him, "You look like a mug." Some have said, "No, you don't look like a mug." Some have remarked, "You're not tall enough." Others haven't even noticed how tall or short he is. Actually, he's a good-sized hunk of man. To make his case even more confounding he was once known as a character actor and that's supposed to be a sure nix for romantic appeal or for stardom. But something happened to Frank that happens to guys like him very rarely—he got just the right part at the right moment. Suddenly he found that he was one of the hottest bets in town. He was a new screen romancer, without any of the usual necessary trappings such as classic profile, mellow voice, or long eyelashes.

Right now he's over at Warners making "Goodbye, My (Please turn to page 66)
Left: Bob Hope, in his favorite role of storyteller, holds Director Sidney Lanfield, Andrea King and Dialogue Director Len Mendrey spellbound as he spins a tall tale on Paramount set.

Right: Bob and Andrea rehearse a scene for "The Lemon Drop Kid" under the watchful eye of Director Sidney Lanfield. The comedy is adapted from one of Damon Runyon's colorful yarns.

Left: Nora, 4 years old, is too excited to eat breakfast after greeting her famous daddy at airport on his return from Korea where he entertained G.I.'s.

Right: Bob and Marilyn Maxwell give first hand report on Korea and isolated army posts in the Aleutians to 3,000 fans who welcomed them home at airport.

Below: Dolores Hope and the children, Linda, Tony, Kelly and Nora anxiously wait for Army plane to land at Burbank before rushing to greet daddy.

Bob, orch. leader Les Brown, dancer Judy Kelly, Marilyn Maxwell, home again after 22,000 mile trip.
There are many sides to the energetic Bob Hope. Most people know him best as a movie and radio comedian who gives them a million dollars worth of laughs. To C.I.'s everywhere he's a guy who'll somehow manage to find time to journey thousands of miles to give their morale a boost. There's Hope, the shrewd business man, part owner of the Cleveland Indians. There's the busy guy who sneaks off to the golf links occasionally. But the real man, away from all the hustle and bustle, is known to only a few people—his wife, Dolores, and their four adopted children, Linda, Tony, Kelly and Nora. To them, he's the most wonderful guy in the world, a loving husband and a devoted father.
Fashion Selection #281—In this Betty Hartford dress by Kodney, Adele can be ever fresh, for it is washable and crease resistant. Belt is self-covered and both the pocket trim and the buttons match the dress. Comes in aqua, pink, blue, beige. Sizes 14½ to 24½. Approximately $11.00.

Sports Shoes by Vogue—Laddie Northridge Hat—Jewelry, Neptune Cultured Pearls

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROMAN FREULICH

PLEASE TURN to page 70 for information where to purchase these selections.
If you've been wonder that is—they've char and given her a co-star. Rains in "The Gaunt Woma with her work in "Seven W "Crackdown," it decided to change of name, but with da fits her perfectly. M*
Since Cleopatra’s time, history’s beauties have glamorized their hair with pure Egyptian Henna—the finest hair coloring obtainable. You can be a ravishing redhead too, with...

**Nestle Egyptian Henna:**
- 100% vegetable product—not a chemical dye.
- Absolutely harmless to hair and scalp.
- Colors hair a wonderful lasting Henna, Auburn or Titian shade that really makes you look years younger!
- A permanent coloring—touch-ups necessary only on new growths.

Each can contains enough for a complete Henna pack or 10 rinses.

This picture of Cleopatra identifies the GENUINE

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Want to be a Gorgeous Redhead?

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Give yourself the wonderful golden blondeness that men can’t resist.

**Nestle Lite for your hair:**
- The only hair lighter which contains absolute no harsh alkalis or ammonia.
- Exclusive conditioning oil base (U. S. Patent N 2283350) leaves hair soft, silky—no trace of that dry, straw-y look.
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- Easy-to-use—delicately scented.

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- Makes unsightly dark hairs practically invisible.
- Quick... absolutely safe when used as directed.

**Nestle Lite Lightens Your Hair**
At drug and dept. stores, 1.00¢

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The passionate Flamenco dance of love, “Amorana,” as presented by Cyd and Ricardo was loaned to Universal International by MGM.
THELMA RITTER has been stealing pictures for so long, they decided to give her one of her own, "The Mating Season." And, believe us, no one steals it from Thelma. As a mother-in-law mistaken for the new cook by bride Gene Tierney, she gets into many of the funniest complications you ever saw. In fact, her better-than-ever performance makes this the best comedy of the season. Naturally, you won't miss it.
at a wedding the previous week—and wanted to show it off, and also because my parents had frequently taken me with them to other parties. But this time they refused. I went into a real tantrum in my room. They left and told our maid to try to calm me down.

When they reached the car out front they could hear me going into something akin to hysterical rage. My father came back, tried to reason with me, but I kept on. Then quietly he picked up my hairbrush and gave me my first and last spanking. I was utterly speechless and voiceless. Then, as now, I had the utmost respect for him and his quiet method—he left without another word—did the trick.

Since then I have seldom flared up. If I do it's like the Fourth of July, but I don't throw things—and I don't lose my temper in public. If I feel it coming on I get in a room by myself. Above all, I wouldn't let a man see me. Men hate scenes in public.

I think it's fine if people believe redheads are tempestamental; that makes for interest and excitement. But the redhead should know, when to use her natural flair, and not carry it too far. Moderation is the thing, if you want friends, beaux and a happy husband. A colorful personality is stimulating, but no man wants to go through life married to a miniature volcano! In other words, be dramatic occasionally, but don't go haywire!

It's my belief that "gentlemen prefer ladies" and it doesn't matter what their coloring is. I think men prefer soft-spoken, gentle, graceful, feminine women. Basic security and inner serenity are so important in achieving what, for lack of a better word, I'll call ladylike allure.

To achieve that a girl must know herself and for that purpose I think she should take stock of herself once every year. Your birthday is as good a time as any. Then analyze your friends, decide what you like best about them and try to adopt those characteristics as your own. Do you think it's wonderful that Mary never says anything mean about anyone? Well, why not imitate that?

That survey made at an Eastern university on personality traits of hair-color groups indicates that the one thing everybody admires about a redhead is "indomitable independence." That's fine—if not carried too far with the man you love—or want to love you! The survey shows we're also "aggressive, generous, always trying to do something for the underdog." That's fine, too, if it doesn't lead to interfering in others' lives when we shouldn't—then it does become kibitzing—and it's easy for us! People like to say we're unpredictable.

In my own case I guess that's true, but I try not to carry it to a fault. I am not sure how I will react to a given situation in the future, so I have trained myself never to say "I'd never do that." I think that's good schooling for being tolerant and broadminded. Truthfully, being unpredictable can be colorful, too, but there is a world of difference between being unpredictable and undependable!

Most redheads are endowed with very fair skin, which can be a curse or boon. If given too much sun it burns easily and freckles, the first physically painful, the second psychologically so. If cared for, a fair skin contrasting vividly with red hair can be a real asset.

However bewitching a wonderful tan may look on blondes and brunettes, it's not for us. I learned this, too, through experience. A few years ago when I was vacationing in Florida I was tired of being told by my friends that I looked "anemic" and decided to try to get a tan. "A little bit at a time" I told myself, and went into the bright sun on the beach for just a short while. The next day I was in the hospital with first degree burns. The doctor was stern in explaining the really serious damage one can do to one's skin by overexposure to sun—and fair skin just cannot take it.

So I've decided why take a chance with so much to lose. When I go to the beach now I let my friends kid if they want to, but I wear a huge beach hat, I sit under an umbrella. I don't even swim...
Movie Star and Powers Model Slips are on sale at:

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Take a tip from the stars: Better your figure with a Movie Star slip! Bra-top, fitted midriff, full skirt. It's proportioned to fit you like a dream. Won't ride up, twist, or strain at seams. Luxury rayon crepe in shell pink or white. Wonder value about $1.98.

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follow the stars into the fashion spotlight in Movie Star "GOOD BEHAVIOR" slips proportioned for perfect fit

silk, rayon, crepe all leading stores or write MOVIE STAR INC., 392 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 18
Hidden Loveliness

Fashion Selection #285
A beautiful slip fashioned in the continuous smooth line of the princess style with lovely lace at the top and row upon row of the same lace at the bottom to play hide and seek from under your whirling skirts this Summer. This Movie Star slip has six gores and faggoted seams. It is made of multifilament rayon crepe and can be had in the three most-in-demand colors for lingerie, white, pink and black. Comes in Sizes 32-40. Near $4.00.

Fashion Selection #286
A strapless Movie Star slip for the season's off-the-shoulder fashions. The top is trimmed with picot edging and it has elasticized back and elastic around the top of the bra to keep it from slipping. There is a full swinging skirt which falls in gentle folds so that it can be worn under the new sheath dresses. Made of lovely French rayon crepe and cut so it won’t ride up, it comes in white only. Sizes 32 to 38. Near $2.50.

Fashion Selection #287
Left: A Movie Star slip that is a real enchanting bit of finery. Trimmed with lovely deep embroidered net and ribbon beading that is tied with a tantalizing bow at the neck and at the hemline. It is fashioned of multifilament rayon crepe and has adjustable straps and a three-piece faggoted yoke to insure perfect fit. The slip is available in white only. It comes in sizes 32 to 40, and the price is approximately $4.

Select a slip fashion to suit your clothes, says Kay Brunell

Slippers by Honeybugs

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIUS ALEXANDER
April Beauty Shower

A brief tour of beauty departments with star billing for a number of new finds designed to bring you fresh inspiration

By Elizabeth Lapham

April is a perfect month to indulge yourself in a shopping binge for your beauty’s sake. It’s the moment when you’re completely fed up with any lingering trace of Winter—including the way you’ve looked. Psychologically, you’re panting for a change. Perhaps that’s one of the main reasons why the cosmeticians bring out a whole bevy of new colors and beauticians produce new brain-children to glamorize other components of your good looks.

We’ll start our counter hopping with happy concentration on the problem of building you a new, lighter make-up. You’ve probably heard by now that the fashionable look for this Spring is a more natural look. Your skin tone is supposed to be much fairer. That doesn’t mean “white” by any stretch of the imagination—just a soft, creamy tone with plenty of life in it. Undoubtedly the most obvious step toward achieving it is to switch to a new complexion make-up. Something that’s a powder-plus, like Flame Glo’s Kissable Skin. The advantage being that Kissable Skin does a really fine cover-up job since it’s a combination of foundation cream and powder. The foundation element is almost a necessity, now that most of us have skins a bit darker than the new deal. Another advantage is that the Kissable Skin formula has especially long staying power—though it’s easy enough to carry that round, spill-proof cake in your purse for emergency re-furbishing.

As for a bright new make-up shade keyed to the more important Spring and Summer fabric colors—there’s Dorothy Gray’s latest, Sea Coral. This is no simple blending but a flatteringly successful combination of orangey tones mixed with pink on a base of red. Sounds impossible, but the color itself is clear and vivid (Please turn to page 71)

Denise Darcel makes up with Flame Glo’s own Kissable Skin, combination foundation powder.

Dorothy Gray’s bright new Sea Coral make-up is a sun warmed orange-pink on red, vivid enough to compliment those fabrics in orangey shades as well as usual Spring blues and pastels. Lipsticks are over-sized.

Left: Pleased expression on model’s face shows her reaction to the effortless routine for a clean and shining head with benefit of waves as supplied by a hair washing with Marlene’s new Creme Hair Waving Shampoo.

Nestle’s Glo-Cream is first of all a flattering hair-dressing to add sheen and manageability. In addition, it will protect your hair from streaky sun bleaching and through its antiseptic quality will prevent infection.
when the sun is high because the refraction of light off the water is so intense; I wait until around 4 o'clock.

If I do have to stay alone while the others swim, there's always a good book to read, or just time to relax. And real friends don't tease; they respect your problem. No one could be more the athlete, the outdoor type than Lex Barker, but when we go to the beach together he swims when he wants to and doesn't object when I swim later.

As for clothes, I don't believe a redhead is limited in colors; she must be more selective about shades and quantities of colors she wears, however. It's fatal for her to wear too many colors at once, but no one should, if she wants to be chic. A redhead should plan a harmonious color scheme to accent her hair and complexion.

I count myself fortunate in having learned some of this very young. My mother had the same coloring I have, and excellent taste. When I was quite small and we went shopping if I wanted some dress she knew wasn't right for me she would never say "No, you can't have that," but would explain why it would not be becoming to me. Later I studied color and fashion design which made me even more aware. At the age of 8 I started modeling clothes in my home city of Minneapolis—that was for fun and charity—and much later I modeled commercially, learning more about fashion and color. But every girl who reads can learn from magazines.

It's my feeling that redheads can wear green, purple, red and pink—just about any color—but more becomingly if these colors are accents. I truthfully prefer black, brown, navy or deep burgundy for basic colors with the brighter or lighter colors in "touches." One of my favorite daytime outfits is a navy wool suit with which I wear a lipstick red scarf which just shows a bit at the neckline of the suit jacket and a French sailor-type navy blue beret with a red and navy band. I think a redhead can wear that much red. She can also wear pink, if it's a light shell pink and if her skin has a pinkish tone. If her skin is more champagne she should go in for light coral shades.

But this isn't meant to be a fashion advice story, so let's get back to the other traditions. Men seem to have a motto about females that goes, "By their hair shall ye know them," and they seem to believe redheads are "hot little numbers." That, of course, is silly, but it presents a problem. Not insurmountable, however.

Because of this male attitude it means that our slightest glance or action can be misconstrued. So, it's up to the red-haired girl to establish the fact that she isn't going to accept the slightest smattering of disrespect. And how she is treated does depend on the girl. Such demand for respect can have the added advantage of taking a man by surprise—which is a handy weapon.

I remember doing that with one "Hollywood wolf," who naturally will remain nameless. A couple, who are my friends,
invited me to a small dinner party. The host called for me and on arrival I found that a man who had been trying to date me for quite a while was my partner for the evening. I didn’t like his reputation, yet it would have been very awkward if I refused to let him take me home. I tried to say good night in the car. He insisted on taking me to the door and then suggested he’d like to come up to the apartment. I took him by surprise by not saying “no,” but by saying my roommate wouldn’t like being disturbed late at night as she was a working girl and had to get up very early. She wasn’t, of course, but the story worked. He was disgruntled and never bothered me again.

Nature seems to have set a tough task for redheads, because of the traditions and myths the blondes and brunettes have built up, but I think the answer lies in the old Greek phrase of “Know thyself.” If you do, you won’t fall for the undesirable part of those traditions. That could be as bad as believing one’s own publicity!

Life’s Not Been Dull

Continued from page 27

When you arrive, a place is a deserted, savage jungle. A few hours later, it is a completely equipped movie set. In Europe, on location, we work with whatever we can find: a piece of string, a bit of wood, some glue. We improvise. We don’t know what we will do next. Here, everything is planned in advance and if anything else is needed, it simply comes by the next plane from Hollywood.”

This seemed to be a surprise to him. Was Hawaii, also, a surprise to him—or was it as romantic as he had expected?

“The arrival was not romantic,” he said drily. “We landed in the early morning at the Honolulu airport. It was foggy and the airport, like so many others, was dreary. Honolulu is a town that needs the sun to be beautiful. Our first impression was no impression at all. We were exhausted and we slept till noon. Then we went to the beach and had luncheon. The sun was there and it was really exciting. But right away, I started work.”

Right away—just like that? There was no vacation aspect to this trip?

He laughed. “For my wife, yes, it was a beautiful vacation. For me, it was work. Enjoyable work, you understand, but work. Not very romantic sounding, is it?” he asked.

What made it so enjoyable then? I asked right back.

“The new things to do,” he explained. “That first day, for example, I trained for a surfboard sequence—and we shot it the next day. No, I had not surfed before. And I was bad at it. But that was good for the picture, because I am supposed to never have done it before. The swimming was something else. All my life, I have been swim-
ming—but in the picture I am supposed to be a man who cannot swim well, especially with a crawl stroke. That was not yet invented at the time of the story.

They stayed in Honolulu only four days, living at the Royal Hawaiian and filming at a nearby beach that had long, rolling combers. They then flew to Kauai, two hours away by plane, for the scenes in which a schooner brings him to the island.

"Honolulu is not so different from what we have right here. It is a prolongation of Wilshire Boulevard. It is Santa Monica, a little farther out in the Pacific. But Kauai is different. It is called the golden island. Its scenery is beautiful. Also amazing. Plants and trees and flowers are so lush there, where originally there was nothing but lava and water and air. Although you realize this, you can't quite grasp the miracle of this transformation—from lava, little by little, into rich topsoil. . . . It was exciting to watch the volcano, and frightening. When you first see it, there is silence. Nobody speaks."

He intimated that the players had little difficulty, registering awe at the volcanic eruption that takes place in the picture. (An old medicine man says that the gods are angry about this marriage of a native girl to a white man.) And their awe was not lessened after they flew to still another location, on the island of Hawaii. There they stayed five weeks, and spent the last ten days—or rather, nights, filming scenes on a high ridge between two volcanoes, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, with the latter still smoking from a recent eruption.

Other things about the island of Hawaii he will not forget. For example, the hospitality of the people. "They receive you with open doors and open hearts. After a few days, it is as though they had known you for years."

The tin roof of his quarters in Hilo, and the machine-gun racket of the rain—four or five showers a night. . . . The native village built by 20th in a jungle clearing, with his dwelling usually serving as a luncheon spot. . . . The Sacred Pool location, also in the heart of the jungle.

"It is a beautiful pool, with clear water rising and falling as the ocean tide rises and falls, yet there is apparently no connection with the ocean at all." . . . The uncommon sensation of enacting a story in authentic surroundings, far from sound stages. "We wanted to make an honest picture about the Islands, and the first step was right—in the choice of the places where it would be filmed. Even the old chants and dance songs were authentic—recorded there, by natives who were not professionals. I hope to get recordings of some of them, particularly the last song of the picture, which is sung as background with my narration. It is very haunting."

Did you have any uncomfortable moments—?

"Yes, when I first had to run barefoot on black lava. That was painful. At first, too, I was very uncomfortable, very embarrassed in a sarong. But that was good, since I was supposed to be. It's
a very strange thing suddenly to act half-naked, because everything you do normally, you cannot do. There are no pockets for your hands, for example. Every moment becomes twice as important. We didn't stay long enough for me to become accustomed to some of the native food, which was very tasty, but very strange. Always an adventure.

That phrase is also applicable to the Jourdan life to date—a life that is bound to excite considerable interest with the release of "Bird Of Paradise." However, he is an elusive subject when it comes to talking about himself. We had to go digging elsewhere for the information.

He was born on a June 19th in Marseilles, France. His father managed hotels, and until he was 20 young Louis thought of one hotel or another as "home." Growing up, he lived in hotels in Marseilles, Cannes, Paris, Constanti-nople, not to mention Brighton, England, where the family spent a year—very long enough for him to learn English. This constant moving about also gave him a cosmopolitan outlook on life very young.

When France fell, he was conscripted, like many another Frenchman, into a slave labor battalion. For a year he cut wood, dug ditches, built roads. Then an inquisitive Nazi discovered that he had been an actor. He was released and ordered to report to a nearby studio, which was grinding out propaganda films. Instead, he made a successful getaway to Unoccupied France. In Cannes, he rejoined his family. There, too, he joined a group of Frenchmen who were making films that were not destined to be popular with the Nazis. He appeared in ten of them in two years. At the end of that time, he was very much on the Gestapo's "wanted" list. With his family, he moved into the interior of France and became active in the French underground, always in danger. After those ten films, his face was known.

In the meantime, while he was still in Cannes, one of the big events of his life happened. He met pretty, petite Berte Frederique. With some friends, she visited a set where he was working. It wasn't love at first sight, but at second sight—when they met again in a restaurant and had a chance to talk and become acquainted. From then on, they saw each other constantly.

Later, when he and his family fled Cannes, she joined them in their hiding place. Together, while he had three sons, she became a semi-adopted daughter. And, when the liberation came and Frenchmen were able once again to plan their own personal future, Berte Frederique became her daughter-in-law.

Louis and Quique went back to Paris, took a small apartment, which, for sentimental reasons, they still lease—and he returned to the stage. In the first play that he did, a Hollywood scout saw him. As soon as it could possibly be arranged thereafter, he was enroute to America.

Quique followed a few days later when her papers, which had been delayed, came through. Louis was in New York to greet her, to show her this wonder-land of blazing light after so many years of blackout in France. Together they traveled over the vast expanse of the United States by Hollywood, which, in itself, offered a vast new life.

Since they didn't have a honeymoon before, Hollywood has been their honey- moon. Plus a side-trip to Hawaii.

Their first year here, they lived in a hotel—"out of sheer force of habit with me, perhaps," says Louis.

"In Paris, very few people have houses. You live in apartments, as in New York. It was a major step to acquire a house. We looked at many, finally saw this and said, This is what we want. We had no furniture, just a bed. No matter. We moved in. Little by little, we furnished it. When we liked something, we got it. Some day, perhaps, it will be complete. With a nursery. We are hoping."

In contrast to some of the rather flam-boyant Frenchmen we have had in Holly- wood, Louis was very conservative in outlook. He has a collective collection of hundreded black ties. Black four-in-hand ties are rather a trademark with him. His suits and shirts are anything but gay. Even in Palm Springs, Louis plays the piano, has a very pleasant singing voice, and takes great delight in his one parlor trick—an imitation of Bing Crosby. He and his Keck play tennis and croquet. He considers himself somewhat of a philosopher, and is nervous but tries to hide it. He worries a lot, and in time will undoubtedly become one of Hollywood's best worries, along with Irene Dunne, Fred Astaire and Fred MacMurray. He is, and he isn't, what you think a Frenchman is.

When Will They Wed?

Continued from page 39

weeks later, early in May, 1948, Rock's agent telephoned to ask, "How would you like to have a date with Vera-Ellen? I now know her well enough to arrange a blind date if it appeals to you."

If it appealed to him! As a new gold strike would appeal to Fort Knox! So the date was made and Rock gave several days' thought to the evening. It had to be decided to make a foursome of the party (the agent and his lady, Rock and Vera-Ellen), to have dinner at a famous Italian restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills, and to top off the date with dancing at Ciro's. Like any lad from Chicago or Your-town, U.S.A., Rock was flustered more than somewhat by the idea of dating a motion picture star. What would it be like? He imagined himself arriving at one of those movie-set, white and gold, bare-fingered-rugged apartments. He planned a few polite pleasantries. He had butterflies of anticipation.

The night of the date, Rock's agent and his lady remained in the car while Rock dashed up to the door of a cozy, ranch-house type of dwelling in the San Fernando Valley. His buzz was answered
by a small, sweet-faced woman who introduced herself as Mrs. Rohe, Vera-Ellen’s mother. She invited Rock to come in, but Vera wasn’t quite ready. Rock—feeling exactly as if he were back in high school—accepted the invitation to be seated, and had a nice chat with Vera’s parents. Suddenly, he wasn’t nervous. A vast revelation soothed him: dating a movie star was much like dating any nice girl from an excellent family back home.

So when Rock went to Ciro’s and Vera accepted Rock’s invitation to have a cocktail by saying that she would love one: that is, chilled grapefruit juice. Nothing more potent. They dined and they danced. They closed the spot. Then they drove to the agent’s house and whomped up a flock of ham and eggs, toast and coffee. Rock delivered Vera to her door at three-thirty, and Vera was obviously a little nervous about being so late.

“My family expects me home around one or one-thirty,” she whispered.

She shook hands goodnight and let herself into the house, being as quiet as an eyelash falling on cotton.

“Not a girl,” thought Rock, vaulting into the back seat of the convertible. To his agent he said, “Why don’t we do this more often?”

The next date, however, was a two-some. Rock took Vera to a movie, although neither can remember what the picture was. Afterwards they sat in the car and talked until three. Again Vera tiptoed into the house.

At the end of three weeks of brief dates and protracted conversation, they lost count of time one night and yakked until dawn. That did it. Vera’s father met them at the door and invited them to join him in morning coffee and a discussion of the proper hours for conventional people to keep awake.

He pounded the table and said that dawn was no time for an honorable man to return a God-fearing, right-living girl to her home. He said that unless he had Rock’s word that this sort of thing was not to be repeated, all future Hudson dates had to be excelled.

Rock apologized. He explained. He asked forgiveness. And he ended by admiring and loving Vera’s parents with a sincere affection. He was with Vera and Mrs. Rohe when Mr. Rohe passed away, trying to do all that a son would have done.

These were grey times, of course, but most of the days Vera and Rock have shared have been happy. Sometimes, even, hilarious.

Take, for instance, the case of the Photographer’s Ball in the Fall of 1949. Rock, Vera and a friend were having luncheon on a boat about a week before the event was scheduled, and someone asked Rock how he and Vera were going to be costumed.

Rock said, “We want to go, but we can’t think of a gimmick. What to wear—that’s the rub.”

“My hair, not go as statues?” suggested the friend.

“And shed flour or whitewash over everything in sight. Huh-uh. Doesn’t

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appeal to me." Then he added idly, "I wonder how injurious gold paint is. We might go as gold statues."

"As Oscar!" chirped Vera... and was accorded a pair of deep obeisances by her luncheon companions.

What happened when this stupendous pair marched into the Ball has become history. There had never been anything like it before, and there has been nothing like it since. Who can top an Oscar?

One of the most precious experiences of a career of triumph, Vera and Rock discovered, in this instance, that they sparked to the same imaginative stimulus, and that both would go to considerable exertion to carry out a mutual plan.

The comfortable months slipped by as Rock and Vera grew to know one another really well. They talked about their careers (Rock thinks Vera-Ellen's duet with Gene Kelly, "Slaughter On Tenth Avenue," is the most impressive ballet interlude he has ever seen in a picture): Vera pointed out her reasons for believing that Rock Hudson is going to be up in lights ten feet high.

They went horseback riding together.

Rock told Vera about his years of horseback training when he was a youngster, and his intensive riding in preparation for his first Western, and then his ignominious unseating the first time he climbed onto a horse for his role in "Apache Drums."

Then they went swimming together and Rock, an expert, gave Vera a few suggestions about style. Sometimes she listened; sometimes she didn't. Fun, in either case.

Rock learned exactly how to order coffee for Vera: one-half cup of coffee, filled with hot water, only a splash of cream. Then, when Vera changed her beverage choice, he learned exactly how to order Sanka. In ordering at a restaurant, he learned exactly how Vera had to have her chops or steak prepared, and he came to have a dietician's admiration for Vera's caloric Fortitude. Because her profession is, in many ways, as rigorous as professional tennis, baseball, or rockcycling, she knows athletic training rules. She keeps her weight around 110, which is sylph-like when one realizes that she is five feet, four inches tall.

Because Rock loves football, he took Vera to an early-season pro game. She said she'd love to go. She seemed to enjoy the spectacle provided by night football in Los Angeles. For three quarters the Rams (Los Angeles' own) trailed by three points. Things were really rough as their opponents reached the Ram's fifteen-yard line. But at that moment the opponents chose to pass. The pass was intercepted by an alert Ram, who set out for pay dirt nearly ninety yards away. Everyone in the stands came to his feet, yelling: "The Pour House! Vera!" Everyone held one vast community breath as it seemed certain the ball carrier was caught.

But the carrier, in one superhuman leap, lateral the ball to a free Ram and the home team scooped ahead for six beautiful points followed by an equally lovely conversion.

Rock sat down, all tuckered out, and grinned at Vera, who grinned back. "Tell me," she said, and Rock anticipated a question about that spectacular lateral, "why in the hell are all the officials wear stripped shirts?"

He laughed until he cried. He said, "You're nuts, honey-child, but I love you."

In June of 1950, their love had to stand the test of absence. Vera-Ellen and her mother flew to England where Vera did the last of her series of triumphs before her British public.

There is an epigram about absence making the heart grow fonder, but this is true only if the love itself is true. The best possible test of the endurance quotient of a romance is the application of distance and time. Both Rock and Vera knew this, but they accepted it with assurance.

Rock wrote every other day, or—even on location—three times a week. Vera wrote when she could, but when she did write, her letters ran from ten to twenty pages. As articulate with her pen as with her toes, she drew word pictures of the places she saw, the people she met, the reactions she felt.

"Better than a Cook's tour, and more wanderlust-ish than a colored travel brochure," is the way Rock described her letters to friends.

Rock was at the airport to meet Vera and her mother when they returned. Neither would confirm or deny reports that they will be married in June, but Rock has the exalted look of a man who is carrying a matched set of rings in his hip pocket, and the expression on Vera's face is pure radiance.

Naturally there are a few problems to work out: Rock wants that ONE big part which will clinch his career, and it might be coming up promptly in "The Iron Man," starring Jeff Chandler. Vera wants that ONE big part which will maintain her career at its jet-propelled status, and rumor has it that the part is already set: "Belle Of New York" opposite Fred Astaire.

All things considered, Hollywood is convinced that this romance has an excellent chance of ending as all good love stories should, "And so they lived happily ever after."

"I Want To Be Typed"

Continued from page 30

wife whose husband dies in a cave-in is not pleasant, but mighty fine acting. Jan describes the exciting-loving wife as "A dame who never goes to church because the kneeling bogs her nyons." Already the Paramount executives are talking about an Oscar for Jan in '52.

Jery Wald, dynamic Warner Brothers producer, can take credit for bringing Jan Sterling to Hollywood, a spot she long had her eye on. When Clifton Webb was starring in Noel Coward's "Present Laughter" on Broadway in 1945, Jerry went backstage to see him. Clifton was
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in a small, dirty, airless dressing room and immediately started griping to Jerry, "Why did I give up my luxurious Hollywood dressing room for this rat hole!"

Then he called in Jan Sterling, who had played a very elegant English girl in the play, and introduced her to Jerry, "This girl should be in Hollywood," he said.

"Even though her bangs, which she cut herself, look like a thatched hut," Then he added to Jan, "If this big producer offers you anything, take it. They have much better dressing rooms in Hollywood."

Jerry Wald summoned her from the Chicago company of "Born Yesterday" to play the sharp-tongued "other woman" in "Johnny Belinda." He asked the top brass at Warner Brothers to sign her on a contract. They refused. In 1949, he summoned her from the New York company of "Born Yesterday," where she was filling in for Judy Holliday, the role she had wanted for being the city's little street walker in "Caged." Again he asked for a contract for her. And again W. B. said no. The next time he tried to get her ("Storm Warning") Paramount had her under lock and key. "She's a wonderful comedienne," says Wald. "But the first producer who gives her a great dramatic role will clean up with her.

At the present sitting Jan Sterling is a happy character. She's perfectly content to continue those "bad girl" parts. In fact, she has said: "I want to be typed." In a town where the actors spend their waking hours questioning that their studios are ruining them by "typing" them, this came as a considerable jolt. "Maybe I am going against screen tradition," says Jan, "she has practically blasted it, that's all," but I am satisfied, I'm simply delicious with happiness over the roles I am playing in pictures. In some twenty plays on the stage I was either a sweet ingenue or a coolly detached English dame. Now in pictures I'm a tramp, and I get kicked, slugged and shot. It's a pleasure."

Which is good thinking on Miss Sterling's part. Hollywood needs another pretty ingenue like a hole in the head.

Jan was born in New York City, and her mother divorced him when Jan was quite young. Her mother married the European representative of the Saxon Company, and spent much of her time in Europe and South America. Jan circumscribed between her two parents. She spent her school days in very swank English schools.

"The beginning of my career was a fluke," says Jan. A girl friend, Sylvia Kessell, had acting ambitions, and a letter of introduction to the Schuberts. Jan went with her to deliver it. It began to rain while she was standing in Schubert's Alley, so she moved inside the theatre. She was just sitting there, minding her business, when an excited man (he turned out to be Milton Schubert) came up to her and shouted in her face, "You'll do. You look just like Chris. Come in my office and sign a contract." The next thing she knew she had the ingenue part in the jan Hay British comedy, "Bachelor Born," and the stage name of Jane Sterling.

She discovered later that she had gotten the part because she looked like the girl who played it in London. And the fact that she spoke with an English accent helped a lot. She was sixteen at the time. The play ran two years. After that came some twenty plays. Among them, "Grey Farm," "The Rock," "The Rugged Path." "Dunitian's Daughter," "This Too Shall Pass," "Over Twenty-One," "Present L'Anglier," "French Without Tears," "Three Sisters," "Panama Hattie," "Two Blind Mice," "John Loves Mary," and, of course, "Born Yesterday." Some of the plays were so bad, says Jan, "they closed right in my face."

When she adopted the stage as a profession she cut herself off from the Social Register and her early, wealthy background. She claims she has been making her own living since she was sixteen. On her own in New York, she had to support herself between plays. She modeled suits and dresses on Seventh Avenue from 8:30 to 6:30 for $35 a week. At night, she haunted theatres.

"I was marking time in ingenue parts, when I could get them," says Jan, "until Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin took an interest in me, helped me lose an acquired British accent, and eventually win the role of the duff blond in 'Born Yesterday.'"

It was Ruth Gordon who fixed her up with a name too. She met Miss Gordon first when she was given the ingenue part in her "Over Twenty-One," Miss Gordon likes "do over" people. She decided something had to be done about Jan's name. Jane Sterling was much too dignified and prissy. "Miss Gordon was a dear," says Jan, "and started thinking of names for me. Emerald Cunard was one. Rosalind Adriance another. Her favorite was Fertis Serena Culin. Before she could pin that on me I compromised by dropping the 'e' off of Jane."

Jan played in the Chicago company of Garson Kanin's "Born Yesterday," and later took over the role in New York when Judy Holliday came to Hollywood to play a part in MGM's "Adam's Rib." Columbia brought her to the Coast to play in the screen version of "Born Yesterday," but instead signed Judy Holliday. Jan was very unhappy about it at first, but when she drew a Paramount contract as a consolation prize she was reconciled.

In May, 1941, she married Jack Merivale, son of the late actor, Philip Merivale. Mr. Merivale was married to the famous Maudie Cunard. "Bringing around them I absorbed acting," says Jan, "but it also gave me an inferiority complex. When I'd go in to see agents they'd say, 'How's Gladys, how's Phil?' They never got around to talking about me." She was divorced in 1949.

Although she played in both the New York and Chicago companies of "Born Yesterday" Jan did not meet Paul Doug-
las, who made the part of the millionaire junkman famous, until she came to Hollywood. She was having lunch at Romanoff's with her agent, Louis Schurr, when Paul dropped by the table. He asked to drive her home. Jan was recovering from a broken heart and paid him little attention. In December, 1949, she was in New York and with a girl friend went to see Paul in "Everybody Does It." "Jan said to her friend, "How did I arrive that slip through my fingers?" When she returned to the Coast in February they started dating. In April, they announced their engagement. "I trapped him," she said jubilantly. They had no divorce problems, no religious problems. "There's no plot," complained Paul. Paul's little six-year-old daughter, Maggie, loved Jan. And Jan's mother, who has moved to Hollywood, adored Paul.

Jan and Paul were married in Hollywood in a civil ceremony in May and went to La Jolla for a weekend honeymoon. Jan promptly flew to New Mexico on the "Ace In The Hole" location, and Paul has been assigned to photography after another. So they are still waiting for the big honeymoon which they hope to take in Europe.

The Douglases have a lease that runs until 1952 on a huge house in Bel-Air that was built by a beer baron friend of Howard Hughes in the glamorous and ostentatious Twenties. It's the house that Paramount should have used for "Sunset Boulevard." It has a 300-foot pool (with bridges and tunnels) where Bill Holden should have been found floating with bullets in his hand. It has waterfalls, a picnic ground, a pool room and a ballroom, among other standard equipment of that lush era. "But the library is cozy," says Jan, and that's where the Douglases live when they're at home. Maggie does her painting and her personalized type of interior decorating in this house. Their lease is up, they plan to move into an apartment.

Two cats and two love birds share this baronial estate with them. Mitzi, a Siamese, with a sweet disposition, was given them by the Dean Jaguars. And Frieda, a striped tiger cat with personality, was given them by the Jacobs Mans. Joined by the love birds for Maggie, who promptly named them Caroline and Anthony John.

There is no jealousy in the Douglass household. Though Paul pretends to be hurt that the modest young actress he married is turning out to be a celebrity, Paul does a lot of the cooking—Jan hates to cook—and without the slightest effort he dishes up a treat of baked fish with bay leaves and wine sauce. "And his eggplant is out of this world," says Jan.

"Paul says my grammar is terrible," says Jan. "I tell him that's from playing 'Born Yesterday' so long. He should have known me in the old days when I had a fancy English accent."

Jan claims that she's inclined to be a bit messy about the house. "I was on and off the road for fourteen years, living in hotels," she explains. "Towels were something for removing make-up. It's taking me a little time to get housebroken."

Jan is a soft-hearted girl, easy going, and inclined to be extravagant. Though she tries awfully hard to hide it she's a bit of an intellectual too. She has that off-beat sense of humor that her friends, and those fortunate enough to interview her, find sheer delightful.
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FREE BOOK ON HAIR REMOVAL


Right Kind Of Guy
Continued from page 37

Career? What’s that? There’s one career in our home and that’s Dennis’ and if anybody ever suggests anything different there’ll be a slight explosion from me.

Why, not so long ago some of the pictures I had made in the past began appearing on television. To me, they were all made fifteen years ago. It’s my system for dating the “things.” Dennis and I had just moved into our new house and several workmen were around repairing things and making changes. Up to then they had bowed and scraped to Dennis, but one day I began to get the attention and the low bows from these men. The reason popped out when they told me they’d seen me on television.

So was I flattened? I was not. I actually resented their compliments. And when friends of mine say now that I should go on with my work I boil inside. Believe me, there’s nothing more important to me than to go on the way I am now. I want to stand behind my husband and help him and be a credit to the happiness he enjoys.

People have often asked me what I consider Dennis’ most admirable trait. How can I make up a list when I has so many fine qualities? Oh, I can say he’s the most understanding and the most patient person I ever met. And he is. He has more patience than Job. Even the little habits he has that might be considered annoying are really credits.

Take his slowness, for example. I’m a very fast person. I like to do everything in a hurry. When we’re going out, I’ll say, “Honey, we’re late. Please hurry.” Dennis will calmly reply, “That’s all right, dear. There’s no rush.” And he flashes a big smile at me—and what can I do? Yet, this takes his time. This patience, is so right. He’s taught me it doesn’t pay to get myself in an uproar. Nothing gets done any faster by rushing.

Probably the one thing I feel is typical of Dennis is his completely unselfish consideration. He thinks so little of himself and so much of others.

This began almost from the time we met. But I do remember certain instances of his kindness and thoughtfulness.

The day we were married in Arizona I had just flown in from New York where I’d been on tour. I had no time to buy any wardrobe suitable for an Arizona climate. So, when we got to our hotel Dennis opened the closet and there was a complete wardrobe for me. He had bought everything I could possibly need for a desert resort area. How many women would think of doing a thing like that?

He’s always been too extravagant when it comes to buying things. But everything is a complete surprise. He plans it that way. One morning when I awoke he said, “Darling, there are no cigarettes here in the box by my bed. Would you go down in the den and get some for me?” This was unlike Dennis because he never asks me to wait on him. I went downstairs and what I saw almost made me faint. He had bought stone mantles and had literally covered the room with them. I dashed upstairs yelling excitedly. He just grinned at me, reached under the covers, pulled out some cigarettes and said, “Oh, they were here all the time.”

Then there was the time I found it hard to play the piano in the living room. Jimmy, our son, was very young then and I didn’t like to disturb him by practising, and yet I wanted so much to bang away. We had a small room in the back, so one day Dennis presented me with a small piano and put it in the room. I was then able to play without bothering anyone.

I can also never forget what was probably his biggest surprise. I’d had a serious operation on my hip and wasn’t able to drive my car anymore because I couldn’t shift the gears. One day, Jimmy came running into the house and said, “Come outside, mommy, and see what I’ve done.” So I did—and there in the driveway was Dennis beaming by a brand new car—with an automatic shift. It was a present for me!

So you think these aren’t important things just because they involved a lot of money? Well, I haven’t regarded them with dollar signs. They were rather thoughtful kindnesses that any woman would treasure.

Besides, he’s done so much for me that involved little or no money at all. There was a beautiful cigarette case he gave me recently on—of all days—Mother’s Day. Inside the case was a card which read: “To the most wonderful mother of Jim and Julie from a lucky husband.” (Julie is my daughter from my previous marriage). This was so sweet that it made me forget how much I resent the commercialism of the day itself.

It was while I was in the hospital that Dennis outdid himself in being attentive. I used to worry so much about him and Jimmy. Julie was away at school at the time. I would fuss and carry on and Dennis would say quietly, “We’re eating. Jimmy wears a clean shirt to school every day, and we’re keeping the house in order, so don’t worry.” Dennis, who loathes everything about housekeeping, was taking care of every detail. He was doing exactly what I would have done if I’d been home. When I did get back from the hospital he made me feel like a real queen. He even did some cooking. He’d ask me how to fix a steak or a salad and I’d give him the instructions. Soon he’d be back upstairs with my dinner—and it was a good one too.

Now that I’m better he still fusses at me when I walk too much. He’s always trying to wait on me—and all the time I want to be up and doing things myself. I have to confess that I do a lot more walking around when he’s not home.

I love to do little things for him too—
Skylark Originals

153 W. 27th St., New York 1, N. Y.

☐ PREPAID ORDER. I enclose price of garment plus 20¢ to cover postage and handling.

☐ C.O.D. ORDER. I will pay postman price of garment plus postage and C.O.D. charges.

I may return garment in 10 days if not satisfied.

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SKYLARK ORIGINALS

Style No. 203—Contrasting trim set off the smartly tailored lines of this new bolero duo. Inverted pleats and unusual pockets make the skirt a wardrobe standout. Fine rayon checked suiting in navy, brown, black.

Style No. 206—Buttons on the brief jacket and down one side of the skirt make this smart suit fashion news. Crisp rayon faille in navy, brown, grey, green.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
WORTH still narrator. State would have expected 2nd for inches; Sea says never en finally think have, look.

I have taken over the suit department, though. He'd never buy one if I didn't. He'd just go around in what he calls his "comfortable clothes." But I have to go through a production to get him to order any suits.

I've used all kinds of tricks to get him to go shopping. Once I told him I wanted him to look at a chair I had thought of buying. But instead I took him to the tailors and he then had to get the material for a suit. He never saw the chair at all—and I hadn't intended it.

He's not like most men since he's glad I try to help and to be interested in his clothes. But, then, he's so easy to get along with anyway. He never gets into moods and he doesn't bring his troubles home with him. He may be quiet when he's tired but he's never nervous and jumpy. When I know he's weary I just leave him alone.

He does, however, discuss his career with me. In fact, I'm so much a part of his work that I act something like a stenographer for him. He asks my advice about everything pertaining to his work because he knows I'm interested in his career and understand his problems since I was once in the same business myself. Instead of a career causing trouble between us it has given us a oneness. I'm so grateful that I don't work anymore because then I'd be full of my own problems instead of being so interested in Dennis'. My life with him has taught me one big thing—an actor should marry an actress, but she shouldn't marry until she's ready to be a wife.

I've gone on a lot about Dennis as a husband. Well, he's just as good as a father. He has a great understanding of children, and he loves to make up stories to tell them. The more I hear him tell these tales the more I think he'd do brilliantly as a narrator on children's records. He has a great talent for making noises—I guess you'd call them sound effects. He can dream up, for example, the most fantastic voices for animals you ever heard.

But he isn't just a father who plays with his children. He's exceptionally clever when it comes to discipline. He always patient and slow with Jimmy. There's none of this "Do this" or "Don't do that" routine. Instead of issuing orders he explains things to Jimmy. He also has a very good system for giving Jimmy a sense of responsibility and of right and wrong. The boy is given 100 points a day. If he misbehaves or doesn't do his school work or doesn't eat his dinner properly or any other such disregard of rules, he loses points, the number depending on the seriousness of his misbehavior. If he loses a certain number of points he's not allowed to watch television that night. Or he can't play outdoors. If he's really bad, he has to stay in his room. He can, however, make up points by doing something very nice during the day. Once he was down fifty points, but he gained most of them back when he greeted some guests at the door that evening in a very polite and gentlemanly way.

Oh, I could go on and on about Dennis. If I did he'd probably tell me I was getting gushy and he'd get embarrassed. I suppose I have been gushy already. That's how I feel. It's a warm feeling, complete and satisfying. Marriage to Dennis is an absolute fulfillment for me. I once dreamed of being happy in a marriage, but never expected to be as happy as I am now and never thought I'd find a man like Dennis. I know the meaning of real happiness—and I say that humbly and gratefully.

**Rugged But Romantic**

Continued from page 48

Fancy" with Joan Crawford. And, brother, that's the answer to every romantic leading man's dream. A film with Joan is a sure sign he's no dud in the romantic department.

"One picture did it for me," Frank commented as we sat talking at Warners. "That was 'Three Secrets.' It was the right part at the right time. It was like rolling seven. It was the springboard from which everything else has come. It was the first time I'd played opposite a big name star—Pat Neely—and it was my first crack at a man-girl deal on the screen.

"But I have to confess I still don't understand what's happened. I look at myself in the mirror and try to see where I've been endowed with any romantic qualities. All I can see is the same mug that I've looked at for some time. I go to see the rushes when I'm working on a picture, thinking they'll give me the clue. But I guess I just don't know what I expect to see because there's no great revelation. All I can decide then is that I never expected this kind of stardom. I'm very surprised by it—but I'm darned glad I have it!"

It wasn't so long ago, of course, that Frank wouldn't have given ten cents for his chance in pictures. He was convinced that the closest he'd ever come to a movie was from a seat in the audience.

He'd been playing in a quick flop called "Woman Bites Dog" in New York in which Kirk Douglas and Mercedes McCambridge were also featured. The show
did a fade-o in three days, but it was then on long enough for Stanley Kramer, a hopeful movie producer, to see and get interested in one Frank Lovejoy.

"I was amazed when Kramer came to see me after a performance," Frank went on. "I was even more surprised when he said he wanted to sign me for a role in 'This Side Of Innocence' which he expected to start as his first production for his new motion picture company.

"Well, I'd wanted to come to Hollywood. Every New York actor does. The ones who say they aren't interested in pictures are kidding. Kramer told me to rush to the coast, so my wife, my two children and I flew to Hollywood. I naturally assumed I'd start to work right away. But instead I began a long period of waiting and sitting.

"For forty weeks I did nothing—except for one lone radio show, since my contract wouldn't permit me to do any broadcasting. It was the most frustrating period in my life. My wife and I had been used to working hard and this business of being idle—even though I was being paid for doing nothing—wasn't for us. People said to me, 'Don't be nervous, just go to Palm Springs.' But I hadn't come here to go to Palm Springs. I came here to work."

"I tried to amuse myself by working a little around the house. I stuck a few plants in the yard and one day things were so dull I decided to mop the kitchen floor. I was scrubbing away—it was the help's day off—when a little girl from down the street appeared. I had a hunch her mother had sent her on a mission to find out what the Lovejoy guy did. She watched me working away and then she said sagely, 'Hmph, we have someone at our house to do that kind of work.' This was a little too much. Soon she asked me what I did, so I replied, 'I'm an accountant. I work at home.'

"The idleness came to an end when the plans for "This Side Of Innocence" were shelved. I'd been loaned in the meantime to another studio to make one picture which I prefer to forget. And when the contract was over, I went back into radio. I had given up Hollywood.

"It was two years after I'd hit the town that Kramer called me again and wanted me to play a part in his 'Home Of The Brave.' Nothing could have thrilled me more. I'd almost done the play in New York. I knew how great the part was. It was the kind of role that any ten guys could play and each would make a hit in it. It was sure-fire. But I didn't think then of what it might do for me. I just wanted to work in pictures.

"Naturally, I was happy about the reaction my performance got, but I didn't sit around and wait for anything sensational to happen. I went into 'East Of Java' and 'In A Lonely Place,' and not long after came 'Three Secrets' and I began to think that perhaps there was a place for me in Hollywood.'

You might think that Frank just went to Hollywood, was seen, hit Hollywood, used some patience, and then became a star. The Cinderella story, no doubt. Not so. Behind any Cinderella aspects
Gray Hair

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It's easy now. With Brownstones, you can quickly tint streaks of gray to lustrous youthful shades that actually grow in. Simply a gray lock and prove it. See how, in one sitting, Brownstone imparts any desired shade from lightest blond to black. Thousands thrilled by natural-looking results. Soft, rich, glamorous, Guaranteed permanent. Economical, lasting; won't rub off, wash out or affect permanent. First use must give your youthful color or money back. Get Brownstone now. 75c. All drug and toiletry counters.

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Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 16

One of the best detectives on the force, Cobb makes the mistake of appreciating Jane's voluptuous charms. When she kills her husband before his very eyes, Cobb can't resist protecting the poor girl. Unfortunately for Cobb, his kid brother, John Dall, is quite a sleuth also. There are facets to the killing rookie detective Dall wants cleared up, even though Cobb has made the death look like the work of some punk stick-up artist. He almost succeeds in diverting suspicion from his lady-love, but Dall blunders into the truth. Engrossing sus-

The Man Who Cheated Himself

20th Century-Fox

UNUSUAL detective story in which the detective, Lee J. Cobb, aids and abets murdereress Jane Wyatt in covering up the murder of her husband.
pense as Cobb and Miss Wyatt weave the web of deception that eventually strangles them both.

Rawhide
20th Century-Fox

EASTERNER Tyroe Power is out West, leasing the Overland Mail business—and how he learns it! With no one at the lonely station except himself, Susan Hayward, a baby, and Edgar Buchanan, four escaped convicts descend on the isolated outpost. Headed by Hugh Marlowe, the quartet take over the place, kill Buchanan and make prisoners of Ty and Susan. Marlowe wants to get his hands on a shipment of gold coming through via stagecoach which is the only reason why Ty and Susan are allowed to live. Without Ty giving the all-clear signal, the stage would by-pass the station. The tension manages to build up to an almost fevered pitch, nor do the many futile desperate attempts to escape help ease the situation any. Excellent outdoor thriller with brooding, sombre overtones, plus the shocking, unwatered evil of Jack Elam’s portrayal.

Oliver Twist
Eagle Lion

THE much talked about, widely discussed, and banned, for a while, version of the Charles Dickens’ classic. It’s rather a chore to see where all the commotion started, because you can’t read any more into it than just being the saga of how a young orphan plods through an unsavory assortment of weird, unwholesome characters until he is finally found by his aristocratic grandfather. Played by John Howard Davies, Oliver is raised in a dank drabby charitable institution until his keepers decide to apprentice him to a moritian. He runs away from the bodies and coffins to seek his fortune. On his arrival in London, Oliver finds the living can be as distasteful as the dead. Unknowingly, he becomes involved with a band of young pickpockets whose mentor and teacher is Alec Guinness. From then on, Oliver’s really hectic adventures begin. Good entertainment, but you’ll never again yearn for “those good old days.”

Sugarfoot
(Technicolor)

Warner Brothers

ANY way you look at it, our big brawny hero, Sugarfoot Randolph Scott, would be more appropriately called Tracefoot, because he sure does get himself stuck with a passel of trouble. Arrived in Arizona to make his fortune, aristocrat Randy, who is a polite, peaceable gentleman, meets Raymond Massey, who, suh, is a secondhand, Massey lays hands on saloon entertainer Adele Jergens, and Randy rushes to defend the lady’s honor, suh. In doing so, Randy brings Massey’s venomous wrath down upon his unsullied head. Next day, Randy gets hired by merchant Cuddles Sakall and is given $5,000 to go through

NEW! NONE OTHER LIKE IT!

LOOK SLIMMER, more YOUTHFUL
REDUCE INSTANTLY!

The Transform® Girdle must be the best girdle you ever wore . . . you must feel more comfortable . . . you must look younger . . . your shape must be noticeably improved . . . or we don’t want a penny of your money.

No other girdle or supporter belt like it

We know that you’ve probably tried other girdles in the hope that you’d eventually find the right one. But this we promise you: NO OTHER GIRDLE CAN DO FOR YOU MORE THAN THE TRANSFORM DOES. No other girdle or supporter belt offers you more bulge control—safety, scientific, medically—than the Transform. It compares with the miracle-working Bulge-mester* feature.

WHAT IS THE BULGE-MASTER FEATURE?

The Bulge-mester pads are special inset control panels of sheet rubber, covered with cotton jersey. They absorb the excess perspiration from the balanced pressure against the muscles and fatty tissues of your stomach, waist, hips, and thighs.

Only 100% DuPont Nylon Stitching is used on the Bulge-mester panels. Special pin point perforations allow air to circulate, for comfort.

MAGIC INSET CONTROL

Magic insets do the trick. They control in complete comfort, guaranteeing healthful, lasting support. They lift and slims the tummy; slim down the waist; trim the hips, eliminate the “apples and pears” waistline roll. These magic inset panels are cleverly designed with discomfort-free stretch. They create the balanced pressure that gives each bulge the exact amount of restraint it requires.

No bones — No buckles — No steels — No lacets — No adjustments

Let the Transform be your undercover agent for a more beautiful figure—the slimmer, trimmer figure that invites romance.

DON’T BE FOILED BY IMITATORS!

Other means may attempt to copy our inset, but they cannot copy the Transform or the Bulge-Master panels. Both Transform and Bulge-Master are registered trade-marks patented for U. S. and Foreign Countries. Transform Girdles are made and sold only by Du Pont distributors. Don’t be misled by imitators. Insist on the genuine Transform!

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10-Day Trial Offer

Test the Transform at home for 10 days at risk. We’ll send it to you for your approval. The Transform must do all we claim for it, or return it in 10 days and we’ll send your $4.98 right back. We take all the risk . . . because we know that even though you may have tried many other girdles, you haven’t tried the best until you’ve worn a Transform.


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Double your Transform with wonder-working Bulge-mester. On delivery, I will pay postman $4.98 plus postage. (ASTER sizes, waist 21 to 24 or hips 44-46-48.) If I must be satisfied or I will return the Transform in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Waist size . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Hip size . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Height .

NAME . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Apache territory and purchase goods in a far-off city. Massey practically breaks a leg in the rush to club Randy to a pulp and abscond with the money. Randy, however, under the training of terbacci-spittin' Arthur Hunnicutt, soon is able to teach Massey and his ugly cohorts some lessons they'd never forget—only Massey doesn't live long enough to need a memory. Neat Western, packed with action and tongue-in-cheek brand of humor.

**Seven Days To Noon**

**Distinguished Films Release**

Frightening, yet eye-opening semi-documentary about what could happen if an atomic energy scientist decided to blow up a city. Professor Barry Jones, a British nuclear scientist, cracks up under the strain. He feels that he and his fellow scientists are responsible for the future of mankind—having created such horrors as the A-Bomb and H-Bomb. To give the world a warning, he steals a bomb which is small but powerful enough to level 12 square miles, and sends the Prime Minister an ultimatum: Stop all work on atomic weapons immediately, or London will be liquidated! He allows the government a week in which to desert Everton mounts, his as each day goes by without the police or military intelligence finding the deranged professor. The subsequent scenes of the evacuation of London and the deserted empty streets of a once teeming metropolis are chill, but it remains for the final few minutes to freeze your blood in cold terror. . . .

**The Redhead And The Cowboy**

**Paramount**

Espionage in the wild and wooly Southwest with Rhonda Fleming being more spies upon than spying. Easy going cowpoke Glenn Ford spies Rhonda in a gaming casino. She mistakes him for a fellow Confederate spy. Glenn don't know from nothing what Rhonda is talking about, but Edmond O'Brien, who has his heel hooked over the bar rail, is casually watching the scintillating by-play. All this quiet ends abruptly when Glenn is accused of knives a man in the back, and Rhonda, the only one who can prove he didn't do it, is galloping across the countryside to deliver a coded message With Edmond's assistance, Glenn escapes and takes out after her. In doing so, he gets deeper and deeper in Northern and Southern spies. All that, spiked by a few heated love scenes, should hold your interest.

**M**

**Columbia**

A psychopathic killer, who chooses little girls as his victims, is one of the most repulsive characters yet shown on the screen. Strangely enough, David Wayne was chosen for the role which won't help his fan mail. The detective work, under the leadership of Detective Chief Howard Da Silva, is well-done. Their only lead to the childslayer is that when each victim was found, her shoes were missing. Half-way through the picture, a gang of underworld characters takes over. They find Wayne just as he is about to perpetrate another of his heinous crimes. Unfortunately, when the feds and the police work, the art approach is thrown in and becomes downright corny. As a straight detective picture, this would have had some merit, but as a long-winded plea to save psychopathic killers from capital punishment, it's hard to take.

**What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About**

Continued from page 17

"little" momentos of the trip. He has two lions' heads, two sets of elephant tusks, a buffalo and a rhinoceros head, and two zebra skins. Mr. G's new picture, in which he'll be more romantic even than he was in the last one, is "Scaramouche." *

Howard Duff is kinda sorry Spring is on the way. On account of he likes to dash out his front door and into the ocean in the Winter better than when things heat up a little. Howard's mother can't wait to see this, but when she sees him, he's the cast, and the gal who still is an important part of Howard's life—Ida Lupino. *

That new job at RKO for glamour gal Sharman Douglas, which is a combination social-fashion adviser to Joan Simon's (who's doing "Andre Cecil And The Lion") and "other studio chicks, won't make Peter Lawford a bit unhappy, nor will he hang around in Australia after the finish of his picture for 20th there, called "Kangaroo." *

Jo Stafford, with tongue in cheek (and try to sing that way), decided to do St. Patrick's Day up real good and green so she asked Helen Neubaefer, the gal who dreamed up colored nail polish, to make her up a special batch to match Jo's Kelly green taffeta frock, specially bought for the day of the Irish. *

Cute little startlet at U-I, Peggy Castle, and Bob Raines, the attractive and well-liked radio guy at the studio, very quietly eloped to Mexico without letting any of their buddies or bosses in on the plan. *

It's not going to be very quiet around Columbia for a while because Spike Jones and his zany bunch has been signed up to appear in a Western on that lot. There'll be so much confusion around that nobody'll be able to tell whether the varmints went thataway or
We think girl singer Margaret Whiting rates her weight in orchids for the fabulously numerous appearances she’s made at veterans’ hospitals. When she finishes her month’s tour around the country, the number of p.a.’s she’s done will just about hit the thousand mark and we doubt if anybody but Bob Hope and Maggie have done that many.

Glenn Davis, the football hero and otherwise famous for having been engaged to Elizabeth Taylor, met Terry Moore when he was dating the fabulous Liz. Now, some two years later we find our hero visiting on the set of Columbia’s “Sunny Side Of The Street” and calling for Terry after work. Some say this is a serious case of love and, if so, it will be Terry’s first real romance—and here she is an old lady of 21 years, too.

It isn’t the easiest method—but one way to break into pictures is to be an opera star. We’ve had Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Lawrence Tibbett, Lauritz Melchior, Dorothy Kirsten, not to mention Ezio Pinza—and many others. Latest recruit, and right hot from the Met, is Robert Merrill, who comes to Paramount direct from a fabulously successful season in New York. He’s very good-looking, dark blond, rather short and has one of the most beautiful baritone voices we’ve heard. Watch this boy—he’s a comer.

Elisabeth Taylor found the answer to no runs in the stockholding department. Her’s for “Love Is Better Than Ever” are made of elastic. The idea was used before on a sweater she wore. Liz is beginning to look after a little and her ex, Nicky Hilton, expected to vacate Hollywood to manage a hotel for his father in Mexico, provided the Army didn’t get first dibs on him.

The gal who has the female lead opposite Brod Crawford in Columbia’s “Remember That Face” is named Betty Buchler and she comes straight from the TV waves to the screen. Betty’s gone back to her natural brown hair (from blonde) for her screen bow. This is getting to be something of a trend. Patricia Neal’s another one who thinks maybe the day of the blondes is fading.

and most wearable. Sea Coral lipstick has a longer-lasting color and comes in an over-sized case with a sea horse emblem on it. The rouge and matching nail polish also come in special Sea Coral do-ups. Sea Coral nail polish, by the way, boasts a bottle that has a convenient plastic handle on the cap. And for economy—you can get refills for both the lipstick and rouge compacts.

THERE’S a new excitement now, called Marlene’s Hair Waving Shampoo, that’s designed to give you the kind of natural looking waves you’ll want for your new season’s coiffure. It’s not a permanent waving process at all, but the waves are supposed to last you from shampoo to shampoo and rid you of much of that nightly hair panning-up ordeal. This particular Creme Waving Shampoo is simply a conditioning shampoo with a curling ingredient added. You use it like any other shampoo—two thorough latherings followed by clear water rinsings. There is one slight difference in the routine, however. You’re asked to leave the second lathering on your hair for about five minutes before the last rinsing. After that, while the hair is still damp, put it up in waves or pin curls or whatever you usually do. (No special pins or curlers needed). Incidentally, the formula was developed by the very same hair scientists who brought out the first safe cold wave for home use.

MORE good news about hair beauty comes from that old expert Nestle, in the form of Nestle Glo-Cream. In case you’re wondering what’s so new about another cream hair dressing we can tell you right away—this one has a special sun-screening ingredient in the formula. In other words, it protects your hair color from streaking or bleaching, a quality that’s especially valuable now that the sun’s climbing high in the sky again. Glo-Cream isn’t new to beauty shops—they’ve been using it professionally for quite a while—but only now has it been made available to such as you and me. You’ll be interested too, to know that Glo-Cream has antisepic properties (hexachlorphene) and a richly nourishing lanolin-in-oil base. To use it pour a few drops in your hand, massage well into your hair—wet or dry. It’s non-alcoholic and non-greasy so it can’t stain.

AS IF Glo-Cream weren’t enough of a contribution for one season, Nestle also has turned out Deodorizing Creme Rinse. A whiff of any head of hair immediately after it’s been given a permanent wave should be enough to convince you that people are answereed a long-felt need. Nestle Deodorizing Creme Rinse takes away all that pungent chemical odor that would otherwise cling so tenaciously. This, too, is a professional product—now procurable over a counter or at your hairdressers.

TO RETURN to make-up and lipsticks—Harriet Hubbard Ayer has a winner in her new Mint Rose—a shade and a taste! Yes, the lipstick is actually flavored with mint—just a touch, so that your mouth feels cool and fresh. The color is the liveliest kind of pink, young and beautifully fresh. Harmonizing Mint Rose rouge adds the kind of blushing tone to your checks that Mother Nature might have supplied.
NEW! MAGIC PANEL FEATURE SLIMS LIKE MAGIC!
LOOK SLIMMER, MORE YOUTHFUL

YOUR APPEARANCE!

THE FIGURE-ADJUSTER MUST BE THE BEST GIRDLE YOU EVER WORE . . . YOU MUST FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE, and you MUST look and feel younger . . . Your shape MUST be noticeably improved or you get every cent back at once! No matter how many other girdles you have tried, we believe NO OTHER GIRDLE CAN DO FOR YOU MORE THAN THE FIGURE-ADJUSTER! No other girdle or supporter belts offers you more CONTROL, BULGE control, HOLDING and STAY-UP power, safely scientifically. No other girdle can begin to approach the miracle-working FIGURE-ADJUSTER feature! Figure-Adjuster is LIGHT in weight, yet powerfully strong! Figure-Adjuster allows AIR to circulate through it, ABORES perspiration, is made by the most skilled craftsmen, and allows you to ADJUST it to just the right amount of BULGE CONTROL you like and NEED for an IMPROVED FIGURE!

MAGIC PANEL CONTROL: No laces show when you wear a SLIMMING Figure-Adjuster. The control you get is completely COMFORTABLE . . . and GUARANTEES healthful, lasting support. Its satin TUMMY PANEL laces right up to meet the bra—NO MIDRIFF BULGE! LIFTS and FLATTENS the tummy, SLIMS down the waist, TRIMS the hips and eliminates the "SPARE TIRE" waistline roll! The magic ADJUSTABLE, slimming, easily controlled panel is scientifically designed and is the result of testing different kinds of panels on thousands of women! Figure-Adjuster creates the "BALANCED PRESSURE" concept which allows each bulge the exact amount of RESTRAINT it requires. It gives you the right amount of SUPPORT where YOU need it MOST! Let Figure-Adjuster give you MORE figure control . . . for more of your figure . . . let it give you a more BEAUTIFUL FIGURE . . . the slimmer, trimmer figure that INVITE romance. You ACTUALLY APPEAR SLIMMER AT ONCE WITH THE MAGIC PANEL control of Figure-Adjuster. Colors nude, blue or white panty or regular. Sizes 24 to 48 waist.

MAKE THIS TEST WITH YOUR OWN HANDS! Clamp your hands over your ABDOMEN, press upwards and in gently but FIRMLY. You feel better, don't you? That's just what the UP-LIFT adjustable FIGURE-ADJUSTER does for you, only the FIGURE-ADJUSTER does it better. MAIL your FIGURE-ADJUSTER and TEST IT AT HOME FOR 10 days trial at our expense! NO OTHER GIRDLE AT THIS PRICE CAN GIVE YOU BETTER SUPPORT, can make you look better, feel better or appear slimmer and younger! Sizes 24 to 48 waist.

100% MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!
Test the Figure-Adjuster at home for ten days trial at our expense! It's sent on approval! It must do all we claim for it or return it after ten days and we'll send your money right back. We take all the risk . . . that's because we know that even though you may have tried many others you haven't tried the BEST until you have tried a FIGURE-ADJUSTER! MAIL COUPON NOW!

Guaranteed to Delight or Your Money Back . . .

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GIFT

You will feel like this beautiful model in your new and improved cool—light weight FIGURE-ADJUSTER.

WHY DIET? TRY IT!

• TAKES INCHES OFF TUMMY!
• RAISES ABDOMEN AND KEEPS IT IN!
• LIKE MAGIC IT BRINGS IN WAIST!
• MAKES SPREADING HIPLINES CONFORM TO FIRM BEAUTY
• SMOOTHES AND SLIMS THIGHS
• MAKES YOUR CLOTHES FIT BEAUTIFULLY

TRULY SENSATIONAL AT
Now $4.98 formerly $6.50
TRIM UNWANTED INCHES OFF YOUR MIDRIFF,

SEND NO MONEY

FIGURE-ADJUSTER CO., DEPT. N-249
1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

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[ ] I will pay postman $4.98 plus postage.
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Size: ____________________ Panty Girdle: ____________________
Name: ____________________
Address: ____________________
City: ____________________ Zone: ______ State: ______

Please PRINT carefully. BE SURE TO GIVE YOUR SIZE

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73
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It's more than a new color... it's an entirely new kind of nail polish. And it's called Pearl Brilliance—exclusive, of course, with Cutex. All Hollywood is wearing this new, lovelier iridescent type of polish that makes fingertips shimmer like jewels. And this is the only iridescent polish so amazingly low-priced, that has all the gleaming beauty of the most expensive you can buy. Any woman can afford to wear it all the time. Try a bottle of Cutex Pearl Brilliance today. In six high-fashion shades. Matching lipstick.
Mother's gray hairs are tinted from view. Rich, glowing color makes her look younger, too! She uses Nestle Colortint.

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Triple-strength Nestle Colortint—makes you look years younger as it blends graying hair with rich, even, longer-lasting color.

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Originators of Permanent Waving

Together they make a Beautiful Pair...
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Nestle

Colortint

More than a rinse... but not a dye

Colorinse

Rinses in... Shampoos out
Hollywood Parties
They’ll Never Forget!
Amazing No-Smear Lipstick
Stays On—and On!...and On!

Stays on YOU...Not on HIM!

Women Go Wild over Sensational
Non-Smear Lipstick That Won't
Eat Off—Bite Off—Kiss Off!

NEW YORK, N.Y. Beauty experts and women everywhere are hailing the most exciting new arrival in cosmetic history. It's HAZEL BISHOP'S amazingly lasting lipstick—the first and only true non-smear lipstick you can put on your lips in the morning or evening—forget! It stays on and on until you want to take it off.

Now at last, say goodbye to unsightly "red grease" on glasses, chin, silverware, cigarettes, or teeth. Never again be embarrassed by smearing your friends, relatives, husbands, or sweethearts with your "war paint"—for this sensational lipstick will keep your mouth looking as radiant, fresh, and colorful as when first applied—even when you eat, bite your lips, or lias!

Don't put up with lipstick embarrassment another single day. Right now, go to your favorite drug or department store. Choose the Hazel Bishop Lasting Lipstick that gives you just the right glowing shade for your complexion and costume. With this assurance—you must be completely satisfied or your money will be refunded!

Amazing Tissue Test Proves! Won't Come Off!
TRY IT YOURSELF! Apply HAZEL BISHOP'S Lasting Lipstick just as you do the one you're using. Press your lips together several times on a tissue. Pat off excess. THEN—BE HARD AS YOU WILL! No color will come off on tissue! Or on anything else! It comes off when you want it to. Simply wash it off with soap and water, or cream off.

I have found the color remains where it belongs without smearing glassware, teeth.

Elizabeth Henrey, Miami (Florida) Herald: "It's practically indelible...stays on your lips for hours and hours...even when you swim! Put it on, blot it and it can hardly come off at all on glasses, silverware or your best teeth. A notion good point. It won't come off on teeth!"

The Big News is on Everyone's Lips!

Never before in cosmetic history has a new discovery become so popular in such a short time! Everywhere—Hazels Bishop's new Lasting Lipstic has achieved sensational success. Already, in 72 larger cities, it is the big news on everyone's lips! Try it today at our risk.

GUARANTEE!
This exclusive, secret lipstick formula was created by Hazel Bishop, one of the nation's foremost cosmetic experts. Do not accept any imitation claiming to be "just like it." There aren't any! Hazel Bishop No-Smear Lipstick won't eat off—won't bite off—won't kiss off when properly applied; or your money back!

Ruth Mugglebee, Boston Daily Record: "At long last launched...the lipstick that is the talk of the cosmetic world. It has indelibility never before attained, gives your lips a lasting-smooth, natural feeling—hard to beat.

Cynthia Cabot, Philadelphia Inquirer: "Exciting news to women is a new lipstick which is indelible yet possesses the most attractive features of other popular lipsticks. It has a smooth, creamy consistency easily applied, is not sticky, does not dry out."
Here she was, bejeweled and exquisite, putting in a completely miserable evening. The man she secretly admired was giving her the brush-off...polite but definite. And she didn't know why. It can happen that way sometimes: the very night you want to be at your best you appear at your worst. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) has a way of cropping up when you least expect it. At such a time, diamonds aren't a girl's best friend...Listerine Antiseptic is!

Play It Safe
Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful extra-careful precaution against halitosis? Simply rinse the mouth with it and lo! your breath becomes wonderfully fresher, wonderfully sweeter. It stays that way, too...not for mere seconds or minutes but for hours, usually. Don't trust to makeshifts that do less. Remember, Listerine's germ-killing power is the secret of its success against odor-producing bacteria.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning. It makes your mouth feel delightfully fresh and clean, and gives you greater assurance that you are on the agreeable side.

And, of course, before any date—never, never omit this extra-careful precaution. It pays off in popularity.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation and the odors it causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

BEFORE EVERY DATE
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
IT'S BREATH-TAKING
**First Run Features**

Hollywood Parties They'll Never Forget........................................Pamela Reed........................................22
Most stars' first "big night out" has left deep impressions on them and here's why

I Hope My Daughter Doesn't—..................................................Linda Darnell........................................26
"Mary until she's 25 . . . most women don't know enough about life before that"

A Career Girl Should Live Alone...................................................Martha Toren........................................30
The fear of abominations worries most career girls, but not so with Martha Toren

"I Have No Gripes About Hollywood"............................................Dorothy O'Leary........................................36
"This is the best job in the world," says Gregory Peck

Could Be Another Betty Grable!.....................................................Terri Lee Randall........................................40
In one year Mitzi Gaynor has become one of the most promising starlets

Please Don't Get Personal...........................................................Paul Marsh........................................45
Barbara Stanwyck feels some things are her own business and that's the way she keeps them

Why I Fell In Love With Eddie......................................................Olga O'Brien........................................46
It's a worry bird, but with Edmond O'Brien, it's all right, he gets things done

**Exclusive Cine Photos**

Rita Hayworth, soon to be starring in a Columbia picture...........................28
Kirk Douglas, starring in "Ace In The Hole"........................................32
Bette Davis, starring in "Payment On Demand".......................................34

**The Hollywood Scene**

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!............................................Lynn Bowers........................................6
Your Guide To Current Films.......................................................Rahna Maughan........................................12
Newspaper...............................................................U. S. Subs Saturate A Hill!........................................19
Strike Up The Band! (Rita Hayworth)..............................................29
Tain't So About Kirk (Kirk Douglas)...............................................33
Story Of A Divorce (Bette Davis).................................................35
More Fun Than Singing Lessos (Doris Day)..........................................38
Spare Time Career For Gene (Gene Tierney)..........................................42
Gables On Location (Clark Gable)..................................................44
SCREENLAND Salutes Arthur Kennedy..............................................50

**For Femmes-Only**

King Cotton's Court..............................................................43
Looking Ahead.................................................................Elsiebeth Lapham........................................52
Easy On The Feet, Easy On The Eyes...............................................54

**ON THE COVER, JANE RUSSELL, STARRING IN THE RKO PRODUCTION, "HIS KIND OF WOMAN"**

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**MAY, 1951**

**PUBLISHED BY J. FRED HENRY PUBLICATIONS, INC.**

**ARTHUR KAPLAN**
Circulation Manager (Screenland Div.)

**A. E. CARDWELL**
Circulation Manager (Subscription Div.)
Happily...M-G-M announces... A JOYOUS NEW ARRIVAL... THE BLESSED EVENT OF 1951... "FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND"!

It's a boy... and a bundle of joy! The oh's... the ah's... the laughter... will echo across the nation!

M-G-M presents

SPENCER TRACY
JOAN BENNETT
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

"FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND"
( It's Funnier Than "Father Of The Bride" )

DON TAYLOR • BILLIE BURKE

Screen Play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich • Based on characters created by Edward Streeter • Directed by VINCENZE MINNELLI • Produced by PANZIO S. BERMAN

A' METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
**Why be a slave?**
(to habit...or custom)

Open your mind! Discover new and different ways to meet the problems of modern living! You will get a great satisfaction out of making your own decisions regardless of prevailing habits or customs. Take for instance the Tampax method of monthly sanitary protection. There is so much to be said for this revolutionary product and yet—well, perhaps you are still hanging back.

Here are some things you should know...Invented by a physician as an internal absorbent for use on "those days" by women generally. Made of high-absorbency cotton compressed in slender, one-time-use applicators. Tampax lets you dispense with belts, pins, external pads. No outside bulk whatever—no ridges or bulges under dresses. No odor or chafing; easy disposal.

Your hands need not touch the Tampax (remember there's the applicator!) and when it is in place you cannot feel it. Wear in tub or shower or while swimming. At drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's average supply slips into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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Exclusive Photos by PICTORY

First Run Features

Hollywood Parties They'll Never Forget
Most stars' first "big night out" has left deep impressions on them and her.

Pamela Reed

I Hope My Daughter Doesn's—
Married until she's 25...most women don't know enough about life before that.

Linda Darnell

A Career Girl Should Live Alone
The fear of changing worries most career girls, but it's one of the most promising stars.

Marta Toren

"I Have No Gripes About Hollywood"
"This is the best job in the world," says Gregory Peck

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Could Be Another Betty Grable!
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Newsread

19

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THE BLESSED EVENT OF 1951..."FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND"!

It's a boy...and a bundle of joy! The oh's...the ah's...the laughter...will echo across the nation!

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Edward Streeter • Directed by VINCENZ MINNELLI • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
M-G-M • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

By Lynn Bowers

In the unlikely event that Betty Hutton ever gets tired of making movies, she can always get a job in the circus. At the Sarasota, Florida, location of "The Greatest Show On Earth" Betty had skeptical newsmen hanging on the ropes watching her en- vort on a high-flying trapeze. The gents, before watching her perform, had their tongues tucked firmly in their cheeks when they were told that the kid had actually mastered this difficult and dangerous art. The famous aerialist, Toni Conce, who taught Betty to fly, says she learned in two months what it takes

Right: Betty Grable posing for her new Pin-Up in response to requests from servicemen.

Jeanne Crain and her husband, Paul Brinkman, watching celebrities at Stork Club.

Lana Turner and John Hodiak having snack during a Screen Guild Players rehearsal.
The more desperate his fight on the desert’s scorching sands, the more adored he was in her arms.
Spring Cleaning

**TAPE TIP**

Keep winter woolens clean and safe from moths all summer by sealing bundle seams with “Scotch” cellophane tape.

For quality, insist on...

---

Don't be

**HALF-SAFE**

by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will – if they reach your dress – cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches – and ruins – your clothes.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It's been proved that the new cream deodorant Arrid stops underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid's antiseptic action kills odor or contact – prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you "shower-bath" fresh. And it's safe for skin – safe for fabrics.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk your happiness with half-safe deodorants. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Arrid with Creamogen will not dry out, and it's so pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today.

---

Right: Cyd Charisse and hub-
by Tony Martin congratulates Ralph Flanagan on his hila-
rious book "The Bandleader.”
Tony's returning to films in
"Two Tickets To Broadway.”

his wife and three children for a visit to
his home town, Ravenna, Italy, directly
after he winds up his second picture,
"Strictly Dishonorable," and the citizens
of Ravenna are taking a week off to cel-
brate the homecoming of their most
famous son.

* * *

Peter Lawford’s chums are keeping a
wary eye out when he’s around. He’s so
adept at slipping a stock-whip around
(from using one in 20th’s Australian pic-
ture, “The Kangaroo”) that he can split
a cigarette in two while his victim is
smoking it. So far Pete’s had very few
volunteers to help him demonstrate his
newly acquired skill.

* * *

When Bette Davis and Gary Merrill got
back to the Hollywoods from their New
York trek, they had a new member of the
family with them, a little girl who was
just two weeks old when they adopted her.

20th also welcomed back several other
stars who’d gone to the big town for a
fling and a look at the shows. Jeanne
Crain and Paul Brinkman returned via
Sun Valley and were met by their three
sons at the station. While in New York
Jeanne had a long visit with Ethel
Waters whom she hadn’t seen since they
made “Pinky.” Anne Baxter and John
Hodiak flew in after a gay whirl in
Gotham, and Greg Peck and his Greta
had such a good time there that they
had to take two weeks’ vacation at Santa
Barbara to rest up from their vacation.

* * *

Three of our boys will be proud papp-
as most any time now—Jimmy Stewart
(expecting twins), Robert Cummings
and Brod Crawford are getting in training
for the nervous floor-pacing routine.

* * *

Seems Esther Williams is finally here
to stay. She and Ben Gage have sold
their house at Acapulco in Mexico and
are disposing of a hideaway island in Lake
Michigan that they bought several years
ago, hoping to use it as an escape hatch.

* * *

Ty Power and his Linda managed to
squeeze in a slight vacation in Switzer-
land between the time he closed in the
London company of “Mister Roberts”
and started work on a new picture for
20th called “The House On The Square,”

(Please turn to page 18)
Holmes & Edwards introduces the most enchanting pattern of our times!

**NEW! ENCHANTED!**

*May Queen*

Holmes & Edwards is superior to all other silverplate. The most used spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver where they rest on the table. Thus should wear occur, there is sterling underneath.

**For the young in heart!**

A gay, new pattern that sparkles with the very breath of youth. An exquisite blending of old world charm with the young, vital spirit of today. Prophecy!...the most glowing welcome in years for May Queen.

6 piece place setting only $8.05.
Service for eight, 52 pieces $69.95 with chest.

**HOLMES & EDWARDS Sterling Inlaid Silverplate**

*Made by The International Silver Company*
are you
a woman who
said "yes?"

For years, women complained they couldn't find a satisfactory underarm deodorant. According to a survey, they had tried many, but found none that met all their requirements.

* * *

Last year all these complaints were answered by a completely new type of deodorant. The women who tried it said, "Yes — this is it at last!" The deodorant? Spray Dryad, the result of 2 years of research by the Andrew Jergens Company.

* * *

Dryad gives instant protection — three ways. It checks perspiration instantly. It eliminates the odor of perspiration acids instantly. And it overcomes odor-causing bacteria instantly.

* * *

Get the pink squeeze bottle today and see for yourself if you, too, don't say yes! No other deodorant duplicates Dryad's 48-hour protection. Yet it can't harm fine fabrics, has a clean fresh fragrance even men like. Just 49¢ a bottle. (Also in cream form).

**PROVE IT**

Only by trying it can you know that Blue Cross Lanolized Cuticle Remover in the handy refillable shaper is the finest and fastest cuticle remover you ever used.

At all leading 5 and 10 stores or send 35¢ (stamps or coin) to Venet:
Box 8565 Cole Station, L.A. 46, Calif.

---

**Father's Little Dividend**

*By Rahna Maugham*

It's BEEN about a year, now, since all of us watched with high glee, Father Spencer Tracy coping with the female mind prior to and during the wedding of daughter Elizabeth Taylor in "Father Of The Bride." This time, Papa Tracy is forced to reconcile himself to being a grandpa. The jolt makes for difficult adjustment because Tracy has been toying with the idea of taking wife Joan Bennett on a second honeymoon. With all the notions brought on by Spring, the money would be far from wasted. But instead of romance, Tracy finds himself concerned with keeping a sane and sober mind amid all the confusion that follows an announcement of the blessed event-to-be. As usual, the parents, Liz and movie-husband Don Taylor, seem to take the hurdles much easier than the family relations, and that is where the hearty guffaws start galloping along. A fitting sequel to the original movie, with just as much fun and entertainment per reel.

**Goodbye, My Fancy**

*Warner Brothers*

Congresswoman Joan Crawford calls a brief recess in her Washington doings to return to her old alma mater for a weekend. The quaint, nostalgic past looms up stickily sweet in her memory, especially since Joan has the notion that her old flame Robert Young, now president of the college, is still the one in her heart. Along with her wise-cracking secretary, Eve Arden, Joan descends on dear, dear old Siwash, but her campaign for Bob goes slightly awry. Another past romance, magazine photo-

Elizabeth Taylor, Spencer Tracy and the new arrival in merry "Father's Little Dividend."

Betty Grable meets ex-hubby, Dan Dailey, in film version of B'way hit, "Call Me Mister."

Joan Crawford has difficulty avoiding old flame, Frank Lovejoy, in "Goodbye, My Fancy."
Are you in the know?

What helps smooth out too-curly locks?

☐ Softening
☐ Stretching
☐ Brushing

If you're a frizz-kid, don’t fret. Have your locks shaped and thinned out. After each washing, use a softening rinse; apply wave set to s-t-r-e-t-c-h hair while putting into pin curls. And you’ll find constant brushing can help smooth those problem tresses. Of course, you can smooth away problem-day cares—with the comfort of Kotex to keep you at ease. Because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives softness that holds its shape.

Is “snooper” the word for a —

☐ School paper columnist
☐ Chaperone
☐ Chaperou

You could check all 3 answers and who’d argue? Main thing, though, is the chapeau. Sharp as Sherlock and twice as newy, this “snooper” cap’s a date-stalker! Comes in chintz, calico, tie silk, etc.—to suit your different spring togs. And for certain times, so you can choose just the kind of sanitary protection to suit you—Kotex comes in 3 absorbencies (different sizes, for different days). By trying Regular, Junior, Super, you’ll find the very one for you.

When leaving a vehicle, which is correct?

☐ Ladies first
☐ Ladies last
☐ Look before you leap

When you leave a bus, street car, taxi or jalopy—ladies last is the rule. That’s so your squire can assist you to a safe landing. To owl up fast on etiquette, dating, grooming, fashions—send for the free booklet “Are You In The Know?” New! fascinating! Important pose-pointers reprinted from these magazine advertisements (without “commercials”), in booklet form. Write today. It’s free. Address P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 65, Chicago 11, Illinois.

How to prepare for “certain” days?

☐ Circle your calendar
☐ Perk up your wardrobe
☐ Buy a new belt

Before “that” time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure extra comfort, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt’s non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries pronto! So don’t wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt now. (Why not buy two—for a change?)

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey® is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

What's your reaction to last-minute bids?

☐ Eager beaver
☐ Thumbs down
☐ Think it over

Ee-ma-ma-gne! Being asked to tomorrow night's shindig on such short notice! Should you gal say nay? Think it over. If the boys have jobs, it may be hard for them to plan ahead; or could be they're low on loot. If there's no excuse, better squelch eleventh-hour bids. But just because it's calendar time, you've no excuse for date dodging. Learn to count on Kotex for confidence. You'll never know how poised you can be—until you discover those flat pressed ends really prevent revealing outlines!

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER
Bette Davis and Barry Sullivan in "Payment On Demand," a realistic story of divorce after twenty years of marriage. Film shows the wife's lack of understanding.


Lights Out
Universal-International

DEALS with the problems facing a person deprived of that which all of us seem to take for granted—our ability to see. Blinded in the War, Arthur Kennedy finds himself in a vacuum of total darkness. He believes that life as he knew it ceased the moment a bullet severed the vital optic nerves. His first reactions, naturally, are self-pity and uselessness. However, through the rehabilitation program at Valley Forge, Pa., Kennedy is made to understand he still can be a worthwhile individual capable of holding a job and taking care of himself pretty much the same as when he depended on his eyesight. Helping Kennedy through his adjustment is Peggy Dow, whose only claim to therapeutic knowledge is her understanding, and the fact that she's a wonderful date. That's all Peggy means to Kennedy until he returns home to his family and fiancee. There he learns that his fight to lead a normal life has just begun. Filmed at the

The 13th Letter
20th Century-Fox

THE Charles Boyer you see in this isn't the same sexy Boyer who can talk a woman into fleeing to the Casbah with him. As a doctor in a small French-Canadian town, Boyer wears a beard, walks with a shuffle, and appears to be all of 65 years old. Dr. Boyer, his young wife (Constance Smith), Linda Darnell, Michael Rennie, and many of the town's other citizens are caught in a vicious swamp of gossip that is caused by malicious poison-pen letters. The letters gradually turn the quiet town into a hotbed of suspicion and fear. No one knows who the writer is, but all have their opinions. Before the guilty party is exposed, distrust and hate play havoc with people who have been friends for years. Filmed almost entirely in Canada, the unusual happenings are heightened by brooding atmosphere and authentic background.

In "Fourteen Hours," Richard Basehart and Barbara Bel Geddes build chilling suspense.
Loretta Young is accused of plot to murder hubby Barry Sullivan in "Cause For Alarm."

Valley Forge Hospital, this is a strikingly realistic film, with Arthur Kennedy turning in a splendid performance that should do much to make the average person understand the blind deserve their rightful place under the sun they can't see.

Royal Wedding (Technicolor)

MGM

THE precision-stepping, red-coated Buckingham Palace Guards have long been noted for their colorful, smartly trim appearance, and this latest MGM musical fits in the same class. A sister-and-brother theatrical team, Fred Astaire and Jane Powell, find themselves doing a show in London during the festivities of the princess' wedding. Romance evidently is in season and all of London exudes the stuff. Under a spell like that, it doesn't take much for Jane to trip

Charles Boyer is bearded doctor with Linda Darnell, June Hedin in "The 13th Letter."

Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this... underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped—and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration.

Furthermore with FRESH, you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated... and start to work all over again at those times when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.

For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap... prevents body perspiration yet mild and gentle... contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.
over Lord Peter Lawford's British accent and the two proceed to get cozier than two pounds of oolong in a one pound tea caddy. Nor does perennial bachelor Fred get off without a sound trouncing from Cupid's wings. Dancer Sarah Churchill introduces Fred to words like petrol, lift, underground, tram, and love. The only party apparently unconcerned with the smell of orange blossoms is Keenan Wynn, and that's because he's too busy being his own twin. All this, plus the singing and dancing too, make for entertainment that's super—or should that be wizard?

Call Me Mister
(Technicolor)
20th Century-Fox

MARRIED and separated from the irresponsible, woman-chasing character played by Dan Dailey, Betty Grable thinks she's well rid of him until—lo, and behold! they meet in Tokyo. He's a sergeant in the Army, and Betty is in Japan entertaining the troops. Dan sweettalks Betty into giving him another chance, and promptly fouls up matters again. Then, because he's AWOL, Dan forges papers and assigns himself to Betty's theatrical troupe. This brings on a court martial and Betty's forgiving nature is worn to a frazzle.

Quebec
(Technicolor)
Paramount

STARS Corinne Calvet, John Barrymore, Jr. and Patric Knowles. The action takes place in Canada around 1887 when a group of rebels took up arms against England to make Canada an independent country. If everything was as confused then, as the picture is now, it's obvious what happened to the rebellion: no one concerned knew what the heck was going on. It isn't too tough, however, to figure out that young John is Corinne's son. Patric is John's papa. Corinne and Patric are leaders in the rebellion, but she is married to someone other than Patric. Her loathsome husband, a colonel in British employ, gives orders to kill Patric, then mistakenly has Corinne shot, too, when she disguises herself as John. There's much hectic dashing hither and yon. Lots of people get killed and the rebellion collapses.

Three Guys Named Mike
MGM

TAKE one airline stewardess, Jane Wyman, add three tall, handsome specimens of homo sapien, all named Mike: Howard Keel, Van Johnson and Barry Sullivan, and not only do you get a scramble of love a la mode, but enough merry doings to bulge the sides of a B-36. This gal Jane attracts Mikes with

How Sparkling can you be?

What makes her teeth so Sparkling clean?
The answer is IPANA!

What makes her mouth so Sparkling fresh?
The answer is IPANA!

For really cleansing teeth and mouth, the answer is IPANA!

Remember—to reduce tooth decay—no other tooth paste, amoniated or otherwise, has been proved more effective than IPANA.

A sparkling bright smile does give you a confident lift! So use IPANA to get your teeth cleaner, reveal the hidden sparkle of your smile—help prevent tooth decay! You'll love IPANA's sparkling taste—it keeps your mouth fresher, breath sweeter, too. Get IPANA for your Smile of Beauty!
Richard Basehart pretends to love Valentina Cortesa in "House On Telegraph Hill."

the same drawing power that the North Pole has on a compass needle. Romancing all three Lotharios is gay sport for a time, but then Stewardess Jane can't make up her mind which Mike she'll marry: Pilot Howard, Scholar Van or Huckster Barry. Her dilemma—Nirvana for any girl from 7-70—not the only problem besetting our fair high flyer. Jane also logs up more adventures and gets out of more ticklish situations than a debutante making a world tour on a scooter bike. You might not agree with Jane's choice of one of the three Mikes, but you'll love this comedy.

Fourteen Hours
20th Century-Fox

Several years ago, New Yorkers were horrified as a young man, bent (Please turn to page 69)

Fred Astaire and new dancing partner, Jane Powell, caper in musical, "Royal Wedding."

And hours of badminton leave my skin parched...

But Jergens Lotion softens my hands and face...

So they're lovely for close-ups at the studio.

"I'm always cast in exotic roles, so no one sees me in settings I like best... at the bowling alley and golf course. These sports are harsh on my hands.

Jergens Lotion

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

Still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax)

Can your lotion or hand cream pass this film test?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hands smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above...

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

"Hollywood won't show my favorite scenes!"

says Jane Russell, starring in "His Kind of Woman" on RKO Radio Picture
Suds clean in your washing machine

CANNON TERRY

Honeybugs

for the family

Wear-free, care-free Terrycloth Honeybugs are No. 1 on the Hit Parade with the whole family. You can even dunk them daily, toss them in your washing machine, and they come up spanking clean. Bath, beach or boudoir, Honeybugs are the neatest slippers afoot. Styles and sizes for everyone in the family.

White, Baby Blue, Royal, Yellow, Pink, Coral, Light Green, Dark Green.

Styles A & E only $2.49
Styles B, C, D, F only $2.99

AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE

Jimmy Durante and the Met's Helen Traubel record "The Song's Gotta Come From The Heart."

Hollywood Itself

Continued from page 10

which is being filmed in London. Guess that guy never will get back to the Hollywoods.

Those two comedians, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, are plenty zany on the screen as anybody knows—but it doesn't stop there. They just can't stop clowning, on or off. Their latest caper is to switch the name plates on one another's dressing room doors. Dean tags Jerry's door with Milton Berle, Red Skelton, Danny Thomas and other assorted comedians while Jerry labels Dean with names of other boy singers. The gag nearly backfired when Hal Wallis, their producer on "That's My Boy," strolled by and found signs reading Bing Crosby and Bob Hope on their doors. Mr. W. told his two boys they were giving him ideas about re-casting the movie, which squelched them for all of a minute.

Paula Raymond, MGM's fair-haired gal, is but crazy about chasing fire engines. On the way home one evening, she heard the sirens screeching, pulled over and waited for the red wagons to go by, then took off in hot pursuit. The pursuit was almost too hot—she followed them right

(Please turn to page 72)

Director John Huston and Joan Fontaine arrive in New York. He'll make movie there.
Romance is on again for Arlene Dahl and movieland's Tarzan, Lex Barker—they're about to wed.

Donald O'Connor and Ann ing for Screen Guild Players are about to wed. Ann's just completed "Br

Elizabeth Taylor in a serious mood at the Mocambo with Director Stanley Donen. She's currently starring in film "Love Is Better Than Ever."

That questioning look—Loretta Young with the correct pose for camera fiend Joe Cotten at Radio Theatre rehearsal.

NEWSRE
Charles Skouras and Irene Dunne at benefit. Irene, prexy of St. John's Guild, is beaming over turnout. Below: Clark Gable and his Sylvia were among notables at brilliant Command Performance of "The Mudlark."

O'Brien also turned out finery for the glitter of 20th's "The Mudlark."
M. C. George Jessel discusses program of evening with Jane Russell and husband, Bob Waterfield. Jane sang at benefit.

Below: Jane Wyman and songwriter Jimmy McHugh also entertained at the celebrity-studded stage show which preceded the picture.

Above: The stirring martial music, by a brigade of Scottish bagpipers, that greeted the Van Johnsons and Rosalind Russell on their arrival at the Chinese Theatre put the three of them in a gay mood.

George Cukor, Joan Crawford, Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney. Gene's apprehensive look was unnecessary since affair was big success, raised $135,000 for much-needed new wing of St. John's Hospital.
This is the Big Town. You've heard about those Hollywood parties—who hasn't? It may be the most star-studded affair of the season, or it may be just a publicity stunt. But whatever the occasion, it's very important when it's a player's first social encounter in the film capital. Like all famous "firsts," it leaves a deep and lasting impression on him.

If you were Gordon MacRae, for example, your first invitation would have come from no less a personage than Joan Crawford.

Naturally, the MacRaes were thrilled. Joan has long been the town's top hostess, and is famous for her fabulous parties. Warner Bros.' talented singer was more than eager to make a good social impression. Gordon lost little time in calling his good friend, executive Bill Orr, to tell him about this initial invitation.

"You see, Gordon, I warned you this would happen. You don't own a dinner jacket," said Orr.

Gordon gasped. "No one said anything about a dinner jacket!"

But Orr assured him he had been invited, too, and dinner jackets certainly were in order.

"Don't get panicky," he advised Mr. MacRae. "The wardrobe department has a stable full. Just borrow one that fits."

When the MacRaes finally walked in at the Crawford house, Orr threw back his head and roared. Yes, the wardrobe department had been obliging enough—but Gordon had neglected to remove the last traces of a Warner musical—the path of silver braid that led down each trouser leg! If this had happened to anyone with less humor than Gordon, the evening would have been spoiled!

When Ann Blyth first arrived in Hollywood, she was years too young to attend anything but a simple afternoon tea. But being a girl—even a young one—she had dreams. And her fondest dream then was to own a mink coat. She picked it out one day a couple of years later, and began making monthly payments on it.

But Mother Nature and term-payments do not always work hand in glove, and so it was the hottest July day in years when Ann triumphantly came home with the mink (Please turn to page 51)
Most stars' first wood has left deep on them and for

By Pam...
Once was Jeanne Crain and her husband, at "Operation Pacific" premiere.
**A Hit!**

John Agar took Paula Raymond to the opening. The film is a tribute to U.S. Navy Submarines.

Edmund Gwenn with Ward Bond, who plays one of the top roles in the exciting Warner picture.

**OPERATION Pacific** had a spectacular West Coast premiere at Warners' Hollywood Theatre with not only countless screen stars in attendance, but top military brass from the Army, Navy and Marines, as well. Flags were waving, bands were playing as a fleet of Navy jeeps brought the various celebrities to the Hollywood Theatre. Gordon MacRae did remarkable job as M. C. Ward Bond, who plays important role in film, was among those at formal premiere. It was a big night for autograph collectors, amateur photographers. John Wayne, star of "Operation Pacific," unfortunately was out of town and did not attend premiere.

---

**YVONNE DE CARLO in "TOMAHAWK"**

*Universal-International picture color by Technicolor*

Imagine winning an all-expense-paid vacation trip to the Caribbean wonderland—inspiration for Catalina's new, spirited Carribean Collection! Beautiful new designs, gay sun-filled colors, fanciful patterns and fabrics, all created with a true Caribbean flavor!

*Ask for contest blank in the swimsuit departments of leading department stores and women's specialty shops in your city.*

*Look for the FLYING FISH* You'll fly via luxurious Pan American World Airways—stay at the finest hotels!

*Registered* Write for folder of other Catalina styles and name of nearest store. Catalina, Inc., Dept. 211, Los Angeles 13, California
I Hope My Daughter Doesn't—

By Linda Darnell

Marry until she's 25 . . . most women don't know enough about themselves or life to marry younger than that

I HOPE my daughter doesn't do many of the things I have done. I don't want her to go to work at fifteen in the movies, as I did. I hope she doesn't marry until she's twenty-five. I hope she doesn't miss the sort of fun I never had. I hope she goes to college and has no reason to become an introvert, as I have been. In such a lot of ways I want her to have the life I couldn't have.

Lola won't skip any of the high spots of living if I have the chance to guide her to them. I want her to be as happy, and as useful a person, as she possibly can become. There really are such wonderful rewards in this world when you are prepared to handle them, and I'm going to do all I can to help her win and be ready for her share.

Every mother undoubtedly has ambitious dreams for her daughter. I don't think I am any exception.

Only Lola isn't going to hear me

Linda Darnell and Michael Rennie in "The 13th Letter," her latest picture.

Linda at formal premiere with Cameraman Pev Marley from whom she is now separated.
preach "Now mother knows best!" I expect mother will keep on knowing better, learning from experiences. But our relationship, I have resolved, is never going to be one in which she must automatically do what I decide is good for her. I don't firmly believe I always can know. I'll point out the facts as I see them, we'll discuss the alternatives, and, unless she's under age she selects something absolutely harmful, the decision will be thoughtfully hers. I don't view her as a possession, nor as an extension of myself. She is different, a separate individual. She has the right to somehow fulfill her own potentialities. It isn't her duty to make up for my dissatisfaction.

So Lola isn't going to be handed rule after rule to be blindly accepted. Give a child dogmatic rules and her inclination is to break them to prove her independence. But discipline for her? Oh, yes! She isn't being spoiled, for then she'd make herself miserable eventually. She is acquiring self-directed discipline, the only sort that matters, in small doses. It took patience to be gentle unceasingly with her when she was a baby. But soon we could explain to her why she should and shouldn't do certain things. I'm getting a tremendous joy from the way Lola already understands.

It's natural for a child to love its mother, for she's so completely dependent at first, but I'm looking far ahead. I have the far look where Lola is concerned. I want her to love me from her own choice, always. Nothing could be more flattering than to rate as an ideal friend in her estimation. That's why I'll never force her to follow my mere opinions. Children are so responsive to an adult's moods. To be a pal, a mother must in turn be just as sensitive to theirs.

I have been rearranging my life so I'll have more time to live—I'm twenty-seven now and I've been under full-time contract to 20th Century-Fox for a dozen years. My (Please turn to page 55)
While making "Gilda," one of her very best pictures, Rita had pet cocker spaniel named Pookles.

Left: Rita's return is bound to mean more of the gay musicals that chased away the blues so thoroughly.

Right: Vivacious Rita is also counting on doing a straight dramatic role when she resumes career.

Below: Rita and Glenn Ford were the lovers in "Gilda." Her last film was "Lady From Shanghai."

RITA HAYWORTH is due back in Hollywood soon now that her husband, Prince Aly Khan, definitely feels she should resume her movie career. If other actresses successfully combine married life with a career, Aly feels, there's no reason why his wife, Rita, should not be able to do it, too. Her fans and Hollywood, in general, have been clamoring for Rita's return. There is only one Rita. No one has been able to take her place. Her comeback film will be made at Columbia, the studio which turned out her greatest successes. Several scripts are under consideration.
BEFORE I give my reasons for believing that a career girl should live alone, I should like to tell you about the one occasion on which I differed with myself!

I had just glanced at my watch that evening, so I knew that the time was ten minutes of eight. I was curled up on the lounge in my living room, reading a fascinating book. There was a roaring fire in the fireplace and I was filled with contentment.

Suddenly the doorbell rang. Who could be calling, I wondered. No one had telephoned to ask if I were going to be at home that evening and would it be convenient for me to see guests.

I stepped to one of the windows overlooking the entrance, and cautiously peered out. The man pushing my doorbell was a total stranger. Naturally I remained where I was, watching him, and thinking he would go away. I told myself that he had made a mistake in the address which he would discover in a moment.

Instead, he left the front door only to go to the back door. He buzzed and he buzzed. Then he returned to the front. Then he went around the house to pound on the side door. At the end of fifteen minutes of this, my nerves had become considerably frayed, so I telephoned the Beverly Hills Police Department.

As the prow! car came shrieking up the street, my caller departed with haste, and that was the end of the incident. The police were annoyed because I had not called them at once, instead of waiting until I was shaking with apprehension.

A few days later I bought a watch dog with the courage of a lion brigade and a voice to match. His name is Impudent (familiarly known as Impy) and he can detect a prowler a block away.

Impy is the only housemate who could possibly fit, happily, into my present scheme of living. (Please turn to page 59)
A night out with Kell Henning, Swedish actor. She learned English by seeing movies.

"The average girl over twenty wants nothing in the world so much as to be married," says Marta, who is an AI exception.

A Career Girl Should Live Alone
In flashback scene, Bette relives this moment when as newlyweds she and Barry faced one of many problems.

Story Of A Divorce

Below: Materially-ambitious Bette is shocked when Barry, her husband of 20 years, abruptly asks for divorce.

When Bette Davis went to RKO to make "Payment On Demand," she was returning to the scene of her first big triumph, for it was at that studio that Bette made "Of Human Bondage" which catapulted her to fame sixteen years ago. Her new picture, while not as sordid as "Of Human Bondage," is nevertheless just as dramatic. It is the story of a woman whose ambitious scheming has propelled her husband to success. Bette's happy, but husband Barry Sullivan hates the social life she forces on him. After much unpleasantness, they divorce. However, after meeting again at their daughter's wedding, they reconcile. When Barry is offered the presidency of his company Bette reverts to her old ambitious self. Realizing she'll never change Barry leaves her, this time forever.

Above: Bette and Barry make up after serious quarrel in RKO's "Payment On Demand."

Right: Words fail Bette as she tells daughter Betty Lynn divorce plans.

Below: Bette remains aloof as old friend, Kent Taylor, pleads for loan.
Greg, pictured with his leading lady, Barbara Payton, is grateful to Hollywood for being so good to him in so many ways.

"I Have No Gripe"


Greg battles Michael Ansara in thrilling scene in "Only The Valiant," a Cagney production.

"This is the best job in the world," says Greg Peck, "but it's a lousy profession if you don't make good"

By Dorothy O'Leary
Spare Time Career For Gene

Below: Jon Whitcomb, famous for his fabulous "pretty girl" illustrations, gives Gene a preview of one of the home art lessons.

Above: Edwin Eberman, Art Director in Chief of the Famous Artists' Course, explains to Gene what will be expected of her.

Gene gets some pointers from Al Parrenowned for his mother-daughter cou
LIFE on location, usually a rugged and makeshift existence, became a thing of joy for Clark Gable during the seven weeks they were shooting "Across The Wide Missouri" in the Colorado Rockies. His ever-loving spouse, Sylvia, who went along to look after her man, made sure of that.

Whenever Clark could wangle a day off, he and his Sylvia would go fishing.

Clark teases Sylvia about her coffee-making, the Gables "at home" in their tiny cabin.

An outdoor man at heart, Gable had a great time doing the things he enjoys the most.

Left: Talented Sylvia shows Clark a painting she did of the two of them in pony cart.

Like every man, Clark protests, without success, when wifey pulls his newspaper apart.
Olga flew to New York to meet Eddie for a week's between-movies vacation in Gotham. Olga had brought the music for her new picture with her and, while waiting for luggage at the airport, gets his approval.

cause he was kind and thoughtful and because he had a real love for his family. He talked about them so sincerely, and this appealed to me because I'd been raised to respect and love my family too. But at first I wasn't sure if I'd fit in with his many New York friends and I couldn't be convinced he really wanted a home and its consequent responsibilities.

One Sunday afternoon he asked me to go to a party at which several of his friends from New York would be present. I got very stubborn and refused to go. He called me from the party and said I should change my mind. "I'm coming over to get you," he said and hung up. When he arrived, (Please turn to page 67)
Fashion Selection #294 Nancy Olson (left) looking cool, comfortable and smart in a plaid gingham tunic dress by Gracette. Tunic is front buttoned, edged with organ-dy to give it perky flare. Black and grey with red; brown and beige with blue. 10 to 18. About $18.00.

Fashion Selection #295 Nancy, now in Paramount’s “Submarine Command,” models another Gracette plaid dress. This one’s made of cotton tissue in grey with red and white, toast with blue and white, or green with gold and white. In sizes 12 to 20. At about $17.00.
Fashion Selection #296 Gingham plaid is once more used by Gracette in this attractive sun dress with shirred bodice and flared skirt. A stole of the same material accompanies dress. Comes in blue background crossed with wine, green with purple, wine with blue. Sizes 10 to 18. Price, about $18.00.

Fashion Selection #298 Below: Gracette again features the tunic in this attractive afternoon dress of broadcloth. Bias strapping on net is used for overskirt. Dress has V neck, zipper side closing. In navy, black, jade violet or flame. 10 to 18. Price, about $23.00. Hat by Laddie Northridge.


Fashion selections shown on these pages may be purchased at Wm. Filenes Sons Co., Boston.

DIEKISS TALCUM

Keeps you cool, dainty in hottest weather. Smooths as it soothes... and prevents chafing.

with the fragrance that whispers "Kiss me, dar"
THERE was a time when producers felt that actors had to be handsome to play heroes. Arthur Kennedy has been quietly disproving this theory right along, but does it with a resounding blast as Larry Nevins, the blind war veteran in "Lights Out," one of the best films ever made by Universal-International. In the authentic and gripping story of Larry's rehabilitation, Arthur gives a performance that tops even his magnificent job as the restless brother in "The Glass Menagerie." Arthur, who learned his acting on the Broadway stage, has warmth, charm and talent. You don't have to be handsome when you possess qualities like those.

Screenland Salutes
Arthur Kennedy

Left: The critics all went crazy over Arthur in "Lights Out." He's sure to get an award for his top performance.

Right: As Larry Nevins, blind war veteran, Arthur is truly loved by Judy (Peggy Dow). It's not a case of pity.

Above: John Hudson, Peggy Dow and Arthur Kennedy in "Lights Out," a film which is important and should be seen by all.

Although blind in film, Arthur plays game of golf with Peggy, showing advances being made in rehabilitation work.
Hollywood Parties They'll Never Forget

Continued from page 23

clutched tight under her arm. Coincidentally, that very same night saw Ann's debut into Hollywood society, when she was invited to a party at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Nothing less than a carefully-drilled firing squad could have kept Ann from wearing her mink that night. The soaring thermometer certainly didn't swerve her from her purpose. She swept into her first Hollywood party, firmly eluding the clutches of the check room attendant. For three hours and a half she sat in her own portable, fur-lined sweat-box. Never was there a hotter—but happier—girl!

When Janet Leigh arrived in Hollywood, she knew almost no one. She felt frightened in this city which held no roots for her. Most of her time was spent reading movie magazines and all the daily columns. Accounts of gay parties and gala premieres used to fascinate her. How must it feel, she thought, to go to one of these star-dusted affairs?

Then one day she unexpectedly received an invitation from the late party-giving Atwater Kent. She hadn't yet learned about Hollywood press agents and their influence on those elastic guest lists!

"How could he know about me?" Janet asked Van Johnson on the set of her first picture, "Romance Of Rosy Ridge," and Van was amused. He'd had to turn down this invitation because he was in production, but—

"You're going, of course?" he asked.

Janet shook her head. "I'd be scared silly," she answered. She wouldn't know anyone. "And anyway," she said, "I don't own a party dress!"

Van went home that night to tell Evie about Janet's plight.

"Poor kid," said sympathetic Evie. "I know just how she feels. It is a little bewildering and frightening at first—and Janet's very young. Let's go, after all," she said, "and we'll take Janet with us."

"But she hasn't anything to wear," Van offered.

Evie fixed that, too. Janet wore one of Mrs. Johnson's most beautiful gowns and looked like an angel. The Johnsons introduced their wide-eyed charge to stars she'd sighed over on the screen. And there were real stars in her eyes.

That party was given four years ago, but Janet will never forget it.

Van Johnson's personal concern over Janet Leigh dated back eight years to his first Hollywood party. The memory of that little episode is still so vivid it could have happened only yesterday.

Perhaps no other young movie aspirant has ever arrived in the glamour city with the genuine enthusiasm of Van Johnson. He was—and still is—an ardent movie fan. He still finds it hard to believe that he is an important figure on the Hollywood scene, on a popularity par with the Gables and Stewarts and Taylors.

With such hero worship in his heart, his excitement at being invited to his first Hollywood party by director Mervyn LeRoy was almost too much. When he made his entrance, the sight of so many stars made him weak-kneed. When Joan Crawford walked in, Van (who still belongs to her family) sank into a big, easy chair. His legs simply refused to hold him up. It was some moments before he smelled smoke. Then someone yelled, "FIRE!" Van leaped to his feet—propelled more by the heat on his derriere than the outcry. Great clouds of smoke and flame leapt right after him.

"I had sunk into the chair without noticing the ash tray balanced on the chair arm," he shudders. "I hadn't even felt that I was sitting on it until the temperature of the cushion reached the simmering point. I just stood there in the middle of the room, wildly fanning at my parched posterior, while the other guests stared in amused amazement. As another gust of smoke belched out from the depths of the chair, I hurled my highball over the conflagration. Everyone in the room burst into laughter."

Van made his excuses to his host and left as quickly as possible, confident he would never be invited to another Hollywood party as long as he lived.

Anthony Curtis recalls his first Hollywood soirée with great amusement. It's

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Looking Ahead

A wide range of beauty-building ideas in time for Mother's Day and a traditional June wedding

By Elizabeth Lapham

Because we are as uncontrollably romantic as most females, we'll push aside every other consideration (including Mother, for the time being) and consider the fascinating subject of building a really beautiful table setting for those festive occasions that precede a June wedding. Don't ask by what right we, the Beauty Editor, suddenly discourse on such a topic—simply put it all down to our unrestrained enthusiasm and the fact that we've been seeing some of the really lovely silverplated flatware that the Holmes and Edwards people make. They have a variety of patterns; exquisitely simple Danish Princess, to please a lover of modern trends; Youth, for more traditional tastes; Spring Garden, if you like just a touch of delicate decoration, and slightly more ornate Lovely Lady. (Spring Garden is the pattern in our photo). We've learned, among other interesting things, that there is a vast difference in silverplated ware. The best silverplate, such as Holmes and Edwards, has a harder, thicker coating of silver and is actually reinforced with blocks of sterling silver fused into the backs of bowls and handles at the points of greatest wear. This makes it exceedingly long-lived and is a further happy inducement to choose silverplate rather than three-times-as-costly sterling silver. (There's no Federal excise tax on plated ware either). If you really want to know the whole story and have some helpful party ideas and table setting tips too,

you can send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ann Adams, Service Department, Holmes and Edwards Silverplate, 169 Colony Street, Meriden, Connecticut, and ask to have the booklet called "Right—This Way" sent to you, free of charge.

It's nice to wear lilies-of-the-valley if you're young and a bride, for it's become an American tradition—but it's not an exclusive right! In fact, there are thousands of women, young, older, and older still, who find the moist woodland freshness of Coty's perfume translation of the fragrance (Muguet des Bois) more appealing than any other. It's such a timeless scent, and escapes those twin sins of being either too heavy or too cloyingly sweet. Coty makes Muguet des Bois in a fragrance series packaged in the palest pink—to give yourself a lift, flatter Mother on her Day, or contribute to a bridal shower. The series, by the way, is (Please turn to page 74)

Muguet means lily-of-the-valley in America and the wonderfully sweet perfume that Coty has made famous in a matching sequence of gift-worthy delights.

Left: Beauty of another kind—tiny bouquets placed in silver salt dishes flank a candelabra on a gay party table set with Holmes and Edwards' ware.

Diagonal waves help ovalize a round face coiffeur; Official Hair Fashion Committee.

Back view shows new trend toward softness achieved by more waves and almost no curls.
the funniest thing that's happened to me in this town," he says.

The party was given by an actress friend of Tony's—a girl who must be nameless because she has since climbed high on the success ladder. She wanted to give an elegant affair to celebrate a picked-up option. Not content with waiting until she could buy all the paraphernalia attendant upon a dinner party, Miss Starlet rushed out to a firm which specializes in rentals and came home with sterling flatware, crystal goblets and linen napery. She hired a maid and a butler. Her guests were all asked "to dress."

Tony admits that when he entered her tiny apartment he was not prepared for the dazzling table that met his eyes. It was centered with a staggering arrangement of orchids. The places were set with so much silver "it looked like a display of wedding gifts." Tony recalls, "I had a few tough minutes, though, when I tried to figure out which fork to use on what course."

Then, with much fanfare, the maid and butler made an entrance bearing a silver platter loaded down with—hamburgers and onions!

Ruth Roman's first Hollywood party? She wasn't even invited to it! Because of extenuating circumstances, it's a wonder she lived through the experience. Just a split second before her famous host greeted her, she learned his identity. Adding insult to the worst case of social stage fright on record, she also learned that he was expecting not Ruth Roman but—Garbo! Here's how it happened:

Bill Walsh, a friend of Ruth's, went to school with Tyrone Power in Cincinnati. It was Ty who was hosting the party. It was Bill who had been asked to pick his own plum for the evening. "Look, Ruth," said Bill, as they drove up in front of the palatial Power mansion, "I didn't want to tell you before, but I'm pulling a gag on Ty. He knows I met Garbo at a recent party, so I asked him if I could bring her to this one."

Ruth's heart hit the floorboard.

"But, Bill," she gasped, "it may be funny to you, but what a letdown for Mr. Power—especially when he sees it's only me. He'll end up hating me."

Knowing Ty as well as he did, Bill wasn't worried about that. But just who played the joke on whom was never established. For the quick-witted Mr. Power left his pal Walsh standing in the doorway with egg on his face as he greeted his newly-arrived guest as though he had never expected—never hoped to meet—anyone else but Ruth Roman!

No story about Hollywood parties would be complete without this oft-told tale of Ella Raines' first social endeavor. Hollywood still chuckles about it.

Ella had gone to quite a few social functions herself, but had never been in a position to reciprocate. Finally, the great moment arrived. Ella was the proud owner of a new home. For her first Hollywood party, invitations were dispatched. And it was one of those phenomenal things—everyone accepted. Even the "King" of Hollywood.

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With this doctor's Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base... the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal*, softer and smooth.

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Easy On The feet, Easy On The Eyes

Select your comfortable and stylish slippers for your hours of relaxing, says Kay Brunell

Fashion Selection #288 Made of quilted pique, Honeybugs' Pitty Pat slipper with the angel cuff comes with either low or high heel. It has all leather soles and just a little nip out at the tip so your toe can peek through. The waffle pique at the upper right is just as much of a comfort charmer. It also has leather soles and is available in two heel heights. Both come in light blue, pink, yellow or white. In sizes 4—9. $2.99.

Fashion Selection #289 So you can relax in comfort during your free time, Honeybugs has designed an Indian Maid slipper that's just what you've been looking for. A pliant little moccasin with a soft sole set off with an authentic multicolored Indian design of plastic mock beading on a white background. Available in seven delightful colors: red, blue, black, chartreuse, light blue, pink and white. Comes in sizes 4 to 9. $2.99.

Fashion Selection #290 Always fresh and neat, these terry cloth slippers by Honeybugs can be scrubbed from tip to tip including the composition sole. The scalloped trimmed slippers come in both high and low heel. The Jester, at upper left, has an elasticized back for snugness and comes in the low heel only. Both are available in: royal, light blue, white, gold, pink, coral, light green or dark green. Comes in sizes 4 to 9. $2.99.

Slip by Holeproof-Luxite
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Terry cloth robe by Rose Marie Reid
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROCKFIELD-MOSS
For days preceding the special event, the house was in an uproar. The morning of the party Ella's maid came down with the flu. A frantic S.O.S. to an employment agency rewarded Ella with, she was assured, a fat but fabulous substitute. All 200 pounds of her answered to the name of "Rosebud."

The guests arrived, the drawing room was alive with conversation. At a propitious moment, Rosebud, laden with a huge tray of hors d'oeuvre, started down the steps leading to the sunken drawing room. Suddenly she spotted Clark Gable—and that did it! With a shriek she fell headfirst down the steps, throwing the gory contents of the tray against the wall. While Ella and the guests stood transfixed in horror, Clark Gable winked, walked over, scooped a fat shrimp off the wall, sampled it and pronounced it "Delicious."

Their first Hollywood parties—no wonder they'll never forget them!

I Hope My Daughter Doesn't—

Continued from page 97

new picture, "The Guy Who Sank The Navy," is the last on the contracts that began when I was an adolescent. I've decided I want to do only two films a year from now on, one for 20th and the other wherever I find an exciting script. For the first time I can choose what I want to do on the screen! Besides offers from other Hollywood studios—I've had bids to act in Europe.

To be a good mother, or a truly able friend, one must put one's own affairs in order first. That's what I've been doing. It wasn't easy to give up the solid security I have had at 20th. I've made thirty pictures there. I put on my first high heels for my first screen test at fourteen. At fifteen I not only had a crush on Tyrone Power, but, between geometry and algebra lessons in the studio schoolroom, played love scenes with him as his co-star. He didn't even know I was alive except when I was doing a scene with him. He'd kiss me so romantically, and then give me a candy bar as if I were a child. The studio wardrobe department made my first formal, and after I got my high school diploma they designed my favorite honeymoon dress. I've so many grand friends there whom I'll miss not seeing often.

I feel, however, that an actress must not value security above everything else. I don't think I can do a better job at running my career than 20th has, but I want to feel I'm no longer a child with decisions being made for me. I want to see how far I can go in acting with the variety of roles I choose myself. I've never been on the stage. I've always wanted to know what the live theatre was like. I have Broadway offers, but I'd prefer beginning on the stage at the Sombrero Theatre in Phoenix, for instance.

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\text{6 'til 9 (lower)} & \quad \text{Jib Vest, 10-20} & \quad \$1.95 \\
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first before attempting that.

My work is not going to take up all of my time. I'll be able to be with Lola a great deal. At the proper time I will let Lola decide what she wishes to do, careerwise. She can take up whatever interests her most. At three, she loves to sing and dance the instant she hears music. People predict she's destined for show business. I didn't start dancing lessons myself until I was eight. I think dancing teaches coordination, rhythm and poise and should begin sooner. But when I start Lola in dancing school it won't be to make her a professional actress!

There are several things on which I am emphatic, and one is I will not let her go to work in the movies or on the stage until she is at least eighteen. It isn't a normal life and you miss too much everyday living and fun that you can never recapture later. I know—I missed all the fun of the teens. At eleven I went to work after school modeling clothes. From then on I was always busy working. I wasn't forced into it, but I was eager and nobody was against it. I'll be against it for Lola. I never had girl friends in my teens and I don't want Lola to be deprived of that pleasure. I could never kill time and there's a period in adolescence where one is young and care-free—or should be. I was a majorette on the pep squad at Sunset High in Dallas for the duration of my first term there. Then I was interviewed by a 20th talent scout who happened to come to town, and got into pictures.

A movie career seems the most glamorous of occupations at fourteen. I love my career, but it might have meant more if it had come later. Like Shirley Temple and Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland, I went to school on a studio lot, and it isn't normal to be surrounded by adults instead of kids your own age. I want Lola to go to college before she goes to work. An education is right for the teen age. I don't want to cram her with information, but I do want her to develop as a well-balanced girl, so she will function well as a woman when she has to make adult choices.

Perhaps you imagine an actress is the most independent of women. That isn't so! Getting into pictures as young as I did meant I was always in a position where I had to do what others told me. I was terribly anxious to please, and I've had to be obedient to be a movie star. You can't play a scene the way you feel like it. You say the words a writer has written to express his story. You wear the clothes a designer has created to express his idea of the character. You emote as the director determines. You must always be made up to suit the makeup artist and the cameraman, speak to satisfy the sound man, and ring the bell with the producer, the critics and the fans. You do what they prefer. I've never worked with a temperamentless star. You can't be one, really.

All this makes one—made me, anyway—a suppressed personality, in spite of outward appearances. To please so many judges, I ignored natural feelings of anger. So today I don't talk up enough for myself. People can step on me and I take it. Until, in desperation, I finally get mad enough to blow up. Then I realize that's childish.

I encourage Lola to be independent. She needs good manners, for charm is a wonderful asset in life. But she's awfully smart and she will be healthiest and happiest if she has nerve enough to speak up.

I hope she doesn't have the searing emotional conflicts of childhood. To help her understand them, I'm doing everything I can to make her feel secure at home. If she's going to talk out her problems in the future, not be frustrated by them, she has to form this habit early. She knows, now, that she can't have sweets until after dinner and she tells me why. I've discussed it with her as intelligently as possible. I anticipate her judgment being better than mine in many instances and I'm proud she chooses now with exceptional foresight. You can reason with her—I'm so glad of this!

As a young girl, I never had a chance to go in for athletics and, as a result, I don't enjoy sports. I'm allergic to horses and tennis bores me. I'm petrified of the water so I'm a poor swimmer. I tried golf but I'm not good at it. I think it's healthy to be active and that the competition from sports is beneficial. (The only competition I've had is the ability of other actresses!) I'm encouraging Lola to be athletic.

I want to travel a lot, get out of Hollywood and see how the rest of the world lives, and I'll take Lola with me even though she is so young. She'll learn, when she travels more with me, that mother isn't a prima donna. I don't sleep in with the routine. I love to work at being glamorous when they pay me for it. On my own time I'm the friendly, hate-all-affections type.

Lola will learn that her mother has idiosyncrasies the same as everyone else. I like to run around in my bare feet, for example. In dressing I always put on my shoes last mentally protesting.

I believe my job as an actress will make me very sympathetic. A mother should understand the "surface" problems her daughter is sure to have. If Lola wants to bleach her hair, I won't be horrified. 20th wanted me to be a platinum blonde again as the other woman in my new picture. I refused. I remembered myself as Amber. Lola will have the right to experiment with hair color when she is grown and use her own judgment.

I hope she finishes college and works at whatever she likes before she marries. Until she's twenty-five! While there are exceptions I'm certain you can bring up, I think most women don't know enough about themselves or life to marry younger than that.

If my daughter doesn't ever feel held back from the magnificent adventure of becoming her own best self. Both my grandmothers are still living—once is ninety and the other is ninety-eight. You can see why I want to bring up Lola wisely. I'll be around, I hope, to enjoy the result!
A Career Girl Should Live Alone

Continued from page 30

I know that some people laugh when a girl says she prefers to live alone. The statement is disregarded, because most girls don't mean it. The average girl over twenty wants nothing in the world so much as to be married. If she hasn't yet found the man she can love, then she prefers to share quarters with another girl. She is constantly alarmed by the fear of mere loneliness which appears to worry most career girls.

In my opinion, a girl who is in the process of launching a career of any sort (provided, of course, that the girl is serious about her career and is not merely marking time until an eligible man comes along) SHOULD LIVE ALONE!

As I must live my own life at present, no feminine roommate could endure me for long. As I must live my life at present, only the most self-sacrificing, patient, understanding and devoted of husbands could make our marriage succeed. Suppose I decide to share my house with another girl. Here are the problems by which she would be faced:

When I am working, I go to bed at nine in the evening and get up at five-thirty in the morning. For an hour before I turn off the light at night, I usually study my script, so conversation would be impossible.

However, when I am not working, I like to turn in at any hour between eleven p.m. and four in the morning, depending upon where I am invited, or how engrossing I find the book I am reading. The next morning I get up when I awaken.

If I should live with another actress, her schedule would probably run opposite to mine and we should be hating one another at the end of the first month of dual tenancy.

Furthermore, I'm a person of moods. In the morning I am quiet. I do not want to talk about anything before I have had my coffee. Also, I maintain a state of nervous tension during the entire shooting schedule of a picture. I lose weight. I worry. And when I worry, I do not want someone to attempt to reassure me. I have to build up my own self-confidence by getting a grip on the characterization I am developing.

Even when I am not working, I am still not a good companion for a housemate.

Many girls do not enjoy shopping unless they are accompanied by a friend. I am the opposite. My shopping hours are few, so I have to make the most of them. I like to buy beautiful goods and clothing on the basis of love at first sight. Strolling from shop to shop, "just looking," is not my idea of a pleasant pastime. I like to buy quickly or not at all, and I do not wish to have my taste modified by the tastes of another woman.

In a small apartment or house, my habits would provide even another problem for a roommate: I am a bathroom dawler. I consider the bathroom one of the coziest rooms in a house. I like to draw a deep tub of water, fill it with bubble bath, hop in, stretch out and lean back against a sponge rubber cushion, and read until the water cools.

I like to spend hours in creaming my face, trying new lotions and experimenting with new ways to do my hair.

You may imagine how unpopular this would make me with my roommate.

In addition to the difficulties already mentioned, there are several problems which would develop if I were married. These are the classic dilemmas which occur when a girl tries to combine a career that she loves with marriage to a man whom she loves.

The very essence of marriage is togetherness. It is day by day comradeship.

Yet, during the past year I spent five weeks in Italy when we were making "Deported." I spent three weeks in New York, on personal appearances, and three weeks in Washington and Miami for the same purpose. While we were making "Mystery Submarine," I spent three weeks in Mexico on location. When I was allowed a vacation, I hurried to Sweden to enjoy two wonderful months with my relatives.

In other words, if I had been married in 1930, I would have spent, traveling time included, approximately half the year AWAY from my home and my husband.

During the early part of a career, the average girl is building personality, developing character, and acquiring an approach to life. It is an engrossing experience for the girl, but it could be wearying to a husband.

For instance: at present my living room is a sublime experiment in color. The walls are red: a deep, dusty red about the color of seasoned old New England bricks. The draperies are dusty chartreuse, and the cornice boxes are forest green. The walls are lined, on two sides, by open book shelves reaching within a few feet of the ceiling, and they are almost filled with volumes.

The other two walls of the room are taken up by a massive fireplace, and by a series of picture windows. This room, which sometimes startles newcomers, seems to inspire the wit and wisdom of my guests. In this room, everyone is vividly alive; everyone becomes animatedly gregarious.

I selected the colors of my living room, and I love them. I am glad that I have enjoyed the experience of developing an idea and being able to put it into effect without consulting another human being. I am afraid that not many husbands would have agreed to this adventure into chromatics.

The rug in my living room is a treasure. It is an antique Persian, intricate of design and muted in tone. I fell in love with it when I inspected it in the storage warehouse where one of my friends had deposited it because she had changed the decorative scheme of her home.

I was offered the rug at a bargain.
price, yet that price was more than I could logically afford. It was a luxury beyond my reach. For several nights I dreamed over the purchase, presenting strong reasons for economy to myself, but in the end I realized that I would have to curb my finances in some other way. I HAD to have that rug.

I realize that an understanding man will nearly always indulge a woman’s minor whim, but this rug purchase was a once-in-a-lifetime investment. When I wrote the check, the act frightened me, so I can imagine how a responsible husband would have felt.

I am extravagant in other ways: when I see an object that reminds me of one of my friends, I like to buy it without fear of being scolded by a person more wise in the ways of money.

All of this is part of a girl’s luxuriating in her personally-earned income. Every self-supporting person (and some not so) enjoys the Lord or Lady Bountiful role during the first flush of cashing checks that his labors has earned.

In time the novelty wears off, and wisdom develops. Then a woman is ready to marry and to accept full partnership in financial dealings, as well as in other areas of her life.

I have found, when discussing my ideas with other career girls, that many of them agree on the advantages of living alone, but they regard the disadvantages as being of greater importance. “Independence is fine,” they say, “until you have to endure lonely weekends and holidays.”

I believe I have found the answer to that complaint. I don’t expect other people to make my life interesting. Instead, I make an effort to make life interesting for other people.

I like to cook, especially such dishes as Swedish meat balls. I like to make salads; especially our Swedish cabbage. hollowed out and filled with sea food mixed with dressing.

On Sundays, when a picture is completed, or on holidays, I like to invite guests to join me for gay, informal buffet dinners. For Christmas Day, 1930, I gave a party. There were thirty-five guests and no one had more fun than I.

I repeat: during her building years, during her formative years, during her experimental years, a career girl should live alone.

Unless, of course, the right man should happen along in the midst of this sensible plan, and inspire a girl to behave in the traditional non-sensible manner!

"I Have No Gripes About Hollywood"

Continued from page 37

his usually serious roles too often preclude that grin and his hearty, infectious laughter from being seen and heard on the screen.

“We’re having a lot of fun on this picture,” he went on. “We have a good time on the set, and even the location over in Arizona’s desert wasn’t bad. We had sheep and camels to cope with, but no collapsing water buffalo like the mechanical one in ‘The Macomber Affair,’” and he launched into a long, hilarious tale on the man-made beast which fell apart at a crucial moment in filming that story of the African veldt a few years ago.

Greg is a vivid raconteur and, frankly, we would have listened happily for an indefinite length of time to his reminiscences, but lunchtime even for a movie star is limited, so we reluctantly brought him back to the present with a question about the wide variety of roles he has played.

“I’ve worked on that—getting a wide variety of roles, I mean,” he admitted. “I had to, because every time you have a success you’re faced with a string of stories that are basically the same.

“In striving for variety in roles I’ve fallen on my face a few times, but I’ve stretched myself and learned from every one of them. Think of what I did to Dostoyevsky in ‘The Great Sinner.’ My interpretation of a Russian novelist just shouldn’t have happened! But acting is my job and I like to keep at it. I’m a man who enjoys going to work every morning. And I admit I like to worry over a hard role. I just go along getting a kick out of doing my best.

“If I can manage it now, I’d like to make two pictures a year; my contract with 20th allows outside pictures if they don’t conflict with my commitments here. That gives me time, too, for my family, for travel, for stage work with our Actet Company here, maybe even a Broadway play.

“Our life now has settled down to a steady course. After ‘David And Bathsheba’ is finished we’re planning a trip, maybe to South America, maybe back to the Bahamas, this Summer the kids and I will do some gardening; I don’t know what else we’ll plant, but there’s a request for plenty of watermelon and sweet corn.

“Next Summer, in 1932, unless war prevents, Greta and I plan to go to the Olympic Games in Helsinki. I seem to have quite a following in Finland. That’s no tribute to my acting, but because Greta was born there and the Finns seem to think I must be all right if a Finnish girl married me,” he added with another grin.

“I loved England when we were there filming ‘Captain Horatio Hornblower’ last year. London is so different from Hollywood, even from New York, for that matter. People there aren’t unduly impressed by movie stars as they are inclined to be in this country. Persons of achievement in many fields have their niche of importance in the minds of the British people. And there are no night clubs or restaurants there that seem to
be populated exclusively by actors, as in Hollywood or Manhattan. Frankly, I like that.

"But I don't imply any criticism of Hollywood. One can live here the way one wants. We like an informal life and that's the course we follow. There is 'grandeur' of a type here, but we are unimpressed by it, so we can bypass it and be ourselves. We have all the privacy we want and all the informality. But when we want to bust out and spend an evening on the town, we do that, too. We don't very often, but when we do we get a kick out of it. Where else can you live like that?"

With his theatre background it is not out of character for him to devote much of his spare time now to The Actors Company. Although Mel Ferrer, Dorothy McGuire and others are very active in it, too, it is Greg who has been the guiding light and held it together since it started in La Jolla four years ago. It has since brought plays to Los Angeles and toured them along the West Coast; and has an ambitious future schedule. Understandably, too, Greg would like to do a Broadway play "sometime," but unlike some actors who came from the "theathul" he doesn't belittle motion pictures.

"This is the best job in the world, if you're not on the fringes," he says with conviction. "But it's a lousy profession unless you make good. I think life is too short to bat your energies and brains out just for a 'love of footlights and greasepaint.'"

"If you click, nothing can beat it, and I've been very fortunate in having seemingly appealed to the public.

"When young actors or actresses here ask me for advice on how to make the grade, I always want to say, 'The best advice I can give you is to go home, forget about acting. Go be a secretary or shoe salesman. There's so much heartbreak in this business.'"

"I don't tell them that, of course, because they wouldn't follow the advice—or even believe me. What I do tell them is to take a crack at it, but set a time limit on how long they will spend trying to make good. When that time is up, and if they have not had success, then quit and try something else. I suppose it's difficult for them to take even that advice seriously when in the east breath. I'll admit this is the 'best job in the world.'"

"Anything else you'd like to know about me, as of today?" he inquired, then continued. "I think I'm a little different from when I arrived in Hollywood because I hope I've progressed and moved ahead, I hope I've learned more about acting. But I still lose keys and still misuse my reading glasses. I still don't know what goes on under the hood of an automobile...."

It's a real, honest, downright pleasure for this reporter to say in print—which is much more encompassing than shouting from the housesteps—that Gregory Peck has not changed. He has progressed. He has moved ahead. But he hasn't changed.
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Mitzi was discovered by Twentieth’s scouts when she played Katie in “The Great Waltz.” A sensational success in her first film, Mitzi was signed to a long-term contract by 20th Century—who obviously know a good thing when they see one. Mitzi is their new “Entertainment” stock. She’s the answer to the public’s cry for more fun in their movies. Now, after proving she can sing and dance, her second film role is a straight dramatic part in “Take Care Of My Little Girl”—a story which reveals a lot of behind-the-scene shenanigans of a sorority club.

In the short, busy year that she has been at 20th, Mitzi has become one of the most popular girls there. Wherever she goes she’s greeted with an enthusiastic big smile and a “Hi, Mitzi?” Yet she is still awed by all the stars. She admits that she can’t help staring whenever she sees any of them in person.

Before starting her picture career, this nineteen-year-old girl had already chucked up an enviable theatrical record. She made her professional debut at thirteen, and at fourteen she was doing a featured number in USO shows, touring across country from San Francisco to Miami.

“At twelve,” says Mitzi, “I thought I was the most sophisticated thing on earth. When I was thirteen I lost a little of that. Then when I was fifteen I made the discovery that I wasn’t so hot after all. Now I’m nineteen and I find nineteen is nothing. Gee, I’ve got a long way to go.”

She had her first speaking role in “Song Of Norway” when she was all of fifteen. She had a big dance sequence in this with Sig Arno, the comedian. He gave the youngsters a great deal of help and encouragement, which Mitzi has never forgotten. It was her first real part and she was scared stiff—but Sig made her feel that she could do it. When they came off the stage the first time after their dance, he said to her:

“The applause is all for you.”

“I hope if I ever become a star, I can be as kind to a newcomer as both Sig and Betty Grable were to me,” Mitzi says now.

An aunt, who was a dancing teacher, began giving Mitzi lessons in ballet when she was only four. Since then Mitzi has never stopped studying ballet. She has had a variety of teachers, and this she approves: “because you get something different from each teacher, something new. And eventually you reconcile all their various methods into something which becomes known as your particular style.”

Mitzi celebrated her fourteenth birth-

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**Could Be Another Betty Grable!**

Continued from page 41

day in San Francisco, her favorite city, then came back to Los Angeles. “The Only Girl” was playing at the Los Angeles Biltmore Theatre, and Mitzi, with a young girl friend, went to see the show.

“I was a fresh little ballet dancer,” she tells. “I was a ‘Professional’ and so was my girl friend. So, during the intermission we went backstage to see the producer. We were a couple of brash kids and we introduced ourselves as dancers. ‘We think you need a ballet number for the show,’ we told him. ‘We have a routine worked up and our own costumes and all you have to pay us is seventy-five dollars a week.’ (Now, of course, I realize that some of the other dancers probably weren’t getting more than about thirty-five or forty.)

The producer smiled at us and said, ‘Well, we’re going on the road with this show, and we’d have to take both your mothers. That would entail paying for four people instead of two. Our budget won’t stand that.’ We were highly indignant. Take our mothers indeed! We informed the man that we didn’t need our mothers to take care of us. We were perfectly capable of looking out for ourselves, thank you. But he still gave us a very positive negative.”

Shortly after this, Mitzi did make the grade with the show “Roberta.”

“I was chubby and really full-faced and fourteenish,” she says of this. “There was one number in the show called ‘Arms Full Of Trouble’ in which the girls wore slinky black satin. I wanted so to be in that scene. Can’t you just see me then in a black satin tight-fitting dress? I pleaded so much that finally the girls suggested I could be a flower-girl. So that’s the part I got. I had to say, ‘Flowers for the lady’,” she says three times. Twelve whole words! But I mopped about it for a month—cause I still wanted to wear that black satin! And when I get unhappy, I get good and unhappy. I get more unhappy, I think, than anyone else. That’s my Mother’s Viennese showing up.”

Her theatrical career, Mitzi has found, was much harder on her figure than is her movie life.

In the theatre, a good show runs for years, and these show people must be at a continual peak of health, and cannot permit themselves to let up even for a day. So for the most part their after-theatre get-togethers usually mean hot chocolate or coffee and doughnuts or pastry. And this was the sort of thing the young Mitzi could have in a show. So she would eat doughnuts and drink hot chocolate and gain and gain and gain. Then she’d have to diet and diet and diet, for Mitzi is just a little inclined to go plump at the swallow of a sweet. Her Mother would go on the same diet with her—and Mitzi would lose weight while her Mother would gain.

Behind her now are these teen-age memories of the thrill of the stage. Before her is a new life in the world of the
Why I Fell In Love

With Eddie

Continued from page 47

expecting me to be all ready. I was in my robe and had no intention of going with him. I just told him I didn’t feel I’d belong.

That situation instantly ironed itself out—and now we enjoy the same people. But the real crisis between us came when I had made up my mind—without really consulting him—that his career was more important than a home. He gave me clear down to Santa Barbara, talking to me all the way. Then he came back and took me up around the Brentwood hills, showing me lots he’d picked out for future home sites and also the kinds of houses he liked. That convinced me.

Not just because he showed me pieces of ground and houses but because he talked earnestly about wanting his own family and his own home.

Speaking of families, I often wondered why mine didn’t more or less give him cold feet. When we went out, my mother and grandmother would be up waiting for me when I got home. Several times we came in rather late from parties and Eddie would look acutely embarrassed as he walked inside with me to meet the disapproving eyes of my grandmother. Inevitably she’d say, “No manana,” which meant I wasn’t to come home tomorrow but today. Any hour past twelve was manana to her.

But when it came time for Eddie to propose my family rose to the occasion beautifully.

He had planned to fly home to New York to be with his family for Christmas. He had finished a picture Christmas Eve day and I guess he got very sentimental because he decided he would ask me to marry him before he left for New York. He arrived at my house laden with gifts. The first one I opened was a catcher’s mask—to be used, he said, to ward off other young men while he was gone. The next was a baseball bat to hit any man over the head with who might want to date me during the ten days he was to be away. Then he
gave me the engagement ring.
I was so happy and so flustered I could only say, of all things, "You can't do it this way."

"What do you mean?" he asked me, completely surprised.

"You have to ask mother and grandmother first," I said. This was actually the custom in a Spanish family like mine.

Eddie looked completely bowled over but he braced himself, went in to see my mother and grandmother, and then in the most awful attempts at Spanish I ever heard he asked them if he could marry me. It took them a while to translate, but when they got the idea they smothered him with kisses and congratulations.

He left that evening for New York.

New Year's Eve was very lonely for me, of course. I tried to put in a call to him in New York but couldn't get it through. Then—just at the stroke of twelve the phone rang. It was Eddie wishing me a Happy New Year. He had bought a scene for this in his telephone company back East and had gotten them to get him a line. He had the call in for six hours.

When we were married we were both working on a picture. The day after our marriage, in fact, I helped him learn his lines for a scene he had to do the following day—a love scene. Nobody ever believes that, but it's true.

We found we had very few adjustments to make in our first few months of marriage and I guess we had settled most of our problems during the year we had gone together. I had to learn to run a house since my mother and grandmother had taken care of all the domestic details in my home. I had to get used to making plans—which was something I'd never done before. Eddie seemed to fall into a pattern very easily, though. All in all, we found it easy to give in to each other and always at the time when an argument could have resulted if one of us had held on to any stubborn pride.

No one would ever believe me if I said we were just lovey-dovey, so I don't intend to pass on such fairy tales. We each had our little flare-ups, but I think Eddie was more accomplished with his mads than I was.

Once in a while he'd start roaring around and say, "Why wasn't this done?" indicating a job I hadn't finished. I'd let him rant for a while and then I'd say, "Okay, King." He'd just wilt. I've found calling him "King" defeats his ego tremendously. He can't act like one then—but I don't mean to be "cute" about it.

At other times when he gets mad I can't help laughing at him. He'll sputter around for a while and then he'll say, "How can a guy stay mad when you laugh at him?"

Eddie is a highly nervous person and is given to worrying a lot. He worries tons and tons. He carries his problems around on his shoulders as though they were slabs of granite. If he isn't worrying about the house he fusses about the dogs. If it's not the dogs, it's the garden. If he has nothing to worry about he finds something. When I ask him to take it easy he says, "Okay, so I worry, but I get things done." And in that he is perfectly right.

Eddie has an inexhaustible supply of interests. For a while he had a passion for fish and he has for that matter. When we were at the beach he'd be out fishing at four in the morning.

He's also a good cook. He makes wonderful stews and he can throw together a dinner for twelve so simply you aren't aware he's working at all. You don't realize it, that is, until you go into the kitchen. You have never seen such a mess. He seems to throw everything he sees in the cupboard. Every pot and pan in the house is in the sink, but he'd never think of cleaning them and putting them away. I guess most men cooks are like that.

I wouldn't, however, be giving a complete picture of Eddie if I didn't go into his shopping habits—for me and himself.

He likes to shop by himself, but if I go along he does all the talking and makes all the decisions anyway. He goes from one counter to the other picking out what he wants without ever looking at the price tags. And he always shops quickly. He's no dawdler. Yet, there are times when I wish he wouldn't shop for clothes for me.

You see, he likes me to wear simple things—and yet with color. I'm the jingle-jangle type. There was one time, though, when he went overboard on color.

It was a St. Valentine's Day present. The year before he had managed to buy a big heart and had placed it on the breakfast table. The last year he gave me a big box as I sat down for breakfast. I opened it—and there was a maribou coat with the wildest color imaginable. I can only describe it as an ugly violet-red. He said, beaming with pride, "I thought I'd get you something you wouldn't buy for yourself, and only say with a smile, "You certainly did." I didn't have the heart to say I didn't like the color or to ask him if I could exchange it. He seemed so happy. About an hour later he said, "If you don't like the color, you can get something else," but I still couldn't disappoint him so I said, "No, darling, it's lovely." He thought better of his gift, though, for four days later he said, "I've been thinking about that color—and it's awful." I finally changed it for a white one. If I'd bought the coat he'd have simply said in disgust, "Oh, Olga!"

I guess you'd say we had learned toget with each other. At least, we have few things that upset us. Not even our respective careers.

He doesn't mind if I work since he doesn't believe in destroying anyone else's ambition as long as the home is kept in order. We're terribly big boosters for each other. I think there's no other young actor in Hollywood who can match him and I believe he's accomplished because of his extensive experience in the past on the stage, principally in the Shakespearean plays he did. I've
learned a lot from him, especially in a sense of timing and comedy.

Some of our happiest moments are spent talking about our work. We don't believe you can leave a career at the studio and never discuss it at home—not when it's so much a part of your lives.

Our other favorite topic of conversation is our children—Brad and Maria. He loves his daughter, but is actually shy with them. He is timid in his approach to them so his attitude comes out gruff. When he's not preoccupied with some problem he's very gentle with them. The rest of the time he worries if he's handling them right and being the proper father. But now he's always about them! If he hears a noise in the nursery, he's sure one of the girls has fallen and hurt herself and he is all for getting up to see what's wrong. I manage to reassure him that everything is perfectly all right. He's going to be a fine father—once he gets used to being a father.

Eddie is old-fashioned in a way about his children. He's always said that if we have a son the boy will go to a public school and not to a private school. He feels a son should learn the rugged way he did—and that a public school teaches a child where he stands. He doesn't have the same ideas about his daughters' education.

You can see I have a complex husband. He's typical, though, in one respect. He loves affection. He'd give you the world if you were affectionate with him. It's easy to be attentive to a man like Eddie.

Being married to him has matured me a great deal. I used to be very shy but I'm not now. I have more confidence in myself because of Eddie and I believe in my capabilities as an actress more. I suppose this is because I don't worry so much about myself any more. Before I was married everything was a dream. Now, reality has stepped in and given me a much fuller and more purposeful life.

My Eddie is very much to my liking. He may be a corny Irishman, but I love him.

**Current Films**

Continued from page 17

on self-destruction, teetered precariously for 14 hours on a narrow ledge, 17 stories above the street. A gripping drama, this film brings into sharp focus most of the fevered moments which resulted from those unforgettable hours. Mentally ill, and with all rational thinking blotted out by a devastating feeling of hopelessness, young Richard Baschett weighs whether to take his own life or not. Every attempt is made by the Police Emergency Squad to rescue him from the ledge, but it is the persuasive power of a policeman, played by Paul Douglas, who talks to him about everything for a fraction of a second under 14 hours, that delays his jumping. The suspense
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A POLISH DP, Valentina Cortesa, inveigles her way to America and marries San Francisco Richard Basehart, only to find herself involved in a mysterious and near-fatal situation. In using the identification papers of her friend who died in the concentration camp, Valentina had no ulterior motives, except that to her, America is paradise, and she must get here no matter what. It's nice, too, that Valentina's deceased friend has a wealthy aunt here and a young son who had been smuggled out of Poland when he was an infant. By
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MAGIC PANEL CONTROL: No laces show when you wear a SLIMMING Figure-Adjuster. The control you get is completely COMFORTABLE . . . and GUARANTEES healhtful, lasting support. Its soft TUMMY PANEL laces right up to meet the bro—NO MIDRiff BULGE! LIFTS and FLATTENS the tummy, SLIMS down the waist, TRIMS the hips and eliminates the "SPARE TIRE" waistline roll! The magic ADJUSTABLE, slimming, easily controlled panel is scientifically designed, and is the result of testing different kinds of panels on thousands of women! Figure-Adjuster creates the "BALANCED PRESSURE" that gives each bulge the exact amount of RESTRAINT it requires. It gives you the right amount of SUPPORT where you need it MOST! Let Figure-Adjuster give you MORE figure control . . . for more of your figure . . . let it give you a more BEAUTIFUL FIGURE . . . the slimmer, trimmer figure that INVITES romance. You ACTUALLY APPEAR SLIMMER AT ONCE WITH THE MAGIC PANEL control of Figure-Adjuster. Colors nude, blue or white. 100% best grade of newworld elastic. Washable, permanent, fade-proof.
the time Valentina arrives in the U.S., the aunt had also died, leaving the estate to the boy. Basehart, the boy’s guardian, can’t see the money being spent by anyone but himself, so he marries Valentina and starts doctoring up the car faces, spiking her orange juice with sleeping powder, etc. If it wasn’t for lawyer William Lundigan, heaven only knows what would have happened to the double-identity Valentina!

**Target Unknown**

*Universal-International*

**INTERESTING** spy story about a Nazi method of getting top secret information out of captured Air Corps men. Shot down over France, Captain Mark Stevens and several of his men are taken prisoners. They are treated lavishly by Nazi commandants Gig Young and Robert Douglas for the sole purpose of softening them up. The theory works. Unintentionally, the Americans relax their wariness and each gives out bits of information. Separately, this information would mean nothing, but added together, the Nazis learn all there is to know about a forthcoming important strike: what city, the approximate time of attack, what arms used and attitude at which they’ll bomb. The Nazis will be waiting. It remains for Mark and his men to escape and try to undo the damage they have done.

**Cause For Alarm**

*MGH*

**SICK** both mentally and physically, Barry Sullivan is positive his wife, Loretta Young, and his doctor, Bruce Cowling, plan to murder him. Nothing could be further from the truth, but Barry writes a letter to the District Attorney saying if he dies, Loretta and Bruce are to blame. Not knowing what the letter contains, Loretta gives it to the postman. A few minutes later, Barry openly accuses her and tells her what he said in the letter. The excitement of a show-down kills him, and Loretta, terrified that she’ll be accused of murder, tries to get back the letter. From that moment on, her every action gets deeper and deeper enmeshed in circumstantial evidence. Fairly exciting melodrama with a surprise punch ending.

**Mr. Universe**

*Laurel Films*

**FAST-SPIELING** Jack Carson is back, conniving the innocent and not so innocent into making money for him—this time Jack’s a wrestling promoter. His star attraction is an ex-war buddy, Vincent Edwards, an amazing specimen of health and bulging muscles and an I.Q. of O.OO. Besides the unsuccessful and exhausting attempts to make a pile of cabbage on Edwards, who wrestles too well for the fans, Jack and his partner, Bert Lahr, fall into the grimy clutches of racketeer Robert Alda. Full of characters, including Slapsie Maxie Rosenblum, and hooked-up wrestling, this is a field day for rasslin’ devotees and young ‘uns.
Sensational New Scientifically Designed Patent Pend. BRAS for
LARGE · MEDIUM · SMALL BUSTS
Correct and Flatter Your Individual Bust Problems INSTANTLY! on Free 10-Day Trial!

LARGE BUST

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SMALL BUST

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These special patent pend. bust molding feature on inner side of bra lats, support and gives busts into fit size. Instantly flatter bust line, helps to bust line, that line, helps. Nett spread out, fit line or round enough. Gorgeous washable fabric. Adjustable shoulder straps and elastic back closure.

Send No Money! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!

Tested Sales Co., Dept. SML-6808, 206 Broadway, New York City

Rush to me in Plain Wrapping my specially designed bra for my individual figure checked below. Plus my free "Glamour Bustline Course" which I will keep whether I return merchandise or not. I will pay postman on delivery, the price, plus postage. If after 10 days, I am not completely satisfied, I may return merchandise for my money back.

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Here's the easy, proven way to combat asthma's distressing symptoms with these aromatic fumes of Dr. R. Schimph's AMEDHADOR which is always ready for use. Simply light your Wagner type lamp and gently heat the fumes inside your home. The scent is delicious and completely natural. No harm is done by using this product. Many hospitals and clinics now use it. Why not try it for yourself.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

GIVE to conquer CANCER

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LEARN AT HOME

Practice nurses are needed in every community... doctors rely on them... patients entrust their health to them. We are starting at home in state. Course equipped with videos, diagrams, charts, etc. WRITE for free booklet. Send $25.00 today.

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3/17
When Doris Day started her new picture, "On Moonlight Bay," her agent-hubby Marty Melcher sent her some flowers. Doris didn't mention anything about them, and finally he just up and asked her if she'd noticed anything different in her dressing room that morning. She allowed that it looked just the same to her. So, the next morning there were the flowers, only slightly wilted from the 24-hour delay.

All the confusion about whether Mar-ty Flor had or not been dating Luged Bergman's ex. Dr. Peter Lindstrom, finally got cleared up and, apparently, she hadn't been seeing him. This was all very mystifying to her real heart, Lars Nordewen, and nearly caused a rift between them. But it's a happy ending—the Swedish beauty convinced him that the rumor was only a rumor.

It will be nice to see the wonderful stage actress Helen Hayes back on the screen. She's doing a picture for Paramount called "My Son, John." Her son John is a guy named Bob Walker.

Musical bedrooms seems to be the game they're playing in "Lightning Strikes Twice." Now, if you're still with us—and we aren't sure where we are—the bedroom where Mercedes McCambridge sleeps doubles in the picture for Ruth Roman's bedroom. Oh, to heck with the whole thing.

In case you're worried about Ara Gardner getting lump shouldered from carrying around her costume for "Scaramouche"—don't. It only weighs two ounces. It's a pair of tights.

Fred MacMurray was so crazy about the script of a radio show he did for the Suspense program called "Windy City Six," that he bought the story and will star in the movie version. It mixes gangsters, musicians and a pretty gal up into some scary scenes. Not only that, Fred will play the sax in the picture. That's the way the boy got his start, playing a sax.

Cute Tommy Farrell, Glenda's son, is really off to a good start in his movie career. His first good part was in "At War With the Army," next came "Strangers On A Train," and now he's doing a picture for M.G.M called "The Strip." His famous mom is so busy doing television shows in New York that she hasn't seen her granddaughter, Tommy's first child.

Hollywood is still agape with admiration for Irene Dunne, who raised $135,000 for St. John's Hospital at the premiere of "The Mudlark." This is the largest take on a charity event that we can remember hearing about, and, although Missy Dunne had a lot of help and the stars and producers really kicked through, she did more than her share in putting the event over with such a wallop.

NOMINATION for the all-time high in claustraphobia is in the picture "Submarine Command." Bill Holden and fif-teen of the crew have been prisoners in the submarine "Steelhead's" conning tower, a space about eight by sixteen feet. When anybody has to move, they all move around in the circle until they're in the right places. There's not even room to bend a knee and it's all highly nerve-wracking.

The ten-year-old French boy, Jacky Gencel, who is making his American debut in the Bing Crosby picture, "Here Comes The Groom," has gone thoroughly Western. He flipped Cros by appearing for work one morning done up in a Hopalong Cassidy suit, complete with guns, holster, spurs and a western hat which was a gift from his father, a hat-maker in Paris.

Mitzi Gaynor, cute 20th actress, entertain somewhat on the grand scale. For a party recently, she had twenty pounds of Hungarian apple strudel flown in, especially for the shindig. Seems she got quite fond of the strudel when she was on a personal appearance tour and wouldn't found any to compare with the Windy City variety in Hollywood.

Jane Wyman's busy being a picture painter, but her art has taken an unusual twist. She uses nothing but the paint, straight from the tube, and her fingers. Oh, well, to get technical—she does use a canvas, too. Jane learned the technique when Marlene Dietrich introduced her to artist Alex Leiberman in New York.

Looking Ahead

Continued from page 52

WOODBURY has a welcome new debutante to help build the kind of demure prettiness that is the look you want for current fashions. Because they've named it "Sunny Dream," it shouldn't be too hard to visualize the peach-bloom delicacy of the coloring. "Sunny Dream" is the newest addition to the range of Woodbury "Dream Stuff" shades. We hope it's safe to assume that you know by this time that "Dream Stuff" is a make-up consisting of foundation and face powder combined. Neither greasy nor drying—not even spillable—it travels conveniently in a handbag for any necessary retouching during the day. With the subtle femininity of "Sunny Dream" as a complexion tone, you can wear the clear accent of Woodbury's Red Pepper lipstick—a true red without any touches of this or that to subdue its cheerful youthfulness.

DOROTHY GRAY'S Nosegay Trou-seau Series is very, very new and, quite obviously, for brides. However, we can't for the life of us think of a fragrance more pleasing than the utter freshness of this blend of the perfumes from a Spring-flower patch. So why wouldn't it also make a most welcome Mother's Day gift? The packages are a lovely silvery blue, with an all-over design of silver lace. They're trimmed attractively with ribbons and flowers. The Nosegay perfume comes in a bottle shaped like a vase (so does the eau de Cologne) to add decided decorative value to a dressing table. There are identically scented Nosegay Dusting Powder, Bubbling Bath Salts in a gift bottle, even Nosegay Soap (three cakes in a box).
small bust?
in-between size?
shhhhhhh...
suddenly you are
fuller...
rounder...

PETER PAN
Hidden Treasure*

the contour is built right in.

order by mail from BARBARA BRENT

Barbara Brent • 814 Broadway • Far Rockaway, N. Y.
Please send me the following Peter Pan bras:

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"Spring-Morning" Freshness and Fragrance!

Recipe for warm weather comfort and daintiness: Out of bed... into your bath... then Cashmere Bouquet Talc all over! See how it absorbs every bit of moisture left on your skin after towelling. You'll love the silky-smooth "sheath of protection" it gives to those chafeable spots. And the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is the romantic fragrance men love, that lingers for hours and hours. Yes, every morning... and before every date... sprinkle yourself liberally with Cashmere Bouquet Talc!

Cashmere Bouquet
Talcum Powder
Keeps you cool, smooth, dainty— with the fragrance men love!
Women Can Be So Foolish!

By Bob Stack
Romance begins with the Fragrance of Flowers

Mavis keeps you flower-fragrant, flower-fresh for hours and hours. This superb imported talc is exquisitely perfumed with the alluring bouquet of garden flowers. Use it lavishly, for Mavis smooths every inch of you... cools and soothes... absorbs every trace of moisture... prevents chafing. Precious daintiness is yours—always—thanks to Mavis.

Mavis Talcum
Vivaudon

For a Lovelier You... For Him!
SO THAT WAS IT! Now she understood why people had been avoiding her of late... why Bob had become so indifferent. She appreciated over-hearing the truth, brutal as it was, because now she knew what to do... Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful, easy and extra-careful precaution against simple cases of halitosis (unpleasant breath)? It instantly freshens and sweetens the breath, and keeps it that way, too... not for minutes but for hours, usually. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date when you want to be at your best. It's the extra-careful precaution against bad breath of non-systemic origin. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis.

Before any date... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
Really grown up she feels now. It's the first time her mother has asked the daughter's advice about anything as important and personal as monthly sanitary protection. "You seem so gay and unconcerned on those days. What is the secret?" her mother had said. The girl's answer contained just one word—"Tampax."

Doctor-invented Tampax is not designed for any class or group, but for women generally. Its internally absorbent principle is greatly appreciated among college students, secretaries, nurses, housewives and others who must move about, mix with shopping crowds, etc. ... Tampax consists of pure surgical cotton contained in slender applicators for easy insertion. No belts, no pins—no odor or chafing.

Remember, you can't feel the Tampax while wearing it. No bulges or edgelines under summer dresses or swim suits. Quick to change—easy to dispose of. ... Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
MORE LOVE SONGS FROM THE STAR WHO THRILLED AMERICA WITH “BE MY LOVE”!

Golden-voiced Mario Lanza enraptures millions of movie-lovers in the role he was destined to play... the love story of the fabulous Caruso, gallery god of his era... who sang his way from cafes to fame... and into the hearts of the world’s most glamorous women!

"A NEW IDOL! THE HOTTEST SINGER TO HIT THE SOUND TRACK IN A DECADE!"
— says Time Magazine

M-G-M “The Best in Musicals” presents

"The Great CARUSO"
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

MARIO LANZA • ANN BLYTH
DOROTHY KIRSTEN • JARMILA NOVOTNA
BLANCHE THEBOM

THE IDOL OF MILLIONS! In two short years, Lanza has swept to the pinnacle of Hollywood stardom! Now he has won the coveted role of Caruso!

COAST-TO-COAST TRIUMPH! Lanza’s voice and charm have won him acclaim and adulation such as only Caruso has ever known before!

WITH

Teresa Celli • Richard Hageman • Carl Benton Reid

Written by Sonya Levin and William Ludwig • Suggested by Dorothy Caruso’s Biography of her Husband
Directed by Richard Thorpe • Produced by Joe Pasternak • Associate Producer Jesse L. Lasky
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

By Lynn Bowers

Anne Baxter is far from unhappy about having to bow out of "Doctor's Diary," the comedy she was going to do with Cary Grant and Producer Joseph Mankiewicz, who piloted her through that Oscar-winning "All About Eve." Anne's consolation prize for having to duck the role of an expectant mother is—that she's an expectant mother herself. It will be hers and John Howard's first baby.

Jeanne Crain stepped into the part and that's practically type casting, since she's gone through the experience three times so she should be quite convincing. Jeanne was without a nurse for a spell before she went into this movie and was herding her three sons single-handed. She

Bette Davis and husband Cary Merrill at Colosseum's for the Foreign Correspondents Awards.

Fred Astaire voted best actor in musical, Gene Nelson best newcomer by Correspondents.

...found a good substitute for a baby-sitter in the dog trainer who came twice a week to give the new Collie pup lessons in manners. The boys were so fascinated watching the pup learn how to mind that they were perfect angels, too. The entire Brinkman family paid a visit to the Griffith Park Zoo to call on the lion they used to keep around the house. Shah-Shah is now five years old and Jeanne swears he remembers her. His birthday present from Jeanne was a bottle of cod liver oil.

Lotta changes go on in Roy Rogers' movie life these days. The best news is that wifey Dale Evans comes back to the screen with him in "South Of Caliente." Dale's been on the retired list since before their little girl, Robin, was born. This happy pair have made twenty-three pic-
When 'Mildred Pierce' brought Joan Crawford her greatest public acclaim, it brought with it something else... the hard job of finding another role that would be its match. That challenge has now been triumphantly met: 'Goodbye, My Fancy,' the play that made Broadway brighter' is now on the screen—by far the most exciting picture Joan Crawford has ever appeared in!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

JOAN CRAWFORD

ROBERT YOUNG

FRANK LOVEJOY

('the lovable Sergeant of 'Breakthrough')

'Goodbye, My Fancy'

SCREEN PLAY BY IVAN GOFF AND BEN ROBERTS

BASED ON THE PLAY BY FAY KANIN

FROM THE STAGE PRODUCTION BY MICHAEL KANIN

IN ASSOCIATION WITH ALDRICH AND MYERS

'Dragons of the Month'—says LOUELLA PARSONS in Cosmopolitan magazine

'CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER'

'COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR'

'A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE'
when all you're wearing
is a SWIM SUIT
be sure it's a
Sea Nymph

LASTEX FAILLE
in Blush, Lemon, Mint,
Berry, Aquamarine, Navy,
Black. Sizes 32-38.
About $9
Slightly Higher West of the Rockies

At your favorite store,
or write NORMA OWENS
JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP.
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 8

Particles together and you'll remember Dale
retired once before from the screen, when
she and Roy were married. Seemed the
brass-hats at Republic didn't think Roy's
public would like the idea of a cowboy
and his lady working together in the
pichshas, but they reckoned wrong. So
Dale came back.

The other change is family type stuff,
too. Roy's horse Trigger is eighteen
years old and he'll be put out to pasture.
Trigger, Jr., who is the galloping image
of his old man, replaces him.

Jane Russell was so busy making "His
Kind Of Woman" that she couldn't get
her little hot hands into the decorating
of the new dressing room suite which
RKO gave her recently. Quite decorative
herself, she'll spend her off moments at
the studio surrounded by Chinese moder-
ern decor, her favorite brand of interior
decoration. The team of Russell and
Mitchum will be temporarily broken up
when Jane makes "The Las Vegas Story"
with Victor Mature as her costar.

Ray Milland's feuding with his costar
in Paramount's "Rhubarb." The costar,
also named Rhubarb, is a yellow cat and
quite a little scene stealer. Ray and the
feline both reached for a golf ball which
the cat had stolen and hidden in a bunch
of bushes and Ray came out of the thicket
with three long scratches on his hand.
Ray's own personal rhubarb is that the cat
has a vet and an SPCA man on the set
to guard its welfare, but there is no one
around to watch out for the human mem-
ers of the cast and particularly one
named Milland.

Elizabeth Taylor, whose romances will
probably always be front page stuff, has
moved into the Beverly Hills Hotel and
plans to live alone for a spell. She and
her close pal, Jane Powell, have big
plans to open a teenager dress shop in
Palm Springs, featuring young fashions
like cottons and embroidered organdies
with full skirts and tight bodices. In
other words, the kind of clothes they

Inseparable Judy Garland and Sid Luft attend
party at the Hollywood nightspot, Mocambo.

Jeanne Crain and husband Paul Brinkman find
time to step out at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Ronald Reagan, Piper Laurie and Spring
Byington before a Radio Theatre rehearsal.
Choose new May Queen—the enchanting new design that sparkles with gaiety and charm... classic Danish Princess, with its cool, Nordic beauty... romantic Spring Garden, for its refreshing floral note... or delicate Lovely Lady with hint of yesteryear.

...only $8.06 for a six piece place setting!

HOLMES & EDWARDS
Sterling Inlaid Silverplate

Start your service now! Six-piece place setting only $8.06 each—includes knife, fork, salad fork, soup spoon and two teaspoons. For a small down payment, you may take home complete services. 8 place settings, plus 4 serving pieces and chest, only $69.95.
prefer to wear themselves.

* * *

That couple that's always in the news, Shelley Winters and Farley Granger, have long wanted to do a picture together. They get their wish, RKO's signed them for a comedy called "Behave Yourself." It's all about a young married couple and their misadventures. This could be a rehearsal for the culmination of their own personal romance because the talk around town is that when they finish the picture they'll take a four months honeymoon trip in Europe. In fact, they may be on their way as you read this. * * *

Betty Hutton's got a rival for her screen amour, Charlton Heston, in "The Greatest Show On Earth." And the awful part of it is that it's her own daughter Candy who is the big competition. The moment the big guy stops his cinema emotion with her mother, Candy is right there, gazing adoringly at her hero.

* * *

Ty and Linda Power finally made it back to the Hollywoods from their long stay in London. But not for long. His next picture, "The Way Of A Gaucho," takes him to South America. Except for a few times when Ty's touched home base briefly, he's been gone from our town nearly three years. Itchy foot type, this boy.

* * *

Vic Damone should get a cut of the boxoffice take on his first picture, "Rich, Young, And Pretty." Twelve hundred gals in his home town (Brooklyn) fan club sent him a scroll on which they'd signed their names under a promise to see the picture at least three times each!

* * *

The tempting bit of French pastry known as Denise Darcel (you remember her as the only femme in "Battleground") is coming back to Hollywood to do a beeg Western epic with Robert Taylor, called "Westward The Women." La Darcel has had a stormy time in New York and Miami, what with night club appearances and a few hassles with her husband Peter Crosby, who finally made her a little annoyed by pouring a bottle of champagne over her head at Manhattan's swanky El Morocco.

(Please turn to page 73)
LIPSTICK MAGIC FROM THE
Westmores of Hollywood
THE MEN WHO MAKE THE STARS MORE BEAUTIFUL

LINDA DARNELL
Starring in
THE 13TH LETTER
A 20th Century-Fox Production

FOR YOU—THE SAME COSMETICS
MOVIE STARS USE ON SCREEN AND STREET

See how the star-tested Westmore lipstick
glamorizes the lovely lips of Linda Darnell—
shown here with Perc Westmore, Dean of
Hollywood Make-Up Artists! Instantly it can
make your lips so enticing too!

Movie stars depend on Westmore cosmetics
...a glamorous appearance on screen and
street is essential to their popularity! These
identical cosmetics are now available to you...
at variety, chain and drug stores everywhere.

ONLY COSMETICS CERTIFIED BY THE
WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MAKE-UP EXPERTS

Westmore Lipstick. Stays on unbelievably long!
Westmore Cream Make-Up. Smooths on with fingertips.
Westmore Rouge. Brings romance to your cheeks.

Certified Cosmetics of the Stars. We certify that the cosmetics sold under our name are exactly the same cosmetics we use to make Hollywood's famous stars more beautiful on and off the screen.

Westmore HOLLYWOOD Cosmetics
Hair too dry?

Be proud of your hair with Helene Curtis creme shampoo with emulsified lanolin. Finest creme shampoo you have ever used...or money back. Why pay a dollar? Guaranteed by Helene Curtis—foremost name in hair beauty. Large size tube 49¢

Dollar quality giant size...69¢

You're in the Navy Now

By Rahna Maughan

During the early days of World War II, the Navy unintentionally achieved the height of hilarity by placing aboard an experimental submarine chaser four of the greenest 90-day wonders ever rushed through Officers' Indoc trination. Under the command of Skipper Gary Cooper, who knows from nothing about running a ship (he has to read the underway directions in Navy Regulations before he dares move his ship out of dock), his three junior officers: Jack Webb, Eddie Albert and Richard Erdman, lend an unsteady hand in trying to discover why a steam engine has no place in a subchaser. It's a wonder, what with officers who are novice seamen, the ship doesn't blow up. As is, they do all right with ramming the ship into two carriers, getting shot at when, forgetting the Morse Code, they signal their would-be rescuers in jibberish, and running afoul of top Navy brass when the perverse little craft decides it's had enough and goes berserk. The entire operations are so genuinely humorous that even the most confirmed landlubber.
Van Johnson, Gianna Canale find time for love in "Go For Broke," World War II drama.

would rate this as a completely successful naval engagement.

**Go For Broke**

*MG M*

Put in charge of a platoon comprised of Japanese-American volunteers, Lt. Van Johnson finds it difficult to regard his men with any respect or pride. The fact that these men are Americans, and hate the enemy as much and, in a few cases, even more than Van, doesn't seem to penetrate his Texas stubbornness. However, good comes of bad. In the effort to wear down his men, Van actually whips them up into a crack platoon. But it takes a rugged baptism of Nazi shell and mortar fire in Italy before Van realizes their sincere devotion to America. Later, when a fellow-Texan makes some disparaging remarks about his men, Van beats the guy to a veritable pulp. Primarily a man's picture, don't forget this has Van to pull in the ladies' trade.

**Follow The Sun**

*20th Century-Fox*

This is the true and inspiring story of champion golfer Ben Hogan, who,

Golf champ Ben Hogan and his wife played by Glenn Ford, Anne Baxter in "Follow The Sun."

Add all the glamorous color you want, without making a permanent change. Noreen Super Color Rinse gives your hair such natural-looking color... color that rinses in like it belongs, and stays until shampooed out. There are fourteen true-to-life shades, ranging from light gold to lustrous black, and lovely grays. Choose one, and "try it on." Then, when you want a change, try another! Noreen is so easy to apply. It takes only 3 minutes with the Noreen Color Applicator (40c).

Try, too, Noreen's wonderful Super Satin Creme Shampoo. It's freer-rinsing! (50c)

**Noreen**

**Super Color Rinse**

15c-30c and 60c Sizes. Also Applied in Beauty Salons

Until the Applicator and Shampoo are available in every store, you may order from

NOREEN DISTRIBUTORS, 450 LINCOLN STREET, DENVER 9, Colo.
critically injured in an automobile accident, won the nation's heart by staging a dramatic comeback on the golf course. Starring Glenn Ford and Anne Baxter, it is also the story of an orphaned caddy who wanted to become a champion golfer and refused to let anything deter him from his goal. Anne does her bit for the cause by offering husband Glenn understanding, encouragement and inspiration. Dennis O'Keefe and June Havoc are featured while Ben Hogan plays himself in a number of golfing sequences.

The Prowler
United Artists

A DISGRUNTLED cop, Van Heflin, pounces on an opportunity for a get-rich-quick scheme. He uses Evelyn Keyes, wife of a very well-heeled disc-jockey to provide the green lining for his pockets. The fact that Evelyn's husband does an all-night record show, makes it a cinch for Van to cozy up to unsuspecting Evelyn. In a few months, Van is ready to deliver the coup de grace. He deliberately shoots her husband one night, and then talks himself out of a murder rap and into Evelyn's arms by saying it was a horrible mistake. He thought the man was a prowler. Even though Justice nods every now and then, she always wakes up in time to balance the scales—therefore, friend Van isn't around long enough to really settle down with his new wife and spend her fortune.

Soldiers Three
MGM

Deals with three of His Majesty's more incorrigible infantrymen—one of whom is Summer Granger—who are stationed in India. Always in hot water, they constantly drive their C.O. Walter

Bob Hope, "The Lemon Drop Kid," organizes a shady old ladies' charity with Jane Darwell.

The Lemon Drop Kid
Paramount

Bob Hope, a Broadway racetrack tout in this latest Dining Room yarn, attempts to raise $10,000 which Fred Clark, tough racketeer, has dropped on one of Hope's hopeless tips. The mobster gives Robert 23 days—until Xmas Eve—to produce the lettuce. What to do? What to do? Desperate Bob decides to get the money via contributions to a phony old ladies' home. He rounds up an assortment of old dolls who have been kicking around Broadway for years, sets them up in an unused gambling casino and starts reaping in the profits—legal-like. Not only does the plan backfire, but Bob actually becomes a hero overnight. With Lloyd Nolan, Marilyn Maxwell, and a steady stream of weird characters, standing by for action, it's a typical Hope opus.

David Niven argues with his colonel, Walter Pigdon, in zany story of Indian revolt based on Rudyard Kipling adventure tale, "Soldiers Three."

Edith Meiser plays infant nurse in Dorothy Parker's "Horsie," one of three stories composing, "Queen For A Day," filming of the radio and TV show.

Pigdon, and his aide de camp, David Niven, to the brink of insanity. When a new and slightly villainous C.O. appears to take Pigdon's place, it's a different story: all for one and one for all. Granger and his two chums even go so far as to call a recess in their barroom escapades to help Pigdon retrieve a small arsenal of stolen weapons and break up a fanatic Indian revolt. Based on a story by Rudyard Kipling, this has all the derring-do, fun and high adventure you could want. Feminine touch is added by brief appearance of Greta Gynt and Movita Castenada.
Are you in the know?

When you and your squire attend a wedding, should you—
- Breeze up the aisle together
- Take the usher's arm
- Make it a threesome

Bewitched—and bewildered—by weddings? All that formality needn't panic you. When the usher offers his arm—take it, even if you've an escort. Your beau will follow you up the aisle. And if calendar "trials" menace your poise, you can dismiss them with Kotex. This napkin is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that holds its shape. Nor need you quail at each casual glance, for as surely as those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines—Kotex can keep you blush-proof.

To cure a "videoet" should you try—
- The shock technique
- The absent treatment
- Humoring the guy

The lady's not for burning the midnight oil—with a fella who's in love with the family's T.V. set! So? Consider the shock technique. Black out the video; then meet Dreamboy at the door with a firm "shall we go?" It's worth a try! But it takes no effort, at certain times, to discover all 3 absorbencies of Kotex are worth trying. You'll find one so-o-o right for you—Regular, Junior or Super.

If you're collarbone-conscious, what helps?
- Mermaid maneuvers
- More upholstery
- A library card

Got a lean-and-hollow look around the collar? To add "upholstery," eat hearty. Swim like crazy. And do this; Sit "tall" with a book in each hand, shoulder-height. Elbows back, slowly boost books toward ceiling, then lower them—20 times daily. Even on "those" days, you can boost your confidence, if you let Kotex help. Kotex has a special safety center; gives you extra protection.

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than all other sanitary napkins
3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super

P.S. Have you tried Delsey®? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)
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C. "Midsummer Delight", tucked and tailored, with cap sleeves, cuffed-plunging pockets, Peter Pan collar, iridescent buttons. Washable, Sanforized broadcloth. Blue, aqua, lilac, maize. Sizes 9 to 17. $6.95
Shelley Winters allows knees to be used as table for game of chess played by her boyfriend, Farley Granger, and Robert Walker between scenes of "Strangers On A Train."

Rhonda Fleming succumbs to the charm of Edward Clark in "Little Egypt." In 1897, Clark was talk of Boston society for his love affair with the original "Little Egypt."


Absent from screen since Academy Award triumph in "The Heiress," Olivia de Havilland is now on stage playing long dreamed of role of Juliet in "Romeo And Juliet."
A. COTTON BROAD-CLOTH, Sanforized, vat-dyed blouse, fish-net detail, lined front panel. White, navy, lilac, gold, lime. Sizes 32 to 38. $2.99

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C. PICOLAY BLOUSE with contrasting flower applique. Self covered buttons. White, pink, maize, blue. Sizes 32 to 38. $2.99

D. 2-PIECE COMBINATION IN CRISP PICOLETTE. Weskit-type sleeveless blouse and graceful skirt, both with daisy-rhinestone studs. Aqua, white, maize, pink, lilac. Sizes 9 to 15, 10 to 16. $8.99 the set.


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John Derek takes advantage of a shooting lull on his picture, "The Secret," to visit Humphrey Bogart, his discoverer, and Marta Toren on the "Sirocco" set.


Deborah Kerr and husband Tony Bartley, enjoying luncheon at the Brown Derby. She is currently in "Quo Vadis." Her next picture will be for Paramount.

NEWSREEL

Her adept handling of the many diversified roles assigned her has made former dancer Virginia Mayo one of the most valuable players on the Warner Bros. lot.

Patricia Hitchcock seems to be enjoying Robert Cummings' efforts to keep her warm during night location session for Warner's "Strangers On A Train."
Dorothy Lamour trains for her circus act in "Greatest Show On Earth" under watchful eye of Antoinette Concello, famous aerialist.

NANCY DAVIS co-starring in M-G-M's "PEOPLE IN LOVE"

You'll see a glow of appreciation when you give this exquisite strand of Deltah simulated pearls together with the most exciting pendant earrings anyone could wish for! They're Paris-styled, hand-set with rhinestones of diamond-like brilliance, dramatically high-styled. Here's a gift you'll want for yourself!

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SIMULATED PEARLS

L. Heller & Son, Inc. Fifth Avenue, New York
FINISHED reading the review just before I set out for 20th Century-Fox. It was short, but devastating.

"The picture shows practically no similarity to the stage production from which it was allegedly taken. It is merely some more of the usual Grable foolishness."

Yipe! I thought. I hope Betty doesn't see that one!

But, as I tooled through Beverly Hills, I began to wonder. The review was not, sad to say, unusual. But, at the same time, Motion Picture Herald had just announced that, for the ninth year in a row, Betty Grable was the hottest female box-office star in the industry. More people had actually paid their fifty cents and six bitses to see her than any other woman in Hollywood.

It didn't add up. Was the public wrong, or were those guys who tell the world whether someone is good or not?

I found Betty on the set of "Meet Me After The Show," all done up in ankle-straps, a big straw hat, and a print dress. I hadn't seen her for about six years. If anything, she looked younger than I remember her. And those legs—well, they were still those legs.

"What gives?" I asked. "How do you explain the critics' lambasting and the public devotion?"

She got up on a high director's chair, and when she answered she was serious.

"I don't think the box-office thing has anything to do with me personally," she said. "I think it's just that people like musicals. They like the light, frothy things in Technicolor. And I just happen to be able to do them.

"It doesn't matter where my particular fans are, I've found. The city people go to see musicals as much as people in small towns. And they enjoy the singing and dancing and the short costumes covered with sequins, simply, I suppose, because the pictures are about things which could really never happen—and never did. They're pure escape."

"And they seem to like me doing them and only them. When I showed up in a low dress in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," I got letters by the barrel telling me to get back to my own league. I did, fast!" (Please turn to page 51)
“I Don’t Blame The Critics”

“They’re looking for something I can’t give them,” says Betty Grable, who’s only the No. 1 box office star

“Call Me Mister” is Betty and Dan’s third picture together.

By
Kate
Holliday

Another scene in “Call Me Mister,” 20th Century-Fox musical.

“They can have the good reviews and sale Oscars, I’m contented,” says the queen of the musicals.
A Hollywood bachelor in good standing (I hope), I may as well assure my permanent occupancy of that status by sounding off on the one topic which has never grown stale: the female of the species.

On the record and to keep things straight, I think gals are enchanting; but when men get together and level with one another they agree on certain specific criticisms of some members of the erstwhile crinoline sex.

I've been the big brother type to so many girls (my cleaner says the shoulders of my suits have absorbed enough tears to make me the only known rival of the Great Salt Lake in Utah) that I know many a girl has married the wrong man because she has made a hopeless mistake in technique during her romance with the right one. Maybe by opening my big-brotherly mouth and talking on the level, it will help some gal to make her dreams come true.

And so, strictly for humanitarian reasons you understand, here is a fast run-through of some of the feminine tricks that supply new ammunition for the continuation of the battle of the sexes.

The most exasperating femme, according to the gents who should know, is The Dictatorial Type. She is the lamb who telephones a man to say that a certain band is playing locally and she will die unless she is among those present on Saturday night. If the man has to beg out of the suggested date because he has blistered his heel playing tennis and can't dance, or if he has a family engagement, or if his billfold has just fainted from malnutrition, he is dropped into a social deep freeze.

If a man calls The Dictatorial Type and asks for a date, which she grants, she
Foolish! Here is some new ammunition for the battle of the sexes

promptly suggests that they have dinner at a spot of her choice, and spend the evening in a pastime of her choosing, before the man has had a chance to make a suggestion of his own. If she loves bridge and he hates it, they play bridge because she insists that cards are like olives—the taste must be cultivated. If she wants to go bowling and he has spent the day wrestling a gorilla, she says that a big, strong man should be ashamed to spend his evening sitting still at a concert or a movie. Furthermore, if she has a girl friend who looks like Dracula's sister, the hapless man has to get a blind date for the monster. Life with The Dictatorial Type is rugged.

The usual result is that she becomes a mystery woman: she may be Helen of Troy's only beauty rival but her popularity rating is Typhoid Mary's. On the other hand, people point wonderingly at her younger sister who is a tenth as pretty but ten times as much in demand. She lets her boy friends suggest the manner in which an evening is to be spent; she sometimes mentions something she would like to do but she always leaves the final decision to her escort, realizing that it is he who must pick up the tab, furnish the transportation and be able to meet any emergency that might arise.

Another lady likely to be last at the altar is the Broadcasting Babe. She may bat a thousand in charm, but she rates zero in tact. After every date she telephones each of her closest girl friends (and usually has a million) and describes the evening's activities and the man in detail. Anything her escort may have said in a relaxed moment about his job, his family, his best friend or his worst enemy, is dramatically reported.

Men are taught from boyhood that no gentleman kisses and tells. I know that most women doubt the existence of this chivalry, but the truth is that if men do discuss their exploits, they leave names out of it. No man reaches maturity without learning that only a smart aleck jerk bandies about a girl's name.

Girls don't get this training, of course, and a shame it is. Sooner or later, a man who has dated a Broadcasting Babe learns that a report of his every word and deed has been circulated through her particular social group. How does he find out?

Perhaps he receives an anonymous letter (as I did once) from "A Friend" who warns him that he had better keep his mouth shut if he doesn't want to lose his job, or his reputation for having good sense, or both.

Or perhaps he dates a new girl who knows a few of the BB's crowd, and she (Please turn to page 60)
THEY call her the "dumb blonde," but award winner Judy Holliday has an I.Q. of 172, prefers Tolstoy to Dick Tracy. As Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday," Judy won the hearts of both stage and moviegoers. Now under contract with Columbia, it is rumored that Judy may star in the screen version of the Broadway hit, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Judy got "Born Yesterday" break when Jean Arthur left unexpectedly.

Host John Bruno entertains Judy at his Pen and Pencil restaurant.

In "Born Yesterday," Judy makes a hilarious effort to become educated; even reads the newspaper.
How To Handle Defeat

"Life is a very competitive thing," says Joan Crawford, "you can't accept it passively nor without fight" 

By May Mann Baer

Joan has known defeat in both her career and her private life, yet each time she battled her way back to greater happiness.

In "Goodbye, My Fancy," Warner film, Joan plays a Congresswoman whose past, in the person of Frank Lovejoy, plagues her.

"Cease to think of the defeat and resolve to try harder next time," says Joan, who's had to do just that many times herself.

Below: With Janice Rule in another scene in "Goodbye, My Fancy." Advises Joan, "To forget worry, learn thought control."
THE personal and private life of Hollywood's most exciting and glamorous star, Miss Joan Crawford, has been a complete blackout as of recent date. After "Harriet Craig," Joan went right into "Goodbye, My Fancy" at Warner Bros., and her first adventure into a night club in eight months, to be exact, was the other eye on the arm of Cesar Romero. Every eye in the room was fascinated watching the glamorous Joan and "Butch" dance skillfully, gracefully and enjoying it. At the same time there was a bzzzz—what's new with Crawford? How busy can one girl get—and with whom? Certainly not her long time pal Romero!

The next A.M. I telephoned Joan and she was as gracious as always.

"Would you like to take a three hour drive with me tomorrow afternoon—you'll see the reasons why you haven't seen me in night clubs and at parties?"

Naturally, the idea fascinated me. And the next day I was knocking on the door of the Crawford manse in Brentwood, which immediately flew open—with Joan herself putting out her hand and pulling me in with a welcome kiss. No waiting—no butler or formalities, and the inside of the house was shining and lovely and at the same time glowing with warmth and comfortable livability.

"One second—," Joan said, concluding some last minute instructions to her secretary that went something like, "set the appointment for the producers conference at four tomorrow. I'll do the marketing in the morning at seven and be back by eight for the children's breakfast. Tell the cook we will have filet of beef and the baked Alaska for dinner—and Tina and I will cut and arrange the flowers. Please telephone Warners and say I'll do the two interviews Saturday. And, oh yes, that radio show transcription—ask them if they will be kind enough to set the conference at eight Saturday morning. I hope that's not too early for them—but please explain that all of my time is tied up on Sunday with the children."

"Now dear," she said, turning to me, "Come on upstairs while I tuck the babies in for their nap."

In the nursery off Joan's bedroom were two trundle beds holding two respective three-year-olds with large velvety brown eyes and tossed brown curls both clamoring (Please turn to page 63)
Cutest Trick In Town

IN THE 20th Century Fox film, "Will You Love Me In December," captivating Marilyn Monroe, looking a great deal like Betty Grable, gets her first big role as Albert Dekker's secretary and girl friend. Marilyn's ambition, since early childhood, has been to become a movie star. Her success in "All About Eve," "The Asphalt Jungle," and now in "Will You Love Me In December?" may lead to stardom. While working in a defense plant, she was asked if she would pose for an Army poster. Result: a modeling job, a cover girl, and a Hollywood contract.

As Dekker's secretary, Marilyn looks like combination of Grable-Turner.

With Clinton Sundberg. She is busy with career—won't let love interfere.

Although she doesn't look serious, she loves good books, heavy music.

Marilyn, Wallace Brown in "Will You Love Me In December?"

Right: Marilyn's reaction when told of her new contract.
The Show *Doesn’t Have To Go On*

"The actor who *must* appear, come hell or high water . . . just caters to the ham in himself"

By Burt Lancaster
THELMA RITTER—for your information—is easily one of the funniest actresses in movies...

Nonetheless, for a while, she must needs be identified with the help of a photograph—or, via: "Thelma's the one who was Birdie, Bette Davis' maid, in 'All About Eve.'"

If you saw that movie, it's a certainty that you were impressed by the delightfully sarcastic Birdie.

The very same who deftly cut through the elaborate sham and pretense of the Great Actress (telling her life story), with the sardonic line: "Everything but the bloodhounds yappin' at her behind...

The excuse for this tête à tête with you being that La Ritter—a reformed ingenue—steals (on loanout to Paramount) "The Mating Season" from under the noses of Gene Tierney and John Lund.

Another reason is that our girl will soon be seen in "Will You Love Me In December," made for her home studio, 20th Century-Fox—a movie in which she'll (finally) co-star (with Monty Woolley).

And so, after these two items are comfortably settled on the nation's silver screens, the mere mention of Thelma Ritter should bring her to everyone's mind, instanter. And, in these parlous times, Thelma is a better mind-full than any of a dozen other subjects.

Off-screen, Thelma resembles the on-screen same—except that the former is a lady of considerable gentle charm, which her screen characters are not. Thelma is married to a vice president of the big-time Young & Rubicam ad agency. She is the doting mother of two kids, whose pictures she carries in a special wallet.

"'The Mating Season' was a honeymoon of a picture to do," says this film felon. "Literally, the happiest professional experience I've ever enjoyed..."

Which is saying plenty, since the lady has been a stock company actress most of her adult life. While it's true that her movie experience dates only from 1936 (with "The Miracle On 34th Street"), her theatrical background is solid—one reason she can handle her various roles with aplomb (and Woolley).

"I was on the Coast," Thelma said, "ready to leave for New York, when Charley Brckett (the producer) called and suggested that I play John Lund's mother in 'The Mating Season.' I told him that I wasn't interested, was dying to get back East to my family. But he insisted on describing the first two scenes of the film—the ham in me began to sizzle and I stayed on to do the (Please turn to page 54)
SUSAN HAYWARD is, to the naked eye, a lady who might be called "fragile." She is delicately formed, tiny, and has an air of appealing helplessness.

So positive is this impression that producers have been known to pause thoughtfully before casting her in films which demand anything more strenuous than a square dance, and leading men have approached her with the same care they would use on the original bust of Queen Nefertite.

All of this causes bursts of glee in some Hollywood quarters, and those quarters include the abode of Susan herself. For Miss Hayward is about as fragile as a ten-ton truck. And, for the sake of her profession, she will blissfully attempt anything. Absolutely anything.

This word is slowly getting about in cinema circles. And Susan's recent chores have been such as to make her the recipient of a gross of St. Christopher medals.

For example, she just completed "David And Bathsheba." It's a lush tale laid in Biblical times, and its original story came from the Good Book itself, of course. Greg Peck—loaded down with jewels—plays David and Susan plays his not-too-acceptable love.

Among such minor details as an entire populace storming the palace and demanding that Susan be given up (to be stoned to death) and battle scenes wherein the boys let fly with everything from knives to 100-pound rocks, David takes his lady for an airing.

It's quite a jaunt. For, instead of a hot rod, David's buggy is a chariot—drawn by two horses. And you don't sit in a chariot, you may remember. You stand. Bumps and all.

The day they shot this little outing, Mr. Peck was slightly nervous, not being an old chariot hand. The horses were also nervous, not exactly sure what the gizmo behind them was. And Susan? Well, Susan thought it was wonderful.

When Peck cracked the whip and the two nags lunged forward, she hung on for dear life and yelled with delight. It was very clear to all concerned that she was having a ball.

"Fragile," eh?

Then there was the time on location when an enterprising freelance photographer—who should have had his head examined—swooped low over the company in a plane. This not only loused up the shot in process but caused a covey of camels used in the film to decide to get away from it all. They took off in all directions, while Susan, Greg and the rest ran (Please turn to page 66)

With Bill Lundigan in 20th's "I'd Climb The Highest Mountain." Susan slipped while climbing, was almost killed.

At the Radio Theatre in Hollywood with Dana Andrews. She's been besieged by bandits, captured by pirates.
For the sake of her profession, Susan will blissfully attempt anything—absolutely anything

By Helen Hendricks

Susan!

With George Sanders. After a passionate love scene, Sue's as black and blue as if she were kicked by a mule.

Susan Hayward gives the impression of appealing helplessness, but she's as fragile as a 10 ton truck!
Ann Blyth and Piper Laurie help Janie guess what's under the fancy ribbons at Jane Powell's baby shower held at Thistle Inn.

SINCE Jane Powell, known to Hollywood's younger set as Mrs. Geary Steffan, danced and sang to new heights of fame with Fred Astaire in "Royal Wedding," she has taken off some time to become a mother. Many of Hollywood's younger actresses attended a baby shower for her at Thistle Inn where storks, rattles and other unbreakable animals vied with soft, woolly things for the new arrival's comfort. Betty Lynn gave the shower for Janie, who was her most appreciative and lovable self. Janie is thrilled to settle down for awhile and just be Mrs. Geary Steffan, young wife and mother.
NBC-TV starlet, Georgia Landau, poses at the Palisades Airport, Kingston, Jamaica, in the British West Indies. She flew from Nassau to Jamaica via BOAC Constellation. Using Samsonite luggage, Georgia relaxes in White Stag denim Play Mates. Her 3-piece outfit consists of Bermuda shorts, jib vest and crew hat. Shorts have slash pockets at sides, a patch pocket in back. Jib vest is sleeveless and can be worn either tucked in or out. Brim crew hat in matching colors. All three pieces are washable and sanitized. In blue, charcoal, toast, and grey with white. 10-20. Bermuda shorts app. $4.00. Jib vest app. $4.50. Hat in sm., med., lg., app. $2.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN JAMAICA, BRITISH WEST INDIES BY JULES ALEXANDER
Georgia models Two-Faced-Venus, designed by Caltex. Swimsuit has Greek molded torso, softly draped bra with falsie pocket. Can be worn with or without straps. Of Elasta-Q front and elasticized satin back. Suit is available in white, black and Balboa blue. 10 to 18. About $17.00.

Screenland Fashion Selections

Journey to Jamaica

SeaMolds by Flexees, made of Nylalon lastique, dries quickly. Two rows of fringe, boned bra. With or without straps. Zipper back, and over-skirt in front. In black, white, purple, aqua and chartreuse. 32 to 38, B or C cup. Approximately $13.00.

Courtleigh Manor, where Georgia poses, is at Half Way Tree, Jamaica. She flew non-stop to the British West Indies via BOAC Constellation. The arrangements for the trip were supervised by M. Sean O'Shea.
On the archery range at the Tower Isle Hotel in St. Mary's, Jamaica, British West Indies, Georgia sports the Etched Palm suit by Mabs of Hollywood. Made of dull acetate satin with etched palms on front and back of suit. Detachable straps. Has Mabs inner secret magic bra. Skirt in front only, inner lastex front for support. Faggoted seams. White ground, green trim. 32-38. App. $17.


Georgia wears shirred Feather Top strapless swimsuit by Rose Marie Reid. Miracle Stay bra with featherweight boning in center. Double tummy control panel in front. Elasticized la
ton taffeta with faggoted seams in front. In navy, aqua, persimmon, but
tercup or orchid. 10 to 16. About $18.

Georgia, with two beach requisites—Jan Sun Tan Lotion, Martex towel—models Jantzen's Season's Catch. Nylastic hand
screened print with black and magen
ta, black and green, or black and blue trim on white ground. 32-40. About $17.
The Show Doesn't Have To Go On
Continued from page 37

and so determined to get its money's worth that it would boo the theatre manager if he stepped out and informed it that the star had been called home, on a moment's notice, by serious illness in the family?

And what about the star's family? Can they wait until she gives just one more performance? Or is she needlessly complicating their lives and plans? You know darned well she is.

I learned several years ago that the show doesn't have to go on, though I'd been brought up in that supposedly fine old tradition, too. Actually, the trouble with the tradition is that so frequently it's carried to extremes in a business where everyone loves to dramatize every occurrence.

At the end of my sophomore year at N.Y.U. I joined the Kay Brothers Circus, a little outfit which was playing upper New York State, and which paid me, if I remember right, three dollars a week plus board and keep. Not knowing too much about trapeze work, except what I'd learned in the college gym, I nevertheless tried to work out a routine with my partner, Nick Cravat, that would thrill the customers.

The highlight of our act was a death-defying business which wound up by Lancaster flying through the air with the greatest of ease and gripping the bar with the back of his knees. But unlike the daring young man in the song my actions weren't too graceful to begin with, and every time I hit that bar with the back of my legs I burned off a hunk of skin.

I did everything to try to toughen myself for that stunt, including soaking my legs in brine. Did you ever try rubbing salt into a raw spot on your epidermis? I don't recommend it. No matter what I did, my legs just got sorer and I wasn't a bit sure how long I could continue the act. "Well, why didn't the jerk quit," you'd ask. "He was only getting three bucks a week." Well, friend, I'd been brought up in that "show must go on" business and I believed it literally.

It hurts now just to think about it. Every time I hit that bar, I winced. I didn't even like to tell Cravat about my condition, it seemed like such a sissy thing to complain about. But the raw places behind my knees were gradually getting infected. I had to wear bandages whenever I had my street clothes on, or the rubbing of the cloth would drive me crazy. Finally, it was acutely painful simply to walk erect. I couldn't help limping. Then one night, one of the Kay Brothers brothers had the hickeying away from the tent and wanted to know what was the matter.

So I broke down and told him.

He looked at me for a minute as if he thought I was crazy.

"But you don't have to kill yourself," he said. "Substitute something else in the act. Work out some other routine until your legs are healed. Nobody's asking you to cripple yourself. For the love of Mike, relax, kid. We don't ask anybody to be a martyr."

I was so relieved I almost wanted to cry on his shoulder. From then on, my whole philosophy of life and of show business changed. I didn't have to kill myself. The show, as it stood, didn't have to go on. What if plans did have to be changed? That's what brains are for—to work out something else, to be ingenious, to come up with another solution, to be, above all things, sensible, to cut out the ham.

Because actually, the actor who must appear, come hell or high water, just eaters to the ham in himself. And the same is true of other people in every walk of life.

I know a girl—not an actress in this case—who had planned an elaborate wedding with an expensive gown, bridesmaids, flowers, a reception to follow. The church had been selected and the invitations sent out. Then, the boy was called into service much sooner than an-
anticipated. On the date planned for the ceremony, he would be in camp.

The girl, much more heartbroken over the change in plans than over the prospect of her husband being shipped away, put on quite a scene. If she couldn't have the wedding she'd planned she didn't want any at all, she said, and let everybody within hearing distance know it. For her, the show had to go on, no matter what.

Fortunately, she had parents who talked some sense into her; and a smaller, more intimate ceremony was set up for the next day, without the hoopla. Let's hope that by the time the boy gets out of the service she'll have grown up a little, mentally. (Though I suppose many a girl would see her point of view.)

It's a question of getting out of a mental rut and readjusting yourself to unforeseen circumstances. I remember one time I'd gone to work in a department store—this was after the circus episode—and started selling vacuum cleaners. I did pretty well at it. In fact, I finally became a sort of junior executive in charge of vacuum cleaner sales, until one day it hit me—what a business to wind up in! What a rut to settle down into! It might be fine for somebody else, but it definitely wasn't my rut. "You don't have to stay in it," I told myself.

So I quit.

(Actually, I went into the Army very shortly afterwards, but let's not get off the subject.)

Where were we?

Oh, yes—readjusting yourself. Friend of mine planned an elaborate vacation for years. Every time he had a few minutes to spare and no one was watching him at his office, he'd pull the maps out of his middle drawer and start working out routes and schedules. This was going to be THE vacation of a lifetime. He'd scribbled for it and dreamed about it. He was going to take some extra time off and see everything worth seeing in the U.S.A. He'd told everybody about it—everybody who would listen to him—and he was going to send them postcards from every point of interest and show them still pictures and movies of his whole tour as soon as he returned.

But he came down with virus pneumonia, and the doctor and hospital bills cleaned out his savings account. What hurt him most was the idea that after all his talking to his friends, he wouldn't be able to live up to his own advance billing. Instead of realizing how they sympathized with him, he felt that they would snicker behind his back. So, he started scribbling and planning all over again—and talking about it—until his doctor took him aside and convinced him that if he were ever going to enjoy such a trip, he'd better spend his two-week vacation for that year lying in the sun doing absolutely nothing.

Which he did. Had a wonderful time loafing in his own back yard, got a new lease on life and an entirely new outlook.

Back in the days when the Lancasters were living in New York in a cold water flat near Second Ave. and 100th St., a neighborhood where a newcomer had to learn fast in order to survive, my Mother drilled into me the ideas of always being scrupulously honest, of being completely self-reliant and being beholden to no man. You were on your own, you made your own plans, and if they didn’t quite work out, you didn’t have to apologize to anybody. You just made new plans and retained your independence and self-respect.

When, by accident, I stumbled into the business of acting through being asked to try out for a Broadway play, I wasn't too crushed when the show, "A Sound Of Hunting," dropped after less than a month's run. A chap named Harold Hecht, who, like myself, hadn't been long back from a stretch in the Army, sold me on the idea of teaming up with Hollywood in mind. He convinced me that we didn't want any exclusive contracts, because studios and producers have a habit of demanding of their employees that the show must go on. That's true—to meet releasing schedules, it must. But as far as we were concerned, that meant sacrificing both individuality and the spark we felt would light up any project to which we could give our unfettered attention. In other words, we wanted to be free to work out our own ideas, the latest of which is a Foreign Legion story called "Ten Tall Men," being made for Columbia.

When we bought that story from James Warner Bellah, it had a Western background. Then we began figuring up the number of top budget Westerns that had been made last year. When we reached 46, we decided to make a quick switch and move the same situations to the North African desert. The show didn't have to go on the way it was originally written. As it's been changed, we think we've got a vastly more unusual and entertaining package.

Now, I have no intention of going out on a limb and advising everyone who is tired of a job or a wife or a husband to start afresh and get out of the rut in a hurry. We have no facilities at Halburt Productions for answering irate letters and phone calls. The only point I'm trying to make is—don't decide, just because you've put in a lot of time and back-breaking effort on a certain job or idea, that you have to go through with it. On the other hand, don't blame me if, after you've decided that you're going to tell the boss, or the wife, or the husband where to get out, you find yourself in the street on your neck.

That's the chance you have to take.
Screenland Salutes -
"Father's Little Dividend"

MOVIEGOERS loved "Father Of The Bride" so much that MOM just had to make a sequel in response, "Father's Little Dividend." Usually, with a sequel, there's a letdown. But not so with "Father's Little Dividend." It's even funnier. The same cast has topped themselves.

Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy as the parents of young bride Liz Taylor.

Right: Elizabeth with infant Donald Clark, her son in this hilarious comedy.

Elizabeth and hubby Don Taylor quarrel in film and she returns home, only to go back when Don says how sorry he is.

As the grandfather, Spencer Tracy has his most amusing and entertaining role. You'll love him.
"I Don't Blame The Critics!" Agrees Betty

Continued from page 24

"Strangely enough, I'm perfectly contented to stay exactly where I am. Yes, I know: musical comedy stars are always supposed to want to go in for heavy drama, but I haven't reached that point yet. In fact, I don't know whether or not I could act well enough to do a straight role. And, right now, I'm in no tizzy to try. As long as the public buys its way in to see me doing what I'm doing, why change?"

She had a point. But it was rare to hear an actress-say that she had no beefs about the pictures she was making, so rare that I blinked as she said it.

I wanted to hear more about that, and asked her to elaborate.

She thought a minute. "The only things I don't like about this business," she said, finally, "are that I don't get enough time off and that every morning at six I have to roll up my hair and pull on makeup.

"My pictures take time, you know. The last two took six months and five months, respectively, and it was only because my doctor insisted, that I didn't finish one on a Friday and start the next on the following Monday. And, when I'm actually in production, I seldom have a free day. You can't shoot all of the musical sequences before the dialogue scenes, you see, so every moment I'm not before the cameras I'm in rehearsals."

"But even more annoying than that is the six o'clock stuff," she laughed. "You know, during the War I used to make camp tours, and I always told the boys that they had nothing on me: I had to make reveille, too!"

They called Betty for a scene, and I sat thinking about her. A pretty remarkable gal, that one.

They talk a lot about trouper's in Hollywood, but there are really only a few of them on the sound stages, sad to relate. There are only a few who honestly look at the business as a business, who don't take stardom seriously, who don't demand special attentions, who don't think they're solely responsible for the success of a production.

Grable is one of the few. Grable not only doesn't lord it over the people on her set, but when she says, "It's not up to me personally," she means it. For she's been in the racket for eighteen years now and she knows that no one can do it alone.

She doesn't forget her beginnings. When I asked her how long it had been since she entered the industry, she not only told me but added, "I started in the chorus, you know, over at the old Fox Studios." And, somehow, it was good to realize that she still remembered when she was one of a line of ten or twenty.

And something happened on the set which gave me more evidence of her casualness at her position than anyone could have told me.

A photographer was shooting a color picture of her, between scenes. He had set up two banks of lights, one not more than a foot from Betty's face. During one take, the flash bulb in that one exploded with a sound like an 88 shell. There was a shower of flying glass and a moment of startled silence. And the silence was not broken by Betty. While everyone else yelped, she sat bent over, her hands over her eyes, motionless. Then she drew a deep breath and asked, quietly. "Shall we go on?"

The glass had sprayed not two inches from her eyes.

The critics never see things like that. I couldn't help thinking. And, when Betty came back again, I asked her what the reviews did to her.


"I can't blame the critics," she went on. "They're looking at my pictures by their standards and they're honest in their reviews.

"They pick the stories apart, and they usually have a right to—especially when I start remaking my own stories."

I must have looked puzzled at that, for she continued, "'Wabash Avenue' was 'Coney Island,'

(\textit{Please turn to page 69})

The answer from telephone operators:

\* \textbf{83\% OF THEM SAID...}

"\textbf{CAVALIERS are Milder than the Cigarette I had been Smoking!}" \hfill \textbf{51}

\* Over 130 New York telephone operators compared CAVALIER CIGARETTES with the brands they had been smoking—compared them for mildness.

83\% of these operators— just think of it, 83\% of the smokers interviewed—said CAVALIERS are Milder than their previous brand! They had been smoking a dozen different brands!

In groups of all kinds—college students, nurses, models, airline hostesses, pilots and so on—80\% or more of smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder than the brand they had been smoking. Enjoy king-size CAVALIERS—for mildness and natural flavor. Priced no higher than other leading brands!
A number of ways to help you make this your most beautiful Summer of all time

By Elizabeth Lapham

WE'LL NEVER understand why it is that so many of us get all steamed up about beauty problems during the Winter months and then let the whole business go hang during the Summer. Actually, according to the statistics-gatherers, Summer is your peak season for romance, and also the time you're most apt to widen your orbit via a vacation. A fine time indeed for anyone to let herself go, as a lazy number inevitably do, and impersonate a raw carrot with a skin that screams "danger" and a top-knot that goes every which-way!

WITH the idea of helping you make your own particular variety of hay while the sun shines, we're going to report on both essentials and glamourizers. The first essential, to our way of thinking, is a good suntan lotion. We feel very emphatically that one had burn can do your skin more damage than a great many years of neglect. A bad burn dries and thickens your skin. It often leaves a patch-work of discoloration that no amount of wishful thinking can banish. You knew all that? Undoubtedly you did, but we're going to keep right on retelling the sad story until people stop frying themselves. It isn't as though there were an excuse for getting even a mild burn—not when there's a sun-screening preparation around like Tartan.

TARTAN, by the way, is the only suntan lotion that can boast final acceptance by the American Medical Association. Of course you have to cover all the exposed areas of your skin with the lotion and renew applications before and after bathing and whenever perspiration washes off that protective coating. This is a simple enough process since Tartan is pleasant stuff to use—non-greasy and non-sticky. It dries quickly, has a clean fresh alcohol smell and won't rub off on clothes or the like. The ingredient which makes it possible for the lotion to shut out ninety per cent of the sun's burning rays yet at the same time lets you benefit from ninety per cent of the tanning rays is a chemical that is

This clever inspiration for disguising strategically placed pin curls; anchors daisies on bobby pins so you can still look pretty at the beach or wherever you choose to go while your hair is still getting dry.

Aziza's new purse-size eye cosmetic kit, Eye Duet, which combines cake mascara, eye shadow, brush and even a mirror in the tiny cover. The kit comes holding your choice of four differently hued eye shadow and mascara combinations.

Port Peggy Dow, starring in U-L film, "Lights Out," uses Tartan, a non-sticky, non-greasy lotion that can screen out ninety percent of the sun's burning rays while letting through fully ninety percent tanning rays.

Warm weather means it's time to retire the sultry spellbinders you relied on during Winter and turn to gay Desert Flower Perfume.
called monoglycerylsteaster of para-aminobenzoic acid. Since it is our private conviction that a certain amount of singliness sunburn comes from being caught without any available supply of lotion with which to protect oneself, we think the McKesson and Robbins people have been more than smart to put Tartan in a one and three-quarter ounce size that will tuck into your handbag. (The larger beach-going size holds four ounces.)

A NOther essential to Summertime loveliness is a good permanent wave. The Toni Company, as you know, is famous for the excellence of its Home Permanent. But did you know that with the new Spin Curlers you can roll your hair right up to your scalp—thus insuring a wave that will see you through many more hair cuttings? Or that those Midget Spin Curlers can give you just the kind of strong curl you need at the back of the neck, for a neat neckline? And as a result of their unending research, Toni experts discovered these tips for Summer hair beauty: Rinse your hair with clear water after every swim—this will keep it from feeling sticky. Because you will have to shampoo your hair more often during hot weather, be sure to use a mild lanolin-formula shampoo to help replace the lost natural oils (Toni Creme Shampoo has lanolin in it.) Use a creme rinse to keep your hair soft and protect it from over-dryness. And don't forget that the best protection against sun-bleaching and streaking is to wear a sun hat or a scarf.

CONTINUING with the subject of hair brings us to a consideration of what to do when hot weather has reduced your crowning glory to a limp and stringy mass and you've no time for a regular shampoo. In such a situation, dears, give thanks for Minipoo. For Minipoo is a dry shampoo and it won't take out your wave. (A tremendous boon to a vacationer reluctant to spend precious hours on the usual routine.) A Minipoo shampoo takes about ten minutes and goes like this: Shake a little of the fragrant Minipoo powder into a saucer. Dip in the applicator brush (it comes with Minipoo) and apply the powder to your hair, strand by strand, working away from the scalp. When all the hair has been done, start brushing with your regular hair brush and continue until the powder disappears.

WITH Summer days so much brighter than winter ones it's a wise idea to be even more painstaking than usual with your eye make-up. You need the added glamour that only eye make-up can give you but you'll have none of that heavy theatrical look. Notice the model in our photograph and see how effective soft touches of mascara and shadow are for daytime. Aziza puts them both, plus a brush and mirror, in a slim gray plastic purse-size kit.

TIME now to put away your heavy, dramatic Winter perfumes and turn to something gay and flowery like Desert Flower Perfume. This is a young, fresh

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**Timely Tips by Little Lulu**

**How do you score on these helpful ways to save?**

**What mends broken lipstick?**
- Glue
- A heat treatment

To mend pucker-paint-soiled broken ends over low flame. Press together. When slightly cooled, smooth seam with fingernail. And to smooth off makeup, use Kleenex—absorbent, heavenly soft; saves your complexion!

**To “save” salad bowls, avoid—**
- Tornites
- Soaking

Wooden salad bowls “wooden” warp, if you’ve avoided soaking them. Dunk quickly in cool water; dry with Kleenex and stash in a dark place. You can’t beat Kleenex for K. P. duty. Saves time, trouble, in scads of ways!

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**Kleenex ends waste—saves money...**

1. **Instead of Many...**
2. **You get just one...**
3. **And save with Kleenex...**

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**Guaranteed 1 Full Year!**

**W. T. GRANT**

famous strapless \$19

**Lovlee BRA**

**Now...a Stay-UP Strapless at a Low, LOW Price!**

You’re dainty as a dream...so sure...so secure in this lovely rayon satin strapless! And the pastel embroidery is oh-so-pretty...just perfect for Spring and Summer. Ask for this Lovlee “Mirror for Beauty” Bra...at 480 W. T. Grant Co. stores coast to coast!

CREATED ONLY FOR GRANTS BY A WORLD-FAMOUS BRA MAKER
This beautiful coordinate with many uses through the warm summer is made of cambric cotton broadcloth with lustrous finish . . . pre-shrunk guaranteed washable . . . fast colors. Sizes 10 to 16.

Perfect as a casual or party dress and wonderful for week ends . . . mix them as the Stars do. Style and workmanship is unusual at the price and comparable to dresses sold only at the finest shops.

**SKIRT** $7.95. Very full circular . . . cut to fit smoothly at the hips, deep pockets, side zipper, sizable hem.

**BODICE** $3.95. Fits beautifully with boning on sides . . . long tuck in . . . zipper in back.

**STOLE** $3.95. Two color reversible and wide enough to cover shoulders and back . . . gracefully long.

**BLOUSE** $4.95. Lovely soft feminine shirred front and flattering to all figures. Side zippers and long tuck in.

**COLORS.** Gray, pansy, navy, aqua, tangerine, chartreuse, black or white.

Reversible Stole . . . gray and mauve pink, pansy and mauve pink, navy and chartreuse, aqua and white, tangerine and brown, chartreuse and white, black and gold or white and navy.

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You Must Meet Thelma!

Continued from page 41

part . . .

She reports that Lund and Gene Tierney are definite dreamboats, and swear that never has she had such a whirl as she experienced working with Director Mitchell Leisen.

"I had a bit of a tussle with Charley Brackett," Thelma confided. "He's Boston and Groton, and we didn't see eye to eye at first on my Hoboken dialect. But he's a very knowing man.

"It was a most agreeable gang to work with. We had two De Mille prop men, for example, who were as attentive to me as lady's maids. And then there was the day on location when I was doing a scene alone—alone, that is, except for a full crew of 70, a doctor, and my two super prop men. It was the scene where I hitched a ride in a truck, ate hamburgers dripping with catsup. Naturally I got catsup all over the truck and me. Next day, a huge bouquet of bright red flowers arrived from Mr. Leisen. "Red," he wrote on the card, 'as in catsup.'

"Flowers from him were a regular and thoughtful event. One colossal bouquet, after a hard day, was carried out entirely in a gold motif. Even Mitch had a few misgivings—"Maybe I went too far with that one,' he admitted.'

Thelma's first day's work at Paramount concerned the sequence where Lund meets her as she arrives in town for his wedding, tells her over coffee what's doing.
"What made it particularly difficult," she says, "was that I'd just been introduced to John—and here I was suddenly his devoted mother. He turned out to be a very amusing guy—but that first bit was tough, all the same.

"It was especially scary because the camera actually picks up what you're thinking—that I believe... And our scene wasn't easy—affectionate quarreling in a lunch room.

"Second day of the picture," continued Thelma, "my kids arrived on the set in the midst of a take—right off the train from the East. John and I were still at the prop lunch counter when I gathered, from familiar childish trills, that my Tony and Nicky were present.

"John turned to look, asked me if they were my kids. I said I thought so, but that I didn't dare look because a reunion with them would make me forget my lines, for sure. However, after a few dozen delays that were ruining the take on their own, John looked again, said: 'G'wan over to 'em.' So I was able to make like a good mama..."

If you've seen the picture, you know that mama Ritter does plenty of cooking in it—since daughter-in-law Gene Tierney thinks that Thelma is the cook she ordered from the agency. Miss R. is a chef, in private life, for the Ritter-Moran gang, so this was not a new venture.

"Still and all," she mused, "it's hard to finish frying eggs exactly on cue..."

In the "Mating" film, Thelma wins the heart of Larry Keating, the man who plays Lund's boss. "It was good to work with Larry," says Thelma. "Especially so after I found that he was one of the few people who've done more stock than I."

The Paramount people called our chum, when she got back to New York after the picture, asked her to stop in. "I thought of a dozen reasons for the request," she said, "then found that I was being presented with a gold St. Genesius medal, with: To Thelma, Love, The New York Paramount Office, on the back.

"I was tickled silly. St. Genesius? He's the actors' saint. He was an actor in ancient Rome—a pagan. Like the other pagans, he made fun of the upstart..."

The tropics suggested this smart cool exotic cotton print two piece dress...wear the blouse or skirt separate or together. Choice of two colors...interesting blend of indigo blues from navy to light blue and white or raspberry to pink and white. Washable...fast colors...pre-shrunk. Sizes 9-15.
If It's Whiter Skin You Want...

Use the Cream That Guarantees Results!

Ladies—there's a trend today toward paler complexions. Don't take our word for it—just look at the models featured in this magazine. Fortunes were spent for that whiter skin at expensive beauty salons. Now Mercolized Wax Cream guarantees to you the same result in just 10 days. It's quick, easy to use, and so inexpensive. You'll call it "white magic" when you see its marvelous effect on the most stubborn, darkened, complexions.

And That's Not All . . .

Mercolized Wax Cream leaves your skin really younger looking, smoother and softer. Freckles, blackheads and other externally caused blemishes just seem to disappear. Buy a jar today. Remember, you'll never have to cover up your complexion when you use Mercolized Wax Cream. Only $1.00 plus tax at all drug and department stores.

Money back guarantee if you are not completely satisfied.

Mercolized Wax Cream

FORTY YEARS OF INTERNATIONAL SALES

PROVE IT REALLY WORKS

Between scenes of "His Kind Of Woman," Jane Russell devoted her time to her newest pet, Danny. She adopted Danny because, like herself, he's fond of dogs.
stocks. "We were living in Sunnyside, Long Island," Thelma said. "Those days, we kept an eye peeled for empty milk bottles—you never knew when you'd need a nickel for a phone call. One Thanksgiving, we were rich enough to afford spaghetti—I'd opened and closed (opening night) in 'In Times Square.' I was just depressed enough to complain about Joe's comfortable old clothes which he was wearing when we sat down to the spaghetti. He excused himself, came back into the kitchen fifteen minutes later, this time in faultless top hat and tails. A sense of humor like that can make life well worth living—even at such low points."

For want of anything better to do, Joe began listening to the radio. He entered a $50-watch contest (limericks), sponsored by an unsuspecting tea company. Joe snagged six of the eight watches offered. He won 30 contests in a row before he lost his first one (he decided it must have been crooked), then began using a system and different names. He also developed a platoon of buyers for the inevitable merchandise which piled up in the house.

"Joe ran up such a record as a contest winner and slogan writer," says Thelma, "that The New Yorker wrote him up in their Talk Of The Town department. Chet La Roche, an official with Young & Rubicam (he's also Rosalind Russell's brother-in-law), read it, offered Joe a job with the advertising agency.

"We were both stage-struck, still are—but the theatre was in such a bad way,

**ACCENT YOUR EYES—YOUR MOST IMPORTANT FEATURE**

WITH Maybelline

PREFERRED BY SMART WOMEN THE WORLD OVER—

EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA

**THAT PICTURE WAS GOOD, HONEY—AND SO WAS THE TOOTSIE ROLL!**

**TOOTSIE ROLL**

Young people know their candy! That's why the delicious TOOTSIE ROLL with its chocolaty flavor and long-lasting goodness... appeals to young movie-goers more than any ordinary candy. Individually wrapped — scored into seven generous sections.

**Voted by movie men as best seller in theatres.**

**SOLD AT ALL MOVIE CANDY COUNTERS and IN VENDING MACHINES.**
do women spend too much money?

Some women used to spend lots of money on underarm deodorants, buying one this week, another the next. They complained they never could find a single deodorant that was completely satisfactory.

But last year these women stopped shopping around. Two years of research by the chemists of The Andrew Jergens Company produced a new deodorant that answered all their requirements. It's wonderful triple-action spray Dryad.

Jergens Dryad gives instant protection—three ways. It checks perspiration instantly. It eliminates the odor of perspiration acids instantly. And it overcomes odor-causing bacteria instantly.

Dryad is safe on the sheerest fabrics, has a nice fresh fragrance even men like. No other deodorant duplicates Dryad's effective 48-hour protection. Economical, too—one pink squeeze-bottle will last for months! Only 49¢ plus tax. (Also in cream form.)

LOVELIER FINGER NAILS ...in a jiffy!
SAFELY and EASILY with BLUE CROSS LANOLIZED CUTICLE REMOVER
in handy refillable plastic shaper.
The finest and fastest cuticle remover made
(1 oz. refills . . . 29¢)
At all leading 5 and 10 stores
or send 35¢ (stamps or coin) to Vonett:
Box 8565 Cole Station, L.A. 46, Calif.

One of the countless highlights of “The Prince Who Was A Thief,” costarring Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie, is the unusual dancing of Nita Bieber.

then, that Joe decided to try a job for a few months. We also wanted children, and they cost money.

“Anyway, Joe started very near the bottom and today he's vice-president in charge of television.

Things theatrical began picking up and Thelma took to the road with the aging George Fawcett and a ditto one-act dramatic skit. Then, in 1937, Joseph Anthony (Tony) arrived, and Mrs. Moran gave up acting. Monica Ann, known as Nicky, joined them in 1940.

“By 1944,” says Thelma, “I was getting restless, decided to tackle radio. It was darned tough breaking into the field—I earned exactly $500 the first year. But before long I was working regularly on ‘Mr. D. A.,’ ‘The Aldrich Family,’ ‘Big Town’ and the program put on by the Theatre Guild.”

Then it happened.

In November of 1946, George Seaton, 20th writer-director, came to New York to shoot scenes for his “Miracle On 34th Street.” George had known Thelma for years and his wife is a childhood pal of hers, so he invited La Ritter to oblige him with a walk-on at Macy's—to bring him luck.

“It figured I'd do a tiny scene in a corner,” Thelma says, “but that Sunday, at Macy's, the floor was jammed with actors when George called for me. When a prop man handed me a glass of water, I was so shaky I spilled half of it—Word of honor, I was paralyzed—especially by the mechanical angle of the camera itself—but I got through the scene, somehow. They flew the daily rushes to the Coast—and apparently Mr. Zanuck liked my work, because he ordered my part built up, had me go out to Hollywood for a day's work on the movie.

“Six months later I had a good contract—and because Joe Mankiewicz liked the type of character I'd play, he wrote the part of Sadie, the maid, into 'A Letter To Three Wives,' for me.”

Since then, Thelma has played in “Father Was A Fullback;” “City Across The River” (loanout to Universal-International and a role much liked by T. R.); “Perfect Strangers,” at Warners; “I'll Get By,” for 20th. You know about “Eve,” “The Mating Season,” “Letter,” and “Will You Love Me In December.” The last-named was made, literally in December, last.

“My first Christmas away from my crowd,” said Thelma, “I landed on the Coast just four days before the 25th and couldn't bear the sight of a Christmas tree—avoided tree-trimming parties as I would the plague—had to, couldn't take it. Luckily I could cry quietly at the Seaton's.

“One of our neighbors, back home, stopped Nicky and asked if I was going to be with them for Christmas. When
Nicky said that I wouldn't be back in time, the neighbor gushed sympathy. 'Well,' said my girl, 'that's show business...'

Nicky wants to act, but Tony intends to raise horses. "For the present," Thelma says, 'he's compromising by hugging home assorted livestock. Our maid has threatened to quit a dozen times. You don't want a maid,' she told me, 'you need a game warden!"

Thelma likes to cook, does very well by chili con carne. The kids are vichyssoise fans—even expect it to be waiting for them when they return, famished, from school.

"Joe's been on a diet," says Thelma, "but I'm told that it's good child psychology to let the children eat their vichyssoise as usual, so they do."

The vichyssoise-eating Morans live in Forest Hills—own a shack on Fire Island, where they go in for early-morning crabbing and swimming.

"Joe never wanted to own a house," Thelma says, "but I insisted that we buy this Fire Island shack, and now he prizes it. He even buys $7.50 towel racks for it—imagine! He's an amateur carpenter who's busy losing his amateur standing, thanks to working around the Summer place."

Thelma's next will be a Brackett film (he's now over at 20th Century-Fox). She says she'd like to be in a Broadway play. "Once a ham, always a ham," she admits. Would enjoy being Mrs. Finney in a movie version of "Sun! In Your Eye," the best-selling book and one-time play.

"Mrs. Finney is a wonderful gal," says Thelma. "Tolerant, but bossy—much like my part in 'The Mating Season.' There are three rip-snorting old ladies in it—Connie Gilchrist would have to be one of them. One is queer for thrift shops—all three sit around taking a bit of beer to settle their stomachs—until they're at the fuzzy point the English describe as, 'Nicely, thank you.'"

Thelma would also enjoy doing an

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Jack Beutel, of "Best Of The Badmen," with his devoted daughter, Cynthia.

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Oddly enough—Thelma Ritter, a character actress it's true, but also an extremely funny one, says: "I don't want to be typed as a funny woman. I'm not funny in the way that—say—Joan Davis is. The people I play are characters. They win laughs because of their reactions to situations—aren't humorous in themselves."

"Characters like Birdie in 'All About Eve' appeal to people because they always manage to say the things that you and I can't think of until afterwards. The Birdies cut through the phony drivel of the phonies."

Now that you've met Thelma Ritter, you'll remember her next time her name is mentioned won't you?

Well?

Women Can Be So Foolish!

Continued from page 27

says, "I hate to tell you this, but I think you should know for your own good: Jane tells everyone she knows everything you tell her. She discusses you in detail after every date. You live in a glass house, my friend, where the lights burn twenty-four hours a day."

Another potent headache-maker is The Emotional Type, of which there are two general classifications: The Mysterious Type and the Confessional Emotional Type.

Here is the way they operate: a man takes the Mysterious Emotional Type dancing. She has been vivacious but, suddenly, she becomes dramatically quiet. Her eyes are glued on space and her expression may be described as "rapt" or slightly half-witted. You ask her, "Anything wrong, honey?"

She shakes her head, her smile enigmatic. "That song..." she murmurs. "Good number," you say. "Let's dance."

"Not to that song," she cries, weeping. "I'd like to tell you—but I can't. There is something—please don't ask me to talk about it. Some day, perhaps. Please try to understand..."

You wonder if she, personally, planned and executed the Brink holdup while listening to "her" song on the radio; nothing less could justify her air of pained intrigue, of bravely borne regret.

The virtue of the Confessional Emotional Type is not silence. When you ask her, "Anything wrong, honey?" she says, her voice shallow and breathy, "Not really—even though it was a shock. That man over there—well, just for a moment his profile reminded me of Ambrose. It's something I'm just getting over, not that I'll really ever be the same again. Well, I might as well tell you The Story Of My Life..."

Four hours, seventeen Cokes, and two dances later, you have heard the sad saga of Ambrose & Baby. Boiled down to its essentials it can be told in twenty-one words: Girl loves Ambrose. Ambrose doesn't love back. Girl becomes professional torch bearer and strictly a one-invitation date for any other guy.

True, of course, there is The Imitation Sophisticate,

A true sophisticate is as rare as a true
Van Gogh canvas, and both are distinguished by a certain patina of age. Sophistication is the result of living, and living takes time: it is the result of having known many types of people in many different places and having acquired an acceptance of the enormous variety of life.

The Imitation Sophisticate is your youngster whose evening gown is cut to the line, front and back, and who hopes she is impressing someone. Secretly, she is often worried about what she is doing, but she assumes a shrill bravado to disguise the fact. In her heart she actually knows that an ultra low-cut gown is fine for a professional pinup beauty or a cafe entertainer, but that when a man catches sight of his own date ready for a night on the town and wearing slightly less than she would wear for a night of sound sleep, the man is embarrassed.

A girl who assumes an accent out of keeping with her normal speech, a girl who imitates the voice or mannerisms of some famous personality, a girl who uses slightly blue language in order to appear uninhibited, is plain silly. She certainly isn’t being herself and she is totally unable to become the character she has dreamed up out of movies, historical novels, and television.

Another wearisome bundle is the Non-Stop Conversationalist. She talks all the time. She makes Winchell seem tongue-tied and Groucho Marx seem bashful. She reads many good books and will, without invitation, detail the plot, describe the characters and give you a critical opinion of the work. She will repeat the jokes used as end-of-page fillers in pocket magazines and will describe the cartoons in the current issues of all the popular magazines. She can spend an hour detailing a near-accident, two hours explaining her misunderstanding with a friend, and an evening analysing certain quirks in her personality.

The cause of this verbal avalanche is easy to find: The girl is terribly afraid of seeming dull. When she is with other girls she is probably at ease; it would never occur to her to pour forth a steady stream of frantic talk. But when a boy takes her out on a date, apparently, she places him in the role of a critical audience who is likely to stand up and stalk out unless it is entertained every second. Perhaps someone has told her that if she is to be popular, she must “keep a date going.”

This theory is foolish. If the date is worthwhile, it will keep itself going. If two people are drawn to one another naturally, they will find things to talk about without one member of the duo becoming a lecturer and the other becoming a fugitive.

On the other hand, if there is no valid conversational meeting ground between a couple, why try to “keep the date going”? I realize that occasionally a girl will regard a man as so important to her social life that she will almost knock herself out to make herself appear to match his pattern. She will learn before the date that he is interested in polo; she may never have seen a game in her life but she will become a theoretical expert and then pour it on the bewildered gent.

She should spare herself by working it the other way. She should say to the guy, “Look, I don’t know a chukker from a mizzennast. Would you explain the game to me?”

There is a fable that men are the strong, silent type. Don’t you believe it. Unless a man is a low-class moron (and what would you want of him in that case) he likes to talk about his own particular interests.

Finally, there is much to be said in favor of silence. Personally, I can’t take it if a girl tries to carry on a conversation while we are dancing. Nor am I at ease if I feel that a girl is working like a slave to keep me entertained. I want to say, “Relax, honey, and make me do some of the work. But first I want to tell you that you have gorgeous eyes.”

A mental half-sister of the kid with the double-tongue is Little Laughing Waters. She giggles at everything you say; she chortles over everything she says, she snickers when she gives her dinner order, she laughs at everything the emcee says whether it is intended to be funny or not. In brief—she laughs. At first a man tries to latch onto the mirth, but after awhile his face begins to get tired, and he wonders why a girl

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Beautiful Elizabeth Taylor, who has her best role yet in MGM's "Father's Little Dividend," cools off with refreshing dip after a strenuous day at the studio.
How To Handle Defeat

Continued from page 31

"Mommy, I don't want to go to sleep. I want to go with you and Tina."

"There darlings, you take a nap and Mommy will be back when you wake up."

And then we were in Christina's room and a lovely young lady of eleven stepped forward and extended her hand with perfect poise and a warm smile and said, "It is so nice to see you again, Miss Mann." And she gave a friendly small curtsy.

"Hasn't Tina grown?" Joan observed proudly, approving her blonde young daughter whose hair gleamed and who was perfectly pressed and groomed. When I remarked about it, Joan laughingly dropped her head and imitated the brush strokes—"200 a night and one of the first things I teach my children."

Then we three were going down the back stairs where two young girls, who help Joan with her enormous fan mail, were awaiting further instructions. But Joan's eye was taken by several water color painting efforts of the three-year-olds. "Bink, Cathy is an all-one-solid-color painter, and Cynthia is a two or three-color artist. That shows the difference of character and temperament." Cliquot, Joan's wooly white French poodle, joined us to romp ahead to the car—and next thing I know Joan, Tina, and I were driving out through the rain headed for Palos Verdes down the California coast.

"This is the part of my life I never share. I reserve these rides just for Tina and me," Joan explained. "This four-hour ride to her school each week and back—every minute of it is precious to us. Tina goes to boarding school at Chadwick now."

"Yes," Tina said, "my teachers all say it is too much for Mommy to drive so far for me and that she should have someone else do the job."

"But you are my job, Darling," Joan returned, "the best job in the world."

"The other day," Joan related, "Tina returned home and the servants had left. Of course, that's no problem for us because Tina has been taught to care for her own room and be self-reliant. So has Christopher, and we all love to take care of the babies, who are fast learning the art of being self-reliant, too. I usually get up at seven and get breakfast going. But this morning I had been up until two-thirty wrapping some packages for a surprise—and when the alarm went off at seven I decided to sleep until seven thirty. Well, I came downstairs to the kitchen to find Tina with the table set, the eggs and bacon cooking, and fruit juice ready. I took one look at my pride and joy and said, 'Tina you're grown up. You're now on your own!'

"The camaraderie that Tina and I enjoy is one of the happiest things in my life. We share the babies when she is home. We share each others confidence and fortunes, good and bad—and love our life all of the time, because of the effort we put forth to make it happy for all of us."

"Recently, Tina had to have her wisdom teeth extracted before they came through, because they were crowding her front teeth. I dreaded to tell her that she was going to have to go to the hospital and go through such an ordeal. But I fully explained it to her, so she would know just what to expect. Tina knows that I always keep my word with her and I am happy that she has great faith in me. The morning when we went to the hospital I held her in my arms and tried not to let her see my dread and fear of the ordeal she faced. A doctor from the Dr. Branch Clinic was there to help boost our morale. I paced in front of the operating room and suddenly it was too much for me. I turned sick to my stomach. I had to get out."

"That was quite a day. Christopher was participating in a swimming meet. I had to rush over to see him win three first prizes and then rush back to Tina."

We drove through a heavy rain and big puddles that slapped up over the windows into Joan's blue Cadillac. Tina...
carefully flecked the water off her gray jersey skirt.

"Mommy gave it to me for Christmas," she said. "Mommy helps me select all of my clothes. She's more like my big sister. In fact," Christina disclosed, "my girl friends always marvel that Mommy spends more time and gives me more personal attention than their mothers who are more often too busy."

"I think each child should have a mother's individual as well as collective time," Joan said, turning into the final road which ran like a ribbon up the hillside to the school. Then, "Tina, last Christmas, suddenly thought that prices of everything had risen sky high over night. Well, they have risen, but I had to explain it all to her. You see, each Christmas the children open the bank in which they have deposited their savings which, by the way, is often supplemented by a dollar or even five when they have done something special to merit a bonus. This year on dividing it, they had $48 apiece for Christmas gifts. We went to Saks to shop. I happened to notice a white evening bag. I told the clerk that I would look at it later. Well, Tina and Christopher began conferring with the clerk and sure enough, there it was on the tree Christmas morning. With the tax, it cost them $62 of their savings. Imagine how touched I was."

"But Mommy we were so thrilled to be able to get you something you really liked and could use," Tina commented with a smile filled with adoration that clearly said she loved her mother more than anything possible in this world.

"Other Christmases," Joan said, "the clerks would tell Tina that a purse cost five dollars or a scarf three and the difference was charge to my bill. But now she is grownup—and knows the full cost. That is applicable to her life and the process of becoming an adult."

Then Tina was deposited at school with a kiss and hug and a promise, 'I'll be here for you Sunday, Darling.'

As we drove back the rain had stopped and a large rainbow illuminated the sky. I glanced at Joan driving serenely but decisively through the storm swollen streets, and I couldn't help but comment, 'Joan, you have everything. If I had only had your initiative and ability and incentive and—'

"You can stop right there," Joan replied, "One of the greatest lessons everyone should learn in life and one which I hope to instill in my children is the ability to handle disappointment, failure and defeat."

Joan was silent for a moment—and I wondered if she were thinking back to the days when she was at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—a big star, and how suddenly her pictures weren't happy ones for her or the box-office. Three years passed by without a single Crawford film. Then one day she found herself at Warner Bros., making "Mildred Pierce." Her performance was so good she received an Academy Award. Today she's one of the foremost dramatic stars on the screen! And there were the days, long before she became famous, when she waited on table in a boarding school.

worked in a department store in Chicago, was a chorus girl in New York, won Charleston contests in Hollywood and wasn't received kindly at Pickfair, Hollywood's White House, even though she was the wife of Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

But today, Joan is received everywhere and the most select people bid to be invited to her smart and perfectly executed parties. Her house is so beautifully done and in such good taste that it is photographically requested for the nation's leading periodicals on good decor.

And then there's Joan adopting two beautiful children—Christina and a little baby brother. And a year-and-a-half later the little boy's mother, discovering that her child had been adopted by Joan Crawford, the famous movie star, came and took him away. The heartbreaking Joan suffered, only a mother who had personally taken care of her baby's feedings in the night, changed his diapers and given him every loving care could understand.

It looked as though Joan's idea of raising happy family was to end in defeat. But it didn't, for Joan adopted another little boy and now the two youngest and her family is complete. But she said of the one she lost, "He's ten now and being raised in the Middle West. But so much love can't be forgotten and I'm sure he hasn't forgotten. He's well taken care of, but some day I'll see my little guy again."

In every department Joan Crawford has turned her fears and defeats into success and happiness. From being the shop girls' idol with rather too dramatic fashions, she is today one of the best dressed women and has been thus named on several best dressed lists. She certainly is the most glamorous. She has the most envied figure in Hollywood with narrow hips, lovely legs, full tilled breasts and a smooth supple skin.

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Nothing Stops Susan!

Continued from page 42

for hiding places. Chaos reigned for quite a spell, at the end of which Susan was heard to remark, casually, that ole Hoppy had nothing on Bathsheba.

Susan has a special problem which would bother most actresses: she's little. In fact, she stands a hot five feet three and, nearly always, of her leading men is pushing seven feet. Peak is six-four. Dailey is six-three. Lundigan is over six-two. Power is an even six. And so, Susan must play many of her scenes with a crik in her neck, if she doesn't want to chat at her hero's middle.

"But they're such good actors," she says.

That seems to take care of everything.

"David And Bathsheba," as we intimated, is not the only film in which things have been a little rugged for Susan.

With Tyrone Power in "Rawhide," for instance, she spent several days on her stomach under a bunk. And it wasn't just a tryst, I assure you. The two were supposed to be digging a hole under a wall, so they could escape from a locked room. This necessitated, of course, something to dig with—a knife blade for a while, and when the blade snapped, they dug with their paws.

It was a fine sequence. Susan was charmed with it. She could grow other fingernails, couldn't she?

This sort of thing began almost as soon as Susan, herself, began in pictures. It was never too tough. Nothing was ever too tough.

One of her first assignments, for example, was to test for Scarlet in "Gone With The Wind." George Cukor thought she might fill the bill, but when he saw her rushes, sadly told her she needed more experience. She announced that if it was all right with him, she'd get some of that experience testing with other people for other parts.

She tested with one hundred and twenty-two guys.

And when she finally did get into the big leagues, she stated pretty definitely to her bosses that she was not the drawing room comedy type. Lots of ladies have said that they "wanted something to get their teeth into," you know. But few of them have shown, as Susan did, that they meant it.

Susan has probably had more big bravura emotional scenes than anyone in Hollywood, with the possible exception of Bergman. She has broken up the joint as a drunk. She has lost more babies in pictures than she can remember, with subsequent tears and tragedy. She has been besieged by bandits in Westerns and captured by pirates in sea epics. She has renounced her lover to the tune of sound-track violins. In short, when she acts, she acts.

And she's had love scenes. These are not always sheer delight, as you may or may not know. That eriek in the neck is one rather disagreeable point about them, and the business of being kissed on the left ear and making it look like a buss on the mouth is not exactly easy. And then, too, there are the gents who get carried away by their feelings—which isn't difficult where Susan is involved. They put their passion into their fingertips, usually, and the result is that our Susie winds up a mass of bruises. Literally! She's often been as black and blue after a sequence of deep adoration as if she'd been kicked by a mule.

But if the scene is compelling when the audience sees it, that's enough for Susan.

This sort of thing carries over to the moments when Susan is not actually before a camera. She does what she wants to do, hard way or not.
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For “I'd Climb The Highest Mountain,” the company trekked to the red clay of Georgia, visited and lived in several tiny Georgia towns. There weren’t any hotels, just motels. There weren’t any luxurious bathtubs and fluffy towels after a hard day’s work; just showers which put forth a trickle of tepid water and scraps of terrycloth as big as ugg kits. There weren’t any decent restaurants and, in one burg, the cook quit after a week of serving the company: too much work.

It was then that Susan and Lynn Bari set up their own short-order house in Susan’s quarters. When the day’s labor was finished they turned chef, sometimes feeding as many as twenty of the cast and crew.

“They had to eat, didn’t they?” Susan says logically.

At one point, during this tour too, Susan decided she wanted to photograph a nearby waterfall. A native volunteered to show her the path to its top—seven hundred feet above a valley. Susan climbed and climbed and was rewarded at last with a magnificent view of both the countryside and the churning depths. The latter fascinated her particularly; she wanted some shots of it.

She carefully adjusted her camera and crept to the edge of the falls. Then she slipped. The guide grabbed her and he slipped. There they were, teetering on the edge of a precipice.

A few days later, Susan remarked calmly to the company publicity man, “Oh, I forgot to tell you—I was nearly killed the other day—”

It was he who fainted, not she.

Then there was the time when the “David” company was on location in Nogales. The governor-elect of Arizona had invited them to visit the spot and see how movies are made. Susan was picked as reception committee. In honor of the occasion she got all done up in the manner befitting a movie star. Then she took a short cut out to the car which was to carry her to the airport. The short cut happened to be through some corrals.

Half-way to the airport, she discovered that she had cut her skirt on a barbed wire fence and had pulled out about two feet of hem.

“I can’t meet the governor this way!” she cried. “Let’s see. What can we do?”

There wasn’t time to turn around and go back.

“I know,” Susan went on. “We’ll stop at a ranch house and borrow a needle and thread.”

A few minutes later, they pulled up before a somewhat beat-up and Susan hopped out of the car.

“I’m Susan Hayward,” she told the astonished woman who came to the door. “Look what I’ve done. She showed the skirt and smiled. “I have to meet a plane in five minutes. Do you suppose that . . . ?” She smiled again.

The woman supposed and Susan rode the rest of the way diffidently stitching against time. When the governor climbed down from the plane, she was sartorially perfect.

Joyce Holden, of Universal-International, is still a tomboy when it comes to baseball.

Location trips are complicated for Susan, because she has a husband and children and a house to run. Jess Barker is a fine guy, but he’s just as inept as most men are at cooking for small fry and finding his own socks. Thus, all the time Susan was in Georgia she ran the joint by phone.

“They won’t eat the canned spinach,” she’d say across most of the country. “Well, in the cabinet to the left of the sink, on the fourth shelf, you’ll find some carrots. And they love carrots!” Or, “I sent your blue sports shirt to the cleaners last Wednesday, Jess. The man said it would be ready today.” Or, “The birthday party for little So-and-So is tomorrow, you know. Be sure and get a present.”

Her phone bills were enormous but the house—and her family—got along fine.

What does Susan, herself, say to all this?

Well, frankly, she doesn’t say very much, for the simple reason that, to her, it ain’t worth comment. If you press her, she’ll put something out, very quietly.

“I wanted to act,” she’ll say. “I didn’t just want to be in pictures.” I wanted to act. And I knew that there would be tough scenes or tough times in my personal life. I expected them, so they don’t mean anything any more. What I do is done by a lot of girls in my spot, you know. There’s very little room for cream puffs in the movie business!”

That’s true. But few of her colleagues go to her lengths.

She even had babies the tough way. Susan had twins!
"I Don't Blame The Critics!" Agrees Betty

Continued from page 51

you know—even to some of the lines!"

She laughed as she said it. That con-
tented stuff was no gag, evidently.
"The critics are looking for something. I
think, that I can’t give them—and
really don’t want to give them. They
want ART. In caps. And me, I’m strict-
ly commercial. I’m not arty or Bohem-
ian. There are no little theatre move-
ments with me.
"Actually, I believe that 90% of my
public won’t read reviews. If they want
great acting, they go somewhere else.
If they want something in spangles with
great tunes and a little hoofing, they
make for Grable.
"I’ll never win an Academy Award.
I know that. But it doesn’t bother me.
For look at the record: Half of the
people who win Oscars are dead pigeons
from then on. They never get another
good role.
"All I want to do is have fun and
forget the Oscars. For it is fun some-
times to dress up in a $18,000 hunk of
enamele and sweep the floor with it, or
show up in a wisp of satin and net. And,
in spite of the work of rehearsals, it is
fun to get out and dance with someone
who’s really good, or sing a tune you
like.
"They can have the good reviews and
the gold statues. I’m contented,” she

I asked. “Did you ever think of doing
an Alice Faye and giving up films entire-
ly?”

Betty was serious again. “No,” she
answered. “Not yet, anyway. For I like
my job. And I suppose I’ll keep on until
the trend starts to go the other way,
until the public no longer buys me. Then
I might retire, or change to something
else.”

"This Top Ten business is a mystery
to me, really,” she added. “It’s won-
derful, but I don’t understand it.
"Somehow, the public doesn’t just
think of me as merely one type, you see.
I know that’s confusing, but here’s what
I mean: During the last war—and be-
ginning again now—I got a lot of letters
from servicemen, as you may have heard.
Some of them would write me like a gal
they were in love with, and some would
write that I reminded them of their
wives, or their sisters, or a friend. It
wasn’t just one sort of girl, in one situ-
ation. It was a lot of different girls.
And the funny part is that they’d keep
writing, that some of them are still
writing, years later.
"I don’t know why that is, but it gives
me a kind of inspiration, corny as that
may sound. I want to keep on doing
exactly what I’m doing now. I don’t
blame the critics, as I say. But it’s the
public and what the public thinks that
matters.”

“In that case,” I said, “I’ll see you in
spangles at seventy!”

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SEND ON APPROVAL
Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

Enter George Sanders to assist on that score. He's a department store tycoon, and together, he and Susan cook up a nifty double-cross whereby her partners will go bankrupt, which leaves Susan free to work for Sanders. Another story about a career woman who prances around and makes life lousy mess, until the last scene when she decides she really doesn't want the nasty old career, anyhow.

**Bird Of Paradise**

**(Technicolor)**

**20th Century-Fox**

A CCENTS brawny muscles, female pulchritude, and a love story which ends in tragedy. Jeff Chandler returns to his people in the Hawaiian Islands after spending several years in the States and brings with him Frenchman Louis Jourdan. The friendship of these two helps pave the rocky road to romance for Jeff's sister, Debra Paget, and Louis. It would certainly have been an idyllic life, but for some joker, who takes his job of chief medicine man too seriously. He keeps insisting that Louis is going to bring disaster to the island and its people. Poor Debra smingly bears the brunt of all the superstitious hocus-pocus only to wind up in the spectacular finale as a living sacrifice to an erupting volcano. The scenery is beautiful, the color dazzling, and a new insight is given on the "happy, carefree, naive" Polynesians.

**Queen For A Day**

**United Artists**

WITH the radio-television show of the same name as background, three separate short stories are unfolded about the lives of three women who had appeared on the show. As you know, whoever is chosen Queen For A Day, receives as a prize anything she asks for. One woman asked for an electric train, another for a scholarship and the last for an electric razor. Strange requests, indeed, but the stories behind the requests are such charming, delightful bits of storytelling, that one wonders why Hollywood doesn't make the short stories film a permanent part of the industry. The stars in this aren't big names: Phyllis Avery, Darren McGavin, Adam Williams and Edith Meiser, to mention a few, but their abilities are top bracket. Incidentally, if you think this is a hastily slapped together comedy about a radio show, you've got a worthwhile surprise in store.

**Bullfighter And The Lady**

**Republic**

EXCELLENT film that vividly re-creates all the glories and thrills of the bullfight for American moviegoers. While visiting Mexico, Yankee sportsman Robert Stack becomes fascinated by the hazardous challenge of bullfighting. He persuades Mexico's Number One Matador, Gilbert Roland, to teach him the delicate and exacting art of fighting bulls. In time, Stack is well on his way to becoming a torero, but a spurt of overconfidence causes the horrible death of Roland, his friend and teacher. Sick with the feeling of guilt, Stack chooses the hardest way to redeem himself, thereby providing a chilling spectacle of an amateur on his own in the arena. Action-packed, thrills galore and darn good acting, with romance supplied by Stack and Joy Page.

**Appointment With Danger**

**Paramount**

POSTAL Inspector Alan Ladd is called in on the murder of a fellow postal inspector. In his effort to find out who killed his colleague and why, Ladd's sleuthing leads to the only witness who might clear up things. The witness, a nun, played by Phyllis Calvert, saw what she thought were two friends helping a sick man. Her identification of one of the men, from a Rogues Gallery picture, puts Ladd hot on the heels of murderers Jack Webb, Henry Morgan and Paul Stewart. However, Ladd can't get any proof that will hold up in court. So, using his credentials as the ace card in a blackjack stunt, he gets Stewart to take him into a conspiracy to heist a postal truck carrying a few hundred grand. The theory of "it takes a crook to catch a crook" works, but not without copious amounts of blood being shed. Well done thriller with Ladd at his best.

**Up Front**

**Universal-International**

WILLIE, Tom Ewell, and Joe, David Wayne, are the two cynical, battle-hardened veterans of World War II,
made famous by Bill Mauldin's syndicated cartoons. This portion of their difficulties arises when Joe is wounded and taken to a base hospital to recuperate. As his replacement, Willie gets a raw recruit who has no concern for such niceties as keeping alive. In self-protection, Willie wanders a pass and descends on the hospital in Naples with the sole intention of getting Joe back to the company. Before the pair return to the front, they steal a pass and uniform for Joe, have the entire force of M.P.'s out after them, get mixed up in the Italian black market, steal a truck full of supplies, and meet a voluptuous Italian girl. The best in comedy, this packs a heap of chuckles and guffaws for the entire family—especially ex-G.I. members.

Lullaby Of Broadway
(technicolor)
Warner Brothers

PLEASANT enough musical starring Doris Day, who comes to New York to pay a surprise visit on mother Gladys George, a famous Broadway star whom Doris hadn’t seen in many years. She doesn’t know Mama is in reality a rundown boozehound singing in a club joint. Fortunately, Mama’s friend, Billy De Wolfe, a butler in beer baron S. Z. Sakall’s household, takes Doris under his wing. He and S. Z. continue the deception, but Doris eventually learns the truth. The plot is based on the hit musical, so Doris isn’t too long at recovering from the shock of Mama’s secret life.

Al Jennings Of Oklahoma
(technicolor)
Columbia

DAN DURYEA’s budding career in law is ended when one of his three brothers is murdered. While he tries to get a confession from the man who shot the brother, Dan has to kill him in self-defense. A witness swears Dan shot in cold blood, and that, to Dan and his brother, Dick Foran, high-tail it out of town. At the ranch where they take refuge, Dan and Dick find themselves in the midst of a gang of outlaws, and it’s either fall in with the ruffians or be turned over to the sheriff. They choose to fall in. Soon Dan becomes one of the most notorious bandits in the territory. In time, they attempt to go straight, but are finally captured. Gale Storm does the waiting honors after the prison doors slam on Dan’s back.

Dear Brat
Paramount

A SEQUEL to “Dear Wife,” this continues the amusing hysteria constantly besetting the Wilkins family. In the title role, Mona Freeman waxeth forth with starry-eyed social-consciousness. To demonstrate that a coming woman can be rehabilitated, she hires a parolee, sent up by father Edward Arnold, as the family gardener. Besides worrying about

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A mass assassination some night, Mona’s parents begin to hear rumors that their daughter is carrying on a torrid romance with the ex-convict. It’s not true, but Mona gets engaged to prissy Billy De Wolfe merely as an expedient for squelching gossip. Rather than solve anything, this makes matters worse, and from there on, the complications snowball into an avalanche of completely mad mayhem.

Five
Columbia

An unusual drama concerning the last five people who are left on earth following a tremendous atomic explosion. The five who all miraculously find their way to an isolated and uncontaminated hideaway high in the hills are: Susan Douglas, William Phipps, James Anderson, Charles Lampkin and Earl Lee. One of the men, an elderly bank clerk, dies shortly after he arrives, leaving only four to work out a manner of survival—if they can. Terrifying in that it shows what might happen if America and other peace-loving countries were caught napping, or allowed themselves to listen to power-crazed despots who would destroy the world.

Smuggler’s Island
(technicolor)
Universal-International

His own boss in a one-man diving concern, Jeff Chandler enjoys living on an island off the Coast of China. Life is easy-going and casual. Then, Evelyn Keyes tells him he’s being shipped a shipment of miracle drugs. The “drugs” turn out to be bars of gold, and Jeff, against his better judgment, agrees to smuggle the loot to Hong Kong for Evelyn. Despite his precautions, the port authorities learn his plans and relay the information to a pirate chief. The object is to use Jeff as bait in order to capture the pirate, Yessir! There’s nothing like a peaceful, easy-going island to calm your nerves.

Lorna Doone
(technicolor)
Columbia

Based on the classic of the same name, briefly the story concerns a greedy, arrogant family who drains the local English countryside and its people of everything they possess. One member of the family, Barbara Hale, is as sweet and gentle as her kinfolk are black-hearted. It remains for Richard Greene to organize a revolt against the Doones and deliver them their just deserts, all except Barbara, who really isn’t a Doone at all. Fine for youngsters and those who like their heroines kind and pure and their heroes stalwart and brave.

Circle of Danger
Eagle Lion

For certain reasons American Ray Milland suspects that his younger brother, who had served as a Commando with the British Forces, had not been killed by a Nazi bullet while on a night raid. Milland goes to London to find out more about the strange death. Most of the leads prove fruitless, but Milland does meet Patricia Roc and the major who was in command of the raiding party. The search ends when a melody, the theme of a ballet suite, provides the clue that clears up all the mystery which had surrounded the shooting.

Air Cadet
Universal-International

Jet planes and the men who fly them create some highly exciting action for the cameras to catch. There’s a good deal of snappy precision jet flying that’s so spectacular, you’ll wonder if the shots were faked—they weren’t. As for the plot, Cadet Richard Long almost misses out on his dream to be a jet pilot due to the constant needing of Major Stephen McNally. How come McNally picks Long for his whipping boy is something Long discovers much too late for comfort—and it’s not because Long is dating McNally’s estranged wife, Gail Russell, either. Good entertainment despite an occasional flavor of corn.

Pandora and the Flying Dutchman
(technicolor)
MGM

The legend of The Flying Dutchman, a ghost sailing a ghost ship over the Seven Seas in search of a woman who will love him so devotedly she’d die for him. The Dutchman, James Mason, appears again in mortal form to find just such a woman. If he’s successful, his soul will end it’s tortured existence and rest in peace. A mortal woman, Ava Gardner, does fall completely in love with him and gladly pays the supreme sacrifice. That, in a capsule, is what takes over two hours on the screen.

The Fat Man
(technicolor)
Universal-International

RADIO’S portliest private eye makes his movie debut with J. Scott Smart, heard on the air in the same role. Smart is called in on a case when a dentist is murdered and a set of teeth X-rays stolen. It appears to be a singular motive for murder, but Smart’s detecting uncovers a lot of other strange incidents such as: what happened to a half-million dollars heisted from an armed car, why the teeth X-rays were so important, and why Circus Clown Emmett Kelly left his friend trapped in a burning truck.
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 10

It's kind of impressive to hear that George Montgomery is the favorite star of some twelve million teenage gals belonging to the national organization of the YWCA. So Mr. M. is, as usual, watching carefully the kind of roles he plays. In his new Western, called "The Red Blizzard," he's a half-breed Sioux Indian who is quite a hero. He'll try his wings in the production and direction end of this movie, as well as being the star. It goes without saying that his little woman, Dinah Shore, is just right proud of him.

When Lee Barker and his bride, Arlene Dahl, sailed on their European honeymoon they not only had the go-ahead signal from Sol Lesser, "Tarzan's" producer, but also the news that he was picking up the entire tab for the trip, as a wedding present. Which is much nicer gift than, say, a glass vase.

Jean Simmons would have liked to have her bridgroom Stewart Granger along the day RKO took her to the Jungle Compound in the San Fernando Valley. And she would have preferred him to be fully armed with the guns he uses to go lion-hunting in Africa. Jean's doing "Androses And The Lion" and the studio wanted her to sort of get accustomed to being around the big beasts. Everything was fine as long as they stayed in their cages, but when the keepers turned one of them loose and invited her to pet him Jean practically had a case of the vapors.

It looks as if the mad ones, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, are definitely here to stay. Hal Wallis, the eazy producer who snagged the comics to an exclusive contract, has ordered full speed ahead on pictures for them since noting with pardonable pride the terrific reaction there has been to their madcap antics in "At War With The Army" and "That's My Boy." Mr. W. snagged ace director Norman Taurog to pilot Martin and Lewis through their new one, "The Stooge," and he has five more comedies in the mill for them.

Madman Jerry Lewis will play sixteen musical instruments in "The Stooge" including trumpet, accordion, trombone, clarinet, violin, cello, tuba, drums and a saxophone. Longhairs will no doubt fleeing from this musical massacre.

It's hard to believe, but it's true. Bing's crooning son Gary is now old enough to feel the hot breath of the draft blowing

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call list for a picture. So this is their first separation.

Ginger Rogers, whose new heart interest when last heard from was Steve Cochran, has been teaching her boy how to play tennis. He couldn't have a better — or more attractive — teacher.

Red Skelton's finally turned cowboy, in MGM's "Texas Carnival" and his two kids couldn't be happier. One night Red came clomping home in his boots and spurrs, just to show off to his sprouts a little, and was hit square in the eye by his son Richard's water gun, Richard being a little faster on the draw than his pop.

We hear that the two stars of "My Favorite Spy" are by no means one another's favorites. Apparently Hedy Lamarr doesn't feel that one Robert Hope is the funniest man of all time; nor does Skinnover get all in a froth over Miss L's famous glamour. Well, just as long as the picture's as funny as Robert's past ones, who cares?

This is a switch. "Where's Charley?" that veteran old comedy which has been made as a movie several times and more recently done as a Broadway musical, starring Ray Bolger, will now be turned back into a movie, musical type, starring — you guessed it, Ray Bolger. Warners paid a pretty penny for the rights to the Broadway hit show.

When Burt Lancaster left recently for Italy to make "The Crimson Pirate," he took the family along. So the Lancasters' fourth child, due in July, will be born in Rome.

Jan Sterling couldn't have cared less when she was informed that she'd been dropped from New York's social register. Apparently the fact that she's become a movie star is married to another one. Paul Douglas, was just too much and so she was included out. Her answer, boiled down, was "So what?"

New foursome around town — Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield with Richard Stapley and his wife. Most of their evenings are spent at ice rinks. Richard's bride, Susan Strong, is giving them all skating lessons. Before she married the good looking young Britisher, Susan toured with Sonja Henie's ice show.

Looks as if the romantic Frenchman, Charles Boyer, has his mind on an entirely new type of career. He's turned character actor for the new Alan Ladd picture, "Rage Of The Vulture," and the suave Mr. B. seems to like it that way.

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Mistakes Women Shouldn't Make - Esther Williams

Jeanne Crain
Accentuate your loveliness the natural way—with luxuriously smooth Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. For no matter what your coloring, there’s a fashionable, “flower-fresh” shade to complement and flatter your own true skin tone. Plus texture and cling like pure velvet . . . no streaking, flaking or shine. Scented with a lingering whisper of the romantic “fragrance men love”!
Let the tide take her out... I WON'T!

WHAT A DAMNING thing to say about a pretty girl out to make the most of her holiday! Attracted by her good looks, men dated her once but never took her out a second time. And for a very good reason*. So, the vacation that could have been so gay and exciting, became a dull and dreary flop. And she, herself, was the last to suspect why.

How's Your Breath Today?
Unfortunately, you can be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) without realizing it. Rather than guess about this condition or run a foolish risk, why not get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic? Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and between times before every date where you want to be at your best. It's efficient! It's refreshing! It's delightful!

To Be Extra-Careful
Listerine Antiseptic is the extra-careful precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath... not for mere seconds or minutes... but for hours, usually. So, don't trust makeshifts which may be effective only momentarily... trust Listerine, the lasting precaution. It's part of your passport to popularity.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Some sweltering summer day

Perhaps the best time to become acquainted with Tampax is on a hot summer day. The difference then is almost startling. Here is monthly sanitary protection with no heart-dampened belt or pad—for Tampax is an internal absorbent. It is invisible and unfelt when in use. And so clean!

A doctor invented Tampax to remove many of the monthly difficulties that trouble women. Since it is worn internally, there will be no bulging or chafing. Edge-lines won't show no matter how snug or sheer the clothing. Odor can't form....Tampax is made of long-fibered surgical cotton, firmly stitched for safety and compressed in efficient applicators. Easy to use and to change.

Are you aware that Tampax may be worn in swimming? That you can fit an average month’s supply into your purse? That unfamiliar vacation circumstances will present no disposal problem? ...Don’t let this summer go by without Tampax. Get it at drug store or notion counter. Three absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior—to suit individual needs. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

First Run Features

Mistakes Women Shouldn’t Make .................................................. Ben Maddox 24
Esther Williams, whose outlook on life has made her happy, offers some advice
Is Humphrey Bogart Really Happy? ........................................ Glady’s Hall 26
“My former marriages were right, but this one is more right,” says Bogie
If You Want Success ................................................................. Irene Dunne 30
“You’d be better equipped for a long life in pictures with stage training”
What I Expect Of A Date ......................................................... Barbara Lawrence 36
“I’d go a million miles for one of the right man’s smiles”
Let A Man Be! ................................................................. Virginia Mayo 40
“No man knows a woman than he instinct to choose and not be lied around”
“I’m NO Teenager” ............................................................ Dorothy O’Leary 42
Mona Freeman’s begun a rebellion against being typed as a teenager
Do You Really Know Men? .................................................. MacDonald Carey 46
“Being an understanding wife isn’t easy”

Record Roundup ........................................................................ Bert Brown 68

Exclusive Color Photos

Betty Grable, starring in “Meet Me After The Show” ................................ 28
Alan Ladd, starring in “Appointment With Danger” ................................ 32
Margaret Sheridan, starring in “The Thing” ............................................. 34

The Hollywood Scene

What Hollywood itself is Talking About .............................................. Lynn Bowers 6
Your Guide To Current Films ......................................................... Roeha Maugham 12
Newspell ...................................................................................... 19
Comedy’s Top Team (Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis) ........................... 22
No Changes, Please! (Betty Grable) .................................................. 29
P. O. Yarn For Alan (Alan Ladd) ........................................................ 33
Howard Hawks’ New Discovery (Margaret Sheridan) .......................... 35
New Kind Of Movie ................................................................... 38
Animal Kingdom Greats .................................................................. 48
SCREENLAND Salutes Mario Lanza .................................................... 50
TV Captures Barbara (Barbara Britton) ................................................ 53
Alice in Disneyland ........................................................................ 50
Cute Kid, Eh? ( Peggie Castle) .......................................................... 62

Sleeveless Comfort + A Duster ....................................................... Marcia Moore 44
In Spite Of The Heat .................................................................... Elisabeth Lapham 52

On the Cover, Jeanne Crain, Starring in "Take Care of My Little Girl," a 20th Century Fox Film

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Here comes the Showboat — mighty musical of the Mississippi... by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein, II!

The M.G.M Show Boat
New and Technicolor too!

Starring:
Kathryn Grayson
as "Magnolia"
The singing sweetheart of the south!

Ava Gardner
as "Julie"
She sets the bayous aflame with her torchy blues!

Howard Keel
as "Ravenal"
The handsome gambling man with the golden voice!

Joe E. Brown
as "Cap'n Andy"
Lovable, laughable Skipper of the Show Boat!

Marge and Gower Champion
as "Frank and Ellie"
Dancing darlings of Dixieland!

Hear the famous songs! Sung by the Stars on M-G-M Records — "The Show Boat" Album!
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

The premiere of "Father's Little Dividend" was spectacular affair with each star outdoing herself in glamour. Left: Diana Lynn, Janet Leigh, Maureen O'Hara.

By Lynn Bowers

MAIN yatatay among the gossipers around town and on the set of RKO's "Behave Yourself" picksha was whether its co-stars, Farley Granger and Shelley Winters, were secretly married. The consensus was that they weren't because the irrepressible Shelley isn't exactly a gal to keep a secret. Besides being their first picture together, it's their first comedy and they're taking it quite seriously. Farley was nursing a large egg on his head, caused by repeated conkings by Shelley, using a wooden spoon as her weapon. Lucky for him she wasn't using the old-fashioned, exclusively feminine punisher, the rolling pin. One thing that's as sure as anything

IMRA, snowy-white cosmetic cream, safely, painlessly, quickly removes hair below the skin line. Keeps legs and arms hair-free longer than a razor. Smooth on ...rinse off. One application does the trick.

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3 WAYS DIFFERENT FROM A RAZOR
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IN TUBES. Still only 65¢ and $1.00 (plus tax)
As all better cosmetic counters.

Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage, were among the attractive couples attending. Their's is one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood today.

Lovely co-star, Elizabeth Taylor, attended the premiere with Director Stanley Donen.

Jane Powell and hubby Gary Steffan stepped out on this occasion before baby's arrival.
NOTHING STOPS CHUCK TATUM... a guy with drive... driving down everything that gets in his way—men, women or morals!

KIRK DOUGLAS
In his most powerful performance

ACE IN THE HOLE
a great emotional story with

JAN STERLING
Bob Arthur • Porter Hall
Produced and Directed by

BILLY WILDER
Written by Billy Wilder, Lesser Samuels and Walter Newman • A Paramount Picture

A really new kind of thrill for every moviegoer! Here is an uncanny insight into human desires and human pitfalls... that could only be brought to the screen by Billy Wilder, Director of "Sunset Boulevard" and "The Lost Weekend"
is these days—the kids will honeymoon in Europe this Summer!

Another romance which shouldn't be sold short is between Dan Dailey and Peggy Lee, who took up shortly after Peggy's sudden parting from her husband, Dave Barbour. Close friends say this one is for real. Dan, all better after his long rest cure, couldn't wait to get back to work at 20th. His first picture will be on the baseball diamond in the "Dizzy Dean" story.

Helen Hayes had never had a chance to show her 13-year-old son, Jamie, around the Hollywoods because she hasn't made a picture here for sixteen years. On a personally conducted tour of the Paramount lot by his famous mother, Jamie was very thrilled to meet—no, not Happy, but one Robert Hope, who was gussying around in his comedy, "My Favorite Spy."

Glenn Ford, in New York for only one night when he was on his way to France to make a picture, had the hardest decision of all time to make. The lucky boy had tickets for "Guys And Dolls" and was then invited to the opening of the Rodgers and Hammerstein smash hit musical, "The King And I." After a few hours of torture he finally chose the latter.

Honeymooners Doris Day and Marty Melcher. They were quietly wed at Burbank City Hall.

When Lana Turner's not at home now, Bob Topping doesn't need to get lonesome for her. The Toppings are displaying her large, full-length portrait, painted by Peter Fairchild, in their parlor. Needless to say, the star posed for the painting in a decollete evening gown.

The Gregory Peck house is undergoing a big face lift, what with a whole new interior decorating job, a new glassed-in breakfast room and an enlarged living room. The job would be finished much sooner, Greg allows, if he and the three boys didn't give the workmen so much amateur assistance.

Jane Wyman, who changes from a young gal to an old woman in Wald-Krasna's "The Blue Veil," is getting some assistance in the aging department from her eleven-year-old, Maureen. Seems the young chick is getting very clothes conscious, with Jane's wardrobe drawing all her attention. Maureen's taste, according to her mother, is excellent. She picks the best shoes and is but...
Warner Bros. Bring You Now A Romance That Avalanches From The Top Of The Adventure World!

Kirk DOUGLAS - MAYO AGAR - JOHN WALTER BRENNAN "Along the Great Divide"

Directed by RAOUl WALSH

Produced by ANTHONY VEILLER

On the Way! CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLower IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR and A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
was awful busy. In fact, he said, he had to go right back to his home town, Crockett, California, to campaign for an upcoming election. That's what he did and now the 24-year-old one-shot actor is the constable of Crockett.

* * *

Jimmy Stewart can tell you that the business of being a clown isn't one terrific laugh after another. He's got a very sore and tender nose to prove it. As Buttons in the DeMille epic, "The Greatest Show On Earth," Jimmy wears a kind of shocking pink falsie (nose, that is) and the thing kept falling off his face and bouncing around the set. So finally his makeup man glued it on so firmly that it took two pretty nurses and several quarts of de-vulcanizer to part Jimmy and his phoney proboscis.

When interviewed on this delicate subject, his comment was "Ouch!"

* * *

If you look carefully and fast among the spectators in this big circus extravaganza you'll see a couple of familiar faces belonging to Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. These will be their smallest roles to date.

(please turn to page 18)
Tony Curtis is helped by street urchin Piper Laurie in "The Prince Who Was A Thief."

gets, it still is loyal to those who believe, and a true miracle does happen. A beautiful and inspiring story, with superb acting by Boyer, William Demarest, Barbara Rush, Bettger and Leo G. Carroll.

Hollywood Story
Universal-International

ABOUT to establish a new motion picture company, Producer Richard Conte becomes interested in an unsolved Hollywood murder which had taken place in the 20's. Thinking the story has tremendous possibilities for his initial film, Conte hires all the motion picture characters who were involved. The unsolved murder idea has only one drawback—no ending. So Conte sets himself to the dangerous job of completing the material on his picture by closing the case. Eerie sets, intelligent suspects and a walloping amount of suspense.

Along The Great Divide
Warners

U. S. MARSHAL Kirk Douglas saves Walter Brennan from a lynching noose, not because he thinks Brennan innocent of shooting a rancher's son in the back, but because he aims that law and order be maintained. En route to the nearest town, Brennan's daughter, Vir-

Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson co-star in sorority expose, "Take Care Of My Little Girl."

Now!
End perspiration troubles with this
safe-and-sure deodorant

ETIQUET instantly ends perspiration odor—checks perspiration moisture . . . safely and surely! Gives the long-lasting protection glamorous women depend on . . . does not harm clothing!

FLUFFY-LIGHT and soothing, Etiquet is a superior deodorant in a luxury vanishing cream base. No drip, no mess, it goes on easily, disappears in a jiffy!

EXCLUSIVE FORMULA — Etiquet contains a special formula to curb the bacteria that cause perspiration odor. It's antiseptic—does not irritate normal skin.

MORE ECONOMICAL — Etiquet won't dry out, stays creamy to the last bit. In jars and tubes from 10¢ to 59¢, plus tax.

NEW! ETIQUET SPRAY-ON DEODORANT
Now a single spray keeps you dainty all day! So fast, so easy to use, and so effective! New Etiquet Spray-On, too, is a safe-and-sure formula. It comes in a lovely new unbreakable plastic bottle at an amazingly low price: Economy size 59¢.
Virginia Mayo, joins the law enforcers and tries like the dickens to get her pop free. When hot temper doesn't succeed, she turns on her steaming charms. Kirk succumbs, but law is law and pop still goes to trial. Though this hanging is legal, Kirk interrupts again with proof that pop is innocent. Rugged hombres and the clash of fiery emotions which invariably lead to sizzling love scenes.

The Thing
RKO

Perhaps after seeing this, you'll fluff off those explanations that flying saucers are just gismos to determine atmospheric conditions. Army Air Forces Captain Kenneth Tobey helps a scientific expedition find out what was the huge metallic disc which crashed into the icy wasteland of northern North America. The disc is inadvertently destroyed, but they do find the occupant of the missile encased in ice. Obviously something from another planet, they gleefully take The Thing back to camp. When it accidentally thaw's out, pandemonium breaks loose. It kills, but can't be killed. It's alive yet has no flesh, bones, heart or nervous system. It's the gosh-awfulest thing you've ever seen! A nifty science fiction yarn, and beside The Thing, this also has Margaret Sheridan, Dewey Martin, Sally Creighton and Eduard Franz.

Detective Lou investigates Adele Jergens in "Abbott And Costello Meet The Invisible Man."

The Great Caruso
(Technicolor)
MGM

Brings to the screen the life story of Enrico Caruso, the most famous and loved operatic tenor of all time. With Mario Lanza in the lead role, the picture is a sparkling potpourri of operatic arias, romance (as supplied by Ann Blyth and Mario), and humorous glimpses into the career of the exuberant Italian singer. The music and singing is, of course, out of this world, and you'll enjoy the true life love story of a beautiful young socialite who gave up everything to marry Caruso. An enjoyable family picture with the extra dividend of an easy-to-take short course in opera.

I Was A Communist For The F.B.I.

Warners

This is no scenario writer’s pipe-dream. This actually did happen and still is happening all over the world. A loyal American, Frank Lovejoy, who despises Communists and everything Communism stands for, passes himself off as a Red in order to keep the F.B.I. informed as to the activities of the Party in America. The things you'll learn about the Red menace in the U.S.A. are frightening beyond belief, but once you know how these phonies operate, you'll

Frank Lovejoy gets rough with Dorothy Hart in realistic "I Was A Communist For F.B.I."
Wallace Ford, murderer John Garfield, and Shelley Winters in "He Ran All The Way."

be able to spot one a block away. Loaded with dynamite, the reports on which this was based were kept top secret for years.

Apache Drums
(Technicolor)
Universal-International

GAMBLER Stephen McNally might be a ne'er-do-wonder, but he sure is comfortable to have around when a horde of scalp-happy Apache Indians beleaguer an isolated desert town. However, Mayor Willard Parker has some difficulty seeing McNally's qualities since he and Steve are both vying for the affections of Coleen Gray. When the Indians attack, McNally is the one to set up workable defenses and gain the admiration of the townsfolk. Parker also does his share, but the plaudits he receives are posthumous. Top-notch Western with Indian fighting that's wicked on the nerves.

He Ran All The Way
United Artists

DURING a payroll robbery, thug John Garfield kills a policeman. With the loot intact, he flees the scene and manages to be swallowed up in a crowd at a swimming pool. Present, too, is Shelley Winters, a not-too-bright but good girl. Garfield figures if he has a girl around, he'll look less suspicious. He picks up Shelley, and makes such a smashing hit, she invites him home to meet the family. That does it! Once in the apartment Garfield forces Shelley's father, Wallace Ford, and her mother, Selena Royle, to let him stay there until the heat is off. Captives in their own home and facing death at every move, the family lives in terror until Shelley, who got them into the mess, gets them out of it.

Take Care Of My Little Girl
20th Century-Fox

STARS Jeanne Crain and Dale Robertson in an inside story of what goes on behind sorority and fraternity house doors. Jeanne, whose fondest dream is to belong to the same sorority as did her mother, finally goes to college and achieves her ambition. For a while it's all quite gay and chi-chi until medical student Dale shows her how silly it all is. Then, she decides sorority life is as flat and short-lived as a keg of beer at a fraternity house clambake. Heavy on collegiate atmosphere with a barrage of broadsides at sorority-fraternity hocus-pocus.

Kon-Tiki
RKO

BY NOW everyone knows of Thor Heyerdahl's best-selling book which describes the incredible 101-day journey in which he and five other scientists drifted across the Pacific Ocean on a raft. This film is comprised of actual motion picture shots of the voyage and is a day-by-day record of their perilous 4,300 mile trip. En route, from South America to the Polynesian Islands, they were attacked and caught bare-handed by man-eating sharks, were almost capsized by monster whales, and encountered numerous other oddities of the deep. An engaging sea adventure that would be almost unbelievable... unless you saw it for yourself.

Half Angel
(Technicolor)
20th Century-Fox

NOT only has Loretta Young a split personality, but she can't remember the mad things that her subconscious mind made her do. Normally prim and prudish, when Loretta's subconscious mind dominates, she becomes just the opposite—a veritable she-wolf. One such time, Loretta gave chase to lawyer Joseph Cotten and because of him and that nasty ole subconscious, almost committed bigamy. A comedy with a psychological pay-off and Cecil Kellaway.

Prince Of Thieves
(Technicolor)
Universal-International

ASSASSIN Everett Sloane is paid to kill the baby prince so the evil regent can assume the throne of Tangiers. Instead, Sloane spares the baby's life and adopts him as his own son. The boy

**why some women hate to shop**

Many women once hated to shop for an underarm deodorant because they had tried many, found none that filled all their requirements. According to a survey, over 6,000,000 were dissatisfied with deodorants they'd used!

---

Last year, however, the Andrew Jergens Co. chemists produced a deodorant these women love to shop for because it answers all their complaints. It's amazing triple-action spray Dryad.

---

Jergens Dryad protects three ways—instantly. It checks perspiration instantly. It eliminates the odor of perspiration acids instantly. And it overcomes odor-causing bacteria instantly.

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No other deodorant can duplicate Dryad's effective 48-hour protection. Yet it won't harm fragile fabrics, has a nice fresh fragrance. Get the pretty pink squeeze bottle today—and see for yourself! One bottle lasts for months. Only 49¢ plus tax. (Also in cream form).

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The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.
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IT'S SAFE ANY DAY WITH MEDS TAMpons!

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We're so sure you'll like Meds better, we want you to try them at our expense.

FREE! Send your name and address for a free sample package of Meds in plain white wrappers. Write Miss Olive Crooning, Personal Products Corp., Dept. SD-7, Milltown, N. J. (Check desired size: Regular 11, Super 11, Junior 11.) One package to a family. U. S. only.

Meds Meds Meds Meds Meds

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your hair

added fresh color makes the lustrous difference!

• Leaves hair soft, easy to manage
• Blends in yellow, grey streaks
• 12 flattering shades • Removes shampoo film • Gives sparkling highlights

Only 10¢ or 25¢ the modern hair beauty rinse

Grows up to be Tony Curtis, one of the most promising young thieves in Tanger. His burning ambition is to get into the closely barred and guarded palace treasure room and abscond with a goodly portion of loot therein. He also would like to marry the princess. Thanks to Piper Laurie, a grimy street urchin who is also an acrobat, Tony's wishes come true—all except one. Lots of fun, adventure and pleasant watching.

Santa Fe
(Technicolor)
Columbia

HATING the Yankees for burning out their Virginia plantation, Randolph Scott and his three brothers head West to make a new batch of lives for themselves. Randy gets employment with the up and coming new Santa Fe line, but his brothers nix the idea on the grounds that the company is a durn-Yankee outfit. They join up with a gambling house, run by a Southerner, suh. When the gambling men start causing trouble in Randy's train crews, he starts trying to clout some sense into his brothers' heads. It fails, and the boys get plumb bad. Randy is soon the only one left to carry on the family name. Along with Scott, Janis Carter, John Archer and Warner Anderson keep the action on the right track.

Inside The Walls Of Folsom Prison
Warners

Based on authentic reports this shows the sub-human conditions which existed at California's Folsom State Prison before the present reforms were instituted. The warden at that time, played by Ted de Corsia, not only meted out histrionic punishments for the inmates and kept them on a near-starvation diet, but also pitted prisoner against prisoner until revenge and liquidation were a great part of prison life. Though a new captain of the prison guards, David Brian, attempts to make necessary changes, he's stymied by de Corsia. It requires a bloody prison break, led by Steve Cochran, to make the State authorities see things Brian's way—that prisoners should be treated

(Please turn to page 72)
Below: Ruth Chatterton presents Double Award to Joseph L. Mankiewicz for Best Screenplay and Direction of "All About Eve." In addition to Best Picture, "Eve" won five other Awards.

Left: George Sanders wins Oscar for Best Supporting Actor in "All About Eve." Helen Hayes presented award winning Oscar for Best Actor to Jose Ferrer for "Cyrano." He accepted from New York via radio. Jose and Judy, at party in New York, hugged each other when results of Academy's voting were announced.

Right: Dean Jagger gives Oscar to Josephine Hull for Best Supporting Actress in "Harvey." Said Josephine, "This is the first time I've been here, and I must thank that six-foot-four inch rabbit!" Foreign language winner—Italian film "The Walls Of Malapaga."

Presentation of Academy Awards to movie "greats" was especially elaborate this year. Proceedings were broadcast throughout the U.S. and around the world by short wave. Right: Broderick Crawford presents Best Actress Oscar to Ethel Barrymore who accepts for absent Judy Holliday of "Born Yesterday."
Lissom Laura Elliott, former secretary, gets her big break in "Strangers On A Train."

Cary Grant and Cathy Lewis play a spine-tingling scene in a Suspense radio drama.

While in Europe, Ty Power and wife Linda Christian visit Switzerland.

Mary Malone, Robert Sterling and Faith Domergue stop for cocktails at Coq Rouge. Bob's in play "Gramercy Ghost."

It's a man's joke—Mala Powers doesn't share John Wayne's, Mel Ferrer's grins during radio rehearsal.

NEWSREEL
Donald, Mrs. O'Connor on Queen Elizabeth. Don's appearing at the Palladium in London.

Bette Davis and her four-year-old daughter at the airport before leaving for England.

Virginia Field and handsome Willard Parker at the Stork Club. Wedding bells soon may ring.

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SUNTAN LOTION

Lets you
Tan . . .
Never Burn!*  

ONLY suntan lotion awarded Seal of Acceptance of the American Medical Association. 

Exclusive scientific formula developed by the laboratories of McKesson & Robbins. 

Eliminates about 90% of the sun's injurious burning rays.

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No gum—no grease—no sticky oil.

Economical.

Easy to use—no applicator.

Also for sale in Canada

*when used according to directions
McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

Swim-Suit by Ge of California in authentic plaid fabric
Comedy’s Top Team

Left: Dean Martin, ace crooner and “straight man.” He shares musical honors with new singing star, Polly Bergen, in “That’s My Boy.”

Right: Jerry Lewis is the slap-happy absurdity of the team. In this film he manages to score a touchdown for the opposite team.

Jerry Lewis has a good deal to learn—not only about football from roommate Dean Martin, but also, there are a few things his girlfriend, Marion Marshall, can teach him.
"My former marriages were right, but this one is more right," says Humphrey Bogart. "Betty gives me the hotfoot!"

By Gladys Hall

AND HOW!

For the following reasons—and I quote:

"I have a pretty young wife with whom I am in love.

"I have a fine son when I had given up hope of a son.

"I've had a certain amount of success, and to be successful in any attempt means that you haven't worked all your life for nothing.

"I'm not in such a hurry as most people are. Hell, no, I'm in no hurry at all.

"As an actor, I know my limitations and this is comfortable, for you avoid stretch and strain. I would never, for instance, attempt to play Shakespeare.

"I laugh a lot. We laugh a lot together, Betty and I, don't take things too seriously.

"Not a gripe against life," said Bogey, "not one—except, of course, that I wish the world situation were different. Unless you have a hole in your head you can't escape that wish and that worry—and the resultant fear.

"Also, I'd like to travel with Betty without having to work. I'd like to sail my boat without having to work... without having to work, let's leave it at that. But now you've got to work till you die. You, me, all of us. This is a fact which you can defeat only by laughing in its face."

Other than (Please turn to page 56)

Mr. and Mrs. in a scene from their first picture together, "To Have And Have Not."

Bogey and Marta. He doesn't care what kind of part he plays as long as it's a good one.

At the Mocambo. Bogey and Lauren talk all the time as if they had met only yesterday.
Hubby Macdonald Carey takes Eddie Albert, Betty's old flame, out with them, hoping that seeing him will cure her amnesia. Her preference seems to have changed!

**No Changes, Please!**

Betty Grable's fans have proved again and again—and again—that they love her in light-hearted sprightly musicals. In the 20th Century-Fox film, "Meet Me After The Show," she plays a Broadway actress who feigns amnesia in order to recapture an erring (so she thinks) husband. "We never show off Betty's legs," says her director, "unless they have a place in the story. Sometimes we have to do a lot of thinking to find a reason." Happy thought!

Rory Calhoun plays a rugged beachcomber Betty runs into along the Florida coast.

Left: Betty hoofs it with Broadway old-timer in one of film's novelty numbers.

Right: Betty and stuffed polar bear in Alaskan song and dance.
“You’ll be much better equipped for a long life in pictures with good stage training—afterwards is too late”

By Irene Dunne

EVERY MONTH I receive innumerable letters from eager, ambitious young girls asking “How can I become a movie star?” I think it’s regrettable that more of them do not ask how to become a movie actress, because most of those girls, I fear, are more intrigued with the idea of glamour, mink coats and swimming pools than interested in acting—fine acting.

Well, this editorial effort of mine may prove of some help to those girls, for as I talk of what I’d do, if I were tackling Hollywood today, I suppose I’m indirectly giving advice. It also gives me a wonderful opportunity for some second guessing, but in all truth I shall be speaking from accumulated experiences of two decades in the profession which I love and which has been inseparable from my life.

If I were tackling Hollywood today, I think the first thing to be done is to decide exactly what one wants. If you are determined to be a top star regardless of everything—assuming of course that you have talent and train-

If You Want Success

Irene Dunne believes that a broken marriage is too high a price to pay for a career, is happily wed to a doctor.

Glamorous Irene suggests that Hollywoodites be active in charities. She’s worked with many.
ing—you probably will reach that goal, but you must be prepared to make many sacrifices and probably hurt others on your relentless climb.

When I came out here I had no such selfish goal, and I’m glad I didn’t. I wanted to prove I could be a success in a new medium—I had been on the musical stage in New York—but I did not tell myself, “I’ll be a top star at any cost.” I confess my success has been gratifying: I feel I’ve had a good batting average: some not-so-good pictures, but mostly good ones. But whatever sacrifices I’ve made have been minor in comparison to those of some others. I, for example, think a broken marriage is too high a price to pay for a career, and complete preoccupation with success in this business so often seems to lead to divorce.

If you know exactly what you want, you will necessarily recognize your own limitations and not try to exceed them. When I was quite young, I dreamed of someday singing grand opera at the Metropolitan, but finally realized that it was beyond my vocal talent and concentrated on what I could do, doing my very best.

If I began today, I’d want even more stage experience than I had, and I was on the Broadway stage several seasons in addition to a Summer season with the St. Louis Municipal Opera. The youngsters who beat unsuccessfully on the studio gates here are usually the ones with inadequate training. More and more young actresses are recruited for pictures from the New York stage, from little theatres, from radio and television, rather than from the ranks of beauty contests.

You’ll be much better equipped for a long life in pictures if you have a sound theatrical background. It’s difficult to go back to the stage later, afterwards is too late: studio contracts usually don’t allow enough time between pictures for a season on the stage. Or if you can get away, a studio’s reaction may be that you’re away too long.

In addition to actual dramatic training and experience, I’d want as much education as possible. No education is ever wasted and everything you learn is helpful in acting. (Please turn to page 64)
"The Thing" doesn't interfere too much with the love affair of Margaret and Kenneth Tobey.

EXCITING new Howard Hawks discovery, Margaret Sheridan, makes her debut in RKO's mysterious "The Thing." No word is leaking out about identity of "The Thing," but we do know that heavy woolen clothing required for North Pole wear doesn't hide Margaret's provocative model's figure (she was discovered from a photo in Vogue) and that flying and fliers are in her blood (she's married to pilot Bill Pattison and has been an air hostess herself). Margaret's dynamic performance as well as her versatile acting branded her a long-term contract and "The Thing" is out of this world!

Margaret and Ken find light moments between those of terror in unusual Arctic setting film.

In her first role, Margaret plays a secretary to a scientist; loves making pictures, but appears different on screen than she expected.

Howard Hawks' New Discovery

On vacation, Margaret found puppy to take to her four-year-old daughter.
By Barbara Lawrence

MY DATES must be exciting, and then some.

They have to give me more than just a temporary good time now.

Naturally, it helps if the man for each event is handsome. But, in my eyes, that isn't half of his assets.

Arriving for me in a brand-new convertible isn't going to be enough for both of us. He must do more than dance divinely. If he is cute, that won't completely satisfy me, as I've already hinted. Nor will a kiss that's colossal fool me. No, times have changed since I turned twenty-one three months ago.

Times were, I admit, when I was sure to leap at the chance to step out immediately to do the town. If anyone were having a party, I wanted to be the first at it. If a few really congenial guests lingered later after those who weren't hep went home early, I wanted to be among the merriest remaining. And, being a determined individualist, I was. I had so many laughs per night I guess I didn't miss much.

But I've discovered a girl can't laugh always. I've lived, learned what love can bring, and now I ask questions before I say yes to bids to go places.

What are a whole flock of dates, flowing one after the other, worth? It all depends upon what they do for you, what they add to or take away from your desire for a fabulously full life.

I still believe that parties are here to stay. I still consider a person plainly silly who deliberately misses fun when she might as well be happy instead of moping alone, feeling sorry for herself. But I know, now, that every party won't be terrific. I'm still anxious to drive clear across town to hear a marvelous hot band or blues singer. But I can enjoy classical music, too. I'm still Barbara, the good-natured (I hope) gal, but when someone says it'll be a ball, I hesitate. I don't react with a yes until I've thought twice. I go for an intriguing invitation, but not like I used to jump.

At sixteen, I remember, I had the most naive conception of marriage. I supposed it was simply a succession of romantic dates. If you found a boy "cute", looking, and his behavior "smooth", what else was there? I followed my impulse. After secretly dating an aspiring actor for two weeks, I eloped. We had fallen in love at first sight, and, since both of us had been going steady, we had unfinished business to be eliminated. At a party where we were still paired off miserably, we decided to take the plunge; we slipped away and were married in Mexico.

He was twenty-two, and besides looks and charm he had a nice ear and had an acting contract. I hadn't checked further. We returned and told my mother right away, and, as we'd made no provisions for a home, I went on living with her. (Please turn to page 66)
"I'm ambitious, but fame alone can never be enough for me... I know I must live, even if I blunder."

What I Expect Of A Date

"I'd go a million miles for one of the right man's smiles... run from one who's stuffy"
A NEW innovation in picture-making was inaugurated with the filming of the opera, "Tales Of Hoffman." For the first time, the entire action of a film was set to the musical score which had already been recorded by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.
The "Dragonfly Ballet," as danced by Moira and Edmond, is film's highlight.
Let A Man Be!

Glamorous Virginia believes that a woman should learn to like what the man she loves prefers. Men don't enjoy women who disagree.

"It is the essence of happiness," assures "It must have no strings attached."
If you want to attract a man, why not leave him as is? What you don't do to him is what actually charms him. This is my most important discovery about love.

A woman's truly dangerous wish is her desire to do something for the man she wants to impress. But too often she is merely an impulse directed with discernment to bitter dissatisfaction. It really isn't an unselfish gesture; a man over. Scheming in secret and knowing is not the business of the woman.

Nor is getting a man to do things for her either. Giving is the essence of happiness; no strings attached. Yet what you can and how you go about it can be so butt-kicking on this you spoil the infinite possibilities with the right man.

I was never in love before I met Michael. During my years I worried because boys didn't their necks to ask me for dates. Now I see it because I wasn't dazzled by them and I'm a boy crazy.

When I realized I was falling for Mike certain I started to think very seriously how that could enhance me in his eyes. My —to be as fascinating to him as he was to the same. I know men aren't all alike; there is a fundamental masculine attitude that should be recognized. Studying reached the conclusion that no male has the instinct to choose and not be born with a compulsion to express and decide how he is to develop, as she ignores this isn't the wonderful, and frequently imagines herself. She's got a man be is my theory. I'm going to try again if you find you don't enjoy can afford to wait until a man who modeling job, in your opinion, co-

I guess I was ready to do a lot of Mike appeared. In my teens I was. Usually, I didn't have as much (Ple
i
This was the one teenage role Mona had to prove it was her part.

Freeman was sitting on a Paramount sound stage and was dangling her year-old daughter, a woman visitor saw them.

Actors for the actors' children?" the visitor asked. She was pretty little, "I'll have you know it, I'm NO teenager!"

Little rebellion against looking older, she was ever so circumspect in "I won't play any more kids that would have been a negative thing," she says.

Yet, she gained ten pounds and all mature now. She has changed physically changing the type of decorum. Mona's a changed gal. Corny as it seems, mentally, emotionally. She has terrific boot out of her old friends circle; she asks with a devilish twinkle in her eye, "25, I've been married five years, I have a son. In most girls there is a very noticeable case it was delayed a bit."

What of this change was the studio's interest when Mona suggested perhaps she should do some glamorous "leg art" pictures. As any movie fan knows, young stock or bit players are very glad to do "cheesecake" pictures, but when they begin to rise in their acting careers they start protesting about leg art on the grounds that it's not dignified, not "aht" or not something. So when Mona, a well-established star, volunteered to do some new leg art, the Front Office boys were happily surprised. And when they saw the proofs on this "new" Mona Freeman, it is whispered around the office.

(Please turn to page 69)
Mona's been happily married to Pat Hennessey for five years. She tries to learn all she can on business, politics and world affairs to keep up with him. "A husband and a child change a girl into a woman."

Joan Fontaine plays Mona's misunderstood mother in the whimsical comedy of family life, "Darling, How Could You!"

"I'm NO Teenager"

Mona Freeman's begun a quiet rebellion against looking like and forever being typed in films as a teenager.

By Dorothy O'Leary

Mona loves to spend time with her daughter, Mony. She believes that mothers should make an effort to have fun with their children.
Sleeveless Comfort +
A Duster

Screenland Fashion Selections

by Marcia Moore

Lovely model Phyllis Thaxter will soon be seen in Warner Bros.'"Jim Thorpe—All American."

Blouse and skirt of birdseye pique look tailored and crisp. Rhinestone buttons sparkle on white blouse. The peter pan collar and armholes are finished with fine beading. Deep hip pockets on the skirt create a jutting line. In navy or black, you can choose a matching or white belt. By Rojay. Outfit about $14. Sizes 10-18.

Hose by Drexel, Hats by Maccaps,
Gloves by Dawnelle, Coro Jewelry
Phyllis wears a duster of linen-like rayon. This fabric has been treated to resist wrinkles, and it is washable. Cool and lightweight, you'll find it an "around the clock" addition to your wardrobe. Available in powder blue, pink, melon, maize, lilac, beige, navy and black. About $11. By Jerry Gilden. Sizes 10-18.

Rows of tiny buttons—tagoted pleats—peter pan collar and self belt add dollars to the look of this tissue chambray dress. It washes and irons like a hankie. You can choose from dark tones of navy, black, brown, gray, green, red, blue or wine. About $13. By Jerry Gilden. Sizes 10-18.
Do You Really Know Men . . .

“Their imperfections, the small boy in them, their wandering from the path of domesticity? Being an understanding wife isn’t easy.”

By Macdonald Carey

EVERY wife, it seems to me, thinks she is an understanding one and every girl believes implicitly that when she marries she will be a spouse thus virtuously endowed. Would that it were true!

You need not raise your voice and scream like a fishwife or even throw a saucepan to be un-understanding. It’s not as simple as that. I don’t suppose being an understanding wife is an easy task, we men being the characters we are. But if you are understanding, you’ll be doubly repaid; you’ll keep your husband and you’ll be a happier wife.

One of the first things needed, in the opinion of this frankly amateur observer, is for a wife to understand a man’s weaknesses, the small boy quality in him; especially in his imperfections, in his wandering from the path of domesticity.

Is it so awful if he admires a pretty girl? Why shouldn’t he? Why don’t you beat him to the punch sometimes and point out a pretty girl first? If he speaks glowingly of your hostess’s dinner when you are invited out, he isn’t necessarily belittling your own cooking; he is being gracious. Suppose he does buy lunch now and then for his secretary; he could be discussing business with her or even trying to repay her for extra work she did at the office.

Why not realize that you’ll never be out of competition? It’s a rare industry today that doesn’t have girls in it, so your husband will be seeing girls at work. Possibly they are younger and prettier than you are, but that doesn’t imply he’s going to fall in love with them—if you keep on your toes. Remember this advice from a pert Franchwoman now in

Mac and Monica Lewis in MGM picture, “Excuse My Dust.”

Un-understanding husband Mac, Betty Grable, Eddie Albert in “Meet Me After The Show.”

Mac charms Monica Lewis. A woman can change her husband, Mac claims, if she can do it subtly.
her sixties: "Age is no matter. You can be ravishing at twenty, charming at forty and irresistible the rest of your life."

You might also remind yourself how lucky you are not to be married to a movie actor who has much more opportunity to stimulate jealousy in his wife. (Fortunately, I have an understanding one!) We actors have no set pattern of living. Sometimes we work late, sometimes even all night. The average business man has set hours and you can depend on his coming home for dinner on time. Not so with actors. We also have not only quality but quantity in the beautiful women around us. In the course of business we may have to lunch with a new leading lady or go to cocktail parties with producers where we see other beauties. But many of us manage to stay happily married.

The only guiding principle I know that can be applied in such cases, whether in Hollywood or Hoboken, is the good old Golden Rule: put yourself in your husband's position. If he errs slightly, consider what you would have done under the same circumstances. If you do, you'll be understanding.

The wife must set the pattern for a happy marriage, a fact which her husband may or may not know. I think there has been too much of the text book approach to marriage in the last two decades. I feel we should get back to the "family affair," a more deeply rooted relationship with the wife as a living example. A husband is less apt to break away from such a pattern because it is necessarily based on mutual understanding.

If you would be understanding, you must be a diplomat in your home. Naturally, a husband should be too, but we are now going on the premise that you are setting the pattern, and you'll be surprised how soon he will be understanding if you are.

There's that time honored problem of his "going out with the boys." Why shouldn't he, now and then? You get tired of household routine, staying home all the time, don't you? Can't you believe he gets tired of his routine, too? Unless he goes overboard on going out.

let him once in a while and without an argument or tears or recriminations. Be clever; don't just tolerate his going out but kiss him goodbye, wish him a good time and let him know, without being heavy-handed about it, that you'll miss him. When he realizes you do miss him he'll probably cut down on the evenings out. And if you don't raise a fuss, he'll be much more tolerant about your lunches and bridge parties with "the girls."

Diplomacy (a large part of understanding) is needed in so many ways. For example, you must express interest in your husband's profession, whatever it is. Profess it, even if it's not sincere. You may be bored listening to his "shop talk" every night when he comes home but you'd better join in and act interested unless you want him to look for a more appreciative audience. After he has given vent to his problems, he'll be tired of them and more inclined to listen to yours, whether they concern your own outside job or the breakdown of the water heater or Junior's not eating his pablum. Although they're big things in your daily life and you want him to share them, remember, he has comparable ones.

It doesn't matter how emancipated or efficient women are, men still want to be heads of their households. If you will be understanding, you must be prepared to listen to his decisions, general or specific. Certainly, you should have your own ideas and discuss them. Certainly, you need not agree with him constantly. But don't bash his masculine pride continuously. Let him win now and then; it's very important to his ego. Let him make a decision. If you're smart—and don't like that decision—you can change it, later, without hurting his feelings.

In financial matters, it is especially important that you let your husband feel that in the long run he is the boss. Even if you are working and have your income, try to make him feel he's head of the house. Actually, you may hold the purse strings and be the financial wizard of the family, but you can still give the impression that you think Papa is a J. P. Morgan. If you do, he'll be more attached to house and hearth—and you.

(Please turn to page 71)
At the gala presentation of this year's Patsy Awards (Picture Animal Top Star of the Year), Ronald Reagan, M.C., and Piper Laurie present the first prize to Francis the mule and his unseen human voice, Chill Wills.

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, the constant two-some, offer a light to Jimmie the Raven at this affair sponsored by the American Humane Association who supervise filming of every scene in which an animal appears.

John Hudson and Peggy Dow with Lassie, a runner-up. Lassie's latest film is MGM's "The Painted Hills." Peggy is currently in U-I's "Bright Victory." Before the awards were made, the leading actors of the animal world were on display for the Los Angeles public to enthuse over.

Jimmie Stewart presents an award to Jackie the lion cub of "Samson And Delilah," while Bill Demarest gingerly holds him. Jimmie apologized for not bringing Harvey, who was home with the flu.

Diana Lynn and trainer Frank Barnes present an award to the dog Flame, a runner-up for his role in RKO's "My Pal." Diana's latest film is U-I's "Bedtime For Bonzo," about a chimpanzee.
Star Varieties

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BATIK SKIRT—$6.45. Not illustrated, full with pleats at the side.

HALTER BLOUSE—$3.45. Illustrated with Batik ensemble and with the Marine Skirt and short ensemble. Sizes 10–18.

SKIRT—$6.45. Marine Pattern has double unpressed pleats at the sides giving it a full graceful sweep. Color combinations on white background. (Gray and Black.) (Shrimp pink and Green with Gray.) or (Aqua with Gray and soft Green.) Sizes 10–18.

BLOUSE—$3.95. Can be worn as shown, or the Peter Pan collar is finished to wear open.

HALTER BLOUSE—$3.45. Is self lined, bias cut, clings snugly to the figure.

SHORTS—$3.95. Has cuffs, side zipper. These three pieces are combed cotton broadcloth, will not shrink or fade. Colors—Black, Shrimp pink, Aqua, or Gray. Sizes 10–18. To blend with the Marine skirt.

TELEVISION STAR

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IN WINNING the title role in MGM's "The Great Caruso," Mario Lanza was singularly honored, for until now no one was thought capable of handling so enormous an assignment. Mario, in turn, performs magnificently as the world's greatest tenor. Always good, Mario has never given a better performance.

Singing "El Sol Dell Anima" from "Rigoletto" in MGM film.
None of us are perfect, and letting the other fellow have his harmless faults is putting tolerance into everyday practice. Since you’re not going to change him, it makes life more pleasant not to nag each other. Finally, I began counting on Ben’s being late. I’d let fifteen minutes slide here and there and get to places a little late myself, and neither of us was the worse for it. Our marriage remained intact, though sometimes our hostesses didn’t.”

To fully appreciate Esther and her extraordinarily sensible outlook on life, which pays such dividends, you must know what actually made her the person she is today. This means meeting her parents. They still live in the same little cottage in Los Angeles where Esther was born and grew up. Her father built most of it himself. Every room hummed as five children, of whom Esther was the youngest, matured so well there. Grandchildren hurry over on weekends now. Esther’s parents are so brimming with cheerful, contagious common sense you can see exactly why Esther tickles as she does.

“Where children are concerned, my mother always has emphasized something I firmly believe. She says the greatest mistake a woman can make is to center attention on the child rather than on what the child is doing.

“No one had special privileges in our house,” Esther said. “Everyone was treated equally. Naturally, in the conduct of a home the parents have the responsibility of deciding the important things, but that doesn’t give them the right to be unfair. When it comes to brains, a child may be well ahead of the parents, may actually have a higher I.Q. A parent shouldn’t overlook this fact and a child should be constantly encouraged to use his own intelligence and ingenuity.”

Letters pour in to Esther from girls all over the world, imploring her advice. Swimming coaches write that their students insist upon trying to hold their heads out of the water so they can look as charming as Esther. She always writes back that the graceful gliding through the water with a lazy stroke is merely a stunt to add romance to a picture scene. Esther points out that the reason it is possible to look that relaxed is because of many practice sessions swimming a good hard-working racing crawl. She learned to swim the orthodox way and still sprints to stay in condition.

“The stroke for fast swimming is not pretty nor graceful, but it’s the one to use unless you’re making a movie close-up,” she says.

Queries about how to be popular in school are answered best by Esther’s own experience in this respect. She didn’t think she was pretty. She didn’t pay any attention to her hair and she liked jeans in which she could move more swiftly. But when she entered high school she had to give more thought to her appearance.

“When she graduated from junior high she was invited on a weekend trip to the mountains,” her mother reminisces. “There was a dance and she was the wallflower. No boy asked her for a single dance. It was the first time it dawned on her that she didn’t know how to flirt, that she wasn’t clothes conscious. She wasn’t too hurt. She came to me and asked me what was the matter with her clothes. I told her she only needed to keep her dresses pressed and her hair prettier.

“Then when she started high school her best girl friend indirectly gave her the incentive that was normal for her at that age. Esther was still the long-legged kid. She came home one afternoon and said that her girl friend had declared. ‘I’m going to be a big shot and I don’t think we should be pals anymore because I don’t think you’re going to be popular!’

“This was a great favor. When Esther puts her mind to anything, results occur. I let her do some thinking herself. She was depressed, but she also was profoundly curious. Again she was doing something wrong. She would have to find a solution. And this was it. Maybe lots of kids are scared and lonesome in

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In Spite Of The Heat

Tips for Summer beauty that are geared to a lazy tempo appropriate to sizzling days

By Elizabeth Lapham

You'll win half the battle for beauty this Summer if you can manage to look cool and serene no matter how fantastically the thermometer climbs. It's not as difficult as you might suppose. Start, and start right now, by simplifying each element of your beauty. You don't want anything about yourself to seem complicated or "busy" any more than you want to be bothered with a lot of time-consuming fussing. This is where you can thank your lucky stars that you're living in 1951 with its wonderful crop of modern streamlined products equipped to do a better-than-ever job in an easier-than-ever way. Our counter-hopping this month will bring you up to date on current excitements.

Who should know better than you the importance of the glowing color and soft radiance of your hair in Summer? But have you done anything about replacing that valuable quota so inevitably stolen by sunshine—or adding tones to glamourize Mother Nature's original endowment? Perhaps you have been holding off because the whole procedure of hair coloring seemed tricky and uncertain. If that's the case you'll be cheered to know about a color rinse called Noreen Super Color Rinse—it's rather special because you can remove the color with a shampoo even though it won't rub, wipe or rinse off.

Noreen comes in fourteen shades that are designed to be perfect reproductions of natural hair shades. Because of Noreen's color depth a remarkable amount of color can be added to hair. Mousey-looking hair can be rinsed to a more interesting shade by studying the hair's own coloring in a good light, then choosing a Noreen shade that will pick up the most flattering tone, light or dark. As a matter of fact, since Noreen is removable, you can try on different colors to see which is most becoming. In case you were wondering, a Noreen rinse adds exactly three minutes to shampooing.

Having dealt with one aspect of hair beauty we'll consider still another—the vital problem of keeping your chignon (or the chignon-effect you've achieved with your own crowning glory) sleek and smooth. This is really important, for straying wisps protruding at the wrong places can cancel any claim to glamour about as completely as anything we know. Fortunately, the Venida people have ere—(Please turn to page 73)

Lovely Faye Emerson wears a Roman-striped taffeta ribbon rosette in her sleek hairdo.

Alexis Smith, star of U-1's "The Cave," shares spotlight with Westmore's rich Night Cream.

Bathing in a flower pond isn't as fantastic as it sounds because Houbigant makes a Wistaria bubble bath to convert the tub into billowing white foam and a cloud of fragrance—one of the easiest and most refreshing of all hot weather beauty treatments.

If you should upset this new Cutex Spillpruf nail polish bottle there is no need to worry, even when it tips over in your lap. The secret is in the new design of the bottle which allows you ample time to right it before any polish can possibly seep out.
Barbara, Bruce Cabot and Dick Foran rehearse the veranda scene for the TV presentation of play, "Treasure Trove." They spent eight hours repeating the half-hour script over and over again.

Barbara has her hair arranged for her role by the studio hairdresser before the final rehearsal while Bruce Cabot applies stage makeup to his face. She had special costumes for the play.

Barbara Britton has been temporarily stolen from Hollywood to appear on TV shows. She recently co-starred with Bruce Cabot and Dick Foran on the CBS Video Theatre adaptation of "Treasure Trove." Barbara, a curious gal, asked to be taken through the works to see what makes TV tick and her tour included the "no admittance" control booth where the director operates. Although it took eight days of preparation for one half-hour show, Barbara loved every minute of it.

During 5 minute break, Designer Bill Smith shows Barbara floor plans of set. She must be in the right place at the right time.

On her day off, Barbara goes over her lines with her three-and-a-half year old son, Teddy, to keep in practice. There are many behind-scenes problems.

Barbara chats with her husband, Dr. E. J. Czukor, while dining at Stork Club. The show is over and she can relax and enjoy herself after a job well done.
high school,' she told me, 'I can't be the only one. They may be waiting for someone to make the first move. So I'm going to smile at everyone. Then, if there's a smile back, I'm going to speak, whether I know them or not.'"

Her parents' understanding was a vast help. Her father purposely put down a double hardwood floor in the Williams' living room, so it could withstand all the wear and tear when each of their children brought their gang home. They all took turns, and there was a happy bunch gathering every evening. The rugs were rolled up for dancing. Refreshments were prepared, and then the dishes all washed and put back.

Today, due to this past, Esther's been able to avoid the mistakes so many women make. For one thing, she very wisely takes the same interest in her home as she does in her career. She loves domesticity—cooking and housekeeping and taking complete charge of her two sons, Penjie and Kim. Now she finds that being a successful wife and mother is her newest challenge.

Esther and Ben live informally. Comfortably, yes, but not according to the average person's conception of a glamorous couple in the picture business. Both Esther and Ben work long hours. They are awake at 6 a.m. and from then on are busier than any pair I know. Ben is such a good husband and father, has as even a disposition as Esther's. He has the same sense of values she has. He's one of the best-adjusted men I can spot. "Everyone has his own special problem. We are all eager to find the solution. In my case, the answer is always to find out what is wrong, what mistake I made, as quickly as possible, and then set about what's best to remedy it, rather than worrying over how it has affected me," Esther says.

In her teens, a problem of getting along with others was solved by concentrating on a few basic rules concerning her appearance and friendships. When it looked as if there would be no friends. She at last gained the sought-after popularity through activity—doing the tiresome work on committees until she was finally elected to clubs and leadership in them. And all along she had her willing parents offering a helping hand.

She has the same encouragement and optimism to give her own sons, and all her friends—and most of all she has the urge to be a true partner in every way for her husband. Since she is such a very real woman, she must make her share of the mistakes a woman shouldn't make. But Esther doesn't brood. Instead, each day is a new direct adventure into what she can add to the lives of those she loves and likes.

But Esther doesn't commit the major mistake. She doesn't try to live up to a false idea of herself. Her family didn't force her into this, and all the acclaim the movies have added hasn't turned her into a self-centered person. She's not frustrated attempting to maintain an image of herself. All her thoughts go outward, not inward. That's why she is such a delight in person!
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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Is Humphrey Bogart Really Happy?

Continued from page 27

the normal, natural and Everyman desire for peace in the world and play without work. Bogey, at the half century mark (he makes no bones that he was born December 25, 1900) is so well content that if he were the purring type which need I observe, he is not; he's purr.

Bogey explained his reasons for being happy to us at greater length than the foregoing resume in his suite at the St. Regis in New York on the afternoon before he and Betty sailed for Africa where Bogey and Katharine Hepburn are now at work in the film, 'African Queen,' based on the book by C. C. Forrester. Never having worked with Katharine Hepburn before, Bogey appeared intrigued at the prospect.

"Interesting girl, Hepburn," he said, "very stimulating girl. And—like Betty—as different as possible from what I may describe as the 'formula' female. First time John Huston (who directs 'African Queen') and I interviewed Katy, neither of us." Bogey laughed, "had travelled. Obviously suspecting the worst, the great Katharine pried us with black coffee saying hopefully, but firmly, 'Now, if you boys will just straighten up!' We've now planned that, in Africa, we'll show up with glasses of dark brown iced tea in hand so that Katharine can put us," Bogey chuckled, "on the wagon! Funny thing," he added, "there's a dash of the reformer in every fabulous dame."

Stars Hepburn and Bogart are, by the way, the only two actors in the cast of "African Queen."

"Just two actors," Bogey told us, "and

some animals. Also, a few natives, the treacherous dark river we will travel and, of course, the jungle. Katy plays a lady missionary. I play a fellow you could take out of 'Treasure Of The Sierra Madre' (the first part); a roustabout, rootless kind of drunken bum. On the way down the river, the lady missionary becomes a woman and love enters the black heart of the jungle hobo.

"With such a foreboding background and two such characters, you'd think it might be a sinister and tragic story, but it isn't. Rather, it's a happy story." Bogey explained, "kind of a comic story played against wonderful scenery, directed, as I said, by John Huston, photographed by the cameraman who did 'Red Shoes,' and produced by Sam Spiegel. Among ourselves, the picture is known," Bogey added with a grin, "as 'King Spiegel's Mines.'"

While Bogey and I were talking, Mrs. Bogey (no longer called "Baby" by Bogey, by the way, but Betty or occasionally Lauren) in the adjoining bedroom was packing or repacking with the help of her mother and several girlfriends, ordering tea and drinks for drop-ins, taking telephone calls and making one call herself—a long distance call to young Stephen, aged two, the Bogart son and heir and, it is not too extravagant to add, their heart. In Lauren's conversation with her son, the word "darling" was practically every other word. "What, darling? Yes, darling. Say that again, darling. Oh, darling..."

("I love him," Lauren told us, quite fiercely, later on, "I just LOVE him!")
Before Lauren hung up, Bogey made his contribution. He did not, so far as I know, address his son as “darling,” although such was my amazement at hearing Humphrey Bogart reciting nursery rhymes that I can’t be sure. Bogey and nursery rhymes would mix, you’d think, like beetroot and chocolate sauce. But lo, as naturally as Mother Goose herself, Bogey was saying, “Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any—” then, “Simple Simon met a pieman going to the—” then “Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep and doesn’t know where to—” soon after which, looking not the least sheepish, Bogey returned to us saying, “The sweep of the front yoke is topped with three large gold-tone buttons and a jaunty collar. Graceful flounces fall from the matching back yoke. Large patch pockets. In finest quality rayon gabardine.”

Seating himself, Bogey drew a folding case out of his inside coat pocket and displayed a dozen or more snapshots of the young Stephen, as likely looking a lad as you could hope to see.

“The image of his mother,” Bogey pointed out, “same coloring, gray eyes, fair hair (and it grows the way Betty’s does, too, same hairline). High cheekbones, same shape face. Only resemblance to me is his chin. Something about the chin that’s a chip off the old block. But his likeness to his mother is fine with me. I think Betty is beautiful. And she is also interesting looking—not a face you ever get tired of. I couldn’t stand one of these Follies Girls faces . . .”

“You’re a very good father,” we commented as Bogey carefully replaced the folder in his coat pocket, “aren’t you, Bogey?”

“I don’t know what constitutes a good father,” Bogey said, thoughtfully. “I think I’m a good one, but only time, of course, can tell. At this stage in a child’s life, the father is packed away, put aside and sat upon. The physical aspects—feeding, burping, changing, training—are the matters before the Bogart committee which is, as of now, a committee of one—Betty. I dare not make a statement for fear of incriminating myself. So, I won’t take over for awhile yet. When do, I’ll handle the boy as I would any human being in my orbit. That is, I’ll let him be himself. I won’t push him into anything or try to influence him. I’m an Episcopalian—he doesn’t have to be. I love boats—maybe he’ll go for fire engines. I’m an actor—which he may not want to be. Present indications point to a potential Barrymore in our midst, but this may change. If he wants to be an actor, it will be fine with me. So long as he’s a good one. But whatever he wants to do or be, he’ll never get thumbs down from me.

“And we’ll laugh with him a lot because we laugh a lot, Betty and I. Don’t take things, as I said before, too seriously. Casual characters, both of us, re-
William Holden and his wife, former screen star Brenda Marshall, arriving for the Academy Awards. Bill was one of the nominees for "Sunset Boulevard" role.
because we think it's a dangerous business but also because we enjoy each other, have a good time together. We read a lot. Go to people's houses. Chess games once in awhile. But mostly, we talk. In the kitchen, in bed, on the boat, in the car, wherever we are. We're beating our gums like we did just yesterday and will say toodleoo at once.

When a trip to New York comes up, Betty enjoys New York, the theatres, her family there, her friends; so we come to New York together. Mexico—she gets a boot out of Mexico—so we travel tandem. This time Africa. . . . I would not, of course, have gone without her."

"But Betty's career?" we asked.

"Doesn't the fact that you are working when she is not and the other way around mean that you have less time together if she didn't work?"

"If she didn't work I'd have more time with her, sure," Bogey agreed, "but as long as she wishes to go on with her career, it's the better part."

"Bogey winked again, "of valor. For three years from now, you know, or even in thirty years I might hear, 'I could have been Ethel Barrymore if it hadn't been for you.' And she might have me there, who knows! What is more, I wouldn't know what to do with a wife who didn't work. All my wives." Bogey chuckled.

"have been career girls. A wife who sat around at those chicken a la king luncheons playing Bridge or Canasta would be a stranger. let's face it, in the Bogart bistros in Beverly Hills, California.

Besides, work—in spite of what I said about it on page one—is good discipline. Keeps your brain alive, your muscles flexed, and your face before the public where, let's not kid ourselves, an actor likes his face to be. Sounds great to be retired but in practice, I suspect, you'd wake up at 10:30 in the morning, reach for the telephone, call your pals (a golf foursome in mind) get no answer, say 'Gee, where are all the boys? and be told, 'Why, they're all working.' And you, like Garbo, would be alone only, unlike Garbo, you might not like it!"

"Not much likelihood, however, of Bogey and Betty waking up at 10:30 a.m. to find themselves alone. For in addition to films and friends (and they DO get around!) they now have a radio program produced by Bogey's company, Sanyana, and listed in the radio logs as "Bold Adventure—with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall." It's a wildly different "Mr. and Mrs." program from any of the many now on the airwaves. Bogey is Slade Shannon and Lauren is Sailor Duval, two character's characters who own a boat and a small hotel and meet, per broadcast, enough bold adventures to shiver the timbers of the networks. Before they left for Africa, they had already done, Bogey told us, 36 transcriptions, "A head start, just in case," Humphrey harrumphed, "a tribe whose hobby is collecting heads gets ours. Fun to do, too." Bogey added, "and may mean some shekels for Stephen.

"As long as you're relaxed about your work," Bogey pursued the topic, "it's pretty much okay. And I am as relaxed at work as," he shrugged, "at play." I don't give a damn what I do or what parts I play as long as they are good ones. I'll play anything I can do. And the range is not too limited . . . a gangster, a sinister fellow in 'Petified Forest' and 'Dead End,' an ex-airman in 'Tokyo..."
Kathy demonstrates how Alice would look as she falls down the hole in pursuit of the white rabbit. Kathy is 12 years old and has a slight British accent. She has studied voice and dramatics.

Kathy, March Hare Jerry Colonna and Mad Hatter Ed Wynn act out the Mad Tea Party. "Alice" has remained popular for almost 100 years because it elevated "undignified" silliness to a popular literary art.

THE delightfully nonsensical story of "Alice In Wonderland" has at last come to the screen in Walt Disney's Technicolor animation. "Alice" has been a favorite of adults, as well as children, since Lewis Carroll wrote the fantasy in 1865. Walt uses live actors as voice and model for his lovably inconsistent characters and has discovered charming Kathy Beaumont to talk and act like Alice. 400 technicians have been working for three years on Disney's most costly full-length animated cartoon, and actors such as Ed Wynn and Jerry Colonna acted out the scenes before they were drawn. Film has elaborate musical score and all of the whimsy of the original tale is kept intact. "Alice" is truly a cartoon extravaganza!

Alice In Disneyland

In film, Alice meets Caterpillar who blows her a smoke letter telling about mushrooms which can make her grow taller or shorter.

Alice is amazed at the unorthodox procedure of the Mad Tea Party, a celebration in honor of the 364 days of everyone's unbirthday.
a nagging sweetheart? That's against human nature, isn't it? I don't say a woman should turn into a doormat or be afraid to have her own honest opinions. But I do say she should mind her manner. If she does think differently, she ought not to say so too strongly. She never should make a big issue of it—she should be sweet and gracious. Is this supposed to be easy? No! I don't say it's easy. I think it's worth day after day self-discipline to have a pleasing disposition, however.

My determination on this score has changed me with my directors—for the better, I'm sure. When I began in pictures, I was resentful when a director even implied a criticism. I retaliated with a succession of questions that must have annoyed men who were only attempting to make a good movie. Thanks to understanding Mike, I'm over that sort of amateur nonsense. A director does know what he is doing or he couldn't stay in the business. My trouble, then, was that I just didn't understand enough about it. Now I do what a director asks. I suggest, "May we try it another way as an alternative?" only when I've thought it through, and then my suggestion comes after we've done it the boss's way first. Now I'm complimented when I hear myself described on the lot as a competent, obliging actress with a sense of humor. How fortunate I was to have escaped unconsciously slipping into the nuisance class! Temperament is detested by all men, ranging from husbands to fellow workers.

When we married, I moved into Mike's home, a ranch house in the San Fernando Valley. It was distinctly masculine, as befitted Mike, Indian rugs, Mexican furnishings, wood carving: all expressed his ruggedness. I didn't rush feminine touches for I didn't want to disturb him. I married Mike for what he is. In a few weeks we'll celebrate our fourth wedding anniversary and we have just finished redecorating the house. I wanted to wait until Mike himself was

Michael Rennie, English favorite slated for stardom in this country, chats with Director Roy Baker's wife on London location of 20th's "The House On The Square."
Mitzi Gaynor, who plays the title role in 20th's "Golden Girl," with fiancé Richard Coyle at studio party at Romanoff's following the Academy Awards.

anxious to add my personality to it.

A man wants comfort most of all in a home and that we have. Beauty is secondary. Mike wanted an especially large dining room table so there'd always be plenty of room to put your elbows on it and relax. I love his passion for hospitality that this reveals. I haven't indulged in frills and when I've been stuck about the color of drapes, who do you suppose has come to my rescue with the right idea on the most harmonious shade? You've guessed—Mike!

We agree perfectly about entertaining. I've been working so steadily that I haven't had time to become a hostess at any elaborate parties, which is all right with both of us because we aren't crazy about parties. We're normal about them—go out some, but not a great deal. When we're being social, I'm content to sit around and listen and watch. I don't believe in a torrent of talk. I don't underrate anyone's intelligence, though, which is why listening and learning appeal to me, perhaps. Most of all, I'd rather sit home alone with Mike. He's the most original conversationalist I've ever encountered.

I don't mean to imply that we're oblivious to our idiosyncrasies. We love each other for, and in spite of them. I can make a decent cup of coffee, but there my cooking ability ceases. I'm always such a failure in the kitchen; I get so nervous trying to make everything come out at the same time. Mike is as bad at letter writing. He thinks cooking can be fun when he's in the mood for it, and I have my moments when letters are a challenge I can resist.

He has no fear of being absolutely truthful, and I find this irresistible in him. I feel a woman misses much of living if a man won't be honest with her. How can you share things if you conceal or won't discuss them? I used to be ill at ease with men, pre-Mike. "Why suffer in silence?" he asked me when he detected my hesitancy. "A man always knows an effect, so why pretend?" he'd say. Now I can't help but show my feelings and this is a much better way to be.

My vanity isn't childishly hurt when Mike doesn't like a new hat; I simply return it. I've got to get more pillboxes, however, and stay away from lopsided hats, I've told myself, recalling Mike's preferences. I am more practical in my shopping now because he is saner in his. He likes a natural, scrubbed look and when he comments on how sweet a woman appears, I look twice at her and see what he means. Men run from phony affectations. I think women look at another woman to study her clothes and speculate about her evolution as an individual, but we should remember that this doesn't matter a tenth as much to a man. Whether she remains sweet and natural is what concerns him.

To be exciting and triumphant to a man, we have to excel in the ways he believes a woman should. Mike is grand about my career, but he views my work as a craft. He's sympathetic and encouraging and proud of progress, as he would be if I were in any other profession for women. He thinks any woman who enjoys a career enough to strive seriously for it deserves the rewards it may give in return.

"It makes you so much more understanding," he says with a grin. I know he's probably referring to my learning not to dumbfound a man with a gift he doesn't particularly want. I glow a little when I think of this step. Maybe women are inclined to give a man what they decide he wants. Not me! I don't have any notion of what I'll achieve for next Christmas, but Mike was never more thrilled by a gift than by the rifle with which I astonished him. He'd been so tempted to buy it when we were shopping together that I knew I'd solved my Christmas present problem.

We're all for sharing our thoughts and our spare time and this extends to the future, also. This year, we've bought a ranch in Arizona as a business investment, in partnership with Verne Goodrich, a friend who's well-known as a rodeo rider. Verne is a veteran rancher and we're going to stock the place with beef cattle and even raise some cotton. It's a whole day's drive to this thirty-seven hundred acre adventure. I'm not the one to stay in Hollywood when Mike's ready to jump in the car and head for it!

I'll have a home on the range yet. And I'll always be nice to have a man around the house. I should start bothering him? Oh, no. Not me.

If You Want Success

Continued from page 31

Languages, literature, art, music, history; all are self-evident helps—and even mathematics and sciences, by training memory and demanding the analytical approach, are helpful by indirection. If I were tackling Hollywood today, I wouldn't stop studying after my arival. I continued my vocal studies, but I wish now that I'd taken some college courses too. Many of the younger players today take courses either in the evenings or between pictures and I admire them for their effort.

This is an amazing business, creative and mechanical at the same time, and there is so much for the newcomer to learn. I didn't realize this when I first arrived and for many years I tried to "go it alone." I managed all my own business affairs and believed the people who flatteringly said, "How smart you are to do that and save the 10 percent you'd have to pay a manager." Finally, I learned!

I had made a picture for MGM and they wanted me for another, but when I went up to Louis B. Mayer's office and told him I wanted twice as much salary for the second one, he laughed at me! (I can tell this because we've become good friends since.) I didn't do the picture and didn't work for MGM for several years, but I did go right out and get a manager whose business it is to know just how much more one can ask for one's talents!

So, if I began today, I'd want a good manager. I'd also want a term studio contract rather than trying to make good on a freelance basis. A young ac-
tress needs the backing and the buildup
an interested studio can give her. I was
under contract for many years to RKO
before I started freelancing.
If I were a newcomer here now, I'd try
to look at the entire business more objec-
tively than I did when I arrived. I
was miserably lonely when I was first
here, for, although my mother was with
me, my husband had to remain in New
York. So, perhaps as a compensation, I
became too engrossed in unimportant
details.
I made sure I saw the daily "rushes"
—the screening of the film taken the day
before—even if it meant breaking a leg
to see them. I'd be elated by good scenes,
depressed if I thought they were inferior.
That was so much wasted emotion, for
in many cases those scenes ended on the
cutting room floor. I would drive miles
to see sneak previews. I remember one
time going all the way to San Bernardi-
no and back, another time to Santa
Barbara.
The latter trip I recall very vividly,
for the preview was "Back Street." There
were some sailors sitting behind
me and they ridiculed the picture from
start to fade out. I was so depressed by
their comments that I wept all the hun-
dred miles home. More wasted worry,
for that turned out to be one of my
greatest successes!
I wish now that I had sought the
companionship and friendship of informed
people more than I did, for they could
have set me straight on some of those
things. In the final analysis, one must
always make one's own decisions, but it
certainly helps to have the counsel of
people who know the score! A newcomer
can be shunted around into unimportant
or even mediocre roles, unless one is
given good advice.
I don't imply that one should use one's
friends flagrantly; I do mean that it's
wise to cultivate the friendship of some
people who can be helpful. On the other
hand, I feel very strongly that one
should definitely have other friends who
have nothing at all to do with picture
business. Constant "shop talk" not only
is boring but makes one a bore! For
added balance, I would suggest that any
newcomer get out of town whenever pos-
sible into a completely different atmos-
phere, for comparison and for greater
objectivity about our town. We're in-
clined to become quite one-track-minded
here.
If I arrived in Hollywood today, I
would keep reminding myself not to try
to make a big impression. This town
isn't impressionable! It has seen moun-
tains rise and fall; the people here can
size up a newcomer very, very quickly
and are not awed by mink coats and ex-
pensive cars which a newcomer cannot
afford. It's much, much wiser to start in
a small way and begin a savings pro-
gram. When I was first here, although
I could have afforded a better car, I
bought a small Ford convertible. I didn't
spend on expensive clothes. And I am
convinced that no one thought any the
less of me.
Anyone tackling Hollywood, now or
any time, should remember that it pays
dividends to be courteous to the people
with whom one works and to be appreci-
ative of their efforts. I don't know
how all the executives I've worked for
feel about me, but I do know that I have
many friends among the crews. I've al-
ways made a point of knowing them,
chatting with them about their families;
and in return they have made working
conditions most pleasant for me. One
time I was asked about the "true gen-
glemen" of Hollywood and I said the
members of the crews I'd worked with
were. Eyebrows went up to there when
I said it, but I meant it.
A newcomer must also be appreciative
of fans and their interest. Intelligent
letters should be answered. Autographs
should be given graciously, unless the re-
quest is ungracious. One of the great
faults of Hollywood is to become rushed
and forget such things. Or should I say,
one of the great faults of our time, rather
than of our town?
If I began today, I would certainly
remember that by becoming a movie
actress one automatically becomes vul-
nerable in the matter of gossip. For suc-
cess, one's name must be kept before the

Dorothy Hart, currently appearing
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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
public, but that in itself can sometimes be vexing. In the main the press has been very kind to me and I'm very grateful: in return I've always tried to be honest with the press.

It is possible in Hollywood to live a life as normal as anywhere else and I feel we have managed it—without constant false rumors of divorce and such. Even so, odd things can happen. Several years ago, when Mother was still here with me, a woman in Chicago had run up stacks of bills and demanded that her daughter, "Irene Dunne," pay them. That made nasty headlines. And of course the retraction was just a tiny little news story. I suppose some people may think I refused to pay my "mother's" bills!

If I began living in Hollywood today I would certainly do one thing that I did when I arrived, and that is to be active in charity. If one is going to take something out of a community—any community—one must put something in, too.

When I was first here, I didn't have as much time between pictures as I've had recently; nevertheless I managed to help entertain children at the Orthopedic Hospital. More recently, I've worked with heart and cancer foundations, Red Cross and especially the St. John's Hospital for which our premiere of "The Mudlark" raised $137,000 for a new building wing. What is more gratifying than such work? And rewarding, too, for through it I've met some of my closest friends.

Just one more thing about Hollywood, today or any day. If one makes contracts, one must keep them, whether business or personal! And that, of course, is true in any town!

What I Expect Of A Date

Continued from page 36

We kept our marriage a secret for six months; then mother gave us a lovely church wedding and reception. It couldn't save us—we hadn't learned enough about love. We were horribly jealous. Our goals weren't the same. We couldn't lick our obstacles.

After my divorce at eighteen, I was a little bitter inside. I felt I had been deprived of a dream I desired. Luckily, I began to grow up mentally and emotionally then, and fairly fast.

At the studio, I was expected to study and progress as an actress. I did study seriously. Along with screen roles, I acted in a play produced by the studio's dramatic coach. It was a showcase for newly signed people and was seen by all the producers and directors at 20th. It made me aware of acting technique as something tangible. I'd begun on movie sets, had never worked before an audience every evening for several weeks.

I would like to burn up the screen with a personality everyone would acknowledge. I am ambitious to improve as an actress. But I will never tie myself down to a strictly all-for-Hollywood routine. I've always realized fame alone could not be enough for me, that after my working hours I've got to be myself. I know I must live, even if I blunder.

So, I don't regret the rest of my teenage whirl. Let's be honest. Of course, I continued to search for the one man who still hasn't come along. Many of my dates were tremendously thrilling. It's fun to go flying, more fun when your date in the sky surprisingly turns into lessons in how to fly a plane yourself.

I seized every opportunity to travel. New places, new faces, new situations—that's for me! So mine have by no means been just dates in Hollywood. Instead of sticking around 20th and haunting the casting office, I figured a true vacation far away would be a lot more refreshing. It was! I spent the following summer in Greenwich Village, because it was such a switch from the California beaches. I had my first fine fling in Manhattan, where dates are anything but all alike.

They say that actresses can't be friends, that they're too self-centered, too cut-throat in their rivalry. I claim that's crazy. I think dates are likely to be much more plentiful if you have girl friends with whom you can share confidences. I don't have any trouble with fellow actresses, and I don't limit myself to girls with "names," either.

The Summer that I shared an apartment on 14th Street in the Village with three girl friends who had no connection with the movies was one I'll never forget. One was a stage actress, One a camp model. And the other was an electrical engineer! We had three beds and a cot that was as hard as cement in our one bedroom. I know I certainly was much better informed about the world when I returned to pictures that Fall.

"Less action and more talk" was the motto I picked for myself and my dates, when I understood how immature I'd been when I married. But I'm blessed with an awful lot of energy. I continued to get around, see much, experience a great deal for my age, and I believe have profited by everything that has happened to me.

Between pictures I have gone back to New York City for months at a time. Why not? It's such a contrast to California, and a big alternative sharpens you up! Last Fall, I sampled vaudeville for the first time. Since I've studied singing I was determined to take a whirl at my own "in person" act. It was a challenge to do four shows a day—and mighty hard work. I was glad when I could go on to New York and just relax.

Men in New York seem to me more courteous, more stimulating, more articulate. There are so many kinds of dates there. I like getting into as many different groups as possible. I don't talk about Hollywood and drive people crazy when I have the opportunity to stretch my mind. A girl is obligated to provide her half of the amusement on a date. She must be light-hearted, to be agreeable—never a bother. I can't be content with a one-track or a corny conversation. I dread and duck a dull man, for there are too many things to speculate about and share to be stuck with a dud. And I want to be much...
more articulate, also! Finding the words to describe your feelings is another adventure I wouldn't miss.

In New York this last time, I went out with a television director for awhile. Then with a stockbroker. Then with a successful man in the clothing business. I adapted to their kind of dates, rather than dress like a giraffe for hung-outs. And they spoiled me with their manners. Now, the character who takes it for granted he's doing you such a favor by calling you seems a bore. I'm independent by nature, not very helpless. But how I adore the game of becoming more feminine the minute a gentleman hovers on my horizon!

One particular date I missed in Manhattan gave me more physical courage. I was there during their last hurricane. The windows in my hotel room were broken by the blasts of wind. I ran out to Fifth Avenue, where it was raining so violently I almost had to crawl on my hands and knees to get back inside. But I shouldn't have been so scared that I cancelled my dinner date at La Rue's for that night. In a few hours the weather had changed incredibly, and it was calm. I was left all alone in my hotel room, hating myself for having been so afraid.

One day, while looking for an apartment to lease with a girl friend (and we'd just located a good deal on East 44th Street) I received a call to start back for Hollywood in eight hours to report at RKO for 'Two Tickets To Broadway.' While making the picture, I became good friends with Janet Leigh, Gloria De Haven and Ann Miller. We had lunch together almost every day, went to each other's houses for dinner, and made fancy plans to fly to Nassau and Acapulco for a grand holiday. Which proves once more that the asserted cutthroat competition in Hollywood does not turn human beings into monsters. An actress' picture schedule is her bugaboo, though. At dinner at Lucey's with Gloria (when she and I were both made up as 'Indians and dumbfounded the mere civilians'), we both agreed that it would be pathetic if we lost track of one another and studio for night shots, resolved to keep in close touch. Then, my new girl friends all went right into different films, and not one of them was free to so much as fly to nearby Palm Springs with me.

I like living at home with my mother and stepfather. We get along very well, probably because they're so understanding. I appreciate mother's knack with the household. Since she's been producing her own radio show while I've been growing out of my teens, she has an accurate notion of what's wanted of me as an actress. When the folks took a leisurely vacation trip to Jamaica recently, I dreaded being left alone. So I had some dates to distract me!

My most interesting dates are the ones that have taught me there is so much one can do in spite of the hectic commotion beyond our personal control. I see now that the more resources I develop from within myself, the more assured I'll be.

I haven't found the man to marry. Should I despair, or go out every night to prove to disinterested onlookers that I'm 'popular'? I don't think so. I'm not discouraged. Actually, I'm not ready to settle down, yet. Now that I recognize the responsibilities a wife and husband have I'm not going to rush into marriage again.

I'm astonished by girls who look at a man as only a free dinner date. I'd rather earn my dinner than be mercenary. I won't go out unless I can be interested in the occasion and the man. I still speak flippantly and relish fast repartee, but running away from a person who's so stuffy he or she obviously is a square doesn't put me in the flighty class today. I like to be taken seriously.

I still have my little problems. I'm dying to win a certain part in which I'll play an Italian. I could wear a dark wig that'd do wonders. I wouldn't have to wisecrack. But the producer in charge has no imagination, and I'm stymied.

Letter writing remains a sad thing with me. I just can't write a letter unless it's a love letter. Then I'm a bad correspondent, for I don't put down my pen. I write seven letters a day, I'm so gushy. I'm so convinced everyone should be in love that I enthusiastically throw in even the hammiest soap opera phrases I've heard on my radio.

The extremes to which I go give me a

Evelyn Keyes and Joseph Cotten play
either at "Third Man" radio rehearsal.
pleasure, but astound others. When I go on a reading jag, I read my eyes out. When I took up painting, I refused to leave home for the next two weeks. Lately, I’ve taken up sculpturing. The Nelson Eddy's and the Delmar Davies and some other grand people go to the same class every Monday evening, and a noted sculptor is our teacher. I anticipated whipping out a statue the first time, but I had to concentrate on creating only an idiotic cylinder. A week later, I was shown how to convert it into a head. Having to wait a whole week between each slow step is teaching me self-discipline the hard way.

At Mocambo, recently, with Hugh O’Brien, I couldn’t sit down—because the spangles kept dropping off my gown. I know a wife ought to be able to sew, and what am I waiting for? Can’t I check my own spangles and keep them tight?

I have learned from my dates that I don’t have to marry someone in the picture business. They’ve taught me that I’m the sort of person who should work at something drawing my attention even after I marry. But it doesn’t have to be acting, and, now, I think I could be reasonably successful in some other lines.

This past year I have gone for two or three weeks without a single date on purpose. Now, a date must have some depth, and I must feel I can contribute something worthwhile in addition to a surface personality. A man deserves this. In turn, for me he has to be dashing, besides having plenty on the ball. He has to explode with a sense of humor, but he can’t be a practical joker. He must be as passionately fond of all brands of music as I am. He even must like cats, if we’re going to click for long.

Some dates are disappointing hours because the man involved conflicts with your own nature. I’ve gone out as many as five times with someone with whom I haven’t struck it off right away. I want to be certain. But there are no tomorrows worth a darn in a date that is repeatedly blah. Someone whose attitude reflects suspense plus intelligence equals genuine sophistication! Mix true thoughtfulness as your own gift to him. I’d go a million miles for one of the right man’s smiles. That’s why every date is important to me. Maybe my phone will ring now, and it’ll be a man about a date that will make me glad again that I’m a woman!

Jean Peters listens attentively as James Robertson Justice, Scotch actor appearing with her in "Anne Of The Indies," spins a yarn. Jean’s a lady pirate in the film.

Record Roundup

Tops In Movie Music

"ON THE RIVIERA" and "Happy Ending," both from "On The Riviera," by Russ Case for MGM ... "My Last Melody," from "The Mating Season," and "Bundled Of Love" by Connie Haines for Coral ... Gordon MacRae’s "I’ll Buy You A Star" and "I’m Yours To Command" for Capitol ... Mario Lanza’s "The Loneliest Night Of The Year," from "The Great Caruso," and "La Donna E Mobile" for Victor ... Ezio Pinza’s "September Song" and "Yesterday," for Johnny Desmond’s "Andiamo," from "Mr. Imperium," and "Because Of You" for MGM ... Les Brown’s "Very Good Advice" and "Twas Brillian," from "Alice In Wonderland," for Coral ... Doris Day’s "Very Good Advice," from "Alice In Wonderland," and "It’s So Laughable" for Columbia ... "Twas Brillian," from "Alice In Wonderland," and "Pretty Babe" by Helen Grayco for London ... Alan Dale’s "I’m Late," from "Alice In Wonderland," and "I’ll Buy You A Star" for Columbia . . .

Tops In Pops

FRANK SINATRA’S "Hello, Young Lovers" and "We Kissed In A Shadow" for Columbia ... Bing and Gary Crosby’s "Where You And I Were Young" and "Moonlight Bay" for Decca ... Dinah Shore’s "The Three-Cornered Tune" and "Cause I Love You" for Victor ... Jerry Lewis “Never Been Kissed” and "A-Hunting We Will Go" for Capitol ... Frankie Laine’s "Rose, Rose, Rose, I Love You" and "Jezabel" for Columbia ... Margaret Whiting’s "Something Wonderful" and "Hello, Young Lovers" for Capitol ... Xavier Cugat’s "Co-Co-Coconut" and "Greek Bolero" for Columbia ... Jo Stafford’s "Make The Man Love Me" and "Along The Colorado Trail" for Columbia ... Freddy Martin’s "Never Been Kissed" and "Jo Ann" for Victor ... Guy Lombardo’s "Always You" and "Happiness" for Decca ... Jane Powell’s "We Kiss In A Shadow" and "Hello, Young Lovers" for MGM . . .

Other Toppers

VAUGHN MONROE’S "Shall We Dance" and "Top Of Old Smoky" for Victor ... Dick Haymes’ "I’ll Never Know Why" and "How Thoughtful Of You" for Decca ... Billy Eckstine’s "I’m Yours To Command" and "What Will I Tell My Heart" for MGM ... Tony Martin’s "No One But You" and "Faitfully Yours" for Victor ... Mel Torme’s album for MGM ... Frank De Vol’s "Play Ball" and "Theme For John And Martha" for Capitol . . .
Paramount lot that they whistled low and loud. Even Mona was surprised when a national magazine asked her to be one of two girls in a "leg contest" layout. The other girl was Joan Caulfield who had just finished "The Petty Girl," an obvious reason for her being selected. Mona still wonders why she was chosen. But her pictures in bathing suit, dance costume, tennis shorts and a skirt swirled by the wind should have answered that question, even for her.

It was about this time of general awakening to Mona's more grown up potentialities on the Paramount lot that Alan Ladd suggested to the Front Office Mona would be the perfect type to play opposite him in "Branded." Several other young stars were being considered—but Mona copped the role! And then, with the perversity of Fate that actresses become accustomed to, Mona went back to an 18-year-old in "Dear Brat" and now—hold on to your hats—she's portraying a 14-year-old in "Darling, How Could You!" you may think she looks as young as when she started in pictures, but not so if you saw her in private life. Until recently, her favorite costume was the "jeune fille" style of peasant dress, with full, full skirts and casual flat shoes. Now, in contrast, she chooses the very tailored, sleek lines. Even her evening and dressy clothes are severe. Of course, not the black satin and sequin sort of sophistication—she's too smart for that—but simplicity at its best. And with her newly acquired curves, those slim-lined clothes are wonderful on her.

Even her hairdo is changed. Instead of the girlish, loose coiffure she used to effect, she now has a sleek cut—and the color is now an interesting smoky, silvery blonde.

"That was my husband's idea," she admits. "My hair is naturally an ash blonde but I had to have the front beached a bit to match a wig I wore in 'Branded,' and Pat liked the color. So he suggested I have all of it lightened just a bit with this gray rinse I'm using now. I think it's rather fun," she adds with a light laugh.

"The only thing is that some of my friends still insist that I look the same as a few years ago, but in the next breath add: 'But you are different.

Colleen Grey, Victor Mature and Richard Widmark before doing "Kiss Of Death" on Screen Guild Players broadcast Dick's latest unusual film is "The Frogmen."
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you've changed.' And they treat me as if I have. For one thing, they bring their problems to me, we discuss them and they ask me for advice. I'm terribly flattered because I'm complimented when they think I have understanding.

"I really care about understanding people now. In youth one doesn't feel that way. I remember I used to dismiss people in one of two ways: I liked them or I didn't. I feel now that real evidence of growing up is a genuine concern about other people. Wondering why they are what they are; deciding that even if one may not like a person immediately there are some interesting things about her that bear looking into, and believing that later on one may like her after knowing her better.

"Another thing that makes me know I've changed is that now I'm finding out all the things I don't know. I never used to care, or at least I didn't worry me, but now I do care. Pat has always been a very serious reader; he's one of the best informed young men I know on the subjects of business, politics, world affairs. Now, realizing my shortcomings, I try to read the papers and magazines he reads in an effort to keep up with him.

"Another reason for my wanting to know more about what's going on in the world is the responsibility of having a child today. I defy any mother who doesn't think seriously about life and her child's life in these troubled times. And worrying about whether her husband might be called into service. The responsibilities of being married for five years and having a child certainly creates a change in any young woman—unless she doesn't think at all!"

Until Mona and Pat and little Mony moved into their new home a year ago, they had a nurse for Mony and Mony did most of the housework and cooking in their tiny apartment—even when she was making pictures. Now they no longer need the nurse and have a maid-housekeeper instead. One thing Mony likes about this is not having to cook any more.

"I cooked for four years and hated it. Oh, I did well enough, because I had to, but I didn't like it. I don't mind cleaning and other chores—and do them. But I also like to have time to spend with Mony now that she is older and needs more companionship.

"I don't fret and worry over her as much as most mothers with an only child, but I love to spend time with her and want to spend it well. To me the amount of time spent with a child isn't nearly so important as how it is used. If a mother is too tired to be interesting or to have fun with her children, she isn't using her time with them constructively. I really have loads of fun with Mony—and she does such fascinating things.

"She has two parakeets that she adores. She loves to let them out of their cage and she chatters with them while they fly around in her room. But we had to stop letting them out. One day she must have squeezed one too hard, in affection of course, and then came running to me crying 'Suzette is all wet.' I found Suzette in the washbassin, where I gathered Mony had tried to revive the bird. Mony was heartbroken and I thought there must be something I could do. So I wrapped Suzette in a small square of wool and put her in a very low-temperature open oven for twenty minutes. She revived!"

Mona is taking her time about decorating the house. She has used all the furniture she had, and she has many lovely antique pieces which she picked up at bargain prices in second hand stores and then refinised. But instead of the ruffley, chintzy look of the apartment, the house has a more sedate air, although it is still warm, friendly and comfortable. Here the Nerneys, Mona and Pat, love to entertain their friends, informally. They rarely go to plush parties or night clubs.
Do You Really Know Men? 
Continued from page 47

I know one young couple who I feel are being foolish financially. Both work, they have a long drive from their offices to their suburban home, and the wife says that by the time she gets there she is too tired to cook so they dine out in restaurants every night. But, she says this is so expensive that she has not bought a new dress, except for business, in three years. The result is that whenever they are invited to a party she wails that she has "nothing to wear" and won't go.

This is slightly ridiculous and quite pathetic. If she wants a dress enough, she should start cooking. If she's too tired to do all the cooking, get her husband interested. Some of the finest cooks I know are men. They've made cooking a hobby and say it relaxes them after their routine jobs. I don't feel that that young wife is being either smart or understanding because in her objections to her lot she is making her young husband feel like a heel who isn't providing for her. I don't think their marriage will last long.

Need I mention that you won't be an understanding wife if you ever belittle your husband before his family and friends? If you do it before your children, you break down their confidence in him—and you are foolish. If you do it before friends, you are deliberately trying to break down his ego. And, indirectly, you are casting a sad reflection on yourself, for you are saying in essence, "I am a fool because I married one and I couldn't do better." Don't do a point of saying "John can't read a map, or make furniture, or grow flowers." Do tell what he can do. Everyone has short-comings but also has talents!

I've heard some husbands say that an understanding wife does not try to change a man after she marries him. I disagree. I see no reason why a wife need accept all her husband's faults without trying to remold him—if she does it subtly. Don't be apparent about it. You'll succeed if right is on your side.

I don't mean to infer that a woman can change a man's basic, innate character, she's silly to try. But she can correct annoying little facets of his personality if she doesn't nag about them.

I know one young wife who married a man with a basically fine character, for which she loved him. He had the habit, however, of changing with the weather, very carelessly. Instead of criticizing, instead of going out and buying shirts and ties and socks and shoes for him, she began cultivating those of his friends who were best dressed and most successful. Her husband was starting his own business and was most anxious to succeed. Soon her campaign had results; he began emulating his well dressed friends, just because he saw them so often. The wife achieved her goal without one argument or "scene."

The matter of friends is, I feel, important in this subject of understanding. It has been said before that a man marries "his wife's friends," and in the main that is true, for it is the wife who manages the social life, who invites people in for dinner, parties or evenings of
TV or cards. If she is understanding, she will try to make you understand her husband's friends by their friends. The amount of power that rests in the hands of the wife on this score is amazing and too frequently, I'm afraid, the wife cultivates people as friends because of her own selfish likes, interests or ambitions without thought of her husband's preference.

Naturally, everything I've said about the understanding wife can be twisted somehow and said in reverse about the husband. This was forcibly proved to me by the story of "Meet Me After The Show" which I've just made with Betty Grable, and in which I am a very understanding husband. But again, the problem is solved by the wife who understands her husband's weaknesses. Eventually, by being understanding, she makes him want her all the more. So there we are, right back where we started—and I did not write the script for the picture.

If I'm giving advice—and I must say as a man I find it a pleasure to talk about this—I might sum it up this way: never stop striving to be an understanding wife. If you don't want to do it merely to make that man you married happy, then do it from a selfish standpoint because the more understanding you are, the more he'll reciprocate and try to please you. As I said, you'll have double repayment. It's as simple as that!

Your Guide To Current Films
Continued from page 16

LASSIE does it again! Her owner in this, Paul Kelly, strikes gold in the hills, and it looks as though Lassie will be dining out on success in the future. Unfortunately, Bruce Cowling, whom Kelly has reluctantly taken into partnership, becomes gold-giddy and murders Kelly. Lassie is the only one who figures out what has happened and in her own, but not too limited, canine way seeks revenge. With young Gary Gray as the boy who loves Lassie and her faithful assistant, this is a field day for kids and dog-lovers.

The Painted Hills
(Technicolor)

MGM

Abbott And Costello Meet The Invisible Man

Universal-International

THE boys, fresh out of detective school, get their first case when Arthur Franz, a prizefighter, hires them to clear him of a murder rap. Bud and Lou take the case. What they don't know is that Franz has access to a serum which can make him invisible. In that way, the police can't nab him until the case is solved. With their invisible client in tow, the team start some of the wackiest sleuthing yet seen on the screen. Nancy Guild takes care of some love interest with Franz, and Bud and Lou do themselves right proud.

New Mexico
(Anso color)

United Artists

BECAUSE he was once a friend of Indian Chief Ted De Corsia, Cavalry Lieutenant Lew Ayres tries to find De Corsia in his hidden camp and stop him from waging war. With fifteen men and himself, the task seems next to impossible, especially since De Corsia traps the patrol in a waterless desert village. It's a death-marked band of men, since no cavalry comes rushing to the rescue in the nick of time, but Ayres does prevent further killing between the Indians and the white men. The cast includes Marilyn Maxwell, Andy Devine, John Hoyt, Donald Buka and Robert Hutton.

The Sword Of Monte Cristo
(Supercinecolor)

20th Century-Fox

THE setting is France in 1858. The hero is dashing George Montgomery of the Royal Dragoons. The girl, Paula Corday, a Masked Cavalier (a member of a secret underground organization that wants to overthrow the current ruler). There's also a hidden treasure and a sword that bears the only clues as to where the treasure may be found. To put in a bit more, two double-crossers skulk around trying to get the treasure for themselves, but these cads are later dispatched with little remorse leaving the way clear to a peachy keen ending...
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What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 10

Bill, Jr., for the first two weeks the youngster was at home. The family all caught the flu and junior was isolated. Barbara's at work in "Small Wonder" with Bob Cummings. This picture is Burt Lancaster's second production in the mill at Columbia, making him a very busy fellow, since he's producing and starring in "Ten Tall Men" at the same time. The "Fall Men" company were planning to set up a man-made sandstorm on location in Palm Canyon, near Palm Springs, when nature changed their plans and stirred one up herself. The company couldn't use the real one and had to wait until it subsided before they could resume. The genuine article was a little too-rugged.

Marlene Dietrich, since her return to Hollywood, has given the place a shot in the arm in the glamour department—so much so that the younger dolls are wishing they knew the secret of how to be fascinating though a grandmother. Marlene is proud of the fact that she has two grandchildren, but she burns when people (mostly feminine people) spread it around that she'll never see 50 again. What's more, she's got her passport to prove her right age.

The population of the Alan Ladd clan is catapulating at a frightening rate. In one single day it increased by twenty-three. Hope, Alan's relatives didn't suddenly descend on him. The two boxers, Irma and Scarlet, contributed eleven and twelve puppies respectively which, in anybody's family, is quite a howl.

Keefe Branselle and Sally Forrest are rehearsing a song-and-dance act for a Summer tour with Keefe's Dixieland Band when they finish "Barracine" at MGM. Most of the one-nighters will be around Cleveland, Ohio. Keefe's chums sent him a good-luck horseshoe the day he started the picture and

Danged if it didn't fall off his dressing-room door and bang him on the toe.

Apparently there'll be no manpower shortage around the Arizona ranch that Virginia Mayo just bought. On the set of "Along The Great Divide" at Warners, Virginia was flooded with over 300 applications from hopeful cowpokes, offering to give their all for the blonde's 2,000 acres. Some of the boys offered to work for free, provided Virginia would be their boss.

Joan Crawford was a very thrilled and excited mother the night before she left Hollywood for New York. She, her favorite escort Mel Dinelli, and her son, Christopher, watched Joan's daughter, Christina, make her stage debut at her school. The play was an operetta and young Christina had one of the principal singing roles.


Those boys who have had so much fun at the expense of Hollywood, the Harvard Lampooners, are getting the chance to make some first-hand observations about their pet hate, the movies, when Bob Hope makes "Son Of Pale Face." It's about a guy who goes to Harvard and graduates in only fourteen short years. Hope, Roy Rogers and Trigger will clown this one up and it will be fun to see whether the boys can take it as well as they can dish it out.

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Wonderful to think about—no odor forms with Tampax! No chafing is possible. No bulging bulk will bother you and no sharp edge-lines will "show," no matter what you wear...Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

THE "400" WILL HATE US FOR THIS...

but 40,000,000 fans will eat it up!

It's a riotous rib of the ritzy set
... the romantic escapades of a lady
crook and the Latin in her life!

As a Maid...
she isn't very maidenly!

As a Lady...
she isn't very ladylike!

M-G-M laughingly presents

"The LAW and the LADY"

starring

GREER GARSON - MICHAEL WILDING

with

FERNANDO LAMAS - MARJORIE MAIN

Produced and Directed by
EDWIN H. KNOPF
An M-G-M Picture

Screen Play by
LEONARD SPIEGELGASS and KARL TUNBERG
Based on the Play "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" by Frederick Lonsdale
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

By Lynn Bowers

Our wandering girl, Rita Hayworth, won't have any time to brood over marital difficulties in Hollywood. As quick as ever she did her six-weeks' time in Nevada to obtain her divorce from her prince, Rita's studio, Columbia, planned to launch her pet in a picture written by Rita's close friend, Virginia Van Upp, who scripted the famous "Cover Girl."

Dan Dailey, who seems to prefer Barbara Whiting's company again, single-handedly captured the town of Little Rock, Arkansas, when he went there for their big annual shindig, the Grand Marshall's Parade. Dan's hard at work at 20th on a new musical called, "Mabel And Me."

Esther Williams and husband Ben Gage arrive in New York for her personal appearance tour.

Joan Crawford shares one of Ed Wynn's witticisms with Mrs. Wynn at gala celebrity party held for Joan at the Stork Club on her New York arrival.

Elizabeth Taylor at the premiere of "I Was A Communist For The FBI" with Director Stanley Donen. They are now parted and Liz has a new beau.

Jane Wyman's myriad escorts all went into a decline while she was working in "The Blue Veil" for Wald-Kraska at RKO. Seems Jane refused all dates that would keep her up after ten o'clock. The three hours extra time for age makeup in the mornings was her reason for not staying out on the bags-under-the-eyes circuit.

Tony Curtis' wardrobe was heavily insured by his studio, Universal-International, before he and Piper Laurie went on tour for personals with "The Prince Who Was A Thief." Seems the last time he went on tour and was in close contact with his adoring feminine following the gala practically tore his clothes to shreds.

Tony did manage to save out a suit to wear when he met Janet Leigh in Pittsburgh where she was making "Angels And The Pirates" for MGM. By the time he got there to claim his gal, she'd just about captured the entire Pirate baseball team. Tony and Janet,
ROARING THROUGH CHINA TODAY!

Adventuress, a clergyman... the peril-laden Express... rushing through the intrigue and the terror of the strife-torn Orient!

"I wish I could tell you there had been no other men... but five years is a long time!"

PEKING EXPRESS

HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION STARRING

JOSEPH CORINNE EDMUND COTTEN • CALVET • GWENN

with MARVIN MILLER Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE
Screenplay by John Meredyth Lucas • Adaptation by Jules Furthman
from a Story by Harry Hervey • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Like Farley Granger and Shelley Winters, claim the ring he gave her is strictly a friendship deal. We shall see.

Before Shelley and Farley left Hollywood for a two-weeks' whirl in Manhattan, a rather strange incident occurred on the set of the Wald-Krasna picture, "Behave Yourself." There's a small dog in the picture named Archie. It seems everytime Shelley picked the pooch up to give him a hug, he went into violent fits of sneezing. Archie's trainer explained that he must be allergic to Shelley's perfume. Sure enough, when she switched to Chanel No. 5, Archie was sneezlessly happy in her arms.

The quiet on the RKO lot, caused by Shelley's and Farley's exit, was alleviated by the arrival of Marie Wilson and Groucho Marx, reporting for a comedy which was titled "They Sell Sailors Elephants." On account of nobody could say it straight (you try it) the picture will be called something else.

War hero Audie Murphy and his bride, airline stewardess Pamela Archer, had a short, eleven-day honeymoon before he reported to work on U-I's "The Cimmaron Kid." He took Mrs. M. along on the company's Northern California location so she could see what movie life-in-the-raw was like.

Best looking couple at the Los Angeles premiere of Republic's "The Bullfighter And The Lady" was Annie Sheridan and Jeff Chandler, but you'll have to ask them whether this is romance or, as Hollywood couples are prone to say, friendship.

John and Patti Derek's son started walking on his first birthday. John, in his spare time from Columbia's "The Dark Page," planted himself a truck garden and when Donna Reed asked him how the stuff tasted he replied, rather morosely, that she'd have to ask the

Lovely Leona Fredericks rose from beauty contest fame to a top-notch modeling career! Miami's Queen of Beauty says: "No girl is really beautiful unless she's exquisitely dainty! That's why I love to powder myself with Lander's flower-fresh talcs after every shower. You'll love them!"

Ginger Rogers' arrival in New York occasioned a gay party for her at the Stork Club. Ginger dances with Paul Hartman; TV star Faye Emerson with Kenneth Friede.

Jimmy Stewart shares honors with Margaret Truman in her first dramatic appearance on radio. Jimmy's the proud father of twin girls.

Shelley Winters and Farley Granger, constant twosome who won't own up to anything, share a joke with Sherman Billingsley at the Stork.
Everything's gay
"On Moonlight Bay"

With those moonlight bay-bes and bay-eautiful songs! 'Love Ya', 'Moonlight Bay'—lots more!

DAY GORDON MACRAE

AND

JOY! AND LOVE! AND THE JOY OF LOVIN'!
AND SINGIN' AND DANCIN' AND SUCH ROMANCIN'! IT'S SUNLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT ROLLED INTO ONE!
Bill (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon MacRae at the Joan Crawford party in New York. The Stork was crowded with celebrities.

Below: Serious twosome. Nancy Davis and Ronald Reagan, at the premiere of "I Was a Communist For The FBI." Ronnie's next film is "Hong Kong."

Judy Garland had such a ball in London for her Palladium appearance and gained such confidence in herself that she decided to stay over and accept singing engagements on the European continent, principally in France—Paris, Monte Carlo and Cannes.

Keep legs hair-free longer

IMRA

odorless

HAIR REMOVER CREAM

3 WAYS DIFFERENT FROM A RAZOR

1. Keeps legs hair-free longer.
2. Prevents stubby regrowth.
3. No razor cuts or nicks.

IMRA, snowy-white cosmetic cream, safely, painlessly, quickly removes hair below the skin line. Keeps legs and arms hair-free longer than a razor. Smooth on ...rinse off. One application does the trick.

IN TUBES. Still only 65¢ and $1.00 (plus tax)

Ava Gardner exchanges notes with Mrs. Orson D. Munn at the Joan Crawford celebration.

Walker on an Eastbound train—a chance meeting that also punches a ticket to murder. A psychopath, Walker tells Granger how the perfect murder can be committed. He proposes that in exchange for murdering Farley’s troublesome, unwanted wife, Farley return the favor by murdering Walker’s troublesome, unwanted father. Exchanging victims, according to Walker, would make it impossible for the police to find motives for both killings. No motive—usually no arrest. As much as Granger would like to be rid of his wife, so he can marry Ruth Roman, Walker’s idea strikes him as completely nuts. Unfortunately, however, Granger makes the mistake of humoring Walker, and soon after, his wife is found strangled. Not only is Granger Suspect #1, but also hot on his heels is charming Robert dunning him to go through with the other half of the “bar-

Alice comes to animated life in the Walt Disney production, “Alice In Wonderland.”

Keep
dainty
all day with
a single spray!

JUST SPRAY IT ON! Etiquet Spray-On is safe and sure . . .
really ends perspiration odor, checks perspiration moisture!
Easy to use—your fingers never even touch it! Glamorous women depend on Etiquet for day-long daintiness!

EXCLUSIVE FORMULA! Etiquet contains a special formula to
curb the bacteria that cause perspiration odor. Antiseptic, Etiquet does not irritate normal skin—independent scientific tests prove it does not weaken fabrics or damage clothing.

AMAZINGLY ECONOMICAL! Months supply in a smart, unbreakable blue plastic bottle. 33¢ and 59¢, plus tax.

FLUFFY-LIGHT ETIQUET DEODORANT CREAM

If you prefer a cream deodorant, you’ll love Etiquet in the luxury vanishing cream base! Gives long-lasting protection . . . goes on easily, disappears in a jiffy. No gritty particles, Etiquet won’t dry out in the jar, won’t harm fine fabrics. 10¢ to 59¢, plus tax. Also in handy tube.
There's a tense moment for Captain Gregory Peck as he confronts Robert Beatty and Moultrie Kelsall in exciting adventure, "Captain Horatio Hornblower."

Vera-Ellen does a hectic Apache dance with David Lober in gay new musical, "Happy Go Lovely." She plays an American chorus girl performing in Scotland.

Soft-as-rubber Dream Curlers—your easy, comfortable way to smoother, softer, natural-looking curls! Knob-tipped locks curl in place; double strap holds curl firmly. Can't snap hair! Made of vinylite—not affected by waving solutions, perfect for home permanents! 4 sizes including "Jumbo" for large curls. Dream Curlers—like Tip-Top aluminum curlers, curl clips, wavers—are top quality, top value.

FREE! Valuable booklet "Professional Hair Styling at Home". Send self-addressed envelope and 10c to cover mailing.

Tip-Top
DREAM CURLERS
America's Favorite Curler

On The Riviera
(Technicolor)
20th Century-Fox

A GENEROUS keyhole peek at La Belle France in her sauciest, naughtiest, sexiest deshabille. Stars Danny Kaye as an American nightclub entertainer who's the exact image of France's Man of the Hour, a dashing round-the-world pilot. (The similarity isn't too astounding, really, because Danny plays both roles.) As the American, Danny has luscious Corinne Calvet to romance, and as the Frenchman, Danny is married to Gene Tierney—ooohh, la, la! To save the flyer from going bankrupt, impersonator Danny is prevailed upon to take his place for an evening. Then, when the impersonation carries into Gene's boudoir, well, sir, OOOHHH! LA! LA! LA! A honey of a picture in every which way, this has music, dancing, beautiful women, a double-dose of Danny and some of the raciest dialog ever to elude the censors' scissors.

Excuse My Dust
(Technicolor)

MGM

THEY all laughed when turn-of-the-century inventor Red Skelton decided he was going to make some new-fangled gadget called a hair curler. It was the silliest thing anyone heard of! Even Red's fiancée, Sally Forrest, was inclined to go along with her papa, William Dernest and tried to talk Red into giving

Dana Andrews and Carla Balenda are involved in U-Boat intrigue in drama, "Sealed Cargo."

WARNING: Kirk Douglas is not the prime example of what newspaper-
up his crazy notions and becoming a solid businessman. Genius can't be smothered! Red forged ahead—blowing up his barn in the process—and a car was born. That still wasn’t the end to Red’s troubles. There’s a race to be won. Macdonald Carey has to be cut down to size, siren Monica Lewis has to be brushed out of Red’s hair, and stableowner Demarest has to be the recipient of a well-deserved horse laugh. Bright, refreshing comedy with catchy tunes and neat acting.

Alice in Wonderland
(Technicolor)
RKO

The wonderful adventures of Lewis Carroll’s much-loved Alice have finally been brought to the screen in this latest Walt Disney full-length cartoon. Adhering faithfully to the book, the winsome, imaginative and very bewildered young heroine picks up her dainty way through a dream world peopled by strange, rude but completely delightful characters. In the magic place where Alice finds herself everything can and does happen: rockbound conventions are

(Please turn to page 72)

Alice in Wonderland
(Continued)
RKO

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(Please turn to page 72)

Red Skelton is enamored of Sally Forrest, but gasmobile interferes in “Excuse My Dust.”

“Wonderful”
says Joan Blondell

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

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

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want... all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs... calls for no strenuous diet.

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

Users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.

• “Try reducing the Ayds way,” says lovely screen star, Joan Blondell. “I know you will be as delighted as I am because you’ll get results so easily and pleasantly. So many of my friends—movie stars here in Hollywood—are taking Ayds.”

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

turn Your Spare Hours into CASH
this wonderful easy way!

MAIL COUPON FOR SAMPLES OF

Wallace Brown EXCLUSIVE CHRISTMAS CARDS

See These Famous Box Assortments and Personal Christmas Cards. You'll be happy to discover this easy way to make extra money! You don't send any money for actual complete sample of the gorgeous 21-Card “Feature” Christmas Assortment—you just mail the coupon! Then show these cards to your friends, neighbors, and folks you know, and see how quickly they order! Yes, Wallace Brown Christmas and Everyday Greeting Card Assortments and Personal Cards are so beautiful and such big values they sell themselves. You don't need experience—and it's actually fun! You make money easily and quickly with the wonderful 21-Card “Feature” Christmas Assortment to sell at only $1.00 with up to 50¢ profit for you—and with many other Christmas Assortments, a host of easy-to-sell Gift Items—AND a complete selection of Everyday Greeting Cards.

SEND NO MONEY—Mail Coupon for Samples! Just wait until you see the many surfaces that can bring you dollars of extra cash every day! Don't send a penny! Just mail the coupon! Actual sample of the exciting, easy-to-sell “Feature” 21-Card Christmas Assortment, and FREE samples of fast-selling personal, name-imprinted, Christmas Cards, will be rushed to you at once, prepaid with money-making plans.

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New York 10, N. Y.
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About
Continued from page 10

“Another Man’s Poison.”
***

Ann Blyth’s another film gal who took advantage of making a picture in England to do a bit of European ogling. Ann visited Ireland, Rome and Paris. Said she met Princess Elizabeth at a London party and liked her very much. Ann was slated to sing one song at the gala, wound up singing six tunes.

Bob Mitchum shed a number of unwanted pounds before he started making “The Racket” with that other rugged character Bob Ryan. Bob (Ryan, that is) gets a lot of good-natured kidding from the crew on the picture. He is now known as the male Shelley Winters, since RKO traded him to U-I for one picture in return for Shelley’s emoting in “Behave Yourself.”

* * *

Looks as if Cornel Wilde will be a free man for only a short time between his Nevada divorce from Pat Knight and his marriage to Jean Wallace. They're planning a September wedding. Pat is interested in a wealthy Brazilian, but she ain't talkin' until her divorce papers are firmly clutched in her hands.

Peggy Dow, cute little U-I starlet, reluctantly rented herself a very lovely apartment. Reason for her reluctance was that she had to leave the Studio Club because the time limit of three years’ residence there was up. She and another displaced actress are having a hard time getting used to all the room in the new place. The two gals flipped a coin to see which one would win the smallest bedroom—seems they didn’t feel at home with so much space around. Peggy’s boyfriend, rich Oklahoma oilman Walter Helmerich, wants her to continue her career if and when she marries him. Peggy goes in Goldwyn’s “I Want You,” with Farley Granger.

Tony Martin, Fred Allen and Celeste Holm rehearse for TV show. Celeste has been absent from screen because of outstanding success in Broadway play, “Affairs Of State.”

Ida Lupino, who forsook acting for directing, chats with fellow director, Charles Lederer.

Purdy Liz Taylor made twenty little gals of the Mother Cabrini Day Nursery very, very happy when she presented each of them with “Father’s Little Dividend” baby dolls. Liz and Bob Taylor make another picture together in England. This time it’s “Ivanhoe,” which MGM has been planning to film for quite a spell. The Taylors seem to be in some sort of rut—Liz has made two each with Bob and another Taylor named Don.

* * *

Two fugitives from Hollywood—Ty Power and Henry Fonda—have returned, at least temporarily, to the fold. Ty’s English picture is now called “Men Of Two Worlds” and his next for 20th is “Lydia Bailey.” It’s rumored that Hank may be going to do the film version of “Mister Roberts,” which should be a cinch, after having been in the stage show for some three years.

* * *

While Corinne Calvet was making “On The Riviera” at 20th she had a birthday. Her husband, John Bromfield, presented her with, of all things, a sewing machine and so she just up and got busy whipping up sexy blouses for herself; The French mademoiselle, and her cocker spaniel,

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PHILLIPS CARD CO. 132 Hunt St., Newton, Mass. Just fill in 100 gorgeous 21 Card 31 Assortments. Make up to 10 per box on quick sales! Also show Gift Wraps, Everyday Cards, Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards as low as $0.50 to $1.00; “Hoppe the Hopper” and other New Children’s Characters Stationery, Date and Address Blocks and over 100 fast-selling items including many gift ideas. No extra profit Home Front! FREE book for the family. No place needs Extra Profit Home Front! FREE book for the family. No place needs Extra Profit Home Front! FREE book for the family. No place needs Extra Profit Home Front! FREE book for the family. No place needs Extra Profit Home Front! FREE book for the family. No place needs Extra Profit Home Front! FREE book for the family. No place needs Extra Profit Home Front! FREE book for the family. No place needs Extra Profit Home Front! FREE book for the family. No place needs Extra Profit Home Front! FREE book for the family.

I have $50.00 for you! Send no money.

Name _____________________________
Address ____________________________________________
City __________________________________ Zone ______ State ________
Michael Rennie and his wife return to U.S. He's slated for romantic adventure roles.

Lucille Norman and latest thing in swimsuits. She's in "Painting The Clouds With Sunshine."

Skippy, have been racing each other in the swimming pool. Corinne says she finally won a race after she learned to dog paddle.

For his role as a racketeer in "The Greatest Show On Earth," Lawrence Tierney was having considerable costume trouble until C. B. DeMille flipped through the pages of a national magazine, found a picture of a notorious gambler and ordered his ensemble duplicated. The outfit which finally pleased the producer was a chocolate brown suit with hat, shirt, and tie to match.

Incongruous sight on the set of "Anne

WHAT A DELIGHTFUL EVENING!

A GOOD MOVIE . . .

A GOOD SWEETHEART

AND A GOOD CANDY

New...Cream Deodorant Keeps Underarms Dry and Odorless

Here's why more men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant. Used daily as directed, Arrid gives best results of any deodorant tested.

1. Effective, prevents even the appearance of perspiration—keeps underarms dry.
2. Safe, saves clothes from stains. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact. Keeps underarms odorless.

5. Today's Arrid with Creamogen stays smooth, creamy. Never dries out in jar! Don't be half-safe. Use Arrid to be sure. Buy Arrid today.

ARRID
America's Largest-Selling Deodorant

Creamogen
Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

A "saving" way to clean dust mops?

☐ Shaking  ☐ Vacuuming

No dusty "map" when you de-dust the mop via vacuum cleaner! It's a face saver. Like Kleenex tissues. After cold-creaming, see how gently soft, absorbent Kleenex lifts out dirt—lures die-hard makeup from delicate skin. A special process keeps this tissue extra soft.

How to ice a cake in a hurry?

☐ With a candy bar  ☐ Hame freeze it

While the cake's still warm, top it with a chocolate bar. The chocolate melts; makes a smooth, easy-to-spread frosting. Saves time, trouble. You'll find Kleenex helpful in the kitchen, too. Soft, Sturdy. Guzzles grease! And only Kleenex gives you the handy Serv-A-Tissue box!

Best for quieting a noisy clock?

☐ A hammer  ☐ Shoot the works
☐ A glass bowl  ☐ Wear earmuffs

If that loud "tick-tock" annoys you—cover clock with large glass bowl. And save sleep, temper, by keeping Kleenex at your bedside. No need to turn the light on for a Kleenex tissue. That tumble-proof box serves one at a time (not a handful)—and the next pops up.

Can you help keep colds from spreading, with—

☐ Nail polish  ☐ Kleenex Tissues

One of the family has a cold? Dab the back of his or her dishes with red nail polish. Protects others. Kleenex, too, helps check the spread of colds. You use Kleenex once, then destroy—germs and all. Soothingly soft, this tissue has just-right strength to smother "ker-choo!"

Kleenex ends waste - saves money...

1. INSTEAD OF MANY...
2. YOU GET JUST ONE...
3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX

Of The Indies"—Jean Peters, who shoots nine men to death, beats Luis Jourdan unconscious with a bull whip, tortures Debra Paget, knocks out Thomas Gomez' front teeth, slashes Herbert Marshall with a sword, and tosses off a few slugs of rum between times; knits booties for her girl friends' babies while resting.

* * *

Jane Powell's husband, Geary Steffen, was in a tizzy when he was ordered to report for Army duty on the same day the doctors had picked as the arrival time of their first baby.

* * *

Paul Douglas got back from Pittsburgh, where he was making "Angels And The Pirates," and New York in time to celebrate the first wedding anniversary with his cute and pretty bride, Jan Sterling.

Everybody laughed like mad when Howard Duff sat down in the U-I commissary and announced that this year he was really going to New York for a whirl. Every year he says this same thing and every year he goes out shopping for beach houses instead. Come to think of it, he doesn't even own a beach house.

* * *

The amazingly fine and funny performance Thelma Ritter gave in Charles Brackett's "The Mating Season" inspired Mr. B. to whip up another story which will star the comedienne. Miss R. reported to 20th for the new comedy, called "Marriage Broker," after she had spent some time with her family in the East.

* * *

When that wonderful dance team, Marge and Gower Champion, left Hollywood for New York they had a menagerie of three cats. Now back in these hills they have nine cats, among them a pair of Siamese kittens. Figuring they were well stocked, they decided to go into business as cat breeders after they get through the rehearsal hassle on their new Technicolor musical at MGM, called "Lovely To Look At."

* * *

Movie actors buy, have bought, or will buy almost anything—but Maedonald Carey's latest whimsey is a starter, really. While Mac was working on U-I's "The Cave," which locationed at Carlsbad, New Mexico, he just happened to run across a little bargain in some property which is absolutely seething with caves. One of them is supposed to be used as the family swimming pool, others will be fitted out as guest houses. Well, maybe he'll have lots of guests one of these days—not to be making any dire predictions or anything.

* * *

Van Johnson, poring over travel folders between shoots on MGM's "Too Young To Kiss," prepared himself for his jaunt to Italy by mapping out all the places he wanted to see on his personally planned Cook's tour. He also took a fast and concentrated course in conversational Italian, just to make sure he'd know how to ask directions. June Allyson, his co-star in "Too Young," really (Please turn to page 74)
Above: Janie Powell and hubby Geary Stefan step out before baby's arrival and chat with Bobby Specht, an "Icecapades" star.

Below: Errol Flynn, now recovered from his back injury, attends the 1951 "Icecapades" opening with his wife, Patrice Wymore.

Right: Bill Holden with his daughter, Virginia, were among the stars attending the extravagant, thrill-packed revue on ice.

Right: Rod Cameron and wife Angela joined celebrity list at gala premiere. "Student Prince" on ice was one of the numbers.

Below: Mona Freeman pauses with hubby Pat Nerney for autographs before ice acrobatics.
Jeanne Crain finds a sinister invitation to visit the pirate ship on "Anne Of The Indies" set. She's making "Dr. Praetorius" for 20th, story of a very human doctor.

Right: Mr. and Mrs. David Brian attended the gala preview. Brian's new film is realistic "Inside The Walls Of Folsom Prison." He plays captain of the prison guards.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Nelson step out for the preview of "I Was A Communist For The FBI," exciting picturization of the true story of an American agent. In his latest picture, "Painting The Clouds With Sunshine," Gene plays a young dancer who inherits a fortune.

Joanne Dru's mother, Mrs. Jean Macaro, admonishes her son-in-law, John Ireland, to "Take care of my little girl," in Joanne's dressing room on the set of the 20th Century-Fox comedy, "Mr. Belvedere Blows His Whistle." Joanne and John are happily wed.
Mitzi Gaynor manages to smile as she poses with crutches. It was a big blow for her when she broke her toe during rehearsals for her first starring role, "Golden Girl."

Below: Gordon MacRae appears on Luncheon At Sardi's radio show with his wife, Sheila Stephens, and his mother. He will soon be seen in Warner Bros.' "Moonlight Bay."

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray stop to chat during Radio Theatre rehearsal. This was Claudette's 22nd appearance on the show. Fred's 23rd. Claudette's latest is "Thunder On The Hill" for Universal-International and Fred will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's "No Room For The Groom."
"In Europe, jealousy is considered an illness that should be treated by a doctor."

Corinne romances with Danny Kaye in the hilarious 20th Century-Fox farce, "On The Riviera."
MY GRANDMOTHER, a very wise little French lady, once told me, "Corinne, remember always that life is filled with competition—even the love of a man. You'll never lose him if you'll be guided by your special birthright—a woman's intuition. And also remember, 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure!'"

A French woman knows that even though she is head-over-heels in love, she must first be realistic and objective—and never let her man stray. That will perhaps sound smug and even shocking to many of the women who write to advice columnists and to Hollywood movie stars asking questions like, "I've been a good wife and now my husband is losing interest. What can I do?" Or, "My husband flirts with pretty girls—what have I done to deserve such treatment?"

Some women exhibit far too much independence and hand a man right over to the first designing woman who looks his way. How? I have noticed an incident like this more than once at parties—a wife watches a pretty girl attempt a flirtation with her husband. Perhaps it is innocent. Perhaps not. In Europe, the usual way for a woman to cope with such a situation would be to take the offending young lady aside and say, "Why don't you try some unattached men—there must be plenty around for an attractive girl like you." If the girl persisted, the wife would say, "Strong language—this little hair-pulling, care of matters. But the tendency is for him to try to turn the hearted and chaste man into jealousy by starting a no interest in—" an "I'll" attitude that gets nowhere and an innocent incident beyond and. It just doesn't make any sense.

When a man strays or notices interest, can it be such a shock to the woman? Most all of its closeness, under affection, is a very sacred and I can't think that anywhere completely surprised if and pens that her husband "v". Surely, she must have oblessness, lack of interest affection, lack of comp other signs which are the first sign. she self, "Where am I at"

I know that if something happen to Johnny and be heartbroken but, a European woman would probably deserve second a woman even pects that the man she come under the spell of scrupulous (Please turn to
Farley Granger and Shelley Winters were just finishing a boisterous scene in this wacky comedy in which they played a married couple, incidentally, and then Farley and I hiked over to his dressing room. I'd known this likable fellow since he first started in Hollywood, he'd always been honest with me about rumors and what-not, so I didn't think he'd hand me any coy lines about the situation between Shelley and him.

A few days before, he had given Shelley a beautiful ring—with diamonds and all. That started the talk, naturally, that they were engaged. But Farley had different ideas about this—and Shelley was, in fact, now wearing it on her right hand.

"I don't get all the fuss," Farley stated flatly. "I'd intended to give Shelley a present when the picture was finished, and since we're about through working, I thought this was a good time. It wasn't meant to be an (Please turn to page 56)"
Is It A Lark Or Is It Love?

Farley Granger applauds tennis match while getting pointers for role in "Strangers On A Train."

Farley and Shelley have kept Hollywood on edge debating if they will wed. The two play a married couple in their first co-starring picture, "Behave Yourself." Wald-Krasna—RKO film.

"I can't think of anyone who's more fun than Shelley," claims Farley.
DEAR Friend Tony:

Before I make like the poor man's Judge Hardy, may I make one pertinent point? After a casual appraisal of the daily columns and the fan magazine space you've been receiving recently, it occurs to me that you need advice like I need a nail in my noggin! However, the fact remains that I did precede you in Hollywood and have run the gamut of emotion—if you'll pardon an old theatrical expression. Also, it just so happens the editor asked for this story and I have a peculiar quirk in my nature, I like to please editors!

You're one of the closest friends Tony Curtis has in Hollywood, the man said. Because things are happening fast and fantastic for him, he could so easily become a bit bewildered by it all. You're an "old hand," I was callously reminded, so who is better qualified to toss our boy Tony a few torrid tips? Old hand indeed! Could we face facts my fine featured friend? You know I'm the sensitive type! Actually, I've been hamming it up here for about four years, and while I may be in my throbbing thirties, I'll thank you to expect no talking down that well-known beard!

Probably the most valuable lesson I've

Howard, one of Tony's oldest friends in Hollywood, is currently starring in "Fine Day."
learned is the realization that it isn't humanly possible to please everyone. You've undoubtedly already discovered that when you're the new boy, everyone tries to be kind and helpful. You're eager to fit yourself in because it is a new kind of world with a new set of rules. So you listen and you try to remember. But when you begin to apply all the good advice that's been given you, that's when those rose colored glasses change color.

"Don't be an eager beaver," I remember someone suggested. "Everyone will think you're pushing yourself." So I controlled my boyish enthusiasm, only to be confronted with the soundings of a sage, who had my welfare at heart.

"Don't be such a sourpuss," he gently jostled, "people will think you're too reserved and anti-social."

Then there was that first date with a lovely lady, upon whom the fates and the front office had bestowed stardom. I casually happened to mention her name in a casual conversation. "Name dropper," was the rejoinder. Several occasions later, when I demurred to divulge the name of my fair companion, "Dear boy!" decried my benefactor. "Why all the mystery? Don't be a male Garbo."

Well, after I stopped laughing, I decided the only way was to try hard and do the best I could. So I imagine you'll probably learn to listen (Please turn to page 59)
Jane showed a flair for comedy in "The Paleface," with Bob Hope. Later, she and Bob repeated their roles on the radio.

Right: The sultry appearance of the statuesque, brown-haired and brown-eyed Jane makes her a pinup favorite among GI's.

Time Did Tell

IN HER quiet way, Jane Russell has carved out a nice niche for herself in the movie world. Instead of becoming disillusioned, as most young actresses would, during the four-year wait between her first and second picture, Jane very wisely spent the time studying dramatics and singing. After "The Outlaw" was released, Jane went on a personal appearance tour. She sang well and her poise and assurance was that of a well-seasoned performer. Since then she's done a lot of professional singing, radio and servicemen's shows and, of course, made more films for RKO, including "Macao," her latest.

Above: Jane and Faith Domergue, another Howard Hughes star, share a gay conversation with friend on studio telephone.

Left: With Robert Mitchum in a scene in her current RKO film, "Macao." "The Las Vegas Story" will be her next picture.
"There was just never a picture like it—we started having fun right away and Ezio loves practical jokes!"

By Janet Leigh

MY FIRST glimpse of Ezio Pinza was from fourth row center at a Saturday matinee of "South Pacific," Emily Torchia of the MGM Publicity Department and I sat laughing and crying and completely enraptured. There was a poignant magic about the whole performance. Pinza himself was magic, he simply exuded personality; and as he sang the songs we knew so well—the album had already come out and I had sung a number of the songs at benefits—we were strictly on cloud nine. I remember we rushed out of the theatre so excited we had to tell someone and we sent a dozen telegrams to friends in Hollywood.

That was Saturday afternoon; Monday night we were leaving for Boston. It was a late train so we were to see "Death Of A Salesman" and, after that, Emily had arranged for us to go backstage and meet Mr. Pinza. I'll never forget—we went like two stage-struck kids. We told the great basso how much we had enjoyed the performance and he told us he was glad we had seen that particular performance because it was one of the best of the entire run. Matinees often were the best performances, he said, and we
"Acting is new to Ezio, but he has a charming way of speaking these first lines of his."

Ezio brings his son, Pietro, to visit the set. "He's terrific with his own children."

ate up every word. If anyone had told me that some day I'd make a picture with him, I'd have gone right through the window.

After he came to Hollywood, Emily kept trying to arrange it so the three of us could have lunch together, but I was always working. There was "Jet Pilot" and "Two Tickets To Broadway" and "It's A Big Country." Then, one evening, we did meet at a party. Ezio came up to me, shook hands and said, "I hear you and I are going to make a picture!" I hadn't thought that he'd even remember me and I must have had a blank look for I hadn't heard about the picture either. "A little bird told me," he said. Well, the bird hadn't told me, and even when the news became official it was a touch and go deal, because the picture, "Strictly Dishonorable," was to start shooting in January and I couldn't wind up in "Two Tickets" until the first of February. Melvin Frank and Norma Panama, who wrote and were going to direct and produce "Strictly Dishonorable," sat down with me one day and tried to work it out. They decided they could start shooting on schedule without me, that we could work out wardrobe tests and rehearsals at night and on Saturdays, that they really and truly wanted me and would wait for me. As it worked out, mine was a regular photo finish. I finished "Two Tickets" on a Saturday night, or I should say Sunday morning at 1:30 a.m., and on the following Monday was working on the "Dishonorable" set with Mr. Pinza. Pinola, we called him, or Gus, his name in the picture.

There was just never a picture like it—we started having fun right away. Pinola reacts (Please turn to page 61)
Florence during visit to Washington, D.C., where she made personal appearance with her current film, "Tokyo File 212."

Florence co-stars with Robert Peyton in exciting spy film. She is a Communist spy, he is a G-2 intelligence officer.

**Worldly-Wise Star**

MUCH-TRAVELLED Czechoslovakian star Florence Marly recently added another country to her fabulous list when she went to Japan for the filming of "Tokyo File 212." Although she grew up in Czechoslovakia, Florence was sent to Paris to study and there married film director Pierre Chenal. When the War broke out she was forced to flee to Spain, and later was reunited with Pierre in Argentina. Next came London, Hollywood, and the Film Festival in Uruguay. Recently, Florence became familiar with the U.S. on a triumphant tour that began in nation's capital.

Florence and Bob Peyton in one of film's torrid love scenes. She speaks English with a delightful continental accent, has made films in French, Spanish, and her native Czechoslovakian as well.

Born Hana Smekalova in a small Czech village, Florence never went to a movie theatre as a young girl. After her marriage, many people suggested she try acting. Her next starring role is opposite Rod Cameron in "My Wife Is Mine."
EXCITING Vera-Ellen has just returned from England where she filmed "Happy Go Lucky," an RKO release. A musical comedy with some surprise twists, the picture's hottest moments are when Vera-Ellen does an Apache dance. She plays an American chorus girl in Scotland who starts things sizzling when she hitches a ride in a shiny limousine.

Above left: The number takes place in Picadilly Circus. Here she is with David Lober.

Now that she's back, MGM dancing star will begin work on new musical, "Belle Of N. Y."

Below: Vera-Ellen and Rock Hudson visit Francis. They'll wed in the fall.

Apache dance is destined to be as famous as "Slaughter On Tenth Ave."
Birthday Party For Barbara

John Ireland and his wife, Joanne Dru, try an unusual Italian dish at party with Ann Sheridan, Jeff Chandler.

Below: Chefs Joanne and John poke around the kitchen, add their bit of advice to the culinary proceedings.

Bill Williams; Marshall Thompson and Geary Steffan sing "Happy Birthday" to Barbara. Geary's wife, Jane Powell, was home because of expected baby.
Adrian Booth, hubby David Brian pile their plates high in excited anticipation.

Chef Mazzarino, hostess Barbara Hale, host Bill Williams, Jeff Donnell, and Roddy McDowall anxiously await cutting of the newest thing in birthday cakes, a monstrous pizza pie!

Birthday party extravaganza was recently held for lovely Barbara Hale at Mazzarino's in Hollywood. Barbara and hubby Bill Williams played hosts, and Papa Mazzarino, former chef to King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, assisted the gala assembly of stars in preparing their own Italian dishes, including spaghetti and pizza pie. The list of celebrities attending was long and exciting. Jeff Chandler, Ann Sheridan, John Ireland, Joanne Dru, Tony Dexter, David Brian and Forrest Tucker to mention only a few, and an exceptionally appetizing time was had by all!

Joyce Hogan and Doc Stanford chat with Tony Curtis. Janet Leigh had to work.

Forrest Tucker, wife Marilyn Johnson have trouble balancing four platefuls!

Informal attire was correct for the party and Ann Sheridan and Jeff Chandler relax and enjoy themselves. The stars had a lot of fun experimenting with Italian cooking.
It was tough to decide, but brave man Gene finally chose his partner for the first dance. "May I," he asked, "have the pleasure of this dance?" The girl swooned.

Coed Phyllis Fleischer had her dance with Gene cut short when several of her sorority sisters cut in.

After officiating at the dance's opening, Gene was once again surrounded by the A.E. Phi sorority girls.

CHOSEN "Man Of The Evening" by the USC and UCLA chapters of Alpha Epsilon Phi sorority for a charity dance, dancing star Gene Nelson played escort to 100 lovely ladies. The dance, at the Ambassador Hotel in L.A., was an exciting affair for Gene and gals alike. His next film is Warners' "Painting The Clouds With Sunshine."

From the moment of his arrival until the dance ended, Gene was constantly surrounded by his cute dates. What a life!

But for the last dance of the evening, Gene looked dreamily off into space as he danced with his lovely wife, Miriam.

Man Of The Evening
ENCHANTING Ann Blyth is a career woman plus! She made her first radio appearance at the age of five, was a Broadway "find" at fourteen. Then, following her first big movie break, Ann was hurled from a toboggan sled and broke her back. Always active, the long months in bed were torture and since her recovery she's making up for lost time. Romance must wait while Ann rushes across continents for film-making.

Left: Ann hasn't time to change her costume for a bite between scenes of U-I's "The Golden Horde." She plays a princess who uses her beauty to turn her enemies against each other.

Right: Ann and David Farrar, who plays a Crusader in the film, and time off to practice archery. The Golden Horde is the name for the Tartars under Genghis Kahn who swept across Asia.

Ann and David chat between scenes. Although she's very active in movies, she rarely goes nightclubbing and her home life is quiet.

After "Horde" Ann rushed to England for filming of "House On The Square." Here, she receives flowers at her London hotel.
THE SIGN on the door read: “Teresa—Audition.”
Several hundred young men waited tensely outside the ANTA theatre on 52nd Street, New York City, conscious of the fact that anyone of them might get the coveted role of Philip, the lead in the Arthur Loew production—which might well mean, for the “winnah,” overnight stardom. Conscious, too, that landing the part would mean shoving off within the week for Italy, where Director Fred Zinnemann would be shooting the location scenes.

And remembering, well remembering what Director Zinnemann had done for another unknown, Montgomery Clift, in “The Search,” excitement among the actors answering the call ran an all-time high.

Inside the theatre, the Messrs. Zinnemann and Loew reviewed the aspirants. The actors stepped forward on stage, a half-dozen at a time, blinking a bit from the

“It could happen to you!” contends John Ericson, who gets his first big break in “Teresa.”

By Gladys Hall

John and Pier Angeli, the Italian newcomer who co-stars in “Teresa,” sightsee around New York.

John fell in love with Italy—would like to honeymoon there. Pier is working here on new film.
John was a lathe operator—had no desire to act until age 19. Reason: to escape routine.

Born in Germany, John has done a great deal of traveling. He claims to have gypsy blood.

bright overhead lights. “Looking for all the world,” as the “winnah” was to say later, “like men in a police line-up.”

The readings were given in an atmosphere as tense as any first-night performance. Occasionally, an actor was asked to step aside and wait, which he did with his heart (you could all but see it) in his mouth. Hours passed. The line dwindled. Finally, the readings were at an end. Out of the several hundred applicants, twelve had been asked to stay. The readings began again. The twelve became four. It was then that a young man stepped forward, script in hand. Could he please, he asked, read now? (Or, his attitude conveyed, not at all.) He was due for a television rehearsal, he explained, and was already ten minutes late. At a nod from Mr. Zinnemann, twenty-three-year-old lathe operator John Ericson of Jackson Heights, Long Island, began to read—and an eight months search in Hollywood and New York for the male lead in “Teresa,” the story of a young GI who marries an Italian girl during the War and brings her to New York to live, was over at last.

Fourteen days later, John Ericson was in Bologna, Italy, playing love scenes with Pier Angeli; scenes which for poignancy, emotion (Please turn to page 63)

During love scenes with Pier, John felt he really loved her. “Pier is magic,” he says.

“Looks aren’t important,” claims John. “Talent is. I want to deliver the goods.”
Time Of Their Lives

Stars of DeMille epic discover life under Big Top a thrilling adventure

By Louis Reid

BETTY HUTTON, Dorothy Lamour, James Stewart, Cornel Wilde and Gloria Grahame saw their childhood dreams come true this year. They joined the circus.

As members for a time of that big, happy family known as Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show On Earth, they discovered life under the big top was every bit the thrilling, fun-packed adventure they long suspected. The circus not once failed to come up to their expectations. Not even in those long on-location weeks at Sarasota, Fla., when the Hollywood stars were literally learning the ropes of the sawdust arena.

More pertinent would be to know what the circus and its own glamorous galaxy of stars thought about their Hollywood associates. It didn't take the circus folk long to size up the movie contingent.

"Troupers—real troupers," was their comment as they watched the movie players and took part themselves in this new Cecil B. DeMille Technicolor production for Paramount, labelled, inevitably, "The Greatest Show On Earth."

Betty Hutton, playing the role of an aerialist, Dorothy Lamour as an "iron jaw" girl, James Stewart as a clown, Cornel Wilde as Betty's trapeze colleague, Gloria Grahame as an elephant girl; Charlton Heston as the circus manager and Lyle Bettger as an elephant trainer—all had to make good in difficult and dangerous roles. They had to make good not only for the meticulous De Mille, but for the exacting circus artists.

Betty had the expert coaching of Antoinette (Toni) Conceiio, aerial star famed for her triple somersault flights from a swinging trapeze 40 feet high to a hand-to-hand catch of another aerialist swinging toward her. So well did Betty learn her lofty routine that Toni called her "a natural performer who could make a circus career for herself if she wanted to."

"It takes a beginner more than a year to do what Betty accomplished in two months," said Toni. "My problem was to keep her from attempting too much too fast. I was thrilled by her confidence. It was my job to nurse that confidence along into proficiency."

Drilling her for the hazardous role, Toni said she kept Betty for weeks on a low trapeze, strengthening her arm, back, leg and wrist muscles, her fingers and hand grip.

"Each day we perfected a simple trick on a stationary bar," Toni declared. "I had to bring her along gradually from frightened beginnings to proficiency. Finally Betty was doing trapeze acts 40 feet high, flying across
It takes a beginner more than a year to do what Betty accomplished in two months," says Toni Concello, world famous aerialist who coached her.

Director C. B. DeMille says Betty is one of three great feminine troupers he's directed.

Dorothy Lamour, who plays the "iron jaw" girl, and Betty relax between scenes.

Betty hobnobbing with Ringling Bros. — Barnum & Bailey clowns.

the big top to a hand catch and reversing back to the pedestal."

Toni Concello recalled the first time Betty performed the big act.

"We were standing on a pedestal high over the middle ring. I noticed Betty was nervous. As she might well be. She was about to swing across to a hand-to-hand catch with a swinging aerialist who to her seemed miles away and miles high.

"Standing close behind her as she grasped the trapeze bar, I whispered: 'Take it easy, Betty. You can do it in your sleep. Relax! Easy now! When I say 'Go, Betty,' take off. I'll be right behind you, and if you don't leap I'll push you.' Betty hesitated a second. I pushed her and she leaped — to a perfect catch and the cheers of 1500 circus people."

During rehearsals of her scenes Betty wore a safety belt. She discarded it the moment actual filming began and the cameras were (Please turn to page 66)
Lovely Phyllis Kirk and screen writer Sy Bartlett attended the opening at Ciro’s.

Gregory Peck and his charming wife, Greta, were on hand to see and hear Sophie Tucker.

“LAST Of The Red Hot Mamas,” Sophie Tucker, brought down the house at Ciro’s when she gave forth with her famous rendition of “Some Of These Days.” Still tops among song stylists, Sophie is revered throughout the show world. Her opening at Ciro’s was attended by a galaxy of stars, including Gregory Peck, Sally Forrest, John Payne, Rhonda Fleming, Cornel Wilde and Phyllis Kirk. There was the jubilee atmosphere only Sophie Tucker can stir up. Plans for the filming of Sophie’s life story are being held up because of music rights. There’s many a songstress who’d love to have the coveted role.

Right: Pert Sally Forrest, whose popularity has been steadily increasing, was seen with steady beau, Milo Frank. She’ll soon be seen in MGM’s “Banner Line.”

Cornel Wilde, currently appearing in role of circus aerialist in C. B. DeMille-Paramount production “The Greatest Show On Earth,” was present with new frequent date, Jean Wallace.

Below right: Handsome twosome, John Payne and Rhonda Fleming. They’re always seen together; are co-starring in the Paramount film, “Crosswinds.”
Left: Judy Canova and hubby Phillip Rivera stepped out for the premiere. Judy is returning to pictures after a long absence to star in Republic's comedy Western, "Honeychile," in which she sings several novelty tunes.

Below: Gilbert Roland and Robert Stack stop to chat at the premiere of their new picture, "The Bullfighter And The Lady." Gilbert has important role in this adventure drama filmed on location in glamorous Mexico City.

Triumph For Bob

Ricardo Montalban and his wife Georgianna also attended the star-studded premiere.


Right: Bob Stack with screen romance Joy Page and real romance Claudette Thornton.

Above: Among audience were Betty Lynn, Roddy McDowall.
The Underwater Heroes

Lt. Comm. Dick Widmark refuses to endanger mission by stopping to save a wounded man.

Diving suit and all, Dana Andrews takes time off for swim on location in the Virgin Islands.

"THE Frogmen," 20th Century-Fox's exciting World War II drama of an Underwater Demolition Team, stars Dick Widmark as an unpopular officer who sticks to rules; Gary Merrill as Destroyer Comm.; Dana Andrews as leader of revolt against Widmark's orders. Film includes tense underwater battle between Jap and American troops.

Frogmen creep to shore in dramatic moment in film. Widmark suffers from high fever, doesn't tell crew.

Richard Widmark stops for a breath of air between scenes.

Dana Andrews, troublemaker, sends crew to beach to plant welcome sign for U.S. Marines.

Gary Merrill, commander of destroyer that picks up men, understands Widmark but cannot speak.
Father Melvyn Douglas gets fed up with daughter Joan Evans' actions, tries to lecture her into better behavior. But Joan doesn't respond.

Enraged at her insolent behavior, Melvyn threatens to use the hairbrush on Joan. She looks at him scornfully, challenges his authority.

JOAN EVANS plays the girl parents won't let their children associate with in RKO's "On The Loose," a story of juvenile delinquency. Joan comes from a good family, but father Melvyn Douglas and mother Lynn Bari are too wrapped up in their own selfish pursuits to pay any attention to her. Joan gets drunk, associates with bad boys but only when she tries to commit suicide, are her parents shocked into awareness.

Melvyn decides it's time to give his daughter a good spanking, prove to her who is boss.

But, to his amazement, Joan grabs the hairbrush from him and turns on her father.
SHAMPOO your hair 1 to 4 shades LIGHTER without using a dye!

• blends streaked, dyed hair...hides gray
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Here's your chance to give your hair that wonderful lighter, brighter look! Nestle Lite lightens hair from 1 to 4 shades in a single application. It blends streaked and dyed hair...hides gray hair and—it contains no ammonia, harsh alkalies or dyes of any kind to make your hair dry and brittle.

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Give your hair a glorious henna, auburn or fition color with Nestle Egyptian Henna. Not a chemical dye, but a 100% vegetable product. Absolutely safe. At drug and department stores, 49c (plus tax).

This picture of Cleopatra identifies the GENUINE Nestle EGYPTIAN HENNA

"Don't Marry In Haste"

"Most young girls aren't stable enough to face lonely, dateless months after their husbands go away," says ex-service-wi...
romance is better than a broken marriage."

The fair-skinned, auburn-haired Maureen, surrounded by the cool greens of her sun room which complement her beauty so effectively, was not making idle chatter on this subject of separation. It was close to her heart, for she had just returned from a three months' stay in Australia—without her husband or six-year-old daughter Bronwyn; she had been there making "Kangaroo" for 20th Century-Fox—and was so glad to be home again.

There is charm of expression in anything she says, with her slight trace of Irish accent and her direct turn of phrase. There are also intelligence and sound good sense in her ideas which make them arresting, for she has a factual, sincere mind; she is no Blarney-disher.

"Think of all the 'Dear John' letters that went out to servicemen in the last war, and judging by what I've heard, boys are getting them now in Korea. They're sad, of course, but how much better if the boy and girl are not married."

"Most young girls just aren't stable enough to face loneliness and dateless months after their young husbands go away. They are Mrs. in name only—for they've not had time to feel married, feel responsibility. Finally, a girl may feel so alone and sorry for herself that if she's asked for a date she will think there is nothing wrong in it and accept. Then she'll have another, and soon it leads to trouble in the form of dissatisfaction with her lot or her husband. Sometimes both the husband and wife in one of these three-day flash weddings will dread the husband's homecoming, for they know they will be reunited to live a lie—and that brings heartache to both of them. And suppose there had been a child! That would be even worse, for the child would face the future of an unhappy or broken home.

"On the other hand, if the boy and girl decided to wait to marry until he comes back, if their love lasts through that separation they know they really want to marry. Doesn't it make better sense to wait? The girl can work, save her money, fill a hope chest, start preparing for a home—and homemaking."

"I've discovered by comparison with girls here, in Europe and more recently in Australia, that American girls may be very sophisti- (Please turn to page 70)
Gregory Peck has his most adventurous role in "Captain Horatio Hornblower," exciting saga of the immortal British naval hero. The action—and what action!—takes place in 1807 when England was at war against five million French and Spanish soldiers under Napoleon. Greg is in command of H.M.S. Lydia, a sturdy British frigate, on a secret mission in Pacific waters. Which gives you an idea of the set-up for suspense and thrills. Greg performs magnificently, vividly creating the portrait of a truly brave and courageous man who overcomes what should have been overwhelming defeat.

Winning awards and honors is nothing new to Greg. No actor is more often acclaimed than he.
woman, she should take a good look in the mirror. She should ask herself, "Are you the same girl he married?" Do you still hang on to his every word when he tells his jokes, discusses his favorite sport or turns the radio or television on to his sports newscaster? Or, do you yawn wearily and with noticeable forebearance sigh, "Oh, you've told that one so many times." Is that the way it was when he was courting you and you were breathlessly hoping that by some miracle he would ask you to become his wife? Think of yourself in terms of character, personality, appearance; think of every asset you possessed that he first admired. Then, go to work to refurbish your womanhood and try to win him back by the same already proved success formula. The same one that attracted him to you in the first place. You and only you made him fall in love.

Happiness, contentment, and a zestful sense of well-being are all related to the feelings of security and faith in marriage. So try again. Lose those extra pounds, drop those women's clubs. Spend and use that extra time thinking of ways and doing things to make him happy. Cook his special favorite dish instead of turning something out of a frozen food package for a quick ten-minute dinner. Use candles and flowers. Revive the settings you knew when he first saw you. A lovely girl, prettily gowned—a clean, attractive room with music and flowers and soft lights—waiting just for him. He'll want to rush home to that picture. But, let him face a quibbling or fault-finding woman who is going to upbraid him for forgetting this or that and who is filled with her problems to unburden on his shoulders! Remember, perhaps, he has listened to gripes at his own labors all day and he wants to forget them all at night. He wants to have the assurance and feeling that home is a haven—his Kingdom where everything is fine.

It seems to me that some women are so busy, so concerned with attracting the compliments of other women by a new dress, a new fashion of hairdo, a witty remark or some civic or domestic achievements that they forget their prime concern should be to attract one man and then dress and concentrate on winning his compliments.

Take my Johnny—he did not like the new short haircut so I wear my hair long—the way he wants it. Yes, my girl friends say, "But Corinne—you are not chic. You are not smart and fashionable." So what. Do I want my hair to please those girls—or Johnny? When the skirts dropped to ankle length, Johnny said, "I like your skirt lengths just at the calf of the leg—not too long or too short." I did not drop my hems. And the girls said, "But you look dated, Corinne. You must wear your skirts longer." Again it was a choice of pleasing them or my husband. Putting it plainly, doesn't it sound a little ridiculous to say that a woman would rather dress and live to please casual acquaintances than the man she loves? The man she has promised to love and honor?

Women should realize that this is a man's world. Perhaps, if he is away from home for a long time, he might seek another woman for companionship. Disregard it as unimportant. Concern yourself with your love and his. No recriminations or accusations. For there is one way to hold him—if you have built your love strong and enduring. For love's greatest need is for love returned.

I am constantly amazed at the American woman. A girl newly married told me, "Marriage is a fifty-fifty job. We split everything. One day I do the dishes—the next day, it is my husband's turn. One day he does the marketing—the next day, I do it." I was dismayed to discover that many women take this attitude. It is so wrong. Marriages like that aren't always secure. In France, a girl finds every way possible to make herself indispensable to a man so he'll depend on her in so many ways—little or big. In time, she has become as essential to him as his right arm. She runs the house to his liking, cooks the food he likes, entertains the friends of his choice, keeps the household accounts, runs the errands, keeps his correspondence up-to-date.

(Please turn to page 54)

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**80% of New York Models**

**WHO WERE INTERVIEWED SAID:**

"CAVALIERS are Milder than the brand I had been smoking!"

*Hundreds of New York models tried king-size Cavaliers—compared them for mildness with the cigarettes they had been smoking. The results . . .

80%—that's right—80% of these models said Cavaliers are milder than the cigarettes they had been smoking! And they'd been smoking all the leading brands!

Models aren't the only ones who agreed on Cavalier's mildness! Nurses, telephone operators, airline pilots—in each and every group of smokers interviewed . . .

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For A Lovelier You

IN THE foreword to Victor Vito's little book, "Be Your Own Hair Stylist," he says that most women today are bothered by three beauty problems: how their hair looks—how their features look in relation to their hair—and their helplessness in coping with either. Seems to us the man has something. Most of us don't have the vaguest notion of hair styling. We copy what we see on someone else and expect it to do wonders—frustration is acute when it doesn't.

WITH Victor Vito's book you should be able to avoid all such depressing experiences, for in its ninety-six pages he covers just about everything even remotely connected with hair. He starts off with some common-sense rules for beauty at home that have to do with brushing, shampooing, even tangles. Then he deals with pin curls. Next comes a chapter on optical illusion through color and shape, in which Mr. Vito discusses shapes of faces, hairlines, eyebrows, lip-sticks, profiles, and the like. Everything he has to say is illustrated—either with a simple sketch or a photograph. In other chapters he has worthwhile things to say about haircutting, bangs, hair problems, eyeglasses, your hair and the weather.

THERE'S a long and very complete section of the book that's devoted entirely to the subject of home permanents, with step by step directions for permanents for all types of classic and new hairdos. Special problems such as hair dyeing, children's and teenage training and styling, get specific answers. You can have the book by writing to Victor Vito, at 8 East 57 Street, New York, N.Y. It costs only one dollar.

WHILE we're on the subject of hair, we think we ought to bring you up-to-date on a tradition-shattering development. It seems that the makers of Shampoo-Curl have included in the formula of

By Elizabeth Lapham

Here are easy answers to beauty problems that never give themselves a vacation

Chignon of curls, suggests Victor Vito, to show Susan Douglas' delicate features, ears.

Dorothy Hart, recently seen in Warner Brothers' "I Was A Communist For The FBI" shows how bath oil will smooth the skin when rubbed on your legs— a new use for this delight.

Pasteurized Face Cream, one of the new Helena Rubinstein products especially created for tender young skins, is to be used at night to ward off fine lines and any coarsening.

Pams Shampoo Goggles make a pleasure instead of a chore out of permanent waving and hair tinting procedure to say nothing of saving small fry misery of soap in their eyes.

this oil creme shampoo ingredients which they feel do away with the necessity for permanent waves. In other words, Shampoo-Curl is designed to give you curls and waves that will last from one weekly shampoo to the next. The procedure goes like this: wet your hair thoroughly, then put a small blob of fragrant Shampoo-Curl between your hands, moisten slightly, and apply to your hair—working it into a rich lather by adding more water as you go along. Rinse and make a second application. Leave this second lather on your hair five to ten minutes. Rinse again, and use only clear water—don't add anything like lemon juice. That's all there is to it. You set your hair as (Please turn to page 74)
Are you in the know?

With sleeveless dresses, which goes best?
- A stole
- A razor
- Long gloves

Daintiness, like diamonds, can be a girl's best friend—and sleeveless frocks, especially, call for underarm contact with the razor's edge. Keeps you out of the untidy bracket. Self-assurance at calendar time calls for just the right answer to your sanitary protection needs. So Kotex gives you 3 absorbencies to choose from (different sizes, for different days). Only by trying all 3 can you learn which one's exactly right for you.

If your complexion's an oil gusher—it's boom time for hickey's! To dry 'em out, sun bathing's good, but don't get sizzled. Change your makeup to calamine: a flesh-tinted lotion that helps conceal and heal breakouts. Fine for problem day blemishes, too. And see how the comfort of Kotex helps keep you confident, at ease, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; has softness that holds its shape.

A train acquaintance asks you to dinner?
- Call the conductor
- Dash for the dining car
- Go dutch

No harm in casual chatter to while the miles away—when the Handsome Stranger's not the wolf type. But, if you accept his dining car bid, go dutch; then you needn't feel indebted. (Convenient—if "Dr. Jekyll" turns out to be Mr. Hyde.) It's smart to be wary. On trying days, likewise. Smooth sisters choose Kotex—an "auld acquaintance" they can trust for extra protection, such as that special safety center gives.

What assures daintiness on problem days?
- Both soaps
- Powder
- Occasional showers

Takes more than daily tubbings to stay dainty at "that" time. So, smart gals sprinkle a powder deodorant on their sanitary napkins. Choose Quest powder! You'll find Quest best for napkin use, because, unlike most creams or liquids, this deodorant powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. It's safe, Soothing. Unscented. Positively destroys odors. Buy a can of Quest* deodorant powder today!

Have you tried Delsey?
Delsey* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex... a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

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never makes appointments without consulting him, is ready to assist him at all times in all endeavors as though it were a special privilege, and is at all times at home awaiting his pleasure with her complete time at his disposal.

A French girl would never consider asking her husband to wash the dishes. "Excuse me, Darling, it will only take fifteen minutes and I'll be through with the dishes," she'd say. In five minutes, he'll feel so alone in the living room without her that he'll probably be in the kitchen offering to help. If he doesn't, isn't fifteen minutes cheap insurance for a lifetime of happiness? So many little ways and little things are important in holding a man for keeps.

Few men complain of too much love. They may not like a demonstrative display of affection, but a wife who stoops to kiss lightly a man's cheek or forehead as he reads the evening paper or who shows her affection in other little ways by having his clothes freshly laundered and pressed at all times, his favorite soap in the bathroom, his favorite foods and beverages for meals—is the wife he loves.

Jealousy is stupidity. In Europe, jealousy is considered an illness that must be treated by a doctor. It is a feeling of insecurity and fear of loss.

If a woman has been an essential part of a man's life, even when he goes into the Army and goes overseas she does not have to worry. She must remember that he is in a different world and that it is very difficult to share experiences second-hand by mail when you should be sharing them together. She must be aware that when her man first arrives in a foreign country, he is like a tourist and continues to try to live as an American. But, the longer he stays the more he gets the feeling of the country. Suddenly, a letter from his wife or girl friend talking about Tom and Joe or Mary and Alice at home going to baseball games and fashion shows and movies seems very childish and unimportant in a world where he is faced with different problems.

I know how it is, for when I first came to America I was madly in love with a French boy. In the beginning, I wrote a number of letters every day. Then, suddenly, I outgrew my homesickness for Paris by becoming enveloped in the American way of living—the football games, the hot dogs, the people and recreations and occupations here. And I began to enjoy the American way of life. Suddenly, his letters seemed from another world. I couldn't write what I was doing without having to write a whole background so that he would understand. And, in one paragraph, how much can you tell? So I was bored with the idea of explaining so much. It became even difficult to write long letters to my parents, to whom I will always be devoted. You can't explain life here in a way that they can understand. They couldn't understand my making a personal appearance tour of seventeen cities in ten days when they take two weeks to prepare for a hundred mile trip.

Over here, when walking down Wilshire Boulevard American women look at the shops or, on Fifth Avenue in New York, they see the fashion windows but do not observe the trees. In Europe it is quite the contrary. You can stand for fifteen minutes and look at the trees. No one tells you must rush or you'll be late for an appointment because no one cares. Here is one of the real secrets of the life the European woman offers that is so attractive to men. A man can be comfortable. He doesn't have to be under tension or strain with the thought that if he doesn't show up at home on the dot of six-thirty, he'll face a frowning wife and have an explanation to make. If he is late for dinner, a smart woman accepts it—she never questions. It is his privilege to arrive home when he wishes to and he is greeted with love, a smile and happiness.

Waiting on a man is a woman's job. She should never complain but should show her pleasure in personal service. She should let him know that it is her privilege and her happiness to care for him, and that she belongs to him and he belongs to her. She is completely dependent on him. She magnifies his manliness to the point where he is the king of his domain. When he is with her, he feels like he is the greatest man in the world. She spoils him and he loves it. What man wouldn't? It is such a combination of love and companionship and unity without force and an acceptance of what the man offers without the wife demanding more "to keep up with the Joneses" that makes a man feel content. Why would he ever want to give up such a wife?

An American woman is proud that she is self-sufficient. Many prove that they can do any job as well as a man if not better. This type of woman likes to feel herself of superior intellect. She studies from textbooks and in classes to show a man that she can not only compete with him but do it better. The result is—she robs him of his birthright—male ego. And, then, she wonders why she loses him!

Now that I have explained my way of thinking about why and how a man strays and a woman loses him, let me again reiterate how I believe a woman can easily hold her man—forever. Give him all of your heart unselfishly, make him the king, with all of your life evolving around him. Your more infinite tenderness makes the thought of turning to other things unattractive.

The important thing is to make your love strong enough to last through the years—whether some of them be together or apart. Love will always bring back and unite.
RECORD ROUNDPUP

Tops In Movie Music

DANNY KAYE’S “On The Riviera,” “Ballin’ The Jack,” “Rhythm Of A New Day,” and “Happy Endings” all from “On The Riviera” for Decca... Ezio Pinza and Fran Warren singing “Andiamo,” from “Mr. Imperium,” and Ezio soloing “Let Me Look At You” for Victor... “Somebody” and “Very Good Advice,” from “Alice In Wonderland,” by the Dinning Sisters for Capitol...

Helen O’Connell’s “Tell Me, Tell Me Why” and “Love Me,” from “Moonlight Bay,” for Capitol... Macklin Marrow’s “Teresa” and “Bird Of Paradise,” both from films of the same names, for MGM... Johnny Mercer’s “I Guess I’ll Have To Change My Plan,” from “Goodbye, My Fancy,” and “Lazy Mood” for Capitol... Ralph Flanagan’s “Very Good Advice,” from “Alice In Wonderland,” and “Twilight Rhapsody” for Victor...

Nat King Cole’s “Song Of Delilah,” from “Samson And Delilah,” and “Because Of Rain” for Capitol...

Other Toppers

BING CROSBY’S “Old Soldiers Never Die” and “My Own Bit Of Land” for Decca... Bob Eberle’s “I Made A Promise” and “Alone” for Capitol...

Tutti Camarata’s “Pizzicato Rhumba” and “Swedish Rhapsody” for Decca... Frank Sinatra’s “I’m A Fool To Want You” and “Momma Will Bark” for Columbia... Guy Lombardo’s “Evertree, Evermore” and “Just For Love’s Sake” for Decca... Patti Page’s “Mister Mississippi” and “These Things I Offer You” for Mercury... Van Kirk’s “Love Is The Reason” and “Sad And Lonely” for Victor... Richard Tucker’s “Faithfully Yours” and “Tell Me” for Columbia... “The Letter” and “Possibilities” by Phil Harris and Alice Faye for Victor...

Billy Eckstine’s “I’m A Fool To Want You” and “Love Me” for Capitol... Jo Stafford and Frankie Laine doing “Pretty Eyed Baby” and “That’s The One For Me” for Columbia...

Grab Bag

LES PAUL’S “Walkin’ And Whistlin’ Blues” and “How High The Moon” for Capitol... MGM’s “Let’s Dance” albums... “The King And I” album for Victor and Decca... “Dream” and “Halls Of Ivy” by Voices of Schumann for Capitol... Macklin Marrow’s “My Inspiration” and “Tahiti, My Island” for MGM... Earl Hines’ album for Columbia...

Andrew Sisters and Red Foley doing “Swings And Lace” and “I Want To Be With You Always” for Decca... Columbia’s “A Tree Grows In Brooklyn” album...

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**Is It A Lark Or Is It Love?**

Continued from page 34

It’s just what I call a friendship ring.”

He then began to discuss the possibilities of his marrying Shelley.

“I honestly don’t know if we’ll be married by the time your story gets into print,” he told me. “I don’t even know if we’ll marry at all. I’m very tired of all the questions about this matter. It’s as though we were being pressured into marriage or else were being forced to bust up.

“I’m really not sure I’m ready for marriage. I’m still far too serious about my career—more so now than ever. And I’m a little reticent about the idea because I don’t think I’m ready to settle down yet. I probably wouldn’t be a very good husband at this time anyway since I enjoy independence. I like to be able to go to a party and not feel I have to stay with one person all evening. I enjoy mingling and talking to interesting people. Besides, I take marriage seriously. It isn’t a thing I want to go into lightly. It’s a career in itself and I want to be awfully sure I’m doing the right thing. It’s a responsibility and it’s not like going on a lot of dates.

“I’d not be a particularly good husband either—unless I changed my habits. And I’ve some peculiar ones, although they don’t seem odd to me. For one thing, I’m not a very neat person around the house, but Shelley tells me she’s not either, so I guess there’d be no trouble there. But then there are my records. When I get up in the morning I like to turn them on the first thing, and this could be annoying to a wife.

“This might not be hard to change, though, but I’m not so sure about one very significant thing—Shelley likes to take care of people, to have someone dependent on her. Well, I used to want to depend on others, but no more. I like the independence I’ve found and I don’t want to rely or lean on anyone. In a marriage I feel a man should be the strong one, so what’s the answer here? Not that I think he should be the big, rugged boss since marriage means mutual dependency and need, but the strength should be in the man.

“Shelley and I have discussed marriage a couple of times in the past and each time we have decided it’s best to wait and be sure.

“Maybe you can see now why I say I really don’t know what our plans are.”

At this moment, Shelley barged in. She was always rushing in and out of Parley’s dressing room during the picture—and he was in hers.

“What’s he telling you?” she asked me. This reminded me of the times I’d seen Shelley go over to Parley when he was on the phone. He has an acute case of telephoneitis and each time he was talking she’d go over and say, “Who are you talking to? What are you saying?” It was simply part of a routine and not, let us hasten to add, the act of a jealous woman. Shelley just doesn’t fit that picture. If she were the jealous type, she wouldn’t hesitate to let Parley know. Besides, she says he listens to her phone conversations.

“I may as well ask you what I’ve asked

---

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Gene Kelly with his wife, Betsy Blair, and their daughter at recent opening of the “Icecapades” in Los Angeles. Gene’s latest film is “An American In Paris.”
NOT AT ALL! I DIDN'T KNOW A NOTE. YET I STARTED PLAYING WHOLE PIECES RIGHT AWAY!

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[Check boxes for instruments: Piano, Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Violin, Organ, Accordion, Clarinet, Trombone, Flute, etc.]

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Farley," I said. "What's this about your getting married?"

She grinned at Farley knowingly, looked back at me and said, "What did he tell you?"

Farley's ideas were repeated—briefly. "I don't know yet either," she insisted. "One thing I'm sure of—if we do take the step we can't get married in Hollywood because we'd be sure to offend some columnist who might not get the first breathless flash."

That's Shelley. Turning a pointed question into a gag.

"Certainly I like Farley—very much," she went on. "He's the only fellow I date or want to date because we have a lot of fun and we think alike—most of the time. But my problem is that I want to get established in my career first. I know I can't work on a career and a marriage at the same time and do justice to either. I don't want to give up my career yet, in fact, I want to do more with it. I'd like to do a play on Broadway this fall, for example, and that would be hard if I got married. Then there are so many-difficulties to a Hollywood marriage—the separations due to the various locations, the career conflicts, the pressure of the business which makes it hard to lead a normal life. It takes work to solve all those problems.

"I may have some unusual habits too that wouldn't make me the ideal wife. I like to be alone at times—and that's not so good in a marriage. I enjoy reading late at night in bed, for instance. I'm a bad sleeper anyway, and I'm forever getting up late at night and making Dagwood sandwiches for myself. Can you see a husband—even Farley—taking that routine?"

"But don't get the wrong idea. I'm all for marriage. I want to be a wife—but I want to be a good one. That's what I must be sure of first—that I can do the job well."

There are the two views from the principals involved. If you want further data, I contacted Farley's mother and she said, "Your guess is as good as mine."

But—the fact still remains that there is a stronger possibility of their getting married than there is that they won't. Look at a few of the coincidences. Recently, Farley gave up his small house to rent a large apartment. It has two bedrooms which seems like quite a large place for a bachelor. He and Shelley share the same maid. When the maid isn't at Farley's home she's working for Shelley. This might be classified as an ideal arrangement. They have the same business manager too. The two plan to go to Europe this summer if picture schedules permit—they've been invited to attend the Festival Of Britain as guests of the British Government—and this could be considered a likely honeymoon trip. Or at least such has been the conclusion drawn by more than one source.

The most provocative item about these two, though, is that they have been working together on "Behave Yourself!" and their feelings for each other haven't noticeably changed as a result.

"It's been a lot of fun doing this picture," Farley told me. "For one thing, we can air our difficulties freely on the set because we know each other so well, although this may not be too easy on the crew. But neither of us feels inhibited about making suggestions to the other—or about playing love scenes. Shelley's a great person to work with. Her only trouble is that she's inclined to be impatient and not to listen. When she doesn't do a scene just right to suit her, she may become upset and then I try to remind her to take it easy. Usually, if she has unintentionally offended someone by an outburst, she'll go over and apologize later."

Shelley had been taking this all in with a smile. After a moment she added, "I have to admit Farley has more patience, but temperamentally we're kind of alike. I guess it's just that I'm more moody than Farley. I'm either way up or way down.
down. Farley tries to teach me control and balance, but I'm the sort of person who lets her feelings out. And what's wrong with that?"

While the two were working, they pulled a few gags on each other but not in a zany way. Their humor was better exemplified in their attitudes about playing a married couple. They were constantly using the wedding rings both wore in the picture as a target for their remarks. Once a columnist reported that they weren't acting like any engaged couple, to which Farley said, "No, we act more like a married couple."

The two ate lunch together every day during the production. And the routine here was something. To begin with, Shelley bought their lunch twice a week and Farley packed up the check three times a week. It was a gag all the way. Then there was the matter of their ordering. Shelley would invariably ask Farley, "What are you going to have?" He'd pick out an entree, she'd choose another, the food would be served, and her remark was usually, "I don't know what it is, but your lunch always looks better than mine." Then she'd taste her's.

When they went out on dates—and it's significant to note that they are dating no one else now—it wasn't to any big social affair.

"Farley's always taking me to see foreign pictures," Shelley laughed. "All arty and different. At first they confused me, but now I'm beginning to get the hang of them. Farley's the intellectual type, you see. He's very serious and profound. I'm more for laughs."

"It's not that I'm a long hair," Farley added lightly. "It's just that I'm drawn to older people and to those who have great talents. I've never been the fun-kid type or one who had to partake of the Hollywood social life. Shelley used to like parties, but now she's changed and doesn't care for the nightlife so much either.

"I can't think of anyone, though, who is more fun and who is as witty as Shelley. She's the kind of person you feel free with. I don't have to put on any poses for her."

"Thank you, kind sir," Shelley said and flashed one of those smiles at him.

It strikes me that these two would have married before if there hadn't been so much debating and guessing and rumoring about their eventual status. But now the issue has been brought to a head, they've gone together a long time, they know each other well, they're not impulsively romantic kids, and that all adds up to something. What it adds up to you'll soon know.

Me—I'll go along with the theory that given some time Farley and Shelley will take The Big Step. Where there's smoke, as someone once said in a cliche-ridden moment, there's fire.

Take My Word For It, Tony

Continued from page 97

politely and then go happily on your way. You'll do what you felt was right to do in the first place, without taking the advice of people—people like me, for example! May I say I think this is the best advice anyone could give you?

Also, like me and others I could name, I know you arrived in Hollywood with high hopes and a low bank roll. You're in the movies—you keep telling yourself. But you're about the only one who seems to know it! Then it happens. You get a good part and, if you're lucky, on preview night those little ladies (bles 'em) in the audience squeal with girlish glee when your kissers flashes on the screen. So, suddenly you're recognized when you walk out in the lobby. Then you see your face in papers and magazines and, when the picture's released, there's your name up there on the theatre marquee.

Practically overnight you're now regarded and accepted. You're a star! But here comes the rub. To yourself, you don't feel like a star! You can't suddenly make a big fast switch, because to you—you're still the same guy you were yesterday. But—you ain't, chum! Actually, and in your particular case, Tony, the sooner you realize you're no longer the boy from the Bronx, the better off you'll be. A star has to keep his nose clean. No fancy apartments, no foolishly lavish adventures. You automatically become a target and, because you are a public figure, things that happen to you are easily exaggerated.

I mean things like an experience I had one night in a night club. We were havin' a little dinner dinner for a gent who was obviously on the sauce come over to the table. He insisted that I wasn't such a tough guy. Being a peace-loving soul, I agreed. We exchanged a few dull and meaningless phrases, the lout was led away, and thus ended our little melodrama. The moment papers, liquor, added fuel to our feebly flame and zealously catalogued the episode as a "night club brawl."

Being criticized and at times being misunderstood is all part of this star stuff. Because they don't serve shock absorbers with long term contracts, a bit of philosophical preparation is good for any man. As case in point, any man being one Howard Duff. Ah, wide-eyed trusting lad that I was. In search of self improvement, one day I casually inquired of a character: "How did you like my last picture? I want you to be honest with me and tell me what you really thought."

"I thought," he answered, "It stunk!"

I asked the man. He told me. Weeks later, I got around to the conclusion that
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Joe E. Brown hits high note for his screen wife, Agnes Moorehead, in MGM's exciting Technicolor musical, "Show Boat." He's also in Broadway musical, "Courtin' Time."

this was merely his opinion and not the general consensus. In the meantime, my flagellated ego was lower than a snake's elbow. And so the moral to our tender little tale, is this Tony. Don't ever ask a man if he likes your current cinema caper. He's liable to tell you!

Being an "eligible bachelor" (that's what they call us) is awfully nice work, except that you constantly have to think up new reasons why you are, will you change your mind, and if you do, who will make you change it. And if you don't, why didn't you. Beginning to get confused? So are the poor people who have to report on the loves and lives of the Hollywood glamour kiddies. Actually, we're in a spot because the book of etiquette says a gentleman always allows the lady to do the talking. If that's a crack son, make the most of it.

Serious, I can suggest a few nifty retorts like, "A boy's best friend is his mother," or, "Please, not while I'm eating." I mean, if you want to avoid the issue tactfully. You can also turn slightly green, which is very good for Technicolor by the way, and hurriedly excuse yourself. But whatever you do Tony, don't turn a pretty purple, or assume a how-dare-you-do-this-to-poor-little-me attitude when they ask if you're going to marry some dream doll, like Janet Leigh for example. By the way, when are you going to marry Janet Leigh for example?

Speaking of nowadays' glamour—that's Hollywood French for "What wistful wench is toting a tantalizing torch for which beecake boy?"—it's not a bad idea to remember that there are two kinds of females fatales in our town. First and real formost are those dazzling and delightful creatures who like us for what we are—not who we are. To them, a "name" is something they list in their personal address book. You've probably run across the other type, Tony. If you'd like to apply Dr. Duff's miracle medicine, I'm happy to prescribe it for you.

This way girl may enjoy going out with you but she'd enjoy going out with you more—if you go out to Romanoff's. Or Cir's. I enjoy going to those places myself but there are moments in every man's life when a buck looks like a billion. If you want to test the little lady's loyalty, tucked away on the East Side of Los Angeles there's a heavenly little hideaway called "Ptomaine Tommy's." They don't dress for dinner there. Elsa Maxwell would never list it as a must. But the hamburgers? Delectable! Delicious! If your dating date pats her paddys and cries out for onions, she's in. If she suddenly remembers she forgot to put out her mother and calls the cat, guess who won't be taking her out the second time?

At the beginning of this one-man dissertation on the Hollywood birds and bees, I insisted there would be no talking down the beard. Well, friend Tony, being the positive type—I've changed my mind! What I actually mean is, at this point it occurs to me that there are things that can be said seriously—without getting serious. If ever there was a business where one can learn humility, it is the picture business. One realizes what a small cog he is, how many important people there are filling important jobs—all reflecting on the actor and helping him to do a better job.

Certainly, there is no lack of humility on your part. As a matter of record, you could write a book on how to win friends and influence more friends. You've got a million of 'em! It can happen, however, at some period in most actors' careers, that they forget to relax and take things easy. They get caught up in a success drive, which can prove to be an evil thing. They begin taking themselves too seriously.

I experienced a meager moment, back at the beginning when I was given a break by the late Mark Hellinger. He was a very colorful character and he loved colorful characters. Mark had one particular fetish. His hand was always in his pocket first. He had to pay the check and he was a very lavish tipper.
In Boston, where they held the press preview of "Brute Force," I decided that I wanted to do the tipping. After all, this was my second picture, I was doing well and I guess I kind of wanted to make an impression.

When we got off the train, Mark reached into his pocket. I quickly assured him that I had subscribed to the ancient custom of tipping the porter. It was all taken care of. We could forget the whole thing.

Mark didn't say a word. He was too much of a gentleman to embarrass me. Later on I learned he called the porter aside and asked how much I had given him. When the porter named the amount—Mark slipped him ten bucks more! At the time I had thought my tip was rather a generous gesture. That episode cured me of ever trying to impress anyone again!

I know you recognize the importance of your fan's interest in your career. Didn't I see those several thousand photocallers in your car, shortly after they previewed "The Prince Who Was A Thief"? And while we're exchanging pictures, may I slightly say that Howard Duff will next appear at your neighborhood picture palace in "Fine Day." But to get back to the fans, and I know you'll agree—they are a great bunch of kids. Do you know, my fan club in the East completely outfitted an orphan and the local group sent twenty hard-earned dollars to a cancer fund? Brother, I was really touched.

Well Anthony, the soap box is beginning to sag. I'll leave you to your life and living and I'll go back to combing that beautiful beach. When you're down Malibu way, drop in. To see me, I mean! Now, one last little reminder and then I'll go quietly. The facts and figures already show that you're going to be the hottest hamola in Hollywood. So I hope you'll never forget that giving you the benefit of my wiles and wisdom—had absolutely nothing to do with it! All the best that one friend can wish another.

Yours,
D.D. (Doctor Duff)

P.S. Under separate cover I'm sending you a few thousand ugly pills. The directions are on the bottle!

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**One Enchanted Picture**

Continued from page 31

just like a little boy; he warms to warmth and pouts to coldness, he has to have a sense of ease and liking. We liked each other from the beginning, from the first Sunday rehearsal at Mel Frank's house. It was a wonderful first reading.

Mel Frank and Norm Panama and Ezio and I all felt that we were making something important together. We had that sense of real teamwork and mutual respect that makes working a pleasure. And we worked, believe me. We rehearsed between scenes, we rehearsed on Sundays, but still there was always time for a laugh.

Pinola loves practical jokes. After every take he'd come up with a tag line that would devastate us. He has great trouble with his s's and none of us will ever forget the line where he was to say, "Whoosh, my pants fell down!" Then there was the scene where I fouled up his operatic performance. It starts when, carrying a spear, I trip over the sword of one of the torchbearers. From then on everything happens; a net is ripped down and falls on the singers, trying to get the net off the columns are knocked down, and trying to get out of the way of the falling columns we knock the walls down. Such a shambles you've never seen and Ezio's sense of fun made it hilarious.

He, Norm, Mel and I ate lunch together every day. That was such a lark that I'd find myself looking forward to lunch from about ten o'clock. One day, right after the scene where Ezio and I had gotten married, I insisted I was going to take our quartet to lunch—they'd all been so good to me. So, as Mrs. Augustine Caraffa, I bought the wedding lunch in the commissary and I must say I didn't know how much we'd been eating every day because the check came to fourteen dollars and I had to borrow a dollar from my new husband to pay the bill. We all had such a good time at lunch that, for the first time since I've been in pictures, an assistant director had to come into the commissary to tell us it was time to go back to work.

And on we went with "Strictly Dishonorable," with Gus' gag lines after every take and more gag lines in rehearsal and, every once in a while, an extra scene he'd dream up which we'd enact for the crew as a gag. Between scenes, he and I hummed the most fantastic duets. Millard Mitchell and Pinza had a ball practical joking and the crew loved it. Ezio was strictly their friend. When he discovered that coffee had been removed from the set for production reasons, he personally phoned Mr. Schary and had it put back on. Don't think the boys didn't appreciate that.

This sense of humor he has is a terrific balance for Ezio's basic seriousness as an actor. This acting business is all new to him. Outside of "South Pacific," he has not been used to lines. His career has been in opera. He has a charming way of speaking these first lines of his with long inflections and he has a habit of leaving sentences in the air. But he learns quickly and his is a great ear for sound. Above all, he is an honest actor. By that, I mean that he doesn't see his part as an isolated thing but acts always with the person who is in the scene with him. In one scene, for example, I tell Ezio that I love him. It was a two-shot, which meant a closeup of us both. I started to break up and cry, the moment became
extremely tense and emotional, and Ezio, tears in his eyes, simply threw away his lines, came over and took me in his arms. That wasn’t the way the scene had been written at all but it was so spontaneous and so right because it was emotionally honest. “That was all I could do,” he said.

When the picture neared its end, we hated to have it over. “We’re not going to break this up,” we kept saying as the four of us ate lunch. Pinza suggested we have a party for the whole unit the last day. We would all give it together at Tonasso’s restaurant which was on the set. Now, I had already ordered little gifts for the crew and I was wondering how much the party might cost, while Ezio rattled on enthusiastically. It must be a real Italian dinner. He would cook the spaghetti himself. But he must have noticed the brief expression on my face, because later he took me aside on the set to say, “Eef this is too much, we don’t say anything about it. You pay what you can and I make up the rest.” Nothing could be more characteristic of the man than the thoughtfulness of this offer. I just flipped. He could so easily have played the big shot and given the whole party himself, but he isn’t like that. He plays every scene, on stage or off, with full consideration for everyone else in it.

As it turned out, I managed to dig up my share and it was a four-way party and a dilly. We finally persuaded Ezio that making spaghetti for a hundred people was too much, especially when we were still working that day, so we ordered everything from a special Italian store—spaghetti and cold cuts and everything you can think of. He ordered it all himself and at the party he sang “The Wedding Cake” song and I danced with him as he sang it.

Oh, it was an enchanted picture from beginning to end. The very last shot was a rain sequence and, as I came into my dressing room, sopping wet, there was a long box and in it a sterling silver dinner set with one line inscribed on the comb: “With strictly honorable intentions, Ezio.” We not only had made the picture together, but we felt we had all made friends, Norm, Mel, Ezio and I, and of course Tony—Tony Curtis—who came down often to the set.

“Fine thing,” Ezio would say, “my wife entertaining other men on the set.” For the first few days after the picture ended, we kept on having lunch together, determined not to let the magic elude us. Then, on a Sunday, we were all invited up to the Pinzas’ for dinner.

“Tomaso’s this way... This way to Tomasso’s.” There were signs all along the road leading to his house. Ezio had kept to the mood of the picture, using the name of the restaurant on the set. We had spaghetti and chicken acciato and a bottle of Lachramachristi wine, which we drank in the picture. It was such a charming and sentimental meal. Then, when dessert came on the lights were turned off, a curtain was pulled back, and there under a spotlight was the big portrait of him as Faust which hung on the set and which we were always maneuvering to get into the shot because we loved it. He had swiped the picture from the set to surprise us, a gesture so typical of the little boy he sometimes is.

He’s terrific with his own children. They had been out to a movie the Sunday afternoon we were there and we were seated at dinner when they came in. I’ve been to homes before when the children came home like that and were promptly shunted off and out of sight. But not at the Pinzas’. Pietro and Clelia circled the table, saying hello to each guest. Pietro brought his turtle to show us. Ezio adores the children and he shows it. When it was time to go to bed, they threw their arms about him. “You will come up and kiss us, goodnight? You will come up?” And he said he would. After that, he kept checking his watch and conferring with his wife, Doris. Did she think they were undressed by now and in bed? Then, finally, he went up to keep his promise.

Yes, I remember very well sitting in the fourth row at “South Pacific,” utterly stage struck, utterly captured by Ezio Pinza’s magic; and the better you know him, the more magic. His sense of fun, his magnificent voice, his easy way with people, his charm at home with Doris and the children, his consummate thoughtfulness: all these give you that bang you get from the “best” people—a sense that the world is a truly elegant place and that you’re so lucky to be alive.
and tenderness have few equals on stage or screen and should mean that Holly-
wood has fallen heir to the riches of two
brand new youngsters, both starborne.

Such was the impact of what had hap-
pened to him, that when we talked to
John weeks after his return from Italy
he said, "I'm still so emotional about the
whole amazing thing that I have to
act unemotional or blow a fuse." He
added, grinning, "By the way, the auditi-
on for Teresa, was held—appropriately—
on April Fool's Day . . . want to
make something of it?"

John used the word "appropriately"
because, he contends, "If it happened to
me, it can happen to anyone . . ."

Well, yes and no . . .

To listen to John talk about himself
and his life to date is to get an impression
of Mr. Average Guy himself . . .

"Well, I was born," was the opening
line he used in "telling us his life story.
"and grew up and lived in an apartment
in Jackson Heights (where I still live)
with my mother and father and sister.
I went through public grade school
and then to Newton High in Elmhurst,
Long Island, where I was an average stu-
dent. No complaints, but no Hall Cas-
sers, either. At sports, also average. And
I never wanted to do anything in the
theatre, never gave the theatre a thought.
until I was nineteen. Before that, I
wanted to be an astronomer, then a
commercial artist, and what I became
was a precision lathe operator in a
machine shop in Manhattan. Liked it
fine, too."

But dig below the surface of John's
young diffidence about himself and you
find another less commonplace, more
colorful tale to tell.

John was born, for instance, not in
pleasant but prosaic Jackson Heights but
in Dusseldorf on the Rhine. When he
was a year old his parents moved from
Germany to Belgium where his sister,
Daisy, was born.

"Daisy is married now," John told us,
'and five months ago she gave me a niece!
Whereupon I went upon a terrific spree
of baby clothes buying!"

John's uncle-hood (which he takes big)
has put the idea of marriage, he
admitted into his blond head. "Although
I'm afraid," he confessed, "as every
young man is afraid of marriage. Never
having been married, fear of the Un-
known is, of course, what it is. But I
would love to have children. I have
more fun with my little niece. so much
fun that the idea of becoming a 'pater-
familias,' and quite a numerous 'familias,'
too, appeals to me strangely."

After Belgium, the Ericsons came to
America where they lived first in Detroit,
then in Chicago and, in 1938, moved
East and settled in Jackson Heights.

You learn, too, in the course of popping
questions at John, that although his
father is a solid business man, a manu-
ufacturer of cooking extracts, his father
was a noted Shakespearean actress known
in Germany, Belgium and France as Ellen
Wilson.

"When I auditioned for Teresa," said
John, "I was scared stiff. Wondered how
the heck I had the nerve. I'd done some
Summer stock and some radio in a minor
way, but never a motion picture, so I
didn't know whether I had talent or
would be laughed out of there before I
got to the end of paragraph one. When,
after it was over, Mr. Zinneman asked
me, 'Where did you get it?' I surprised
myself by saying, 'My mother was an
actress' (something I'd never said or even
thought about very much before) to
which Mr. Zinneman replied, 'Oh, that's
where!'

Which indicates that John's mother.
a wise woman, did not impose or even suggest her profession as a possible answer to John’s future choice of a career. "I sometimes wish she had, though," John said, a little ruefully, "because I didn’t know what I wanted to do or be. Never a more rudderless ship than I. After high school, my dad wanted me to go to college. I didn’t take it. Floundering like a hooked fish, I didn’t know what the heck I wanted.

‘You’re nineteen,’ my dad told me, ‘you should know what you want out of life.’

“But I didn’t know. And I was beginning to get worried. Maybe a hobo, I thought, maybe a nothing-guy!”

Of one thing and one thing only was I sure, and that was on the negative side. I did not want a so-called white collar job. A desk job. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Routine is, to me, the ugliest word in the vocabulary.

“For just long enough to find out differently, I thought I might like to be a dentist. A dentist can close his office, I figured, between bicuspids, and go fishing or painting or what he will. I even went to Hofra College on Long Island with the intention of taking the entrance examinations. But, when I found there was a waiting list that wouldn’t be exhausted for six months, that was the end of John Ericson, D.D.S. I’m not a patient man.” John laughed, “I’m a Now boy. Lack of patience—and my moods—are my worst faults. I can get pretty moody. More or less quiet, that is, tooting a shell around and pretty resentful if people try to do what they call ‘snapping you out of it.’ On the other hand, I have one virtue I know of and that is forgiveness. I never forget a slight, a slur or a hurt, but I do forgive ’em.

“After that brief detour, I worked (again) the average. I worked as a soda-jerk. I sold ties in a New York department store. And, finally, I got the job of precision lathe operator in Manhattan, and chances are I’d be there today if it were not for the fact that during lunch hour one red-letter noon I ran into a school mate of mine, Stanley Miratello. Over chow, I asked Stan what his plans were and he said he was thinking of becoming an actor.

‘An actor?’

‘Take a splinter of lightening that illumines the landscape for miles around I thought, I can do that, too!’

“The more I thought about it, the more it appealed to me. Why it appealed to me, I’ll never know because I had never, as I said before, given the theatre a thought. I’d never stepped foot on a stage in my life, never even belonged to the dramatic club at school. Didn’t want to belong. Wasn’t much of a theatre-goer, either, or even a movie fan worth the name. But, heck, Gable (I remembered reading somewhere) had never thought of himself as an actor, either. And besides, (this was the pull, the tug, the come-on) actors lay off—or are laid off—between plays and pictures. No routine in the theatre (so I thought), no white collar stranding you, no staying in one place (there’s some gypsy in me) from the cradle to the grave.

“So, at last, I had aim and direction, an actor I would be!

“When I told my dad I wanted to enroll in the American Academy Of Dramatic Arts, he took it, not with wild enthusiasm I must say, but well. He figured, I guess (as I hadn’t), that blood will tell. My mother took it very well—so well that it may have been, I now suspect, a dream she’d dreamed…”

So, laying down his lathe, mechanic John Ericson went off for his audition at the Academy, which consisted of doing three or four minute scenes—one a comedy, one a tragedy. Curiously, John found that acting came naturally to him (“It really startled me!”) and he was in.

“At the end of my first year, I passed my examinations and was then asked by Mr. John Richards, my director at the Academy, to join the Gateway Stock Company, the Summer theatre which he
Bing Crosby acts as the foster father of two French war orphans, Beverly Washburn and Jacky Concel, in his latest Paramount film, "Here Comes The Groom."

had organized in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. That Summer, I played seven good parts in all, each one as different from the other as the 'Medea' from, say, 'Guys And Dolls.' In my spare time, I took some pictures and did some painting. Amateur photography and painting in oils (usually scenes) are my hobbies. In my biography put out by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer I read that I am 'an excellent amateur photographer and painter in oils.' As to the excellence, I can't say but as to the love of both mediums I can and do say! I was, in fact, doubly excited about winning the plum role of Philip in 'Teresa,' because it meant a trip to Italy where I could paint and photograph in color the scenes that haunt the dreams of every canvas-carrier and camera-friend. 'When I return,' I told myself, excitedly, 'I'll have enough canvases and stills to fill a Fifth Avenue gallery!' Well," John made a funny face, "it would have to be a very small gallery because picture-making, you know, is an 8 a.m. to 6, 7, 8 or after midnight routine. In Italy, in fact, time was not!

"But back to Tennessee again, where, in addition to painting, I took long hikes and slept out nights, under the stars. The Smoky Mountain National Park is so beautiful that it has to be seen to be believed, and then you can't believe it!"

"Asked whether he thought the Smoky Mountain country the perfect place for a honeymoon, John said (was he caught off-guard?) "No, beautiful as it is, I'd like to go to Italy on my honeymoon. I'm in love with Italy. But what am I saying? What honeymoon? When? With whom?"

'This led us (naturally, wouldn't you say?)' to pop the loaded question. "Well, what are you saying, John? That you've been in love, eh?" to which the answer came promptly, "Oh, yeah, oh, yes! For a young guy like me, I've had many disappointments. Now, although I do date around, hither and yon, I'm going more or less steadily with one girl whose name is Ann Marno. Ann has black hair and black eyes (the gypsy type) and is an actress on television. So we have things in common: the same ideas about work, its seriousness, and the same ideas about fun. We like to visit friends and yak all night. We take rides on a Fifth Avenue bus up Riverside Drive. We help each other with our television scripts. Or we go to the movies, especially those in which our favorites, Kirk Douglas, Anne Baxter and Laurence Olivier appear. We share our love for an old Viennese place in New York for we like the Viennese atmosphere, candlelight on the table, a few drinks, music, sitting—and talking. . . . At such times, I think that marriage wouldn't hurt a career, as some people seem to think. If you marry a girl who understands, Ann understands," John said and then made a gesture, an unfinished circle—or was it a question mark?—with his hands.

At the end of the standard two-year course at the Academy, John worked again with the Gateway Stock Company; this season playing leading roles and characters.

"Off season, I'd join the scores of juvenile actors haunting Broadway producers' offices and I managed a few off-Broadway minor roles. In the Winter of 1949, I broke into radio (also in a minor league way) via 'The Voice Of The Army,' transcription. A year ago last January, I joined the Barter Theatre in Abington, Virginia, where, for nine weeks, I did juvenile leads and character parts. A week before I was signed for 'Teresa,' I landed a small role on the CBS-TV program, 'Studio One,' and it was for 'Studio One' that I was headed (and pretty impatient to be on my way) the day I auditioned for 'Teresa.'"

"So, although I wasn't a raw recruit when I did the audition, I was not exactly," John laughed, "a finished product, either. What stood me in good stead and won me the part, I feel sure, is that when the author explained the boy,

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Time Of Their Lives!
Continued from page 43

pointed skyward. At no time did any professional circus aerialist double for her, not even when she did a somersault in the air and, after being caught by her hands by one of the aerial performers, plummeted to a safety net many feet below.

DeMille, himself, was astonished at her performance, called her an "amazing trapeze." ranked her with Gloria Swanson and Barbara Stanwyck as "one of the three greatest feminine troupers" he had directed in his 40 years of picture producing.

Cornel Wilde has the leading male role opposite Betty—the part of a French aerialist who comes to America as the feature act of the circus, only to find himself caught in a groundswell of jealousies and complications. Cornel, too, had to get his trapeze legs, learn the aerialist's defiance of the law of gravity, and acclimating himself to heights he had found fun for Cornel Wilde and for the circus personnel.

One morning, a day or two after his arrival on location, Cornel climbed a tortuous rope ladder to the flying-act rigging high in the dome of the big tent. He made no effort to conceal his terror atop his lofty perch.

"Call the cops!" he yelled. "Arrest me, get me down from here." His cries were good for a big laugh from the people below. The next day he was two hours on a high trapeze. Finally reaching the ground, he announced calmly: "I'm just a rugged circus performer."

Cornel and Betty engage in several dramatic scenes. In one of them he holds her suspended as he hangs by his knees from a trapeze. Climax comes when he pulls her up to his face and kisses her, then lets her fall—but safely, in a net. In another scene Wilde is called to do a double-twisting somersault high under the big top. Fay Alexander, one of Ringling's leading trapeze stars, did the difficult trick for Cornel. At its conclusion DeMille called out: "Well done, Fay!" Then turning to Cornel he said, "Well done, Cornel." Wilde entered quickly into the bantering, asked: "May I get my rubdown now?" Just at that moment someone yelled to Alexander, who was perspiring from his exertions: "Bath
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towel coming up. "Make it two please," yelled Corbel. His lack of pretensions, his refusal to take himself seriously made Wilde a popular figure with the circus folk. They called him "a regular guy," ready to take advice, always studying the styles and techniques of Fay Alexander and the other circus aerialists.

Dorothy Lamour's role as a circus performer is to swing through the air without the greatest of ease—by her teeth. For that particular chore she is billed as the "Iron Jaw Girl." She enjoyed every minute of it. After all, the Sarasota experience was her first view of a circus. Developing the proper jaw and neck muscles under the guidance of trained acrobats was grueling work. It meant she had to be hoisted and held in the air as long as she could stand it—held by a canvas band around her graceful neck.

"I really learned a new definition of necking, swinging around like a human bulldog," said Dorothy. "The circus people had me clamp my teeth into a strap and hang on while being spun around some 40 or 50 feet above the ground."

"It wasn't an easy trick. I wore a leather strap designed to fit over the upper and lower teeth. All the time I kept thinking: 'all I want for Christmas or any time is my two front teeth.'"

Dottie had a scare one day when Alice, a hippopotamus, was being prodded through a rehearsal of a scene. Alice suddenly opened her mouth a yard wide. Dottie shrieked and fled. The animal's trainer beckoned her back. "Alice's yarn and Alice's anger are two different things," he told her. "This time Alice was yawning.

"Listen, mister," Dottie replied, "when Alice opens her big mouth, I'm not going to stand around to figure out if it's a yarn."

During a full one day in the shooting, DeMille remarked: "If we could put the Hollywood people in the circus who want to be there and place the circus people in movies, I think we have just about a 100 per cent shift of population."

Certainly nobody enjoyed his brief flying with the circus more than James Stewart. But then he was hobnobbing with circus royalty—the clowns. He was having an intensive closeup of the happy harlequins and sad sacks of sawdust satire. Like the circus clowns, he kept true to the tradition of never removing his makeup. It's heavy makeup, too, but never once is his real face visible to the audience.

Stewart plays a man who is hiding from justice in the circus for some crime he has committed in his past. "I worked a mere 15 days of the 100-day shooting schedule," he said. "But I wanted to be in DeMille's circus picture. I jumped at the chance when he offered me the part of a clown. It's a small part, but a good one." He took the role, incidentally, for less than his usual salary of approximately $150,000 a picture.

Stewart shares honors with such famous clowns as Emmett Kelly, Lou Jacobs, Paul Jerome, Felix Adler, Buzzy Potts, Charles Bell and Jere Wood-Dell, all of whom helped him with his characterization. His makeup is in the old-time romantic tradition of clowns—white face, red nose, cone-shaped hat, polka dot jacket and pantaloons, oversized shoes.

"Jimmy Stewart did everything that was asked of him and did it supremely well, in that shy, quiet, unassuming manner of his," said Jere Wood-Dell. "Being a real show person, he adapted himself to the clown role like a practiced hand. For that matter, the whole Hollywood troupe proved themselves real show people. We all have great admiration for DeMille, too. Many of us would be glad to work for him—free."
stage of the proceedings was carried around the ring by an elephant, her thigh in its mouth.

"Did the beast hurt you?" she was asked.

"No," Gloria said, "but she gets a darn good grip. There must be an easier way of making a living."

She was scared of the elephants at first, but soon acquired a confidence, according to the trainers, that could have indicated a long association with the animals.

"But I don't think my mother will ever be the same," she said. "She watched me do my tricks and she really was scared."

Gloria grew fond of the huge beasts, rode them in circus rehearsals, secluded them, behaved toward them like a regular trainer herself.

Her role in the picture is that of a sexy little dame who has been around. One scene shows her chirping at Charlton Heston, a jumbo-type Burt Lancaster, who plays a big, friendly circus manager.

"You're a sourpuss, aren't you?" says Grahame; "You want to bite someone." Heston: "Yeah." Grahame: "Pick your spot." As Heston sips coffee, he remarks: "It needs sugar." Grahame flirtatiously puts sugar in coffee, mutters: "Sweet." Heston, startled, replies: "Huh? Oh, one."

As they finished the scene, DeMille stepped forward: "It's not good," he said. "I want sex, Gloria, but you're giving it too much sex. You're lowering your eyes just a little too much. You're going after this man, but here there is a subtle

Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy recently guested on Dick Powell's melodramatic "Richard Diamond, Private Detective" program. Now Charlie wants to do Hamlet!

Dale Robertson and Jacqueline Wilson. Just five days after they met they were engaged.
interplay. You're saying one thing and hearing another. If you go too heavy on the sex you destroy the subtlety."

It seemed as if there was to be an academic discussion on how far a movie temptress needs to lower her eyes to convey the right amount of sex. It was inevitable and Gloria said it: "You mean if I lower my eyes at half-mast I can get half as much sex?" DeMille, paying not too much heed to the quip, replied: "Look, try it with your eyes open and with a little curl at the corner of the mouth."

Lyle Bettger, who plays the elephant trainer, has the villain role. He is responsible for the wreck of the circus train—a spectacular scene involving all of the stars. De Mille achieved the effect of human beings tossed about inside a car during a mighty collision. Hutton, Lamour, Wilde, Grahame and 20 others all took part in the synthetic wreck, causing Betty to remark: "I can't complain. New York commuters go through this kind of thing."

The whole Ringling Circus personnel of 1,150 persons, including circus president, John Ringling North, appear in the picture. Taking a specially prominent part is La Norma, celebrated trapeze artist.

This young Danish star plays right along with the stars of the film. Streaking through the air like a rocket, La Norma "works" a single trapeze barefoot, climaxing her suicidal specialty with a "bare heel catch." As the result of her brilliant work before the cameras and the circus directors, she was rewarded with a solo starring spot this season.

Another leading performer in the film is Miss Loni, 19-year-old Dutch beauty, who bounces, twirls and revolves barrels, dumbbells, balls and other objects on her educated toes. DeMille saw her at Sarasota, liked her petite charm and photogenic appeal, and gave her a speaking part. Both Miss Loni and La Norma were very helpful to the Hollywood stars in developing poise and assurance in the ring.

A big feature of "The Greatest Show On Earth" is a street parade which, according to the script, takes place after the circus train wreck as a reminder to the public that "the show must go on." Betty Hutton, as Holly, the aerialist, leads the parade, sitting on a trapeze specially mounted on a circus wagon drawn by an elephant. Wilde, Lamour and Grahame sit on a platform on the back of another elephant. It was the first time in 30 years the Ringling circus had staged a parade, the one-time tradition having been abandoned in 1921. Sarasota made a holiday occasion, much to DeMille's delight.

As for DeMille, he is definitely circus-happy. He spent his last two birthdays under the big top on tour gathering material, making scenes. But it was at Sarasota, at the Winter quarters of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, that he really had himself a whirl. He placed his cameras under the big top, caught the circus in preparation, filmed its people as they went through their acts and relaxed off stage. He calls his new production "one of the knottiest" he has ever tackled. This is because, to him, a real live circus story has never been filmed. "There has been a lot of Pagiaccio stuff, but that isn't the circus," he declared. DeMille liked Sarasota and the Sarasota sun, said "that was the way the sun used to shine in California—before smog."

The Hollywood people spent six weeks at Sarasota. During the period DeMille and Betty Hutton were asked questions everybody for years has been wanting to have answered.

The question to DeMille came from Betty's four-year-old daughter, Lindsay: "Why do you wear boots?"

"They help me to stand up all day long without tiring," replied DeMille.

The query to Betty Hutton came from John Murray Anderson, producer of the Ringling Bros. Circus. "Why is it, Betty, you're always so blooming?" he asked.

"Because I'm always in love," answered La Hutton.

"Don't Marry In Haste"

Continued from page 49

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Mr. Imperium
(continued)

When John gets back. And, of course, write to him frequently and interestingly. “If you fill your time, there will be little chance of your saying, ‘I just can’t stand this loneliness,’ and being tempted into a course that will doom your marriage. But most important if you’re young, don’t rush into marriage with that boy who has just three days more at home. Remember, a broken romance is always better than a broken marriage.”

Your Guide To Current Films
Continued from page 15

Captain Horatio Hornblower
(Working)

WITH such salty phrases as: “hoist the mainmast, port to starboard, jib the mainsail up, anchor. British Captain Gregory Peck sails to fame and glory on the Seven Seas. No naval feat is too difficult for Captain Peck. He avers a Latin-American Insurrection which would play havoc with British shipping. In a later engagement, he and the two remaining members of his crew—one recovering from wounds—did do damage and cause the blockade of an enemy flotilla. He and he alone nursed pestilence- ridden noblewoman Virginia Mayo back to robust health. Yet with this magnificent record, Peck is forced to stand by and watch Virginia marry some hoary admiral. However, time and an enemy broadside are kind. The admiral dies in the line of duty. A sound seafaring yarn that cuts along briskly.

Happy Go Lovely
(Technicolor)

A

N AMERICAN chorus girl in Scotland, Vera-Ellyn is made a mar-

A

son when, by mistake, her name is linked romantically with one of Scotland’s most honored businessmen. Producer Cesar Romero figures her “love-boat” will pump money into the dying show. Vera, to keep her job, goes along with the gag. Dreadfully upset when he finally learns some unknown woman is exploiting his sold family name, the staid Mr. Moneybags, David Niven, attempts to end all further nonsense. After meeting Vera, the poor man hasn’t a chance. He forgets who he is and begins to act as flightly as a kilt in a high wind. An exhilarating comedy with a cute Prince Charming love story.

Mr. Imperium
(continued)

LOVE usually finds a way, but for Lana Turner and Ezio Pinza—who knows? When they first met in Europe, Lana is a mere singer and Ezio is a king. They tear into a few pizzas together, make love and sing at each other. But you know how kings are—not very dependable. Ezio is always dashing off on some affair of state or other. Now, a girl wants security, and besides, kings can’t marry commoners, so Lana goes back to the U.S.A. Years later, she becomes a famous star in the movies. Ezio winds up without a throne to his name. They get together again in America and just when everything is going great cap-pistols—Flash—Ezio’s country calls and he’s gone. Anyhow, Lana feels sure he’ll come back to her. Also present are Barry Sullivan, Marjorie Main and Debbie Reynolds.

Sealed Cargo

RKO

WAS during World War II that unusual incidents began when Skipper Dana Andrews took his boat and crew on a routine fishing trip to Newfoundland. A new hand, Philip Dorn, looked and acted mighty like a Nazi. The only passenger aboard, attractive Carla Balenda; added a few more suspicions to Dana’s worried mind. Then, off the coast of Newfoundland, they come upon a battered, bullet-ridden schooner, on which the only person alive is Captain Claude Rains. Dana reluctantly tows the wreck to the nearest port—an isolated fishing village—then belatedly does some hurried figuring. A midnight visit to the schooner proves the situation worse than Dana feared. Not only is an unknown Nazi spy using him, but if Dana doesn’t get busy, the place will be teeming with Nazi submarines. Fast-moving spy thriller and tops in suspense.

When I Grow Up

United Artists

YOUNGSTERS never seem to think parents understand them, and parents generally seem amazed at the "horrible little monsters" they beget. Bobby Driscoll and his parents are having just such a problem when Grandpa Charles Grapewin has his own boyhood recalled by way of a dusty, forgotten diary. Grandpa’s father, Robert Preston, was stern and unyielding, and if it hadn’t been for Mother Martha Scott punished as would have been even more frequent. Father and son just couldn’t understand one another until sickness struck, but by then it was too late. A sentimental picture which shows time doesn’t change basic human problems.
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S E N T O N A P P R O V A L

73
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About
Continued from page 18

looks it, all done up like a thirteen-year-old kid for the part. Even June's own child doesn't know her mother these days.

* * *

Liz Scott, who plays a lady psychiatrist in the new Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis comedy, may have to visit one herself after she gets through getting the business from these two wackies.

* * *

Here’s a switch. Joan Fontaine plays Mona Freeman’s mother in Paramount’s “Darling, How Could You?” Mona’s own child at home is several months older than Missy Fontaine’s daughter.

* * *

The most popular eat out of the thirty-some which are acting in Paramount’s “Rkoarb” is one called Bon Ami. The company, which includes such humans as Ray Milland and Jan Sterling, has suffered numerous scratches from the feet lines. But, says Ray, they call the pet of the pack Bon Ami because he hasn’t scratched yet. Ahhhhh!

Vera-Ellen and Rock Hudson resumed their romance when she returned from England and making RKO’s “Happy Go Lovely.”

* * *

The new boy at MGM, Ralph Meeker, whom you’ll see in “Rain, Rain, Go Away,” likes to work on his vacations. He signed on as a deck hand on a freighter for a two-months round trip to France.

* * *

And Clark Gable helped his rancher pal, Joe Cramer, as a herd-ridin’ cowboy during the cattle roundup which just happened to happen while the King was visiting Cramer at his ranch near Wickenburg, Arizona.

For A Lovelier You
Continued from page 32

usual, let it dry thoroughly, then comb.

O UR first reaction to Pams Shampoo Goggles was to wonder why on earth it’s taken so long for someone to get around to dreaming up such an obvious and sensible solution to that old problem of soap in the eyes. Of course, Pams usefulness isn’t limited to home shampooing—not in these days of hair tinting. The goggles are clear plastic edged with absorbent terry cloth. There’s an elastic band to assure a snug fit, so that no drop of liquid can seep through. Small fry can have a junior size of their own. You can buy Pams Shampoo Goggles at Finders’ Keepers, 160 East 38 Street, New York 17, New York. Regular and junior sizes are the same price—$1.50 plus 15¢ for postage.

A S FOR the problems that beset young tender skins, Helena Rubinstein’s Beauty Grains and Pasteurized Face Cream make a very complete answer. Beauty Grains are tiny granules which you use, with water, to wash pore-deep to loosen blackheads and combat oiliness. Pasteurized Face Cream can be used as an extra cleanser, especially if your face tends to be dry. It has an added purifying ingredient which is there to keep surface blemishes from starting. Massage it well into your skin—remove with tissues. Use it too for smoothing your hands, rough elbows, knees, and the backs of your heels.

N THE glamour department there’s a new bath oil with a heavenly perfume called Odalisque. It’s floral yet exotic, deep and decidedly sensuous. Nettie Rosenstein makes it and allows only one or two stores in a city to stock it, so the precious stuff is what you might call exclusive. You might also think it would be fabulously expensive but that’s not the case. In your tub, Odalisque Bath Oil causes the water to become soft. Just enough of it will be absorbed by your skin to keep it smooth as well as perfumed. As a matter of fact, the oil is so fine and non-sticky that you can spray it with an atomizer, use it in the last rinse water for your lingerie, or for your shampoo.

P EOPLE are forever pointing out such grim truths as “it’s later than you think” so we propose to steal a little of their thunder and suggest that you investigate the possibilities of the Model Chin Strap right now. The Model Chin Strap is a molding strap to be used at home so that you can give yourself a professional throat and chin treatment. You use your own choice of throat cream. Full directions for exercises and massage come with the Chin Strap. The method takes about fifteen minutes a day and gives your muscles the exercise they need—your circulation the stimulation it needs. You order the Model Chin Strap from the Model Company, Dept. 708, 336A Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Ill. It costs a dollar and a half plus postage.

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Banished from her home in India, lovely dancer Lola Montero shocked Victorian England with her wild and abandoned ways—for Lola was a sworn devotee of Krishna, the Hindu god of love! Her pagan beauty and untamed passions made her the mistress of a poet, an artist, a king—and the scandal of a continent!

On This Island of Lonely Men. She Was "The Last Woman in the World!"

Beautiful Isabel Jardine fled from her drab and unromantic job in a city office to the wild and lonely island of Mariana. Here she found herself wanting—desired—by every one of the strong, bronzed men who lived like monkeys in Mariana's barren wilderness. Here, this modest office secretary shed her inhibitions like a loosened sail in a storm!

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1

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Tint Gray hairs from view
It's safe and easy to do!

use Nestle Colortint

Rinse Drab hair gleaming-clean
Add color-highlights and sheen!

use Nestle Colorinse

- There's no age limit on glamorous hair! School girl, business girl, housewife, mother... they all look more beautiful with color-bright hair. Triple-strength Nestle Colortint hides graying hair with richer, longer-lasting color. Nestle Colorinse adds glowing color-highlights and sheen. Both are absolutely safe, easy to use... both come in 10 glamorous shades.

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Glamour Has Its Price

—Ava Gardner
It's the stronger, smoother grip that makes DeLong the “smart set” favorite

De Long’s stronger grip keeps each curl in place. And…
De Long is smoother, as well as stronger… doesn’t “bite” into your hair, protects you from frizzy, broken ends.
Result: hair that stays lovely longer. Discover this “smart set” secret… Get a new-style card of De Long bob pins, today!

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No need for a lot of elaborate preparations...no complicated rituals! With just one cream—greaseless, medicated Noxzema—you can help your skin look softer, smoother and fresher, too!

All you do is follow the easy Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in actual clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Home Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless powder base...the all-night aid of a medicated cream that helps heal externally-caused blemishes, while it helps soften and smooth.

Money-Back Offer! Get Noxzema today at any drug or cosmetic counter—40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax. If it doesn't help your skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—and get your money back.

Look Lovelier in 10 Days
with Doctor's Home Facial...or your money back!

Do this for a lovelier-looking complexion!

Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would if you were using soap and water. When you "creamwash" your skin clean with Noxzema, there's no dry, drawn feeling afterwards!

Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" again with Noxzema just as in the morning. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt—without harsh rubbing!

Now, lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften, smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema's greaseless! No "smeary" face or messy pillow with this dainty cream!

*externally-caused


A lovelier-looking complexion rewarded Tucson's Mrs. Ann Snodgrass, when she tried the Noxzema Home Facial. "Greaseless Noxzema is wonderful," she says.
if you only knew

Please read on. Then you'll understand Tampax better and if this leads you to adopt Tampax for monthly sanitary protection you will be well rewarded. Millions of women now enjoy blessed relief on those "difficult" days—relief from the annoyances of belts, pins and external pads. For Tampax is an internal absorbent—worn internally—unseen and unfelt when in use.

If you only knew what confidence you can place in Tampax! Doctor-invented and endorsed by many medical scientists. Made of pure surgical cotton compressed into applicators which are easy to use and which make it unnecessary for the hands ever to touch the Tampax. May be worn in tub or shower. Recommended for use in swimming pools.

If you only knew how Tampax gives a woman self-assurance at this time. Use it and you'll find out. No bothersome bulk. No edge-lines to show under dresses. No chafing, no odor and no disposal trouble. (Month's supply fits into purse.) At drug and notion counters. Three different absorbencies. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
His name is Guffy! A loud, proud guy who lived alone and liked it...until an angel said "Hello!"

Want to feel good all over? You'll laugh a lot and maybe cry a little...but you'll love it all!

See M-G-M's

"Angels in the Outfield"

His name is Guffy! A loud, proud guy who lived alone and liked it...until an angel said "Hello!"

The screen's most lovable young star in a role rich with humor, happiness and heart-throbs!

STARRING

PAUL DOUGLAS

with KEENAN WYNN

SPRING BYINGTON

LEWIS STONE

BRUCE BENNETT

JANET LEIGH

Screen Play by DOROTHY KINGSLEY and GEORGE WELLS

Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN AN M-G-M PICTURE
New finer MUM
more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores this new finer Mum way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that cause underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down future bacteria growth. You actually build up protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and lasts! Get Mum!

Wedding reception at the Versailles for newlyweds Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. Present are: Robert Preston, Mel Torme, Tony, Janet, Gloria DeHaven, Anne Jeffreys, Bob Sterling.

By Lynn Bowers

THE Janet Leigh-Tony Curtis marriage in Greenwich, Connecticut, must have been as much of a surprise to them as it was to their fans and to Hollywood, on account of not even a fortnite before neither one thought they could pull the Big Event before late Fall. Comic Jerry Lewis was Tony's best man, y'know. The happy kids had a darn short honeymoon, Janet heading back to Hollywood alone while Tony went on with his personal appearance tour with "The Prince Who Was A Thief."

* * *

Shelley Winters is apt to become one of the most bejeweled gals hereabouts if Farley Granger keeps up his habit of presenting her with little baubles every month. Following the ring he gave her came a pair of handsome diamond earrings. Shelley introduced her best fella to Peggy Dow on the U-I lot for professional reasons only. Peggy's going to be Farley's leading lady in Goldwyn's "I

Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald Carey and their brood, Lynne Catherine with Daddy and Lisa holding hands with newest arrival, Stevens Anthony.
There's talk of Columbia making a picture on the life of Gene Autry. Guess who'll play the name part. Well, it ain't Roy Rogers, but here's a clue — his initials are G. A. Gene had a bad case of heavy eyelids after the big benefit show, the Hollywood Marathon, for the City Of Hope Cancer Fund which went on for fourteen hours. He, Margaret Whiting, Lena Horne, Gail Storm, Spike Jones, Edmond O'Brien and a whole flock more players and stars carried on all night on radio and television and raised $175,000 for the fund. Gene was on during the wee small hours of the night after doing a hard day's work.

Well, didn't Hedy Lamarr pull one when she married ex-orchestra leader, now hotel man Ted Stauffer, whom she met at the Mexican resort, Acapulco? Apparently, La Lamarr's plans to retire from movies is yesterday's news, unless the new-marrieds make good their threat and move to Switzerland. Present plans seem to be to headquarter in Hollywood.

Jeanne Crain is probably going to be credited, or maybe blamed, for keeping (Please turn to page 18)

Old-timer Chester Conklin and Joel McCrea at the premiere of "The Hollywood Story."

Learning the ropes on a sloop left my hands raw again... But between scenes, I used soothing Jergens Lotion... It kept my hands lovely for romantic closeups!

"If sweeping floors is rough on your hands, imagine mine after retakes of this shipwreck scene for "SMUGGLER'S ISLAND." The heavy oars made my hands sting.

Still $1.00 to $1.00 (plus tax)

A Streetcar Named Desire
Warner Brothers

TREMENDOUSLY moving screen version of the Pulitzer Prize winning play of the same name. Under the brilliant direction of Elia Kazan, Vivien Leigh will probably add another Academy Award Oscar to the one she already has. Marlon Brando, in the same role which gained so much attention and acclaim while on Broadway, is again superb. Kim Hunter and Karl Malden, both also retracing their Broadway triumphs, turn in unforgettable performances. Vivien, who hides herself in a fantastic dream world in order to escape the sordidness of her life, comes to New Orleans to live with her sister Kim and brother-in-law Brando, after being run out of town for immorality. It's through Brando and Malden that Vivien goes to her complete ruin. Her masquerade of sweet, gentle innocence is stripped through raw passion and earthiness by Brando, and Malden fails her when his understanding and devotion are most needed. Holding up the mirror to wick- edness, cruelty, weakness and human want, the film is a strong emotional ex-

By Rahna Maughan

BECOMING an adult is a painful process at best, but one through which every youngster must go. The three young girls in this, two British and one half-caste Indian, are jolted into awareness when American Thomas Breen

Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel thrill you singing the wonderful songs in "Show Boat."

Radha, Patricia Walters, Adrienne Corri in "The River," unusual love story set in India.
Donald O'Connor and Francis the mule provide the laughs in "Francis Goes To The Races."

visits their small European settlement on the banks of the Ganges. All three girls fall in love with him. And all three learn that love demands sacrifice and revaluation of adolescent emotions. Patricia Walters learns that a homely face needn't necessarily be a detriment to romance. Radha, the Indian, realizes she can't change the fact that she is of mixed parentage. While Adrienne Corri is shown that her beauty covers the soul of a spoiled, cruel woman. Filmed entirely in India this has all the beauty, color and tragedy of that mysterious land.

Show Boat (Technicolor) MGM

THE perennial favorite is back again! This time Joe E. Brown is the captain of the Mississippi show boat on which a number of things happen to quite a number of people. Singer Ava Gardner can sing "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" more than a hundred times a day, yet it doesn't stop her from running into an extremely unhappy romance. Captain Brown's daughter, Kathryn Grayson, can be as cute as a bunny and warble like a nightingale, but her marriage to river gambler Howard Keel leaves her holding a baby and some assorted fond memories. Moral: be thankful you can't sing. However, despite the marital troubles of the Misses Grayson and Gardner, the

Cyd Charisse succumbs to ardent wooing of Ricardo Montalban in "Mark Of The Renegade."

Now!

End perspiration troubles with this safe-and-sure deodorant

ETIQUET instantly ends perspiration odor—checks perspiration moisture . . . safely and surely! Gives the long-lasting protection glamorous women depend on . . . does not harm clothing!

FLUFFY-LIGHT and soothing, Etiquet is a superior deodorant in a luxury vanishing cream base. No drip, no mess, it goes on easily, disappears in a jiffy!

EXCLUSIVE FORMULA — Etiquet contains a special formula to curb the bacteria that cause perspiration odor. It's antiseptic—does not irritate normal skin.

MORE ECONOMICAL — Etiquet won't dry out, stays creamy to the last bit. In jars and tubes from 10¢ to 59¢, plus tax.

NEW! ETIQUET SPRAY-ON DEODORANT

Now a single spray keeps you dainty all day! So fast, so easy to use, and so effective! New Etiquet Spray-On, too, is a safe-and-sure formula. It comes in a lovely new unbreakable plastic bottle at an amazingly low price: Economy size 59¢.
Be a smart chick, Try the plaid trick.

Bright red, green or blue plaid Sanfor-ized gingham.
Sizes 32 to 38

$2.98

At your favorite store, or use coupon below

M. SERMAN & CO., 1407 BROADWAY
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Please send me Laura Mae Life Blouse(s) as advertised in September Screenland at $2.98 ea. (enclose check or money order)

RED □ GREEN □ BLUE □ 32 34 36 38
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ADDRESS _________________________
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Dainty all over quilted satin ballet slipper with a comfy single sole construction to make you zephyr-like on your feet.
Royal, red, light blue, pink, wine, black. Sizes 4 to 9.

2.99

picture fairly glitters with color and that beautiful Jerome Kern music.

Cattle Drive
(Technicolor)
Universal-International

A SPOILED stinker if ever there was one, Dean Stockwell, son of railroad tycoon Leon Ames, is accidentally left behind when their private train stops to take on water. Alone on the desert, Dean can consider himself fortunate indeed that cowboy Joel McCrea comes riding along—but no. He demands that McCrea take him to the nearest town imme-

In Hal Wallis' "That's My Boy," Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are just as funny as always.

"Sirocco," a tale of intrigue and adventure, co-stars Humphrey Bogart and Marta Toren.
including Chill Wills, that he's a pretty good guy after all. Neat easy-going Western that's genuine treat for these tense times.

Four In A Jeep
United Artists

IN VIENNA, a city occupied by the Four Powers: the United States, England, France and Russia, a small international crisis occurs when American Sergeant Ralph Meeker comes to the aid of Viveca Lindfors. Viveca, through no fault of her own, is under surveillance by the Russian secret police. Ralph helps her escape from the Russian Zone to the French Zone where a military police colleague gives her shelter. Hot on the heels of the fleeing girl is Russian Sergeant Yoseph Yadin, whose human instincts creep out despite being trained to the contrary. An unusual story in many respects, it's a new slant on the Russians which, unfortunately, can only be proved by time and deed.

That's My Boy
Paramount

PLAYING his first straight role since the team of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis cycloned into movies, Jerry Lewis is the pathetic, sickly offspring of two

Gary Merrill and Richard Widmark in the tense and interesting film, "The Frogmen."

Sgt. Forrest Tucker and Pvt. Edmond O'Brien have difference of opinion in "Warpath."

How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

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

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want... all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs... calls for no strenuous diet.

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

Users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.

• "Whenever I step on the scales and don't like what I read," says lovely screen star, Joan Caulfield, "my first thought is Ayds. In my circle of friends, we all agree that Ayds is the most wholesome and natural way to a good figure!"

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS
hair too dry?

BE PROUD OF YOUR HAIR WITH

large size... 69¢

Finest creme shampoo you have ever used... or money back.

Why pay a dollar? Guaranteed by Helene Curtis—foremost name in hair beauty.

large size tube 49¢

dollor quality giant size...

Francis Goes To The Races

Universal-International

THERE'S no denying Francis is a most perplexing mule. Beside being able to converse intelligently with people, Francis can psychoanalyze horses, a talent which provides buddy Donald O'Connor with a sackful of money plus trouble. The Racing Commission, not knowing about Francis' strange power, is thrown into a tizzy by Donald's phenomenal winning streak at the pari-mutuel windows. A big-time gambler doesn't care how Donald dopers out (or dopes up, for that matter) the horses—he just wants some of that easy money. At gun's point, Donald is cordially invited to become the gambler's partner. Horse-owner Cecil Kellaway and granddaugh-
ter Piper Laurie are also interestéd in our plundering, bewildered hero. Without his help they wouldn't be in quite the financial mess they find themselves. A smooth running chapter in the Francis saga, and a cheerful bit of relaxing nonsense.

The Whistle At Eaton Falls

Columbia

WHAT happens to the small town in this picture could happen anywhere, and to any small town in the U.S.A. Dependent on one plastics factory for the support of the entire town, the people are faced with total unemployment. Local Union Leader Lloyd Bridges, known for his equal understanding of labor and management problems, suddenly finds himself in the unusual position of being made president of the nearly bankrupt company. His new title and responsibilities, rather than put him in an enviable class, put him smack on the spot. If he tries to keep the company going by firing half the payroll, he's accused of turning traitor to the workers. If he doesn't cut the payroll, he'll be responsible for the swift, irrevocable ruin of the concern and the death of the town. How Bridges resolves his difficulties is engrossing, suspenseful drama and a fast-moving thrill-
er.

No Questions Asked

MGM

THERE'S nothing wrong with insurance man Barry Sullivan except he's

To get money for Arlene Dahl, Barry Sullivan becomes racketeer in "No Questions Asked."
madly in love with Arlene Dahl. Arlene can't live on the kind of money Barry makes so she marries someone else. To show Arlene he can get money, too, Barry becomes a go-between for thieves. For a percentage, he gets underworld characters to sell stolen goods back to the insurance company. The insurance company returns the stolen articles to the owners and doesn't have to shell out the stiff insurance value. It's a tidy racket, but Inspector George Murphy and Jean Hagen, who's in love with Barry, think differently, and eventually so does Barry.

Hard, Fast And Beautiful
RKO

Because she's never had the things in life she always wanted, Claire Trevor is determined daughter Sally Forrest will succeed where she failed. Tennis-minded Sally's first opportunity comes when honest but poor Robert Clarke introduces her to the local country club. Sally's tennis playing attracts awesome attention and cements the relationship with young Clarke. From the country club courts, Sally rapidly advances to where she's National Champion. Mama is thrilled. Clarke is frantic. And Sally is blissfully ignorant of Claire's playing (Please turn to page 70)

Confederate major Robert Ryan gets rough with Claire Trevor in "Best Of The Badmen."

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Noreen Super Color Rinse gives your hair such natural-looking color...color that rinses in like it belongs, and stays until shampooed out. There are fourteen true-to-life shades, ranging from light gold to lustrous black, and lovely grays. Choose one, and "try it on." Then, when you want a change, try another! Noreen is so easy to apply. It takes only 3 minutes with the Noreen Color Applicator (40c). Try, too, Noreen's wonderful Super Satin Creme Shampoo. It's freer-rinsing! (50c)

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Super Color Rinse
15¢-30¢ and 60¢ Sizes. Also Applied in Beauty Salons
Until the Applicator and Shampoo are available in every store, you may order from
Noreen Distributors, 450 Lincoln Street, Denver 9, Colo.
Are you in the know?

At this theatre party, should one of the gals be seated—

[ ] Beside the other  [ ] On the aisle  [ ] Farthest from the aisle

Getting into a hassle over who’s to sit where—won’t get you an early date encore. Learn your eti-etu. Even-numbered groups should start and end with a man; so here, one lad should take the farthest seat, followed by you two gals—then your square.

You can travel the play-going circuit smoothly, even at tryings times. That magic word “Kotex” props your poise—because you know those flat pressed ends mean “curtains” for telltale outlines. Try all 3 absorbencies (3 sizes, for different days).

Which helps slim down "jumbo" stems?

[ ] Exer-circling  [ ] Hoofing  [ ] Flat footwear

To unfatten ankles, better do this exercise: Lying on floor, hold leg up straight (and still) as you circle foot outward 20 times; then inward. Repeat with other leg. Foot circling’s fine for slender ankles, as well. Helps keep their shape. Just as on calendar-circling days—Kotex keeps its shape; keeps you comfortable. After all, isn’t Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?

To revive that vacation-time romance, try—

[ ] A long distance call  [ ] A torchy letter  [ ] A short note

Has distance made your summer-resort Romeo forgetful? A short note is the safest “reminder.” Write about a book, movie or platter he’d be interested in. And when your calendar reminds you it’s that day—choose Kotex; for what with a special safety center, and soft, moisture-resistant edges—Kotex gives extra protection. This napkin can be worn on either side, safely!

More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Have you tried Delsey? It’s the new bathroom tissue that’s safer because it’s softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that’s the nicest compliment there is.)

Hollywood Itself

Continued from page 11

the feminine coiffure in its short stage. Long a holdout, she wears a shortie for “People Will Talk” and goes even shorter in “The Marriage Broker.” This last mentioned has the fabulous Thelma Ritter in the title role. Miss R. lured her family, husband Joseph Moran and their two children, to Hollywood for an extended visit. And Jeanne gets her most fabulous wardrobe to date in the picture because she’s a model. Top New York model, Zori Jannings, is coaching Jeanne in the fine art of live fashion display.

* * *

When Bob Mitchum gets back from Korea, where he went for RKO’s “The Korean Story,” maybe his bosses will team him and Jane Russell in a musical. These two have been making a singing sensation around town doing benefit performances. The studio’s already shopping for a musical for Jane. La Russell presented her stand-in, Carmen Nesbitt, with an oil painting which Jane did from photographs of Carmen.

* * *

Clark Gable will be too busy to brood, even if he were inclined to, over the divorce from Sylvia. He’ll do his first costume picture since “Gone With The Wind,” called “King Arthur And His Knights Of The Round Table,” in which he’ll portray Lancelot, and talk is that the King will also star in a series of rough and romantic radio adventure dramas this Fall.

* * *

The location honeymoon of Audie Murphy and Pamela Archer wasn’t entirely moonlight and roses. Near Sonora, in the High Sierras, for U-P’s “The Cimarron Kid” Mrs. M., wandered around and explored the woods while Audie was emoting and the result was that she came down with a price case of poison oak. The kids were moved three times in as many days—from a boarding house to a motel to a hotel because the limited accommodations of the small town were taken up by a circus, a rodeo and a convention at the same time the movie company was in town. This isn’t exactly the way to treat a Hollywood newcomer, but it’s a good example of the old phrase that movie-making isn’t a bed of rose petals.

* * *

First news that Mark and Annelle Stevens were expecting another baby was revealed not to the newspapers but to 5-year-old Mark, Jr.’s school chums. He advised the class at large that his mother didn’t feel very well in the mornings and the news spread from there. Mark launched his night club act when shooting on “Reunion In Reno” finished at U-1. After a tour, he’ll make an independent picture called “Mutiny.”

* * *

Barbara Hale decided to turn down the offer. Producer Harold Hecht of “Small Wonder” made to put her young son in the picture. Barbara was afraid she’d be so concerned over whether the young (Please turn to page 68)
Wendell Corey and his wife were among first-nighters at "Fighting Coast Guard" premiere.

Marlene Dietrich bids bon voyage to Europe-bound Noel Coward on board the Queen Mary.
Left: The happy newlyweds, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, who were quietly married while both were in the East at the Pickwick Arms in Greenwich, Conn. Tony's close friend, zany Jerry Lewis, was best man, and Mrs. Lewis was matron of honor at civil ceremony.

Above: Elizabeth Taylor signing autographs for fans in the Israeli Navy at West Coast premiere of "Go For Broke." As usual, she was escorted by Director Stanley Donen. She is now in England making "Ivanhoe" for MGM, with Robert Taylor again as her co-star.

Left: Joan Crawford, with her French poodle, Cliquot, is entertained by Jeff Chandler during rehearsal break for Screen Guild Players' program. Jeff, of course, since his separation from his wife, is currently the big thing in Ann Sheridan's life.
Right: Forrest Tucker and his wife, formerly Marilyn Johnson, at the opening of his latest film, "Fighting Coast Guard." Mrs. Tucker, who gave up her screen career when she married Forrest, is expecting Sir Stork. No actor appears in more films than Tuck.

Esther Williams has as her guest on "Texas Carnival" set, Radha, one of the stars of "The River," first picture to be made entirely in India in Technicolor by an American company. Radha, well known dancer in India, says Esther is top favorite in her country.

Above: Cyd Charisse with husband Tony Martin at Ciro's. They left for short vacation in Gotham shortly afterward. He's in "Two Tickets To Broadway."

Left: Ella Raines and Gabby Hayes gabbing at Danny's Hideaway in New York. Oddly enough, Gabby was born and raised in New York, not way out West.

Right: Mario Lanza and his wife at the formal West Coast premiere of his highly successful, "The Great Caruso." The film has skyrocketed Mario's popularity.
Ava Gardner doesn't believe in haggling. She is shy, uncertain of her charm.

Right: Ava attempts to ward off hordes of Loft Erickson in MGM's "Show Boat."

Left: As the stage nurse of Julie in "Show Boat," Ava has a most winning smile.
Beautiful Ava Gardner, who has never known the joy of real happiness, seems at last to have won it the hard way.

By Alyce Canfield

ONE NIGHT two years ago, a beautiful girl sat ringside at Ciro's. The occasion was the Press Photographers' Costume Ball, and the atmosphere was gala.

Everywhere, people were in two's. There were happy smiles, stolen kisses. The air was charged with romance, with high voltage. But the beautiful girl sat remote and alone.

She was dressed as Cleopatra, and there was something about her exotic beauty that whipped your imagination. Here, you thought, was a girl who had everything: beauty, friends, a career, money, fame—everything. Yet, she was the loneliest girl in that room.

Ava Gardner is so naturally beautiful that she takes your breath away. Her complexion's of the angels. Her eyes not

The over-all combination is disastrous—for the men she has known, and for herself.

As with all great legendary beauties, Ava has long been the target of newshounds. She makes news. She goes shopping at the May Company, and even this is news. She goes alone to a neighborhood movie, and it makes Hedda Hopper's column. She doesn't have to romance in Spain to hit the headlines. If she has orange juice for breakfast, her fans are interested.

When you couple the native curiosity of her public with a girl who likes to be frank and to live openly, you have a situation where heartbreak is bound to follow. Today, Ava Gardner is just about the unhappiest girl in Hollywood. She must often wish she could revert to Before Hollywood years when her life was comparatively simple.

Ava doesn't believe in herself. She is shy, uncertain of her charm. She doesn't think she is intelligent, although, conversely, she thinks she is smarter than some of the (Please turn to page 51)
Above: Rehearsing Screen Guild Players’ program with Bing Crosby, one of her fans.

Now you’ll understand why Dinah Shore’s husband is so devoted and so happy

By George Montgomery

Left: “Put her in any situation and she can cope with it,” says George of Dinah.
JUST how do you start writing a story about the woman you love?

I can sit a horse or run a cattle ranch or farm or even build custom furniture. But writing...

It's easy to forget the good things for they are so self-evident. Besides, I'm used to them for Dinah and I have been married since December 5, 1943. And I can't think of any bad things that might add spice.

"But you must mention something about Dinah which is slightly less than perfect," a writer friend of mine insists. "No one sounds human without a few weaknesses!" So after scratching a few holes in my head I remembered that Dinah has admitted that while I am meticulously neat she is careless on that score. Well, let's get that settled right now. Maybe she isn't the neatest gal in the world, but who wants to be married to Craig's Wife? Besides, if she wants to be and has the time, she is neat. So I guess that takes care of the Slight Imperfection Department.

On the affirmative side, Dinah has the greatest adaptability of anyone—male or female—I know. She does twenty things, and all well. You know her best as a singer, on radio, records, TV and in pictures. But she's also a fine comedienne and dramatic actress and now in her current picture for Paramount, "Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick," in which she co-stars with Alan Young and Robert Merrill, she has a chance to prove it; in previous films she was held down almost entirely to song spots in the "guest star" category.

If for some unforeseen reason Dinah had to give up her singing career, I feel confident she could earn a very tidy income with her painting. That is a hobby she started about a year ago, experimenting strictly on her own, without lessons. I thought her first few attempts with oils were strictly nothing. She couldn't draw a straight line. But with her adaptability and great native persistence she has improved and improved. (Please turn to page 52)
WHEN newspaper headlines shrieked that the marriage of movie star Rita Hayworth and her husband, Prince Aly Khan, was past history, there were shocked repercussions all over the world. In New York, columnists suggested that there might be another woman. After all, a Moslem, it has been said, believes in other women. In Nevada, her attorney discreetly refrained from mentioning anything about her intentions to file for a divorce, on the grounds that Nevada is touchy about people who go there just to get a divorce. In Hollywood, the reaction was mixed. Columbia was caught completely unaware, and rival studios were either cynical or envious, depending on their outlook.

“She’s dead at the box-office,” said a top man at one studio.

“It should happen to me!” said another.

With Glenn Ford in “Gilda.” All Rita needs to put her on top again is a musical like this one.

producer. “I should be so dead! Why, people will flock to see Rita. The promotion possibilities are terrific. She couldn’t bring in more coin if she had two heads!”

Yet speculation does not sate the hunger of a curious press and public. Is she penniless, as has been rumored? How is she living? How does she look? Has she changed? How is Columbia going to handle her publicity campaign? Good questions that deserve honest answers.

In the first place, at this writing Rita is neither broke nor rich. She hasn’t yet had a sou of the three million dollar settlement she’s asking for Yasmine. Even if she did, it’s the child’s money, not hers. She hasn’t worked for a long time, and that means she has been under suspension at Columbia and without salary. But this doesn’t mean she’s stony broke. Her assets include, for one thing, 25% of the profits of “Loves Of Carmen.” Those checks come in every month. In addition, it’s possible that her agent, William Morris, has advanced her large amounts against her future earnings. After all, her future is solid.

Has she changed? Rita, who was accused while in New York of going veddy British, seems to deny this by her actions since hitting the West. She may have developed a broad A while married to Aly, and she may have also developed a liking for long gold cigarette holders, but Rita is still Rita. She rode across the country in a cotton shirt and dungarees. She didn’t arrive at Glenbrook, Nevada, in sable or mink.

On the other hand, she isn’t being very co- (Please turn to page 56)
For a woman to be exciting requires that she also be a woman in the most selfless sense of the word—and that indeed is Rita Hayworth.

Great To Have Her Back Again!

Only now that she's back in Hollywood resuming her career do we realize how we've missed Rita Hayworth

By Joe Bondy
This is the first time Virginia Mayo has co-starred with Gregory Peck in a picture and her natural ash-blond hair, hazel green eyes and gentle manner contrast perfectly with the dark coloring of the intense actor.

Right: Virginia, as the ailing Lady Barbara, is prettied up by Ingeborg Wells in this scene in Warners' exciting saga of early English sea days. Virginia is next scheduled to appear in the studio's all-star production, "Starlift."
Joan Jiiip gave him a new acting... and, but wait, getting ahead of ourselves.

Surely any such story can't begin in the middle. How about those schoolday first dates, sipping a soda with two straws, etc? There must have been some girls from that period that go into his unforgettable list.

We put this question to Glenn. He just sat scotched down in the easy chair in the den of his Beverly Hills home. He pulled on his pipe for a few minutes, wet his lips, and then replied, “You two wouldn't be putting me on a spot, would you?”

“What a thing to say,” we innocently came back. “You know us. Why we wouldn't tell more than 50 or 60 million.”

Glenn was chosen by Mrs. Ben Hogan to play her husband because of his quiet sincerity.
What A Blessing Women Are!

By Reba
and Bonnie
Churchill

Glenn staked everything on a career, but he knew through his early training and his mother's confidence in him that if he didn't succeed he could find happiness in another field.
Ty, wife Linda chat with John Perona at El Morocco. They're expecting baby and now plan to stay in U. S.

Below Left: Ann Blyth, charming 18th Century miss, doubts Ty at first, later falls in love with him.

**Blyth Spirit And Ty**

BEFORE returning to the U.S.A., Tyrone Power made in London the spectacular "I'll Never Forget You," about a young idealist, transported back into the 18th Century to find its gleaming romanticism tarnished by vice, cruelty and ignorance. In his determination to reform London, Ty's modern experiments result in the people's placing him in an insane asylum. Only lovely Ann Blyth believes in him and can save him. Ty particularly requested that Ann play his leading lady in this 20th Century-Fox film since she's so perfectly suited for the role.

Above: Transported into another world, 200 years earlier, by a flash of lightning, Ty looks about London, amazed at what he sees.

Left: On free days, Ann toured London, collecting photos for souvenirs. While overseas, she visited Rome and relatives in Ireland.
EVERYONE has her share of glamour, and if you want to show your portion of this elusive quality to the rest of the world, all you have to do is turn yourself inside out.

It's a neat trick if you can do it, but Jeanne Crain maintains it is only a matter of knowing how. And at this stage of her career she speaks with a certain authority on the subject, because she literally had to make herself glamorous to convince her bosses at 20th Century-Fox that she was the right gal to be wooed by Cary Grant in "People Will Talk."

"Glamour does not depend on what type dress you are wearing or on how long your earrings hang," Jeanne told me on the set of "People Will Talk," several days after she had won her battle to play the leading female role opposite Cary. "It is an inner magnetism that is supposed to come out regardless of your exterior appearance."

Jeanne's career to date could be neatly chronicled under the title, "From Pigtails To Glamour," and this is the chief point she made in discussing that magic power which everyone would love to possess. She was on the prowl for it when she donned blue jeans for her first hit screen role in "Home In Indiana," and she managed to swing the "People Will Talk" deal simply because she has never ceased looking for it.

She is convinced that everyone has glamour, but it doesn't show on a lot of people because they don't make (Please turn to page 72)
COMIC Dick Wesson, who is cast as an Army doughfoot in Warners' "The Dawn Is Ours," has come up with his own six categories of Army fighting men. Look closely and you're bound to recognize all of them; perhaps, really know a guy just like one of them. To start with, there's The Brass, then there's The 90-Day Wonder, The O.C.S., The Sergeant, The Flyboy and lastly The Recruit.
Clark has always loved to rough it, will never change. That's why he's happy about his roles in "Across The Wide Missouri," "Lone Star."

Right: An expert horseman, Clark prepares for gallop in the hills adjoining his San Fernando Valley home. He is planning a year's trip.

The Skeptics Win Again

Sylvia did her best to lead the life Clark prefers, but eventually filed for divorce. Clark, likewise, tried to enjoy the life his wife preferred. It didn't work for long.

When Clark Gable married Sylvia, Lady Stanley of Alderley, on December 20, 1949, there was much speculation among the more cynical as to just how long the marriage would last. Even though Clark had said, "There's no one quite like Sylvia," the skeptics felt there's no one quite like Clark, either, and with two such distinctive personalities of dissimilar likes and interests, it would be utterly impossible to achieve the oneness so imperative for a happy marriage.

Both tried, made great sacrifices, but he remained a man whose first love was the outdoors and Sylvia remained a lady of society.
WHEN Gary Merrill was new to Hollywood, one columnist—on his way to interview Mr. Merrill—met a fellow newspaperman who had just completed an hour's chat with Gary. "What's he like?" asked the first.

The second considered. "Well, he's a character written by Hemingway and polished by Emerson. He's rugged, self-willed, self-assured and independent. He also has the gentleness and the cosmic sense of humor that go with great intellect. For my money he'll do for a long, long time."

Comment of this kind, coming from the press, is a sort of Pulitzer Prize for Actors. It isn't awarded once a year, either, but only on the occasion of conspicuous merit.

The most immediately visible trait of the Merrill character is his good-natured non-conformity. The look of his hair

The most immediately visible trait of Gary Merrill's character is his good-natured non-conformity—at heart he is a born nudist!

By Marcia Howard
(jumbled), the practically permanent five o'clock shadow which darkens his lower cheek areas and his chin, and his choice of clothing are eloquent indications of his unique and unstudied individuality.

At heart he is a natural-born nudist. He hates clothes and wears only what is necessary. Even that must be comfortable. His standard attire around town or about the studio when he isn't actually working in a picture consists of a short-sleeved, open-necked shirt of some hilarious 'plaid or island print. Plus a pair of khaki shorts. Plus a pair of totally disreputable moccasins.

The khaki shorts have a history. Gary brought them out of the Army with him, after four long years of service. At first he wore them in their original length, but as New York's Summer increased, he hacked off the pants at the knees.

He was working in "Born Yesterday" at the time and his appearance scandalized the motherly wardrobe mistress. "The very idea! A successful young actor in a successful Broadway production," she blustered. "Look at yourself. You might be a tramp. A downright derelict. That's the impression you give."

While Gary was on stage that night, clad in tweeds proper for his role, the wardrobe mistress took some long stitches toward semi-respectability for Merrill: she turned up hems in the shorts.

During many seasons Gary has carried on a vigorous one-man crusade for sensible clothing for the New York male. "New York is a tropical city in the Summer," he has pointed out to anyone who eyed or commented upon his attire. "Every man should wear short-sleeved, open-necked shirts and shorts from June until September. Look at you, my friend, in your tan wool gabardine—sweltering. Look at me in my beachcombers—comfortable."

So far this crusade has produced nothing in New York except envy and oblique glances. In Hollywood the outfit is considered standard equipment.

This situation represents only one round in the perennial battle between Merrill and raiment. When he signed his Hollywood contract with 20th Century-Fox, he decided that he must conform to the wardrobe code which less relaxed males have prescribed for themselves. At least when he was in front of a motion picture camera. He stood still for the fittings of several business suits and for dinner clothes.

Feeling unbearably Victorian, he presented himself to the studio, mentioning that he was ready for any social emergency. So . . . he promptly worked in eight pictures in rapid succession, six of which required him to wear a uniform or parts of a uniform while his own expensive and elegant wardrobe flirted with moths.

When he was packing preparatory to making the plane trip to England for "One Man's Poison," his wife Bette came, into his bedroom with an efficient list of essential items of wardrobe for the picture. "Be sure to pack a pair of good-looking pajamas and your best robe," she said.

"I don't own either pajamas or a robe," he announced with pride.

"Someone must have given you both at some time in recent years," Mrs. Merrill protested. "What does your mother send you for Christmas and your birthday?"

"Greetings. Never pajamas or a robe," insisted Nature Bov.

(Please turn to page 31)
FIRST lady of British films, Anna Neagle, was awarded her fifth Picturegoer Gold Medal (British Oscar) for her performance in the exciting spy drama, "Odette." In all, Anna has won over fourteen major awards based upon popularity and box-office appeal. Receiving her first starring role when Producer-Director Herbert Wilcox chose her for his leading lady in "Goodbye Vienna," Anna has since, as Mrs. Wilcox, starred in every one of his productions here and in England.

Anna's most recent success is as British spy captured by the Nazis in "Odette."

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wilcox both receive awards for the factual and realistic drama of "Odette." Anna for best acting, Herbert for the best motion picture.

In addition to acting, Anna dances and sings.

Her greatest character role was as Queen Victoria in "Victoria The Great."
Claudette Colbert has, according to reliable statistics, one mother, one husband, and one brother. These constitute the circle of her immediate family. However, she belongs to what is probably the biggest informal household on earth. Wherever she goes, she is “adopted” by fond and friendly folk who preface their conversation by explaining, “I feel as if you were my daughter.” Or, “I feel I know you as well as if you were my sister.” Or cousin, aunt, or (Please turn to page 66).

With Ann Blyth. People are always “adopting” Claudette.

Wherever she goes, Claudette is always spotted—and makes new friends.
Dancer and actress, pretty Joan Taylor's first film was "Fighting Man Of The Plains." She wears versatile "Check-on-Chick" blouse of Wrinkle-Shed gingham with ocean pearl buttons. In white with blue or red check, blouse is $1.98. Belt by Vogue, pin and bracelet by Bill Agnew, blouse by M. Serman.

Mary Murphy, veteran of four pictures, wears Laura Mae Life blouse of Sanforized broadcloth. Colors are blue, white, pink and maize. Price, $1.98. Leather belt by Vogue, jewelry by La Tausca.

Paramount's Golden Circle "Stars Of Tomorrow" wearing Academy Of Designing Award Laura Mae Life Blouses

Blouses may be purchased at:
Goldblatt Bros., Chicago
The May Company, Los Angeles
R. H. Macy, New York
Brunette Nancy Hale, a former model and native Californian, was discovered by a photographer. She wears gingham blouse in brown, green and blue tones. Price, $1.98. Belt and pin by Bill Agnew.

Virginia Hall wears Sanforized broad-cloth blouse. Stripes are red, blue, green or brown on white, $1.98. Nancy Gates wears a combed cotton gingham blouse, $2.98. Belt is by Bill Agnew.

Screenland
Fashion Selections

Joan wears a gingham blouse of Sanforized combed cotton. It comes in assorted plaids, $2.98. Leather belt by Vogue. Bar pin by La Tausca.

Scarfs by Baer & Beards
Liz fixed a tray of chow for herself and joined Earl Steurer and boys for lunch.

IT WAS a mighty happy and thrilling day for Elizabeth Taylor when she recently boarded the heavy cruiser USS Los Angeles, after having been named its official hostess by the Los Angeles Junior Chamber Of Commerce. And don't think it wasn't just as happy and thrilling a day for the officers and crew as it was for Elizabeth! The popular MGM star, on loan to Paramount, is currently being seen with Montgomery Clift in the decidedly realistic "A Place In The Sun." Rumors persist about her reconciliation with Nicky Hilton. Her brief, ill-fated marriage to him has given Elizabeth a maturity which should protect her against further romantic mistakes and heartbreak.

On the bridge, Captain McFarlane outfitted the beautiful Liz in full landing gear.

Above: Liz serves chow to pleasantly surprised Seaman H. Burton. The food never tasted so good.

Below: Captain R. N. McFarlane took over and showed Elizabeth around cruiser.

TC 1 George Newell proves that even on board ship you find autograph fiends.

Below: Captain R. N. McFarlane took over and showed Elizabeth around cruiser.

Left: Marine Sergeant P. J. Sexton shows Liz how to operate an anti-aircraft gun.
Elizabeth Taylor, as official hostess of the heavy cruiser USS Los Angeles, waves a grateful greeting to the officers and men. "Love Is Better Than Ever" is her next film.

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The "KISS ME, DEAR!" fragrance
Screenland Salutes

Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando

You may have thought you have seen stark, realistic performances but until you see Vivien Leigh as Blanche Dubois and Marlon Brando as Stanley Kowalski in "A Streetcar Named Desire," you actually haven't. They give you life in the raw, unadorned and unabashed. Not subtly, but bluntly in mallet-like fashion. They show you what is far from the brighter side of life.

Vivien, distraught and despairing, unburdens her woes on her sister.

Above: Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh and Kim Hunter in unhappy birthday scene in "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Left: Vivien and Karl Malden are about to get married in film when her past ruthlessly catches up.

Right: Kim Hunter is happily married to Marlon Brando until her sister, Vivien, pays them a visit.
people she runs into daily. Her first marriage to Mickey Rooney didn’t do much to bolster her ego. Mickey has always lived a rather colorful live—with a string of admirers, both male and female, in constant entourage. Young, shy, quiet—Ava let Mickey live in the limelight. No one asked her for her opinions. Often, she would break into a conversation, a stare would suffice to quiet her. Men, including Mickey, felt her beauty was enough. They didn’t want her to have a brain as well.

At that time, she wanted desperately to be known as an individual. One night, after she had divorced Mickey, she went to the Mocambo with David Street. As she walked by, a couple noticed her and whispered to each other. David heard them. Outside, Ava begged. “What did they say?” She was all geared for some small compliment, something to make her believe in herself after the hurt of her marriage failure. David didn’t want to tell her, but she kept insisting. Finally, he told her, “They said, ‘There goes Mrs. Mickey Rooney.’”

These were the little bruises. But, on top of them were also the big knockout blows. Her marriage to Artie Shaw, a neurotic and an intellectual, also failed. No one knows how many biting, sarcastic comments were made with acid clarity by Shaw before Ava admitted failure.

She drifted around—a beautiful, but lonely girl. She went out with Keenan Wynn and had fun and laughter—but nothing happened to her heart. She dated Peter Lawford in the same light-hearted manner, and Howard Duff. Then, finally, she met Frank Sinatra. From that first meeting, there was evidence of the smoldering volcano that would one day erupt and sweep them into a tempestuous love affair.

Although Frankie was still married when he met Ava, he and Nancy had talked divorce many times. Because he was a Catholic, he held strongly to his marriage vows—despite his troubles with Nancy, and despite the premonition he had about Ava. Friends will tell you that every time they passed each other on the MGM lot in those days, they knew. Still, they went their separate ways.

Finally, Frank and Nancy separated. Then, Ava and Frank began to see each other, and their love—denied for so many years—was written on their faces for all to see. Now, they felt free to be together. When Frank had to sing in Houston, he asked Ava to join him. Although they were discreet, he became upset when photographers tried to take their picture together. He smashed the camera, threatened the photographer—and, in seconds, the world knew of a romance that here-tofore had been kept under cover.

Ava became a target for criticism. She was blamed for the breakup of the Sinatra marriage. Her studio was unhappy with her. By mutual consent, Sinatra and MGM parted company. This was a flaming and frank enough romance to have blasted any other girl right out of the motion picture business.

But Ava’s popularity only increased. Fans defended her. Even when she went to Europe and dated the romantic bullfighter no one turned against her. Frankie gifted her with jewels, reportedly followed her to Spain to break up her infatuation with the bullfighter. Despite all this, people’s hearts were touched by Ava Gardner.

There was a reason for this leniency of thought. There is an inherent sadness about Ava’s face. It is all too apparent in her eyes. Despite her beauty, you feel sorry for her, because her beauty has brought her nothing but unhappiness. Right now, even though she may soon be Mrs. Frank Sinatra, she is sensitive enough to realize she will not find happiness there. It is built in the heart of Nancy Sinatra and her three children. Ava is too familiar with heartbreak to be indifferent to it in anyone else.

For awhile, MGM was upset by the shenanigans of their No. 1 Glamour Girl. Ava. Just when Lana Turner had settled down and become a respectable housewife with Dan Topping, Ava hit the headlines. When the whole studio was again upset because their teenaged glam-

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* * *

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Our-darling, Elizabeth Taylor, was filing for divorce from her Prince Charming, Nick Hilton, Ava's picture was on the front pages. She was having a whale of a time with Sinatra at the fights in New York City when Nancy filed for separate maintenance in Sinchy. No matter what anyone else at MGM did, sensation-wise, Ava managed to top it.

During this period, the fan mail department was checked closely. The public reaction to the sneak preview of "Pandora And The Flying Dutchman" was also watched. Was the public gunging for Ava? Was she no longer a prime favorite? To the contrary, her fan mail in-creased. The preview cards praised her. With a sigh of relief, Leo The Lion relaxed. Their million-dollar baby was safe. People were going to love Ava, no matter what. So convinced of this were MGM executives that they gave Ava the prize acting plum of the year. She was cast opposite Clark Gable in "Lone Star."

Now that Nancy Sinatra has bowed to Frank's pleas for a divorce despite their religion, it will not be long before Ava Gardner will be Mrs. Frank Sinatra. They can be together. Ava's self-confidence will be completely restored because she will know how much Frank sacrificed to get her. She will remember the fabulous Beverly Hills home Frank gave to Nancy as part of the settlement. The $800,000 Nancy also received, the material security Frank gave his family in order to assure his future with Ava.

She will remember that Frank gave up his movie career because of her, that his record sales dropped when their romance became known, that many thousands of fans formerly loyal fans deserted him. Most of all, she will know that Frank—who is a sentimental and devoted father—gave up his children to be with the woman he loved.

This will cement even further the bond that has been built between Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner. It should make life complete for one of her own, a wonderful love come true. But, the unfortunate part is that Ava is too sensitive to be totally immune to the price that has been paid for her happiness.

Not long ago, Ava told a friend, "Why do people criticize me? I am not the only woman who has fallen in love with a man before he was legally free. Every day, particularly in Hollywood, you hear remarks such as 'So-and-so will marry as soon as his (or her) divorce is final.' No one makes a big issue out of it. Why do they make an issue out of it with me?"

The answer, of course, is that Ava is glamorous, and glamour has a price. A girl whose every move is news, whose slightest interest is snatched up by the gossip columnists, will certainly be written about and speculated about when a singer takes a wife.

Perhaps with Frankie, she'll find enough joy to erase unkind memories. A loving and loyal public hopes so. I'll personally always wish her happiness ahead. But, I'll always remember another beautiful woman who sat remote and alone that same night at the Press Photographers' Ball. True, she was with a friend of long standing, but she had not had a heart interest for a long while. She had been divorced three times and heart-broken as many times more.

Her name is Joan Crawford, Ava. She's sixteen years older than you are. At forty, she's as glamorous as you, and very lonely.

It's something to think about.

The Woman I Love

Continued from page 25

Now she doesn't worry about straight lines; she doesn't use 'em! But her painting is still got, and you can tell what they are. No silly abstractions, which aren't for me. She does still lifes, portraits, landscapes and without standing on your head you can recognize her subjects. Furthermore, she has sold them!

I dare to sound off on the subject of painting because I used to do fairly well at it myself, although I was better in mechanical drawing. But I can't hold a paint-brush to Dinah. I started a "Home On The Range" type of thing filled with buffalo and horses and assorted wild life a year ago which I still have not finished; Dinah has completed several dozen canvases in that time, most of them very good, too.

She's also a whiz with a camera and if you think about it you'll realize how few really good women photographers there are. Dinah specializes on a Rolleiflex and I'd stack many of her shots against those of professional lensmen. She's also a great tennis player. I like the game, too, but I'm not in her league.

Dinah reached the finals in the mixed doubles tournament at Palm Springs last winter.

But best of all, she's a wonderful mother and wife. There's nothing Dinah wouldn't do for our three-and-a-half-year-old Melissa Ann—whom we call Missy—or for me or for her family. I really feel Dinah was meant to be a family girl and that her singing was more or less accidental. But what a lucky accident for me, for I'm sure we would not have met if Dinah hadn't started singing.

I've heard Dinah tell the story many times, so I don't think she will object if I put down in the record the tale of our meeting and courtship. According to Dinah it was back in 1942 that she first saw me on the screen. She was by then well established as a radio and recording star and was playing at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City with Milton Berle. The dressing rooms were so small that it was more pleasant, according to Dinah, to go out in the auditorium and watch the movie which was being a great stage shows than to stay backstage. A certain horse opera named "The Cowboy And The Blonde," featuring a certain gent from Montana named George Montgomery, was the feature during the Shore-Berle bill. Dinah says she saw it about fifty times and decided, bless her heart, "I must meet that Montgomery."
Several months later she came to Los Angeles for a Gershwin concert with Bing Crosby and Paul Whiteman at the Shrine Auditorium. I was in the audience and when Dinah came on stage I couldn’t have been more surprised. I had heard her, of course, on radio and records and always thought, “What a singer!” and then when I saw her, added to myself, “And she’s only about 14 or 15!” That’s all she looked!

A few nights later I was at the Hollywood Canteen when Dinah came in to sing. She didn’t see me and was talking, just three feet away, to a mutual friend who asked her if there were any people she would like to meet. “Yes,” replied Dinah with unaffected honesty, “George Montgomery—if he’s here.”

“Right here,” said our friend turning to me. Dinah, a gently-reared girl from Tennessee, knew I had heard and wanted to drop through the floor, she told me later. I was a bit flabbergasted myself, but managed to ask, “What about a date later?” And because she’s always been a girl without a lot of phony pretense she accepted without any coy evasions.

We dated steadily until three months later when I went into the Army and even after that when I was back on leave, until I was shipped to Alaska. Then I started writing letters, something I had done little of before, but found that it was easy to write to Dinah with her warmth and sweetness. Finally I wrote That Letter, a ten-page job, suggesting that we get married when I returned. I put the letter in a pair of Eskimo moccasins and mailed them. But unexpectedly, I was shipped back home. When I arrived I asked Dinah if she had my letter.

“What letter?” she asked in bewilderment. “I’ve had lots.”

“The one with the moccasins,” I answered, meanwhile thinking, “Oh, no, now I have to say it all over again.” But I managed, Dinah said “Yes,” and we were married thirteen months after meeting.

I had to report back for duty so our honeymoon was brief. Dinah was busy with radio, personal appearances and G.I. shows—she did some 300 of them during the War—but the next Summer we had time for a belated honeymoon and decided to go up to our ranch in Montana. My brother was running it and his wife had charge of feeding the hired hands. Just before we arrived she was sent to a hospital for surgery. And that’s when Dinah proved the adaptability I’ve mentioned before.

It was haying season and we had fourteen hired hands; there were also my brother and I, plus Dinah’s accompanist, Ticker Freeman, his wife and small son who had made the trip with us. Dinah had been violently ill with ptomaine poisoning on the drive up, but without a moment’s hesitation pitched in and ran the kitchen for that hungry mob. She had a little help, but not much. And if you’ve ever been on a ranch or farm you know the size of the meals served. Breakfast included steak, potatoes, bacon, eggs, hotcakes and coffee. Dinner and supper were equally huge. 

(Please turn to page 56)
A. PURR-SOFT ANGORA SWEATER. (20% French angora with 80% Australian zephyr wool.) Little boy collar, three sparkling rhinestone buttons. Pink, white, maize, baby blue or aqua. Sizes 34 to 38. $399

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Dinah is really a marvelous cook. At home now she isn’t called on to whip up such gargantuan repasts, but she substitutes quality for quantity. She cooks every Sunday when the help is off and loves to experiment with new dishes. She’s expert at anything, but my favorites of her culinary efforts are eel birds and doughnuts.

There isn’t a jealous bone in Dinah’s body and she is always looking for new talent and trying to give a newcomer a boost. She is a very sentimental girl and I’m afraid has a little trouble with me on that score. We had such a big family—I was the last of fifteen children—that we didn’t fuss much about birthdays and holidays. Now if I feel I want to buy a present, I don’t have to wait for a special day. But Dinah is so sentimental that on her birthday she gives presents to Missy and me and anyone else who happens to be over for the occasion! She has also saved every letter I ever wrote to her and they make quite a bundle. She was quite shocked when I kiddingly suggested she give them to a recent paper drive! I’ve not had to write often recently because, bless her, she arranges her schedule of personal appearances so Missy and I can go along.

She’s also sentimental about collecting records of other singers she admires, literally has hundreds and hundreds of them, but hasn’t bothered to save all her own. She asks my opinion about numbers she records and I give it to her, but sometimes I’ve been wrong.

Dinah used to ask for my reaction on her clothes, but doesn’t any more; possibly she realizes I think she can wear anything and any color—which she can. However, when she was named to a list of best-dressed women last year she told an interviewer that she “dresses to please her husband.”

Great To Have Her Back Again!

Continued from page 26

her return from Rome and who drove her to Nevada, are incommunicado in Los Angeles. They are staying at the home of Dr. Pertz, a dentist, but they are on guard against even general questions from the press. “I wouldn’t want to say anything at all about Rita’s life,” Lola Leighter told me over the phone, “unless we had written permission from her.”

Over at Columbia, they are in a real box. Until Rita is on salary again, they cannot legally arrange any publicity or news releases for her. They cannot request that she be around waiting for a chance to shoot a layout of her Nevada hideaway. They get the brushoff. To further insure her privacy, she has two armed guards patrolling the place. She purposely didn’t stay at any of the swanky dude ranches or big hotels. She felt, correctly, that she could not insure absolute privacy in a hotel that was open to the public.

Her closest friends, Jack and Lola Leighter, who have been with Rita since
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**SIZES**
34 TO 42

**Complete Line of "Youth-Bust" Bra** Designs to fit and Flatter your individual bust size.

**COLORS**
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Look Slimmer and Years Younger!

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structed exclusively for small bust, gives you a Fuller Look instantly! or at the size of bust you need. No Artificial Bust Buildup Needed! No bust, No Pad! No Pads!

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Ally's real love was, and always has been, gambling. He follows the sun and the horses, has little time for any other type of social activity. For a woman who has been used to the spotlight of fame and adulation, this complete ignoring of her as a woman must have been a little hard to take.

At her studio, no policy as yet has been formulated on how to handle Rita's future publicity. If she will not talk of her marriage, where headlines of every newspaper in the world, articles will be written just the same. Will she give interviews on how it felt to eat off gold plates, to be a princess? Will she tell of the heartaches she experienced? Publicity-wise, Columbia will have a bit of a headache. Anything and everything will be written about their prize package. A real public relations job is needed to meet this crisis. A few wrong-type stories could play havoc.

Yet, I don't think Columbia really has to worry. Unconventional as her behavior has been, Rita has always been the sexy, high-voltage type. No one ever expects a glamour queen to behave like a mouse, nor ever invite the girl next door. Rita's frankness and high living have been in tune with the impact of roles she has played on the screen.

Besides, the public loves Rita. Not just her fans. People like her. Women identify themselves with her Cinderella story; the little dancer who became a princess. The movie-star who captured a prince. Men love her, too. They see in her warmth a deep loyalty. Recently, when columnist Jimmy Starr wanted a quote from her that everyone else in town had been denied, she said, "Let him quote me. He was good to me when I was a Rita Cansino."

Her one-time fame, Victor Mature, still has a reverence in his voice when he speaks of her. "Rita's one of the most exciting women I've ever met," he says. For a woman to be exciting requires that she also be a woman in the most selfless sense of the word. Those who really know Rita Hayworth will tell you of a shy girl, one who is almost inarticulate on interview. Her thoughts are sounded and thoughtful when she is alone with her friends. They will tell you of a girl who has a heart.

They will describe a Rita who was humbled and ridiculed by Orson Welles, a man who knew how to jab at her weak points as only a critical husband can. After the humiliation she suffered countless times—because of what was not the brilliant, fluent conversationalist Orson expected her to be with her very intellectual friends, what a lift it must have given her ego to have captured the heart of one of the most eligible and sought after men in the world: Aly Khan.

By the same token, what a letdown it must have been for her to finally realize that a prince is, after all, only a man— with human faults and failings.

Today, all Hollywood is alerted to expect a new Rita. "They" say she'll come ankling through the studio gates, draped in mink and wearing fabulous Aly Khan jewels. "They" say she will refuse interviews, go high hat, forget her friends.
Don't you believe it. She may have been living a life that is unequalled in this day and age for pomp and ceremony. She may have traveled far since she left Hollywood. Perhaps she's no longer used to hard work. Nor early hours. It has been a long time since anyone told Rita what she had to do, and what time to do it. But don't you believe she has changed.

She'll report to Columbia as soon as a script is ready for her. She'll be, as she has always been in the past, the first star on the set, the last to leave. She'll have her lines letter-perfect. She may not grant interviews (after all, the Rita of old didn't either; she has always said she was not good at interviews), but you can bet your bobby-sock she will be talking to the electricians and grips. She will be docile with her director. She will pose tirelessly in the gallery for special art for magazines, billboards and advertising. She'll do a job.

If the story is right, and with brilliant Virginia Van Upp writing it, it will be right, Rita will come home to us with a smash hit that will remind us how much we have missed her.

This time, though, we'll have the added knowledge that the glamour isn't something she puts on just for the camera. We'll know her glamour is real, 24-karat, the best. According to those in the upper social strata all over Europe, she has captured an entire continent.

She won't have to capture America's heart again. It has always been hers for the taking.

**Lovable Rebel**

Continued from page 41

Mrs. Merrill is not a woman to dispute a point with her husband. She simply transferred her "Pack pajamas and robe" note to a list headed "To Buy In London."

Another interesting fact about Gary is that he considers the working and relaxing hours of Hollywood people "normal."

He considers abnormal the hours necessarily kept by workers in the flesh and blood theatre. This is a refreshing attitude, because most transfers from Broadway to Brentwood spend many an hour bemoaning the studio system which requires them to arrive between five and six a.m. in order to be made up and on the set ready for the cameras to roll at nine.

And that isn't all. People accustomed to checking Toots Shor's or The Stork at three a.m. are appalled by the total lack of real night life in California. In wicked Hollywood, bars close at two and at three target practice could be held on Wilshire Boulevard without untoward incident.

Gary has only pity for slugabeds. "All cities are beautiful early in the morning," he insists. "The air is fresh, the light is vivid, the odors are clean, and the gradually increasing tempo of activity is fascinating."

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Our copy of a Paris creation! Sexy suit-dress has triple peplum daring neckline, slim skirt. Cuff accents bust; unusual back details. Royal Blue, Kelly Green, Black.

Draped scarf forms bolero - or take it off to show shoulders while dancing. Bustle bow back, velvet-y trim, draped bust. Midnight Green, Black, Purple.

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When he was in Paris en route to the German location for the filming of "Decision Before Dawn," he awoke at sunrise and prowled the streets of Montmartre. "I had things entirely to myself, barring the birds," he recalls with relish. "Paris is a city that wakes up later than any place I've ever been. Of course, it doesn't go to sleep until dawn." When Gary was working on Broadway in "Born Yesterday," he and singing star Ray Middleton occasionally used the first bright hours of day to prowl the unlikely streets around the Fulton Fish Market, having coffee in some ramshackle rendezvous about to go up in smoke or down in exhaustion.

After months of carrying the hits in the hit play of the season, his attitude was gloomy. "I've had it," he kept telling Middleton. "This play has been running over a year and it behooves as if it might run forever. I can't take it. I've got to get back to normal living—the kind I do when I'm between jobs. You know, sleep from one night until five in the morning. Look for work during the day when people should be working."

In sharp contrast to his orthodox New England approach to the proper hours for humankind to keep, is Gary's warm sentimentality. His enthusiasms are intense and forthright. He loves San Francisco, for instance, and he plans to spend frequent vacations there. In common with San Franciscans, Gary loves to walk. (Nobody in Southern California crosses his own patio on foot if there is a bicycle handy.) Also in common with San Franciscans, Gary loves hills. And windswept views of the sea. And eating seafood in redwood, tumble-down restaurants on Fisherman's Wharf. And the Top O'The Mark, "even if that statement does sound slightly touristy. I understand that the Top was once a private penthouse. I wish I owned it. I'd still like to live up there."

Some days Chicago skyscraper apartment dwellers amongst Los Angeles' most prestigious also appeal to Gary. "I could be happy anywhere if my vantage point were high enough so that I could watch the changing aspects of the lake. It is never twice the same."

Much that he says makes it apparent that he is not an elbow-rubber. His admiration for lofty places with a vast view, for obscure streets or remote villages, indicates his tendency toward solitude.

He likes to tell about being stretched out in a big chair on New Year's Day, before his own fireplace with his family and a few friends nearby, watching the Rose Bowl game on television.

Someone, savoring the supreme comfort and contentment of the scene, observed to Gary, "Ah me! I wonder what the poor people are doing today?"

"They're doing exactly what we are," responded Gary. "Only the pathetic millionaires who shelled out fifty bucks for seats on the fifty-yard line, are stuck out there on those hard benches, in the cold, with ninety thousand people shoving them around. The rich have it rough."

Like most big, totally masculine men, Gary reserves a special softness and sentimentality for children. He is completely devoted to his two small daughters. The elder, called Beebee, is a diva; he acquired her when he married her mother The younger, Margot, is adopted.

Gary is wryly humorous in describing his relationship with his youngsters. "Before Beebee and I were married, I was somewhat critical—in a restrained way, of course—of what I considered Bette's inclination to over-indulge Beebee. Now, the tables are turned. I'm the one who has to be cautioned against over-protecting, over-indulging, over-attending both Beebee and Margot. Here's another thing: I'm able to do carrying snapshots in my hip pocket. Me!"

The thoughtful actor, and Gary Merrill certainly answers that description, is usually convinced by his success that there is more between earth and sky than this world dreams of,... especially the presence of intricate cross-currents of circumstance.

During his first stay in Hollywood he lived in the San Fernando Valley, chiefly because he had heard so many theatrical people praise its wide open spaces. Unfortunately, a combination of war and post-war boom changed all that. One of the most intransiend earth men Gary can be is on the Cahuenga Freeway if one automobile runs out of gas or blows a tire. After an experience of this sort, Gary spent his Sundays in investigating Los Angeles County with an eye toward the future. He fell in love with the rugged, sky-hung Malibu coastline and vowed that he would come back to California, that area would be his home. Q.E.D. Current address of Mr. and Mrs. Gary Merrill is Malibu Beach, California.

When he was flying home from Germany, after having worked in "Decision Before Dawn," he had one day's layover in London. He scouted the countryside and decided in what general locality he would like to live in case he should ever make a picture in England. And in that exact locality Gary and Bette lived during the filming of "One Man's Poison."

Otherwise, he has no luck at all in winning roles when his favorite books are brought to film. He wanted to do the John Garfield part in "Gentleman's Agreement," but failed to pass the screen test. He has regarded several Hemingway scripts with a yearning eye, with no noticeable result. So, when a friend spoke enthusiastically about a novel titled "One Man's Poison," saying that it would make a fine vehicle for Bette but that there was also a great part in it for a man of Gary's type, he shunned the book. That's right. He got the part.

It is pleasant to report that there is one great contradiction in the Merrill character. Tall, lithe, straight-talking man is sedate as a deacon on the highway. His favorite automotive speed is twenty-seven miles an hour. He has never sassed a fellow motorist, and he lives in mild terror of traffic officers.

"It is a holdover from a painful boyhood experience," he explains. Seems that, at the impressionable age of seven-
teen, he was tossed into a small town clink on a Saturday night because of a minor infractions of speeding laws. He had no cash with which to pay his fine, so he was slapped into durance vile.

On Sunday, Gary's father drove over from Gary's neighboring home town, presumably to bail out the young man. However, the local magistrate was busy on the golf course, an exercise which Merrill Senior hesitated to disturb, so Gary spent a second night behind bars. His roommates during this period were both varied and exceptional enough to provide him with character "business" for the rest of his theatrical career.

From that day to this, Gary has been a motoring milquetoast.

If this can be construed as a personality flaw (and who in the midst of paying for the repair of a crumpled fender would insist that it is), it represents the only defect a carping critic can find in the makeup of a thoroughly nice guy.

What A Blessing

Women Are!

Continued from page 30

So my freckle-faced rival for the blonde girl took my place and I was relegated to the chorus wearing a clown's suit.

"There was another blonde in the eighth grade, with the same disastrous outcome. I was showing off how smart I was by balancing a tack on the end of my nose and in my enthusiasm I dropped the tack and swallowed it. End of performance. End of romance. And almost end of me.

"The woman who really got me interested in acting as a career was my Santa Monica High School drama teacher, Olive Morris. She encouraged me a great deal and always made me try out for the school plays.

"After graduation, I knew I wanted to be an actor but I also knew I had to get a job. We lived near the beach so I got work piloting the water taxis. There was a red-haired girl and her father who used to come on my boat a lot. I never knew until we were making 'Gilda' together that she was Rita Hayworth.

"Rita and I had small roles in the 'Blonde' pictures, then both of us were given our initial big roles in 'The Lady In Question,' and of course 'Gilda' was a big step in both of our careers.

"It was while we were making 'Gilda' that she asked me if I remembered about the little girl and her father who used to ride in the water taxi. Even though she was the top star on the lot, she still remembered that early meeting and told me about it."

This fact impressed Glenn. Short memories and large salaries do not always accompany one another.

Joan Crawford and Bette Davis have had a great impact on Glenn as a per-

(please turn to page 64)
a. CAMPUS QUEEN... $7.95
Jumper Mate... $2.95
Joan-of-Arc Medallion... tax incl., $2.40

b. CHOIR BOY... $2.95
c. DANDY DICKEY... $3.95
d. SCALLOP SWEET... $2.95
e. HERALDIC PAIR... $4.20

CAMPUS QUEEN—our full skirted jumper you'll wear with every top you own, cinch with its matching dog-leash belt. Fine wale corduroy in hunter green, gray, red, rust. Sizes 7 to 15...
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Joan-of-Arc Medallion—so wear in your own bright way as a bracelet, as a pendant, as a charm, tax included, $2.40

All the blouses shown in fine washable cotton broadcloth, in these colors: white, baby pink, emerald, bittersweet, toast, harvest gold, iris lavender. Sizes 32 to 38.
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b. **JOHNNY JACKET**—In his school colors or yours. Pick your colors, we have them all! In rayon satin twill impregnated that sheds rain like a duck's back. Fully lined with soft warm kasha. Sizes 7 to 17... $6.95

c. **BOBBY COAT**—In toasty-warm all wool melton cloth. Wear it with slacks, skirts, or jeans for fun. White gripper snaps, easy raglan sleeves. Wineberry, hunter green, royal blue with sparkling white trim. Sizes 9 to 17... $7.95

d. **VARSITY SWEATER, 100% All Wool**—Sport his school letter, or yours. White felt press-on letter free. Jockey red, wine, Kelly green or royal, all with white trim; or solids white, royal, Jockey red, wine, Hunter green. Sizes 32 to 42... $6.95

e. **HOPSCOTCH SKIRT**—All around pleated skirt in authentic clan plaid. Blue, brown, red, green or white backrounds. Sizes 22 to 30. In 100% All Wool... $5.95

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**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE WITHIN 10 DAYS**
son. It was 10 years ago that he first was introduced to Joan. She was a big star and he was just getting started. She was everything he thought a star should be. Glenn was a fan who followed her movies and her gracious meeting didn't let him down.

"Joan set an example of what a star should act like. She made me aware of such things as fine clothes, beautifully set tables, promptness, responsibility to the fans and so many other things. Up until then I never thought much about clothes or parties. Suddenly, I found myself wanting to live up to the very best that was within my means to afford, the finest suits or car, but I tried to get the best quality for my money." Glenn now dresses in excellent taste, quite different from the bedraggled clothes and ten days' beard he sports in his latest picture, "The Secret Of Convict Lake."

"Joan wanted that when right for you, don't let people down by playing a role that you don't believe in."

At first, Glenn forced himself to go to parties. He wasn't the world's best dancer and always was disinclined to prove it on a dance floor. "One girl who O'Brien invited me to a party. I think Eloise O'Brien must go on my unforgettable list, for I'm sure she was the one who suggested to Pat that they have me meet a star named Eleanor Powell."

Of course, Ellie is now Mrs. Glenn Ford, and Joan Glenn and her grandmother have proved the greatest influences in his life.

"Every man needs someone to succeed for—someone he wants to make proud of him. When you're a boy, it's your mother whom you do things for. My mother has always had a quiet confidence that whatever field or endeavor gave me satisfaction—that really made me happy—was the right one. It was difficult after father died, but she never grumbled."

"It's like betting someone else's money on a horse. I staked everything on a career. If I hadn't hit, Mother would have taken it in good grace and we'd both found happiness in another field."

"That party at the O'Briens where I met Ellie marked the beginning of something extra special. I knew she was 'The' girl. No, she didn't have blonde hair, but still I knew that she was the one."

"She and our son, Peter, are my inspiration. Everyone feels if you can be in the world and make his family proud of him. They are my incentive."

Glenn was probably at his lowest ebb when he got out of the service. He reported to Columbia but found they didn't have any plans for him. He had been out of uniform three days when he went to Warner Bros. to lunch with a friend.

"He didn't feel too chipper until Bette

Davis interrupted his menu-reading. She was looking for a co-star for "Stolen Life"—someone who looked like a New Englander.

"She came over to our table and said, 'You look like a New Englander to me. Would you like to test for my picture?"'

"It was a gulp, and I gulped until the text and that's when Bette's campaign started. She wanted him, but the studio, her agent, everyone else didn't see eye to eye with her. Finally she said she wouldn't do the picture if Glenn wasn't her leading man—so strong was her belief in him as an actor.

"And then he played the role. Bette's battle for him was a double victory. It caused Hollywood to reconsider this Ford fellow. Anyone who could get such merited praise from an actress of Bette's standing must have something to offer. His career switched from reserve to reserve and he passed on, she had only sixteen cents in her purse, but she insisted that it was her legacy to me—and that I have it."

"That sixteen cents is a symbol: I realized after her death that the qualities a boy lacks a man needs. I learned, too late for her to know, never to think in any way that I still have that sixteen cents, so if my hat band ever gets too big, I can remember my grandmother and her unselshifness and love for me. For her I became a better person."
Style No. 2880
Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15
12, 14, 16, 18, 20

898

For a big date, night or day! Sun-up you’re so modestly feminine in the sweet high-collar jacket. But oh when the moon shines! . . . bare go your shoulders as you swish around to show a bow-bustled back. Of rustling rayon taffeta. Black, brown, navy.

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898

Sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44

998

Checks for a suit that uses buttons to give it a new fashion angle. Woven-check rayon suiting in black, navy, or brown.
to step before the camera that the role
was mine with the proviso that I wore
a taxicab.

"I dashed out to a rental place near
the studio, but the other fellows had
cleaned them out. There was only one
set of tails left—a pair Marlene Dietrich
wore in a picture. It was too late to

Glad To Know You
Continued from page 45

next-door-neighbor.

Other motion picture celebrities may
go to the races and escape with an
ogling. Claudette is asked for tips on the
horses. Other stars may go to the opera
and satisfy fans by giving autographs.
Claudette is asked for information about
the opera’s tenors. Other famous people
stroll the streets of Los Angeles or Bev-
erly Hills without being recognized or
joined. Claudette is always spotted and
escorted. The important point in all this
is that warm and friendly Claudette is in-
tensely pleased by this inclusion into the
universal family circle.

"It’s a cozy world," she says with a
chuckle and the characteristic lifting of
her left eyebrow. "I have a face that is
easily recognized and I wear an ap-
proachable expression. I guess." How
"approachable" is illustrated by a recent
experience. She was walking her two
French bulldogs. Her name was in the
way (even as yours and mine), so she con-
cealed it behind a scarf wrapped turban-
style. She had been working at her
case, so she was clad in paint-daubed
slacks, a weary shirt, and a pair of slop-
py sneakers. Over this ensemble she
tossed an old coat. She added a pair
of dark glasses and congratulated herself
upon a disguise that would totally con-
ceal her identity.

She had covered less than two blocks
when she was joined by a lad of thirteen
or so, who had been navigating the street
on his bicycle. It developed that he had
read "The Best of Will" and wanted some
specific financial information about how
much a man would have to invest to go
into the chicken business.

Claudette explained that it was Betty
McDonald, not she, who had been
boffled by the nature of the hen, but the
lad wangled something.

"I know from reading moving picture
magazines that it takes about three
months to make a movie, so you’ve had
at least three months’ experience. You
must have found out something during
that time!”

Claudette had an inspiration. She
referred to "The Poultryman’s Jour-
nal," and to "The Country Gentleman"
with the assurance that these periodicals
would be more explicit than she could
be after her loose comradeship with a
colony of white leghorns. The lad
decided away, exuding satisfaction.

When Claudette was flying East re-
cently, she was stopped at the airport by
a handsomely dressed woman who said,
"I’m terribly sorry to detain you on
your way to the plane, but I’ll be brief.

Would you tell me, please, what fabrics
seem to travel best and arrive looking
fresh?"

The resourceful Miss Colbert had an
answer, “Worsted for suits, pure silk
for afternoon dresses, a crinkle chiffon
for evening gowns, nylon for lingerie.”

The lady stepped aside, thanking
Claudette graciously. When Claudette
returned from her trip she found that
a box of six pairs of nylon stockings had
been delivered to her home, gift-wrapped,
from one of Los Angeles’ best shops. No
card had been enclosed.

Occasionally her chance encounters are
heartwarming, leaving Claudette in a
fine glow. After “Since You Went
Away” was shown, she was approached
by many service wives. She was trying
on shoes one morning when a sweet-
faceted girl sat down in the neighboring
couch and said, “I want to tell you some-
thing. I am a pilot’s wife, but I don’t go
to the movies.”

You saved me from making the most
serious mistake in my life. You see,
after my husband was shipped overseas,
I renewed my friendship with a boy
whom I had known all my life. He was
based near my home. Our relationship
was getting serious. I went to Joseph
Cotlen’s in ‘Since You Went Away.’ He
was really in love with me, but I had
always been in love with my husband.

“Well, I received word that my hus-
bond was missing in action, and my
world seemed to go to pieces. My long-
time boy friend invited me to go away
for a weekend with him. I didn’t seem
to care about anything—not even about
my own self-respect. I had decided to
accept the invitation when I saw your
picture. Well, I changed my mind. I
went back to see ‘Since You Went Away’
every day during the week it played our
town, and I started to go to church
every morning. Then my husband was
located in a field hospital, only slightly
wounded. He came home to me, finding
me exactly as I had been when he left.
I’ve always wanted to thank you for
making the picture and for holding up
an ideal of something.”

She patted Claudette’s shoulder and
hurried away, leaving that seasoned act-
ress with brimming eyes.

On another occasion Claudette was
silently inventorying her supply of oil
paints as she looked over the array in
an armchair at home, when she was
joined by a woman whose obviously
young face was topped by snow white
hair.

The woman said, “I feel so close to you since I saw Three
Style = 634 MIDNIGHT MIST'RY

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What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 18

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What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 18

man was emoting properly that she couldn't concentrate on her own lines. Besides, said she, the kid is still an unknown actor—and he's nearly a year old already.

** * *

"Be an actor and see the world, mostly without your nose being used to seem to be the fate of Gary Merrill. After he and Bette Davis made the big splash in "All About Eve," Gary was sent to Munich for "Decision Before Dawn." Next he went to Florida for "Frogmen," then to London where the Merrills teamed for "Another Man's Poison." On his arrival in Hollywood, 20th had further news for him. His next located in Canada for an Indian picture called "Mounted Patrol." Debra Paget, the little gal who played Indian in "Broken Arrow," is Gary's vis-a-vis. Debra, who graduated from the Hollywood Professional School at the age of seventeen, received the school's highest achievement award because of her success in pictures plus a straight A average in her grades.

** * *

Stanley Kramer has proved he's a daring young man in the producing end of movies, with "Lost Boundaries" and "The Champion." He's about to get more daring with a real innovation in movie-making. His latest idea, called "Four Poster," only has two in the cast—Reex Harrison
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and Lilli Palmer and the story is one of marriage, with the bed being both the hero and the heavy of the piece. Sound a little strange? It will also be interesting to see what sort of reception the Harrisons receive in Hollywood.

Everybody on the Warner lot will have a part in "Stardust," a "Hollywood Can-teen" type of movie about the Travis Air Base, where planes take off and land practically every minute with incoming and outgoing Korean troops. Gene Nelson is getting the title of junior wolf for his growth of sideburns and mustache, sprouted for the picture. Another cast member, Gordon MacRae, who used to be found on the golf course every leisure moment, has become a living body. The MacRae's new house, bought to celebrate their tenth anniversary, is his full-time hangout now and he puts together instead of puts.

Paramount makeup men had a semi-laugh when some five hundred Crow In- dians in Montana were employed for "Warpath," a picture about the famous General George Custer. Seems the Indians wear clothes all over just like white men and, as a result, have turned almost as pale. So the hardworking makeup men has to use gillions of pails of body makeup on the ex-Redmen.

Odd thing happened after Richard Base- hart and Valentina Cortesa were secretly married in London. The Italian-born ac- tress, who has spent a great deal of time in this country making movies, had a big hassle getting back into the country as the wife of an American citizen. After much racing around getting all the papers to and from London, Washington and Hollywood, she finally waded through the red tape. Mrs. B.'s Italian grandmother, who raised her, is being brought to Hollywood to live with the Baskharts.

First black and white picture June Haver has ever made is "Love Nest," June will also replace Betty Grable in "Father Does A Strip." Father is Dan Dailey and the strip is a comic one—so, that's right. Dan, the guy who has become an expert at almost everything he tries including riding, water-skiing, and snow-skiing, is now turning his at- tention to tennis and is rapidly becoming an addict. Dan's rented his agent's bath- house to live in. Says it's great, just an easy step to the swimming pool.

It's real great to hear that flabby-fingered Zazu Pitts is coming back to the screen in Paramount's "The Denver And Rio Grande," which sounds like a West- ern-type picture to us. Anyway, the gal will have fun with an almost entirely male cast and particularly tall Sterling Hayden. Only other femme in the pic- ture is Laura Elliott, one of Paramount's lovely girls. They are supposed to live next door to Farley Granger when they were kids and grew up to play the part of his wife in Warners' "Strangers On A Train."

Jane Powell made a recording that is among the most exclusive known. Two copies of the platter were made. The song is "Brahm's Lullaby" and the records are for her baby and for Marshall and Barbara Thompson's infant. Kinda nice, huh? Jane could start a nursery with all the equipment she's received as gifts. Among them are four cribs, three baby scales, four high- chairs and six dressers.

Imagine a young guy being so sound asleep that Yvonne De Carlo could walk through his bedroom without waking him up! This is what happened at the Sierra Inn in Tuolumne City during a sequence of Paramount's "Silver City." Seems the guy, who was so impervious to Yvonne's charm, was a lumber mill night-shift worker whose room was also being used as a grocery store for a scene in the picture. The guy was on the receiving end of a great deal of hooting from his friends in the small town for sleeping away his opportunities, but he refused to be unhappy, on account of he was just plain old sleepy.

June Allyson had a regular luncheon guest in her new dressing room on MGM's star row while she and Von Johnson were making "Too Young To Kiss." Guest was her three-year-old daughter, Pamela, who threw absolutely no creamed spinach on the newly deco- rated walls.

Current Films

Continued from page 17

her dirty right along. Minus the strong tennis flavor, this is just another case history of an ambitious mother.

Peking Express

 Paramount

A DVENTURE yarn that takes place in present-day Red China. United Nations doctor Joseph Cotten, en route to Peking on a mission of mercy, runs into old flame Corinne Calvet, who obvi- ously isn't the same good girl he knew back in Paris. In addition to Corinne, Cotten also meets up with black marketeer-outlaw Marvin Miller and a priest, Edmund Gwenn. When the train, on which all are passengers, is captured by a faction of Red Chinese outlaws and the important personages are held for ransom, some strange incidents come to light. Entertainment in high gear until the hokey run-off-the-mill ending.

Night Into Morning

MGM

GRIEF-STRICKEN because his wife and son were accidentally killed in an explosion, college professor Ray Mil- land (David Niven) is now the help- less husband of his friends, John Hodliak and Nancy Davis, fails to make Milland see the necessity of continuing. Unable to face reality, he starts drinking, gets into a
The Guy Who Came Back
20th Century-Fox

A PROFESSIONAL football star, Paul Douglas, is caught up by age and ready for the bench. Actually, it could be worse, for Douglas still has his wife, Joan Bennett, who loves him despite their separation. Also on hand to comfort him is Linda Darnell. Tempting as Linda is, Douglas wants Joan and their young son back. The only way he can bring this about is by getting an honorable job. He tries the Navy, and desperate though they were at the beginning of World War II, Douglas gets turned down because of a bum ankle. It takes one last football game to get him through course smoothed out, his wife back and competition Don DeFore nullified.

The Frogmen
20th Century-Fox

RICHARD WIDMARK, Dana Andrews and Gary Merrill star in this saga devoted to the operations of a generally unknown and unsung branch of the Navy—the Underwater Demolition Teams. Based on authentic wartime incidents, Widmark leads his men in a series of gruelling underwater demolition assignments against the Japanese. At times, the unbelievable feats performed by The Frogmen are more chilling than a plunge into the Atlantic Ocean in mid-December. To keep from being a document, there's a thin thread of a story that has to do with the men's attitude toward Widmark—they don't like him. However, that matter is cleared up when Andrews saves Widmark's life.

Mark Of The Renegade
(Technicolor)
Universal-International

SUPPOSEDLY branded on the forehead and banished from Mexico for life, Joe MacMillan arrives in California only to be blackmailed by Gilbert Roland. What a way to be blackmailed! MacMillan is forced to meet and marry Cyd Charisse! The object being: when Cyd's wealthy influential father finds out she married an outlaw, he'll be so disgraced that his honest political movement will fail. Then Roland can move in with his evil ambitions. Sounds like all the fixings for an exciting clam-bake—and it is, to the very last duel and flash of a defiant dark brown eye.

Sirocco
Columbia

THE Middle East is again a hotbed of intrigue and tension as it was in 1925 when in Damascus the Nationalists were attempting to rid the territory of French occupation troops. An American ex-patriot, Humphrey Bogart, is making a fast, surreptitious fortune by smuggling guns and ammunition to the natives. He doesn't care how he gets his money, but Colonel Lee J. Cobb does. As long as the natives are supplied with weapons, the unnecessary bloodshed on both sides will continue. Nor is the war Cobb's only worry. His mistress, Marta Toren, starts casting a predatory glance in Bogie's affluent direction. Neither one, or my Bogie nor sultry Marta, listens to Cobb, but both are made to wish they had.

Warpath
(Technicolor)
Paramount

EX-CIVIL War Captain Edmund O'Brien has but one thought: to find the three men who murdered his fiancée. After eleven years of trailing the trio, O'Brien finds one of the men, shoots him, then before rigor mortis sets in learns the other two are in the Cavalry. Back to the Army and on with the case! The only pleasant thing that happens to O'Brien at the Army post is Polly Bergen, daughter of storekeeper Dean Jagger. The worst thing that happens to him is Forrest Tucker—a sergeant. The plot begins to thicken when Tucker takes a shot at O'Brien and Jagger starts to get a seemingly unaccountable case of

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the shakes. Contains many Indians, heroes and skilful horsemen.

The Best Of The Badmen
(Technicolor)

RKO

A RUNCH of discharged Confederate soldiers are forced into outlaws in order to exist. There's an order out for their arrest. Major Robert Ryan rounds them up. At headquarters, Ryan reviews their cases and is all set to release them when Private Detective Robert Preston decides to collect the rewards offered for the captured men. He starts a riot during which two men are killed. The outlaws go galloping away helter-skelter. Ryan is framed for the two deaths, and after Claire Trevor helps him escape, he joins the outlaws. Included in the cast are Walter Brennan, Bruce Cabot and Jack Buetel.

So You'd Like To Be Glamourous?

Continued from page 37

an effort to bring it out. It is that simple to explain, and like everything else worthwhile it requires thought and planning—but mostly thought.

Her role of Deborah in “People Will Talk,” in Jeanne’s own language, is that of a strange, direct type of girl who has traveled extensively and is sophisticated in the true sense of the world. This is a far cry from the little farm girl Jeanne played in “Home In Indiana,” but she feels the comparison shows exactly what can be done by way of acquiring glamour.

“After all,” she said, “I was just about as naive and unsophisticated as that bucolic lass in my first picture when I played her, but now I would like to believe I have something of Deborah in me.”

In order to bridge this span between the barnyard and the drawing room, Jeanne devised her own modus operandi, which consists of six major points.

The first of these is: Find a philosophy or outlook on life that works for you so that you can keep at peace with yourself and others.

As an example, she cited the gimmick which has been used by Marlene Dietrich. Marlene’s basic rule is that she never makes plans in advance and is, therefore, never disappointed.

Marlene boiled down her system for remaining young and glamorous recently when she said that her secret was, “Soap and water and an unworried mind.” But the greatest of these is the unworried mind, as she explained later. She seldom, if ever, becomes ruffled any more because she has no elaborate plans that can go awry.

Jeanne’s second point is: Find a basic interest, something you like well enough to throw your whole self into it, at times, in order to escape from lesser reality.

This may sound complicated at first glance, but it is really simple. It is the same thing psychologists have been preaching for years. Call it a hobby or an avocation or whatever you will, but make it something from which you get an absorbing pleasure.

As Point No. 3, Jeanne voiced a simple admonition: Get away from routine now and then.

“What I mean by this point,” Jeanne elaborated, “is that one of the best ways of making yourself interesting to others, and thereby more glamorous, is to expand your own interests. If you go on day by day doing the same things and thinking the same thoughts, you will never attract new friends.”

According to Jeanne, a new friend is like having a new adventure, but the person in a rut is slow to attract a stranger and his mind leads him into new fields. Her experience has taught her that if you are interested in others, they will become interested in you.

Jeanne is completely convinced that glamour has positively nothing to do with age, except that the younger you are the better it is to have.

“Glamour,” she said, “has a lot to do with true vitality, and I don’t mean being always vivacious and knocking yourself out to attract attention. I’m talking about a certain spark which is evident when a person is quiet-mannered and relaxed. This, of course, does not include bored people, because they are never glamourous. You really have to be interested in life in order to be glamourous.”

Jeanne could write a book about her Point No. 4, because she has used it probably more than any of the others in gaining attention. Watch and read about successful people, because they always have a formula for living which may also help you.

“A person should constantly study others, according to my way of thinking,” she said, “and this includes one’s friends as well as the famous people we read about in books. This is a good thing particularly because it teaches one not to see everything from his own angle. It is sometimes a shock to learn that everyone doesn’t do things your way, and the shock makes you climb out of a rut.”

Because of her belief that we can all learn from each other if we would only keep our eyes open, Jeanne believes that this is one advantage that youth has over older people in the matter of acquiring what she terms true glamour. A young person, being always on the lookout for something new, probably can learn faster if he gives himself the right direction.

This has certainly been true in Jeanne’s case, but she insisted again that in spite of this, age has a towering advantage in acquiring glamour because of a deeper sense of values.

In explaining her six-point program for
the development of glamour, Jeanne more than once paused to be amused at her own mannerisms. She explained that she wasn't as much serious as she is earnest in trying to explain the whys and wherefores of this elusive quality.

She was to be even more serious when she waded into Point No. 5: Follow the Golden Rule.

But instead of hitting this point from the standpoint of a glamorous young moralist, Jeanne explained that it is just plain good sense. She pointed out that Emily Post holds the Golden Rule to be the basis of all etiquettes.

To size up her attitude on this point, Jeanne isn't mad at anyone. She is certain that it is a great thing to divide a person to love everyone, because this attitude, more than anything else, brings out true charm.

"Glamour comes out largely through the eyes," she said, "and I can't help using that old axiom here that 'the eyes are the windows of the soul.'"

"This is the best way I know of explaining that glamour is more of a quality than a certain way of acting or dressing. If you look with affection upon anyone, you will have glamour for that person.

It was not surprising, in view of Jeanne's inside-out view of glamour, that she placed outside appearance last on her list of points. But true to her feminine instincts, she had a lot to say about this.

The point is: Use your head to adorn your person.

Because of her theory that we acquire our knowledge and understanding from each other, Jeanne started out on this point by explaining how deeply she was impressed recently when she saw an old Jean Harlow movie. It was clear that she had been studying the masters of glamour from the way she kept citing them as examples.

"There was a girl who had something that was completely individual," Jeanne said of Harlow. "And that brings me back to the point I have already made that in the matter of dress each person has to look to his own individuality if he or she wants to be in good taste. Your own glamour will be brought out best if you study your most attractive physical feature. You may look homely in many respects, but if you have beautiful hair, for example, then concentrate on giving it the best care possible.

"In other words, accentuate any feature that will show you off to advantage, but if you consider yourself an ugly duckling you don't have to be discouraged in view of what I have found out about glamour. Remember, you are at all times reflecting the inner you. That is what people are really looking for."

Jeanne doesn't have much patience with people who become perennial types, the ones who never vary their dress from day to day. "Anything that becomes a constant repetition," she said, "also becomes lifeless. Take the girl who fancies herself an outdoor type, for example. She thinks she is great at the beach or on a tennis court, but when it comes to a formal dance she feels awkward and rather out of place.

"There is absolutely no need for this," she said. "A girl should learn to suit her dress to the occasion and feel at home by capturing the mood of her surroundings."

This was Jeanne's way of saying that if a woman appears on any occasion without being armed with the right mental attitude, she is going to be a social flop regardless of how well she is dressed. Jeanne also pointed out in favor of a woman trying an occasional change in pace in order to make an impression, and her comment was backed up by her own recent experience of cutting her long hair. She said she had gone for years with the conviction that she would not look attractive with short hair, but she dared to cut it off because she had to in order to appear more sophisticated for the lead in "People Will Talk."

"The same thing can be achieved in a minor way," she said, "by a woman going out and buying herself a red dress or a new hat. A change has a decided effect on a female, and one she often doesn't anticipate. I dreaded to look at myself when I had my hair cut, but now I am so pleased with it that I am going to keep it short for a while anyway."

"This is just another way of saying," she observed, "that some of us are born with the right hats that show up on the outside of us as glamour, while others have to educate themselves into the ways of good taste. And I'm not so sure but that those of us who have to work from the inside out aren't better dressed, because we know absolutely what we are doing and, therefore, have more assurance and the poise that comes with it.

Regardless of which way the conversation turned, Jeanne always came back to her central conviction that glamour is an inside job. She personalized this when she pointed to her favorite glamour boys in pictures, especially in the case of Gregory Peck.

"Greg may not have Adonis-like features," she said, "but no one can say he isn't glamorous. And look at girls such as Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan. They carved themselves a niche in pictures during a time when the accepted idea of glamour was different from what they are."

Jeanne's concluding shot was that the thing which makes you glamorous comes from the inside of others as well as from the inside of yourself if you learn to be glamorous at all. Since with most of us the acquisition of this elusive quality is a trial and error method, she stressed that we would do well not to worry so much about what we think but about what others think of us.

"Your opinion of yourself is secondary when you consider that, after all, you are dressing and acting to please others," she concluded. "You may think you are knocking another person's eyes out with a new hat, but it would be a much greater compliment for that person to tell you that you look wonderful instead of saying it about your chapeau. If he did the latter, you could consider that he was looking at you and not at the head-piece—and that's what I mean by accentuating glamour."
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By Alan Ladd
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Honesty in Marriage............................... Alan Ladd 24

“there is one rule no marriage can be satisfactory without”
Willing, Ready And Ever So Able.................. Kate Holliday 26

Sally Forest and that nothing was too hard for her, and proved it.
Casual Miss Bates.................................... Helen Hendricks 33

Even stars who doesn’t get Barbara out of usual style
A Life Of Your Own.................................... Vera-Ellen 38

“Girls should leave home if they’re ready for it, but price of freedom comes high”
I’m Tired Of All The Talk”............................. Tricia Hurst 40

Marion Brando’s unique qualities have been a hot subject for Hollywood gossip
To Love And Be Loved............................... Jerry Asher 44

Valentina Cortesa found Latin warmth matched in love of Ohoan Dick Basterhart

EXCLUSIVE COLOR PHOTOS

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About................... Lynn Bowers 10

Your Guide To Current Films.......................... Rahna Maughan 14

Newsreel.................................................. 19

Mrs. Tony Curtis! (Janet Leigh)........................ 31

Triple Plus Appeal (Marilyn Monroe)..................... 36

Women, Women Everywhere................................ 36

Flight To Fame (Janet Leigh)............................. 42

Doctor Cary.............................................. 48

SCREENLAND Salutes The Gary Merrill's................ 50

THE HOLLYWOOD SCENES

PRETTY AS A PICTURE.................................... Marcia Moore 29

Hair Styling And Personality.......................... 46

SMART SHOES FOR WORK OR PLAY..................... 52

Best Face Forward...................................... 54

ON THE COVER, BETTY GRABLE, STARRING IN “MEET ME AFTER THE SHOW,” 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

OCTOBER, 1951

PUBLISHED BY J. FRED HENRY PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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Betty Hutton jokes with Mr. and Mrs. Jerry
Wald at Emil Coleman opening at Mocambo.

By Lynn Bowers

MAYBE it was Fate, but at the same
time Betty Hutton was recovering
from some minor surgery on
her vocal chords which made her almost
speechless, she and Norman Krasna
(half of the fair-haired production team
of Wald-Krasna) met and started mak-
ing with the quiet date department.
Betty’s two little girls were thrilled to
death over their flower-girl dresses, made
by Paramount’s designer, Edith Head,
which they wore at the wedding of
Peggy Cobb (daughter of the Brown
Derby Cobbs) and Christy Walsh, Jr.
And around the same time Ted Briskin,

Donna Reed watches as hubby Tony Owen kiss-
es Esther Williams hello at Romanoff party.

Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner at premiere
of “Show Boat.” She’s one of film’s stars.

Joan Crawford is besieged by fans on leaving
Mocambo. She’s now designing women’s suits.

Says model Dolores Parker:
“My hair must always
look ‘pretty please’”

her camera curls stay free
of broken ends with

Betty’s ex. was madly in love with star-
let Penny Edwards.

There are at least two schools of
thought on everything the unpredictable
Shelley Winters does. One school deals
with what she says she’s going to do,
the other with what she does. As of this
writing, Shelley claims she is NOT going
to marry Farley Granger, which means
she probably will—or has. Maybe, she
allows, she’ll go to Europe when he does
but maybe she won’t if a really good
picture comes along. Anyway, Shelley
showered her favorite fellah with pres-
cants on his 26th birthday and among the
gifts was a handsome set of luggage for
the European trip and a silver poodle,
not for the trip

According to equally conflicting rumors,

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Mocambo. She’s now designing women’s suits.

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Joan Crawford is besieged by fans on leaving
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At Romanoff’s after “Show Boat” premiere, Mervyn Le Roy congratulates Kathryn Grayson.

Frankie Sinatra and Shelley got along fine—or didn’t—making “Meet Danny Wilson” at U-I. The duet they sing together ought to be something, and we hear Shelley does right fine in the canary division.

While Frankie was busy on this picture, his gal, Ava Gardner, wound up “Lone Star” with Clark Gable at MGM, vacationed in Acapulco, redecorated her new beach house, had a whirl in New York and went to North Carolina to see her relatives.

Anthony Dexter has never been able to understand why women like to go shopping and try on dresses after they’ve spent five hours doing it. He is even more bewildered now since he’s spent five hours...and-dance routines and come back when a tempting picture is tossed her way. Same goes for Ty Power, who mixed two pictures on the same lot.

Bob Mitchum is on a new kick and has been entertaining the east and crew of RKO’s “The Racket.” Seems his maid introduced him to some Negro spiritual records while he and Mrs. M. were dining at home one evening. Mitch was so busy about them he bought a flock of platters and took them to the studio to play between takes.

Pat Wymore, Mrs. Errol Flynn to you, is not a girl to be idle. So she is studying agricultural books like mad to learn the fine points of raising wild game, like pheasants and partridges, on the woods.

Rhonda Fleming with Henry Willson at Mocamo. John Payne is still in the picture, too.

Hollywood. On her trek, Annie met about a hundred Irish relatives, saw the cottage where her mother was born, milked a goat. But the highlight of her trip was an audience with the Pope in Rome.

Don’t make any bets on when Betty Grable comes back to work at 20th Century-Fox. The gal who took a suspension for the first time since she signed with the studio is loving the life of a housewife, but the odds are she’ll get lonesome for the hubbub of the song-

Ann Miller and Dan Dailey dance together at Romanoff’s. She recently injured her back.

Van Heflin greets Celeste Holm at premiere of U-I’s moving drama, “Bright Victory.”

Ann Blyth, all dewey-eyed from her exciting trip to Europe, says the nicest thing about it was getting back home to
Farley Granger and Shelley Winters are still having a big time together, here at Mocambo.

part of the Flynn estate. Maybe this hobby stems from having been raised in Western Kansas where the pheasants are thicker’n oil wells. You’re apt to see quite a bit of Pat on the screen. She has two pictures cookin’ at Warners— “Starlift” and “The Big Trees,” with Kirk Douglas as leading man in the latter one.

John Lund’s a happy fella these days. Seems he got real fed up with the city slicker characters he’s been doing on the screen so he broke out of the corral at Paramount and trotted over to Universal-International where he was welcomed and given two Western pictures, one called “Battle Of Apache Pass” and another one “Bronco Buster.” Apache Pass” kinda puts another guy, Jeff Chandler, in a rut. He’ll be the Indian.

Lovely Marilyn Maxwell, in studded satin gown, with Arthur Loew, Jr. at the Mocambo.

Cochise, again—you’ll remember please that his portrayal of Cochise in “Broken Arrow” earned him an Academy nomination a couple of years ago.

* * *

MGM is beginning to look like Broadway these days. Three top names from the three top musicals running in New York are doing pictures on the lot, on leave of absence from their hit shows. Vivian Blaine, who for years couldn’t get (Please turn to page 72)
"For this woman—David, the Lion of Judah, conqueror of Goliath, broke God's own commandment!"

Soon

20th Century-Fox presents the Warrior... the Woman... the World of

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA

a color Technicolor

starring

GREGORY PECK

MGM

RAYMOND MASSEY • KIERON MOORE

and a cast of many thousands!

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By

Rahna Maughan

Jane Wyman is flabbergasted when Bing Crosby, to whom she was once engaged, pops up with a couple of war orphans for her to mother in the very merry "Here Comes The Groom."

Ethel Barrymore finds an unexpected ally in Betsy Blair, another victim of the impoverished but suave and scheming Maurice Evans, in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's superb drama, "Kind Lady."

Strictly Dishonorable

The picture gets into the wrong hands and Pinza is going to be blackmailed to his handsome eyeteeth. A zippy comedy with hectic whoop-de-do and hilarious results.

No Highway In The Sky

PAYS tribute to the unknown heroes of civil aviation—scientists who, without fanfare, work to lessen the hazards of medicament.
of aviation. James Stewart, a fuddy-duddy mathematical genius, is certain that a new type plane operating on a trans-Atlantic passenger run is due to crash after 1,400 hours of flying time. One of the fleet did crash mysteriously, but not enough wreckage was salvaged to bear out Stewart’s calculations. He is sent to the origin of the crash in hopes of finding proof positive. On route, via his first plane trip, Stewart meets actress Marlene Dietrich and stewardess Glynis Johns. Another interesting development is that Stewart is closer to his problem than he ever imagined. He’s flying in one of the ill-starred planes, and according to his figures, he, Marlene and Glynis have only a few hours of living time.

**Rich, Young And Pretty**
*(Technicolor)*

**MGM**

BECAUSE his wife, Danielle Darrieux, left him and their youngster to return to her native France, Wendell Corey has a dislike for France and her fun-loving citizens. It is, therefore, with some trepidation that years later Corey returns to the Continent accompanied by his now grownup daughter, Jane Powell. Jane, who’s been told that her mother is dead, shows an alarming affinity toward Paree and one Parisian in particular, Vic Damone. While Papa is tearing his hair out, Mother, whose identity Jane doesn’t know, is hovering around like a sexy, glamorous angel and is using all her feminine powers to nudge the romance along. It’s a wonderful first movie for Damone—cute romance, sparkling

**Jane Stewart's dire prediction frightens Marlene Dietrich in “No Highway In The Sky.”**

**“I made the big play at the Army game!”**

“Jim and I’d been dating since his Cadet days. So when he invited me back for a football weekend, I thought, ‘Nancy, this is your chance’... We watched the game in a freezing rain. Even without gloves I didn’t mind. I had my Jergens Lotion to soften my hands for the dance that night.

**Barbara Bates is menaced by escaped convict Richard Hylton in “Secret Of Convict Lake.”**

“Jim and I kissed me and whispered, ‘you’re such a softie—could you stand the life of an army wife?’

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Iron Man

Universal-International

AFTER it's learned that Jeff Chandler can hold his own in the fight ring with any man, his days as a coalminer are over. Goading him to be a full-time fighter are Evelyn Keyes, his wife, and Stephen McNally, his older brother. The idea of the money appeals to Chandler, but the fact that he's capable of actually killing a man in order to win makes him fearful. Evelyn and McNally win out. Chandler becomes a champion and has everything that goes with it except one thing. The public hates him and his dirty ring tactics. It requires a match between Chandler and Rock Hudson, his ex-sparring partner and friend, to shift public opinion to the killer's side. A tough fight film that shows a different type of "hero."

Here Comes The Groom

Paramount

IRRESPONSIBLE foreign correspondent Bing Crosby is never around long enough to change Jane Wyman's status from his fiancée to his wife. Naturally, after three years of waiting, Jane becomes a trifle impatient. She finally re-
Claudette Colbert befriends Ann Blyth, condemned murderer, in "Thunder on the Hill."

lents and takes up with her boss, Franchot Tone, a millionaire and Social Registerite. A week before Jane and Tone are to be married, Crosby puts in a belated appearance with two young war orphans. If he doesn't marry Jane at once, the children will be taken from him. So, the chase is on, and with Jane as the victor's trophy, the wicked sportsmanship, fine art of double-cross and nasty maneuvers are a delight to watch. This also stars Alexis Smith and Robert Keith, two very worthwhile additions to a worthwhile fun fest.

Kind Lady

MGM

A n elderly and extremely wealthy dowager, Ethel Barrymore, befriends impoverished artist Maurice Evans. His charm and cunning wear down Miss Barrymore's natural caustic reserve, then because she's touched by his plight—a gentleman turned almost beggar—allows her kindness to sway her better judgment. Through a ruse, for which Evans uses his terrified wife and their baby, they become guests in Miss Barrymore's home. In a short time, two more undesirable strangers arrive—Keenan Wynn and Angela Lansbury. Surrounded by this bevy of evil characters, Miss

(please turn to page 70)

Greer Garson and Michael Wilding are partners in crime in "The Law And The Lady."

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"This is the story of Operation Mink --and how to get one! (Never mind the gag about how the minks get them!)

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Screenplay by KEN ENGLUND • Original Story by ROBERT HARARI
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Above: June Haver takes time off for an ad lib interview with commentator William Tusher in her dressing room. She'll soon be seen as Bill Lundigan's wife in 20th Century-Fox's uproarious comedy, "Love Nest," June's first black and white film.

Left: Dr. Peter Lindstrom and his 12-year-old daughter, Pia, leave on the Queen Mary for Sweden where Pia's mother, Ingrid Bergman, will meet them. Ingrid leaves new husband Rossellini in Italy for the first meeting with her daughter in two years.

Right: Jubilant Danny Kaye returns to the United States aboard the Queen Mary after a successful European trip. In London, he went into his spine-ricking act at the Palladium for third time, lining up more and more Britishers as ardent Kaye fans.

Below: Jane Russell, who recently took up painting as a hobby, was highly flattered when asked to display her first painting, Geisha Girl, at California Bank in their Paintings By The Stars series. She's congratulated by Vice-President Ben Odell.
Joan Crawford, Earl Blackwell greet Russell Nype, Ethel Merman at Joan's gala Bon Voyage party for friends at Pen and Pencil Restaurant in N. Y.

Left: Janet Blair, now star of Chicago's "South Pacific;" M. Sean O'Shea at Pump Room.

Right: Ann Blyth arrives in N. Y. after film-making in England and tour of Continent.

Left: Dane Clark, Rex Harrison chat with Queen of the Press Photographers' Ball, Jane Wurster, at Gotham's Little Club.

Right: Among those at Joan's midnight Bon Voyage party were Pen and Pencil host, John Bruno, TV star Sid Caesar.
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this slim new purse compact...it could be you
and your lucky star laced in frosty white against
a sky blue heaven! So enduring, too... (thanks to
new miracle plastics) even though it's light as
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foundation and powder in one!
Sparkling, vivacious Debbie Reynolds is the most original thing that ever hit Hollywood

By Ruth Cummings Rowland

There's no doubt about it. The most irresistible, adorable, irrepressible teenager in Hollywood is Debbie Reynolds. She has just turned nineteen, but you wouldn't believe it. She looks more like a pixie, dressed in her blue jeans, her red plaid shirt and her father's baseball cap, having the time of her life perched perilously on the top rung of a ladder, giving the house a brand new coat of paint.

It wasn't so long ago that the Reynolds' financial position made it necessary for them to paint the house for themselves. But today, with the sudden and wonderful success that has come to Debbie ... with the royalties from her records, her new contract with MGM, her pictures in every magazine in the country, her lovely face on the cover of Life ... with her future looking so brilliant and her stardom assured, Debbie could certainly afford to let someone else do this tedious job. But not on your life! She wouldn't miss the fun for the world. (Please turn to page 58)
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by Max Factor

HOLLYWOOD

Would you like your complexion smoother looking... with more natural color... with a lovelier softer glow? Pan-Cake, the complexion secret of Hollywood's loveliest stars, is your answer... because in just seconds Pan-Cake Make-Up veils your skin with the lovely complexion beauty you've always dreamed of.

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Name
Address
City
State
Age

COMPLEXION
Fair...\[\text{Creamy}\]...\[\text{Ruddy}\]...\[\text{Sallow}\]...\[\text{Normal}\]

Medium...\[\text{Blondish}\]...\[\text{Flushed}\]...\[\text{Neutral}\]...\[\text{Sallow}\]

Oily...\[\text{Blondish}\]...\[\text{Flushed}\]...\[\text{Neutral}\]...\[\text{Sallow}\]

SKIN
Normal...\[\text{Blondish}\]...\[\text{Flushed}\]...\[\text{Neutral}\]...\[\text{Sallow}\]

Dry...\[\text{Blondish}\]...\[\text{Flushed}\]...\[\text{Neutral}\]...\[\text{Sallow}\]

EYES
Blue...\[\text{Hazel}\]...\[\text{Gray}\]...\[\text{Brown}\]...\[\text{Green}\]...\[\text{Black}\]

HAIR
BLONDE...\[\text{Light}\]...\[\text{Dark}\]

BRUNETTE...\[\text{Light}\]...\[\text{Dark}\]

BROWN...\[\text{Light}\]...\[\text{Dark}\]

REDHEAD...\[\text{Light}\]...\[\text{Dark}\]

GRAY...\[\text{Light}\]...\[\text{Dark}\]

LASHES (Girl)

Hair...\[\text{Light}\]...\[\text{Med}\]...\[\text{Dark}\]

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Honesty In Marriage

"No two marriages are exactly alike . . . but there is one rule no marriage can be satisfactory without"

By Alan Ladd

Sue and Alan Ladd maintain a spirit of adventure. His next picture is Paramount's "The Rage Of The Vulture."

"If a husband's first reaction when he hears a bit of news is, "I must tell my wife right away," little can go wrong with the marriage—if wife is at home to answer the call."

Alan and Sue. "The sex of an individual has nothing to do with his need to be loved, to feel important in some respect, to seek security and to search for many new experiences."

The Lads step out. "Sue and I run our bank account like our conversation: 50-50. But she insists I keep the veto power about major investments—satisfying experience for a man."

Marriages are like human fingerprints: no two are exactly alike. This fact may explain one of the great difficulties experienced by social authorities who try to set up blueprints for matrimony. The exceptions are more numerous than the rules. I am not so foolhardy as to think that the partnership which Sue and I have built through the years could be copied by any other couple. To make the same formula work, the man would, heaven help him, have to be exactly like me, and the woman would have to be Sue's duplicate. Naturally enough, I think the mold was broken after Sue was manufactured.

However, there are certain principles in which we believe. Just as the sun rises in the East and water freezes at 32 degrees, even in Hollywood, there are some axioms of human relations which might as well be accepted without argument.

We believe that no marriage can be permanently satisfactory unless husband and wife practice complete honesty with one another. By complete honesty, I don't mean that a man should search the dictionary for four-letter Anglo-Saxon words (Please turn to page 53)
Paris Fashion
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FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

JANIS CARTER
costarring
R.K.O. "Flying Leathernecks"

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Willing, Ready
And Ever So Able

Sally and Vic Damone between scenes of MGM's
"The Strip." She began dancing at age of five.

With her boy friend, Milo Frank, at premiere. She was a model before coming to Hollywood.

Brand new star Sally Forrest said that nothing was too hard for her, and proved it!

By Kate Holliday

During break, Sally poses for camera friend Vic Damone. She gave dancing lessons to WACS and WAVES when she was only thirteen!

MISS SALLY FORREST is currently out to prove that a cinema maiden need not necessarily be typed. She's very blissfully pursuing a double career.

Once upon a time, Sally was only a dancer, as you may know. Then Fate walked in in the person of Ida Lupino, and overnight Sally was making like a serious actress. Right now, she has decided that there is no reason why she shouldn't alternate her fields and win laurels in both.

Very few gals in pictures have done this successfully, I might add. In fact, the only one who has even attempted it in recent years is, I think, Ginger Rogers. For it's a tough proposition to be really good in pure drama as well as in musicals.

If it can be done, I would say that Sally is the wench to do it. For, behind a delicate, fragile face she possesses both intelligence and determination.

She's an unusual girl. When you see her, she seems so tiny and so feminine that you expect her to do nothing more strenuous than pour tea at an afternoon social. Her hair (Please turn to page 28)
Lefl: Sally investigates camera technique. Besides continuing dancing and dramatic lessons, she has begun taking singing lessons.

Sally, Red Skelton are romantic twosome in "Excuse My Dust." Her naturalness is captivating.

Right: With Bill Lundy in "Excuse My Dust" number mixing boogie and ballet. "It was the most exciting dance I've ever done."
is red-gold and curls sweetly around a thin face which is brightened by blue-grey eyes. She is a mere five-two and weighs in at only 106.

But don’t let that fool you. For they will tell you at both MGM and RKO, where she just made “Hard, Fast And Beautiful,” that once you start Sally on something you practically have to bash her with a baseball bat to get her to stop.

She admits this, a little ruefully.

“You know, there have been a lot of stories about how I got that part with Miss Lupino,” she told me. “Here is what really happened: my agent heard that she was looking for a girl for ‘Not Wanted’ and suggested that she see me. She was working from her house at the time, so we went up there. I read-one scene and Miss Lupino seemed to like it. As I left, I told her that nothing was too hard for me, that I would work all night if she wanted me to.

“My agent took me out to the car and drew back to the house to hear the verdict. I sat there going slightly mad, of course. And, finally, fifteen minutes later, he came out and told me I had the part. It was as simple as that.”

Knowing Lupino myself, I would suggest that Sally’s little speech about not being afraid of work had much to do with it. For Ida is that sort of a lady herself.

On that fatal day, incidentally, another facet of the Forrest philosophy was in evidence.

I asked her if she had been scared, reading for Lupino.

“No,” she answered, honestly. “You see, I have always felt that if something was supposed to happen it just would happen. And that day, while I did my work, it was really out of my hands. So there was no reason to get shaky.”

This, ladies and gentlemen, comes from the mouth of a girl who has just turned twenty-two. Maybe now you’ll agree that she’s not the run-of-the-mill Hollywoodian.

Actually, she’s not a Hollywoodian at all. She was born and reared in San Diego, where her father was a 30-year Navy chief bosun’s mate. And it was in San Diego that things began to happen for Sally.

Sally’s mother started giving her dancing lessons when she was a mere five, to which the child took like the proverbial duck. By the time she was in grade school, she was studying seriously with a local teacher and was becoming a specialist in ballet.

Came the War and Sally herself began to give lessons—to help pay for her own. At thirteen, believe it or not, she had classes of WACS and WAVES who were stationed in the city, girls much, much older than she who wanted to lose weight or make like Pavlova or something. Oddly enough, Sally says, her own immaturity seemed unimportant to these ladies. They took orders as if she had been forty.

At this stage, Sally was a busy little (Please turn to page 61)
Jane Powell and Wendell Corey in a party mood in MGM's "Rich, Young And Pretty." Jane wears dress with short, full skirt. Fitted midriff flatters a pretty waistline.

Our copy of Jane's frock. Shown here in black lace over shrimp-red satin. Also comes in all black or black over peacock. Price is $25. In sizes 10 to 16, 9 to 15.

Dress may be purchased at:
J. L. Hudson, Detroit
The Hecht Company,
Washington, D. C.
R. H. Macy, New York
The Fair, Chicago

Photograph by Harold Krieger, Dress by Barbara Dance Frocks.

Screenland Fashion Selections

by Marita Moore
A routine publicity visit to New York was transformed into a thrilling wedding trip for bright new stars Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis. In order to avoid any fuss, they eloped to Greenwich, Connecticut, taking along Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Lewis as best man and matron of honor and a few other close friends. After the solemnity of the ceremony ended, Jerry's gags heralded a week of laughter, fun and one exciting party after another; a wedding luncheon, an official reception at the Versailles and a wedding dinner at Danny's Hideaway before Mr. and Mrs. had to separate, but only temporarily.

Mrs. Tony Curtis!

Newlyweds listen to some pointers on how to stay happily married despite necessary separations from Czech star Florence Marly, happily wed to Director Pierre Chenal.
HOLLYWOOD'S latest exhibit of triple plus sex appeal, luscious Marilyn Monroe, reaches new comedy heights in her latest 20th Century-Fox film, "Love Nest." It seems that Bill Lundigan comes home from the Army to find his wife, June Haver, has bought a ramshackle apartment house. He saves one apartment for his war buddy, Bobby, who turns out, of course, to be his old comrade-at-arms, ex-WAC Marilyn. Wifey doesn't take this too well, especially when she's mistaken for the janitor's wife! So Bill spends night in Marilyn's empty apt.—only he's the only one who knows it's empty. Running an apt. house isn't complicated enough—Marilyn's complicating glances confuse the issues even more. In fact, one glance at Marilyn and complications are guaranteed!

Marilyn's high voltage looks add spice to light-hearted comedy, "Love Nest."

Marilyn used to be a model. Once married, she's now concentrating on career.

Jack Paar is the guy who finally gets Marilyn in 20th's "Love Nest."

Marilyn plays the type of woman that can drive any man crazy—and does!
Above: The Foreign Legion upholds its reputation for love-making when romantic Burt Lancaster and lovely Jody Lawrence get together.

Below: Disguised as an Arab, Burt kidnaps princess Jody in Columbia's exciting "Ten Tall Men." She stabs others when they approach, not Burt.

Right: In this picture, Jody has the opportunity to run the emotional gamut from a spitfire full of hate to a woman with tender feelings.
“TEN Tall Men” is a fast moving adventure tale of the Foreign Legion which co-stars Burt Lancaster and a newcomer, Jody Lawrence, whose fiery acting and appearance have boosted her swiftly up the ladder of success to stardom. In film, Jody plays a Riff princess who is captured by Legionnaire Burt in hopes this will end the war. Jody tries many rough tricks to free herself and betray the Legionnaires, but after awhile, when the warm sands of the Sahara thaw her emotions she turns them on Burt.

Left: Jody has her hands full keeping Gilbert Roland and all the other Legionnaires away.

Below: Stephen Bekassy plays Burt’s superior officer, Mari Blanchard, the gal who gets Burt into trouble. The picture is strewn with luscious women.

Below right: Burt makes play for Mari, his lieutenant’s girl, and gets thrown into prison. He only gets out in time to be sent on a suicide mission.

Right: Alluring Mari is the type of girl to make men volunteer for suicide missions. But here, such jobs and incentives are all in day’s work.

Gilbert Roland and Kieron Moore occupy themselves in behavior fitting Legionnaires as their lieutenant stalks by.

Jody pits her strength against Burt as she surprisingly fights off his advances.
A Life Of Your Own

"I do think girls should leave home if they are honestly ready for it . . . but the price of freedom comes high and brings many problems"

I LEFT home when I was fifteen. But that doesn't mean that I recommend a wholesale departure of young girls from their family firesides. You see, my case was a little different.

Discussing a topic like this is tricky because whether or not a girl should leave home depends on many things. It doesn't necessarily depend on how old she is. The main consideration is the circumstances motivating such a move.

It wasn't so bad when I went out on my own—and because of my background. I'd always listened to and taken my parents' advice. We had a very close family group and discussed all of our problems together. Yet, I was never made to feel I had to conform to all parental wishes. I was given the right to be an individual and, as a result, my home was a stabilizing influence and not an oppressive one. I'm very grateful for the freedom I was given. I was allowed to shop alone and even to have lady-like dates when I was young. In fact, I remember dining out at a cafeteria with a boy. I was twelve at the time. My parents treated "Mother's advice when I left home was—don't do anything if you feel in doubt about it."

By Vera-Ellen
me with the same respect and understanding when it came to my career. Mother worked part time as a secretary in a dancing school to help me get lessons, and even grandmother took in sewing to lend a financial hand. My father, you see, worked hard but in a position which wasn't too lucrative. He wasn't too pleased about the career I'd chosen since he had rather conservative beliefs, but when he saw how important it was to me he put up no obstacles. Mother was actually the predominant influence since she gave me every possible encouragement when she saw I was doing well in my dancing and liked it.

Because of my parents' cooperation and because they were so trusting, I wasn't as worried as I might have been about going off with a Major Bowes road show company. I knew—and they did, too—that I would lead an exemplary life.

When I did make my move, though, I must confess I felt strange pulling away from Mother for the first time. Yet, she gave me no detailed advice—probably because she knew the advice she had given me in the past had sunk in. She simply said to follow one code: "Don't do anything if you feel in doubt about it." She hoped I would find time to go to church every Sunday, and added, "Don't do anything you'd be ashamed of if I were with you." My father also reminded me that I should take care of my health, get proper rest, give one hour on Sunday to church, and that I should conduct myself in such a way that no one could gossip about me. He felt that people would be only too glad to talk because of the career I'd chosen. As I said, he was of a conservative nature.

Being on my own wasn't the grand ball I thought it might be. I never had any sisters or brothers, so it was difficult at first to get used to rooming with another girl—and to having crowds around me all the time. Sometimes I'd get blue and lonely for home, but as a rule these moods would occur when I'd be rushing to put on make-up for a show or else hur. (Please turn to page 62)

"Happy Go Lovely" dance with Doug Scott. "Solving date problem is a matter of choosing the right company."
"I'm Tired Of All The Talk"

Marlon recreates his stage role of Stanley, Vivien Leigh's rough and ready brother-in-law, in Warners' "Streetcar Named Desire."

Marlon, with Kim Hunter, has chance to display his tender side as well as comic flair in "Streetcar."

Kim, playing Marlon's wife, also had role on Broadway. Marlon's now making "Viva Zapata" with Jean Peters.

Marlon, Vivien. In private life he's usually in jeans, collects mambo records.

With Nick Dennis. "I've learned to take what happens to people in my stride."
With Rudy Bond, Nick Dennis. There've been many wild reports about Marlon because he refuses to follow Hollywood traditions.

Marlon Brando's unique qualities have been a hot subject for Hollywood gossip

By Tricia Hurst

For the past year or so, Hollywood has come up time and again with the "I don't give a damn what anyone thinks"—back-to-nature type of actor. This variety is not to be confused with the "watch me flex my biceps" specimen. Not that the former don't possess the required physical measurements. They're just not interested in flexing the muscles.

Ever since movies began, the public has latched on to a certain type of actor, subject to change as the years skipped by. After Valentino, there was the "hygienic" or Rudy Vallee period; then the "ugly brute-dame beating" period as typified by Gable and Cagney; and then the "fragile trend" which introduced Sinatra as the popular lover. (This seemed to bring out the mother instinct in American womanhood.) From there, we progressed to the healthy post-War appreciation of the "boy-next-door" type which included Van Johnson and Glenn Ford. (I like to think of this as the pasteurized period.) After that followed the Robert Mitchum or "subtle evil stage," only to be topped by Mr. Ezio Pinza who started the trend towards the "middle-aged, understanding variety."

Then, a year or so ago, we progressed to the "I don't give a damn what anyone thinks" hero and, as far as I know, we are still keeping him at the top of popularity and box-office polls.

The unusual factor about these current "individual" heroes is that they have followed no set rules for gaining the public eye; on the contrary, they have done everything possible to avoid attention. Many will disagree with me by saying that the quickest way to get the limelight is to pretend it's the last thing in the world you want, but I am willing to make any bets and take odds as far as one young man is concerned.

Not a great deal has been written concerning Marlon Brando because he has appeared in only two films, "The Men," and "Streetcar Named Desire." But he's destined to become one of the hottest properties in Hollywood, a fact that will make (Please turn to page 67.)

Says Marlon, "No one can know how he'll end up, what he'll give in to. But I know what I'm going to fight against."
Green-eyed, auburn-haired Janice was in show business at 15, dancing in Chicago and N. Y. nightclubs. It wasn't until she sprained an ankle, stopped dancing temporarily, that she became interested in dramatics.

Janice and Gene are in working clothes. Prop fan will be replaced by big one in film. She's one of six children.

Gene balances Janice while she does a high-speed precision turn. She loves designing clothes, hates wearing them.
Janice and Gene's dance is one of the outstanding numbers in "Starlift." She is very energetic and hates to waste time in sleeping.

Although she's a dancer of considerable merit, Warners, recognizing her acting ability, are grooming her for stardom in dramatic roles.

Janice Rule, 19-year-old starlet, was blown into movies so fast she's still breathless. She was spotted after dancing in chorus of Broadway show, "Miss Liberty," given an audition, and the following day was winging her way to Hollywood! Before getting used to climate or camera, Janice was featured in "Goodbye My Fancy," and in second film, "Starlift," she dances with Gene Nelson.

Janice does an "attitude tall." After seeing ballet queen Danilova she was inspired to practice ballet six and seven hours a day.
To Love And Be Loved

Tiny, dark Valentina Cortesa found her Latin warmth matched in the love of blond Ohioan Richard Basehart.

When courting, Dick sent Valentina flowers daily with a card reading, as she had taught him, "Sempre tesoro"—"Always, my treasure."
Dick and Valentina met when they co-starred in 20th’s drama, “House On Telegraph Hill.” Valentina’s first American movie role was opposite Richard Conte in “Thieves’ Highway.”

TO THOSE who believe that marriages are made in heaven, the story of this particular one has heartwarming significance. Richard Basehart and Valentina Cortesa have every reason to believe, as all altruistic souls believe, that some kindly force guided the unerring hand of Providence. Their paths crossed. Their paths crossed when both happened to be at crossroads—those crossroads where the journey ahead in any direction is oftentimes problematical.

It’s a far and fabulous cry from Stresa, Italy, where the enchanting Italian actress spent her childhood, to Zanesville, Ohio, where the boy with the scholarly-sensitive face first saw the light of day. That Fate in the form of a movie should cast their lives together further enhances the magic melting pot of Hollywood. It all began one day when—

“Well, will you come into the studio to see me?” It was Director Robert Wise talking to Richard Basehart over the telephone. “I’d like to discuss the script of “House On Telegraph Hill.”

Richard, who had but recently completed “Fourteen Hours,” his first picture under his new 20th Century-Fox contract, came in. They discussed the script.

“By the way, who’s the girl in the picture?” Richard inquired casually. He hadn’t voiced his complete thought, but most Hollywood actors, and the newer ones especially, are understandably anxious to play opposite stars with box-office rating.

“Her name is Valentina Cortesa,” was the

(Please turn to page 17)

Dick, Paul Douglas. He rose to stardom as the neurotic suicide in “Fourteen Hours.” Right: Dick on location in Germany. This was their first separation since meeting.
If you're tired of the old you and yearn to change your personality as well as your looks, don't despair. It's easier than you think. All you need is a new hairdo. You'd be surprised what a visit to your hairdresser can do for you.

An upsweep makes an entirely different girl of Sally Forrest. With her hair combed up the pertness that's usually a part of Sally disappears and she unconsciously assumes a more sophisticated mien.

Right: The back view.

Hair Styling

Sally's hair is shoulder length which makes it especially easy to adapt to varied arrangements. When worn down she reverts right back to her young and vivacious self.

Right: As Sally's long hair looks from the back, it's parted in the middle, with loose waves, and curled under at neck. Sally's currently in the MGM film, "Banner Line."
Left: Shorter hair, like starlet Phyllis Kirk's, has a nice crisp look when worn off the neck. This modified upsweep can be achieved by just brushing up the sides and blending with back curls. Front has waved bangs across forehead.

Right: Phyllis achieves a completely different effect with her hair down and partially covering her ears. Prime requisite to hair beauty, of course, is cleanliness. For color highlights try a rinse; it'll do wonders for your hair and spirit.

Simple coiffures are best for Nancy Davis, but even those have a style all their own when arranged by a good hairdresser. Moreover, he will also see to it that your hair is cut properly.

A change in hairdo gives Nancy more poise, more confidence. It will do the same for you. Just put yourself in competent hands and presto—you'll be a brand new person!
Cary, as Dr. Praetorius, is completely convinced that in order to help the body a doctor must also help the spirit—a doctrine he has to fight to defend.

Only Mavis keeps you flower-fragrant, flower-fresh, alluringly feminine all over. This velvety imported talc, exquisitely perfumed, insures your daintiness... absorbs moisture, helps prevent chafing. With Mavis you are always your loveliest self.

Mavis Talcum

In a gesture of friendship, Cary offers a candy kiss to Jeanne Crain.

Cary in another scene in "People Will Talk," dramatic 20th Century-Fox film.

No Man Can Resist

Make your dreams come true...tonight! Thrilling things must happen to the girl who wears this dashing, lingering, unforgettable perfume. Just try it and see!

Blue Waltz perfume only 25¢
Cary's charm plus his vigorous defense of his ideas hold students spellbound.

Jeanne admits she's not married but it's okay with Cary for he loves her.

As Dr. Praetorius in "People Will Talk," Cary Grant shocks the faculty of the college where he lectures by his ultra-modern theories on treating illnesses. Adding to his troubles is Jeanne Crain, a young student who faints in his class. Cary realizes she not only needs a doctor but a friend as well and puts his theory to work. He helps Jeanne and eventually wins respect of colleagues.

Here's the New, Easy, SAFE way to lighten ANY shade of hair as little or as much as you choose!

Here's your chance to give your hair that wonderful lighter, brighter look! Nestle Lite lightens hair from 1 to 4 shades in a single application. It blends streaked and dyed hair... makes gray hair less conspicuous. And—it contains no ammonia, harsh alkalies or dyes of any kind to make your hair dry and brittle.

CONDITIONS AS IT LIGHTENS. Nestle Lite is the only hair lightener with the patented conditioning oil base (Patent No. 2283350). It leaves your hair soft, silky, glowing... wonderfully natural-looking without that dyed "paint-brush" look.

QUICK AND EASY TO APPLY. Just shampoo Nestle Lite into your hair. It forms a creamy, delicately scented "cap" of activated bubbles that covers your hair completely—no mess, no drippy liquid. Absolutely harmless...lightening action automatically stops.

Get a 4-application bottle of Nestle Lite today at drug and department stores, $1.00 (plus tax).

Don't trust to luck. Trust Lite... it's always RIGHT!

It's easy to be a Redhead

Give your hair a glorious henna, auburn or titian color with Nestle Egyptian Henna. Not a chemical dye, but a 100% vegetable product. Absolutely safe. At drug and department stores, 49c (plus tax).

This picture of Cleopatra identifies the GENUINE

Nestle EGYPTIAN HENNA
YOU'D think as happy and as in love a couple as Bette Davis and her husband, Gary Merrill, would have picked a real romantic vehicle for their first co-starring effort. But no, they've chosen an exciting murder melodrama in which they're both A-1 scoundrels. In the story, Gary pretends, with her consent, of course, he's Bette's husband after discovering she's poisoned him. Gary weighs down the victim with stones and dumps him into a lake. It is then that Bette announces the husband was not dead, merely drugged and declares that Gary is his murderer. You'll be intrigued at Bette and Gary's adept handling of suspense and action in their ruthless tale of murder, suspicion and vengeance.

Screenland Salutes
The Gary Merrills

Emlyn Williams toasts Bette and Gary Merrill with a "Here's long life to both of you," in scene in exciting "Another Man's Poison."
gal. She was not only going to school, but was doing some modelling in what little time she had left over from dancing. And one of the photographers took some shots of her which he considered pretty wonderful, so wonderful, in fact, that he shipped them to an agent friend in Hollywood. The agent wrote back that he would like to see Sally in the flesh any time she wanted to put in an appearance.

The day the War ended, Sally and her mother trekked North. The agent took one look, grabbed her by the hand, and hustled her to MGM. Did they need a lovely professional dancer, he asked? They eyed Sally and decided that they did, definitely. And so, kiddies, Sally was in pictures.

She began as a chorus girl, of course, and she was so good that she was promoted to assistant dance director. It was in this capacity that she was working just before she met Lupino.

After meeting Lupino—as so often happens in Hollywood—the same studio which had had her on the lot for years bought her contract and made her a star. It's ridiculous, but that's the way of the industry.

Also ridiculous is the fact that Sally is now taking dancing lessons like crazy, learning to do the particular type of thing which is MGM's specialty: modern stuff.

"In 'The Strip,'" she says, "I had to do two modern numbers—no ballet. And in 'Excuse My Dust!' I did a wonderful low-down blues routine with nine boys. It was the most exciting dance I've ever done and I loved it so much that I could hardly wait to get to the studio in the morning. But it was modern. And, believe me, I worked like a dog in rehearsal!"

Getting to the studio in the early dawn is a cinch for Sally, for she lives only a block from MGM.

Evidently, Sally's parents are as adventurous and confident as she is. For, when their daughter signed at MGM in the first place, they happily sold their house in San Diego, bought one in Culver City the same week, and moved North for good. Now, though Sally's status has changed completely, they all still live in the same spot. Can't see any reason for moving, they say.

I asked Sally how her parents, who had never been around the picture business before, took the news that she had been chosen for the Lupino picture.

"The same way they've always taken anything I did," she answered, laughing. "They were completely casual about it. Mother said something like, 'That's fine, dear.' Period. For, you see, she has the firm belief that I can do anything and probably will. She wasn't surprised in the slightest."

Mother is still as unconcerned over Sally's current stardom and its side effects. In the past few weeks, Sally has had her first days off for a year and has gone on a shopping spree. She bought dozens of hats and several beautiful for- mals, and, most important, a mink stole which is the light of her life. When she brought it home, her mother looked at it, smoothed it with her hand, and announced that it was very pretty. And that was it. For nothing was too good for Sally—even mink.

Meanwhile, Sally has been pursuing her double career, as I say. And doing it very well. She did a piece of straight acting in "Hard, Fast And Beautiful!" for RKO and has another dramatic role coming up at Universal, for which she has been loaned again by MGM, called "The Door," with Charles Laughton. She has been taking acting as well as dancing lessons and is truly serious about wanting to be able to play any role they throw her way.

I asked her if she had ever danced with Fred Astaire, who is, of course, on the MGM lot.

"No—and I'd love to, of course. You know, when I did that routine with the nine boys he used to come on the set almost every day and watch us. He was so delighted with the number that he made us do it again and again. And for him we would have done it all night!"

---

91% of Sailors and Marines

interviewed at San Diego, California, said:

"CAVALIERS are Milder than the brand I had been smoking!"

In San Diego, California, over 200 sailors and marines were asked to compare Cavalier Cigarettes with the brands they had been smoking. Their answers should be of interest to every smoker:

91% of these sailors and marines—yes, 91% of the smokers—said: Cavaliers are milder than their former cigarettes! And they'd been smoking all the leading brands!

Cavalier mildness has been proved in hundreds and hundreds of tests from coast to coast—among college students, phone operators, nurses and many other groups. 80% or more of smokers interviewed said Cavaliers are milder than the cigarettes they had been smoking!

Start enjoying Cavaliers. Priced no higher than other popular cigarettes!
Now that there are such flattering shoe styles with low heels, comfort can be rated as important in your selection of a shoe wardrobe as appearance. These styles have a dress-up air, are as appropriate for walking as for more festive occasions. Leading the parade of Vogue Shoes above is one of the neatest looking wedgies we’ve seen. This is a suede shoe with straps and platform of calf in matching color. The thin double straps fasten at the side to a calf-covered button. Black, brown, or navy, price is $9.95. Suede and calf are combined in the pair which follows. The high vamp hugs the foot, is flattering to the ankles. Shoes come in black, brown or navy with calf trim in matching or contrasting trim. At $9.95. Double straps add a new touch to low cut pump. Colors in suede or calf are black, brown and blue. Also in red calf. Price is $8.95.

Last shoe in the parade is suede with stitched cuffs of kid. We show brown with gold kid, but you can have almost any color trim on brown, black or blue suede. At $8.95. Shown at right is soft shoe with ties to circle the ankle and fasten in front. This costs $7.95 in suede, velvet or smooth calf. The pump below is made in both suede and kid. Price is $8.95. All shoes in sizes 4 to 10, widths small, narrow and medium. Drexel Hose, Bostonian Men’s Shoes. Photos by Harold Krieger.
Perhaps in preparation for an Astaire picture, Sally has now added to her chores the study of voice. (You tell me where she finds time for all this) She'll probably never make the Metropolitan, but they tell me that she'll soon be professional enough to warble in films.

The one outstanding thing I noticed about the girl is her complete naturalness. She's a star now. So what, she seems to say. She'll still be Sally Forrest.

This is no act, and I saw the proof of it in the MGM commissary when I lunched with her.

At least fifteen people stopped by our table and chatted with Sally a few minutes. They ranged from actors to dance directors to producers to electricians. All had a joke for Sally or a compliment or just a greeting. And she returned them, warmly, as if she really wanted to.

This sort of thing doesn't happen very often. And it was so obvious that Sally was really and truly liked that I began searching for a deeper reason than the surface one. Naturalness was one thing. But there was something more.

Then it came to me: what Sally had told Lupino was true. Nothing is too difficult, too strenuous. For, tiny as she is, Sally is a fighter, a double-threat one. And the world has always admired guts.

Honesty In Marriage

Continued from page 24

with which to describe his wife's relatives. He may have a few skeletons hiding in his own closet.

Honesty loses none of its strength by being coupled with courtesy. A man soon learns that if he calls another man names, he is likely to get his block knocked off. He learns to be conciliatory; it takes more time, but it saves the shape of the nose. This same considered honesty should be brought into a honeymoon house along with the electric toaster and the duplicated pair of hurricane lamps.

Honesty in practice demands that two persons be able to talk to one another. The strong, silent types may provide interesting heroes for books and motion pictures, but they are likely to be problem spouses. How do you to know what is going on in a human mind unless the operator of that mind gives you information? How do you to know whether you are pleasing or irritating a person who merely grunts in the same key no matter what his reaction?

Of course, talking out a marriage problem doesn't consist of one partner telling the other what is to be done, period, and the other partner sighing and saying, "Whatever you say, dear."

One of the great obstructions to matrimonial conversation is the idea held by some people that the minds, the emotions, the life aims, and the daily spiritual needs of a man differ greatly from those of a woman, and that such differences make conference and understanding impossible.
Dorothy Gray's new Date Bait miniatures come in two versions, one for school, the other for career girls. Our photo shows happy user in Suzy Brooks smart Date Bait dress.

Connie Nordin shows Ceri Bader a sample of the gift wrapping "magic" she has learned from a new booklet published by Crinkle-Tie, 2320 Logan Blvd., Chicago. Copies 10 cents.

As fashion-right for Fall as a banker's gray suit trimmed in velvet is new polished brass case for Pond's Lips. The cone shaped cap is a protector of the improved lipstick.

As fashion-right for Fall as a banker's gray suit trimmed in velvet is new polished brass case for Pond's Lips. The cone shaped cap is a protector of the improved lipstick.

Best Face Forward

And you're off to meet the new season with the good wishes of the beauticians

By Elizabeth Lapham

Tussy Medicated Lotion is a spot cover-up as well as a soothing make-up foundation.

We're all entirely too apt to think of October as the bleakest month of the year because it signals the coming of Winter. Actually, it would be a lot more realistic if we gave October credit for ushering in the gay season. It's the opening chapter of the pre-holiday period; the part that starts you off on a round of parties, dances, theatre-going with a new wardrobe of lush Autumn colors and new make-up to complement them. Beauticians have been working overtime and we're on duty to report on developments capable of starting you off with your Best Face Forward!

Make-up being the eye-catching affair that it is entitles it to star billing. Dorothy Gray's Date Bait takes the focal point of make-up, lipstick, and makes it into a conversation piece. The new-for-school Date Bait is a cute miniature school bag carton decorated with gay stickers of men's colleges—inside are two Dorothy Gray lipsticks attached to a felt pennant. The career Date Bait is a tiny bright red handbag, smartly saddle stitched. The lipsticks inside this one are attached to a memorandum card. In other words, a Dorothy Gray Date Bait do-up gives you a choice of two attractive presentations of her famous Portrait Pink and Red Trey, or Right Red and South American lipsticks—two colors in each package. (Please turn to page 69)

Fresh and spicy April Showers perfumes the fine deodorant talcum powder that Cheramy is introducing for your all-over protection.
The sex of an individual has nothing to do with his need to be loved, his need to feel important in some respect, his need to seek some sort of security, and his need to search for new experiences. Fortunately, Sue and I have always been able to talk to one another about everything. There have been many times when we have talked all night. Incidentally, there is a great difference between a discussion and a quarrel. We never raise our voices, never use discourteous terms, never forget that we are adults, each entitled to respect from the other.

I won't say that we have never had a quarrel, because thinking individuals are bound, on occasion, to reach different conclusions from the same evidence. Check the decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court, if you doubt me. Taking this into consideration, we have always tried to maintain a situation best described by that wonderful British phrase, "the loyal opposition." We may have been opposed on some issues, but this never altered the fact that we were loyal to one another. We remained, indivisibly, The Ladds.

Incidentally, in case I have begun to sound pretty solemn, I might as well confess that I have quite a complex experience of absolute honesty with me. This flaw in her character has been discovered only because of a flaw in my own: I am a snooper. On a rainy day, when Sue has taken the children to the dentist or on a shopping trip and our secretary has gone to town on an errand, I like to investigate desk drawers and read my way through dusty files. In this way I discovered that Sue manages to hide the bad reviews of my pictures. She is jubilant over my good notices and meets me at the door with them, but something seems to happen to the critical writings. That "something." I have discovered, is a system of filing them in the back of a little-used drawer in my secretary's desk.

Sue is tender-hearted. She can't bear to see someone hurt. Hiding a critic's blast does not come under the heading of complete wideness of honesty, but I suppose I might as well let it pass.

According to divorce statistics, one of the great trouble-causers in American marriage is disagreement over management of the family finances. Sue and I run our bank account the same way we run our conversation: fifty-fifty. She knows what the income is, how much must be set aside for taxes, how much must go into insurance, upkeep of the home, budgets for the children's education and so on.

Although each of us takes a small and equal personal allowance from the pay check, and in all other respects we try to regulate expenditures on a fifty-fifty basis, Sue always defers to my final decision about a major family investment. She insists that I keep the veto power; I think this is a satisfying experience for a man.

At Christmas time last year, for instance, we had decided to be economical. We were going to make no foolish expenditures, keep everything at a minimum, because we had just finished build-
ing and furnishing a new home.

As is customary in such cases, our three-year-old son, David, decided that he wanted a model automobile for Christmas. Sue did the shopping and found two: one was reasonably priced, one was expensive. She had both small automobiles sent out to the house and asked me to make the decision.

Oh well, suppose I did choose the expensive one. A boy never forgets his first motor-powered toy automobile, so it should be durable.

After Sue and I have been through a particularly expensive period in our lives, she always announces a new program of economy, "We'll have to be careful for at least six months," she says, looking very solemn. And for several weeks she goes through the house, turning off what she regards as superfluous lights.

After Christmas each year we move about in semi-darkness for months.

A well-known authority on domestic relations recently published an article entitled "Until Children Do Us Part." As might be expected, the theme of the article was that a marriage is jeopardized if the welfare of the family's children is placed, by either parent, above that of the other parent.

Children are so helpless and their needs are so clearly defined that it is sometimes easy to forget that their coming has not altered the very real needs of both parents. Great as the love of a child is, it can never really replace or compensate for the lost love of a mate.

Sue and I have tried never to lose sight of the fact that as much as we love our youngsters, they are individuals with lives of their own which they must live. We try to give them all the comforts, love and guidance of which we are capable, but their generation is not ours.

I have heard many a woman, when asked by her husband to accompany him on a business trip, answer tersely, "You know I can't go. I have the responsibility of the children and can't possibly leave them," in spite of the presence in the home of a competent nurse or grandmother who could be trusted with the physical care of the youngsters for a few weeks. Such a woman forgets that after the children have gone on to make their own places in the world, parents are left alone together. Whether this situation initiates a prolonged second honeymoon, or whether it results in two strangers facing one another across an expanse of lonely table, depends upon how the years of child-rearing have been spent.

Although Sue is an excellent mother, her welfare is her first consideration at all times. Conversely, I try to be a good father, but Sue's happiness is my greatest trust.

As I have said before, a system that works for one couple may not work for another. However, I always have found that one of the assets of our marriage which has given us many bright moments is that, in addition to being husband and wife, we are one another's best friend.

If a husband's first reaction when he hears a bit of news is, "I must telephone my wife right away," there is little that can go wrong with the marriage, particularly if the wife is at home to answer the call.

Also, if a wife never discusses her home problems and never reviews the shortcomings or peculiarities of her husband at her woman's club, or over luncheon with her closest woman friend, she is not likely, also, to have to tell her troubles to a judge.

In the matter of keeping confidence within a family, I think the average man is more reliable than the average woman. I seldom hear a man air his domestic difficulties; a man would rather discuss politics, sports, or professional problems. However, I must admit that a great many women have been uncomfortable listeners while a pretty dinner party companion has laid bare her troubled heart.

This sort of thing doesn't happen when both husband and wife regard their union as a closed corporation.

A funny thing happened several years ago when I was being interviewed by a newspaper reporter. I was asked when I was inducted into the Army. I gave it some thought, then answered, "We must have been inducted in . . ."

The reporter interrupted to ask, "What do you mean by 'We must have been inducted . . .?'"

I began to grin. I felt a little sheepish, but I had to explain that by "we," I meant Sue and me. Our association has been so close that when I went into uniform, I felt that Sue was also getting her basic training. I think I would have been guilty of the most delayed double-take in history if, when I came home on weekend pass, Sue had met me wearing khaki.

It would have seemed so logical that I might have taken it as a matter of course. I think this represents a fine example of comradeship within marriage.

Finally, it seems to me that an important element of satisfactory marriage is the maintenance of a spirit of adventure. Life consists of the four major adventures: being born, attaining maturity, marrying and dying. In the midst of these four, the average human being is privileged to experience an unlimited series of minor adventures. I am constantly impressed by the numbers of people who do not realize or profit by this fact.

Women, particularly, are inclined to think that marriage consists of settling down and working furiously to earn a home, a collection of fine furniture and a good car, and raising a family. The woman wants tangibles, and she does not intend to endure "shiftlessness" in her man.

In many such cases, the husband feels cheated by his relegation to a place as mere means to satisfy a woman's ambition. Denied his wife's comradeship in fresh experiences, he sets out—consciously or unconsciously—in quest of a comradeship less interested in the trappings of domesticity, more interested in the man himself.

Each of us is made up of a series of dreams. Some of the dreams, admittedly, are foolish, but in the midst of the nonsense there may be one dynamic, vivid idea that dominates everything.
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51
Joan Bennett raves about the New SITRUE TISSUES

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"Starring in MGM's "Father's Little Dividend""

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I couldn't wait for Papa to go on his two weeks' vacation so I could paint the house. You see, Papa just finished painting my room, and now I want to surprise him when he gets back. He's going to help me. She likes to paint as much as I do. Why, I'd rather paint than eat, and you know how much I love to eat," she said with a mischievous twinkle in her dancing eyes.

The Reynolds family have always had a wonderful time, no matter how little money they had. And Debbie has been brought up with this rollicking spirit.

"I've had the best time a kid ever had and I remember only happy, happy times. My mother was interested in all children, not only me. She became the leader of a Scout troop. All winter we used to have projects to work on, and then in the summer she took us all out camping in the mountains. Nothing like sleeping under the stars...and cooking your own meals...and going fishing and boating and swimming. Now I am co-leader of a troop. I guess I've won about every medal there is to win," she adds with a great show of pride.

I was only recently that she turned down the invitation of one of the most eligible young actors in town who wanted to take her to a fabulous party, because, as she told me, "How could I go? I had a meeting of my Scouts. I couldn't let them down. Besides, I'm not fond of big parties and nightclubs. I'd rather listen to Frankie Laine records with my gang and have lots of laughs."

This very natural, charming quality has endeared her not only to her fans, but to every kid on her block who knew Debbie when! She used to be Mary Frances Reynolds until the studio changed her name to Debbie...but her name is the only thing about her that has been changed. She still plays baseball with all the kids when she gets back from a strenuous day at the studio. But then, Debbie doesn't consider anything strenuous. She loves to work. She loves to play. She gets a laugh out of everything. She sparkles all over like a Fourth of July fireworks display. She's so full of energy and excitement and enthusiasm that everything she does, from rehearsing difficult dance routines with Gene Kelly for eight hours a day every day for their new picture, "Singin' In The Rain," learning new songs, being photographed, being fitted for costumes, and then dashing home so she can bat the last inning for the kids who live down the street from her...is just considered "having a ball" by Debbie. And "having a ball" in Debbie's language means that life is just a gay adventure.

It has always been a gay adventure for Mary Frances Reynolds, the little girl who lived in a modest little house on a modest little street in Burbank, and still does.

"I love this street," she told me recently as we drove down it, she, tooting the horn to all the kids who greeted her wildly with "Hi, Fran! How's the girl, Fran?" "I never want to move away from it. I love the big pepper tree in front of my house and the place in the backyard where the grass never grows because Papa was always teaching me baseball. You see, he used to be a baseball player before he moved to Burbank from Texas...and when my brother gets out of the Army, he's going into professional baseball, too."

It was only two short years ago that she was the best cheerleader John Burroughs High School ever had. She was the real college rah-rah girl. She was the baton-twirling little filly of all the parades.

In 1947 she made up her mind definitely to become a gym teacher. In 1948 she entered and won the "Miss Burbank" beauty contest. This changed the whole course of her life, although she insists very vehemently that should she not become a star on the screen, she will go back to her first love. At the moment, this presents a very remote possibility because Debbie Reynolds is being hailed now as the "brightest young comedienne who ever flashed across the screen." But she herself is not so confident about this future. It's that little.
Best to limber up meat grinders?

- Chicken bones
- Salad oil
- Bacon fat

When meat grinders balk—dose 'em with salad oil; keeps the food tasteworthy. Speaking of grinders, there's no ground wood in Kleenex tissues! So pure. No weak spots, hard particles!

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Timely Tips by Little Lulu

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No More Dull.
Colorless Hair
when you use

for everyone. She typed letters and sealed
hundreds of envelopes. She answered
phones. She helped the gardener plant
hundreds of flowers and mow the grass.
She even got a bang out of pruning the
trees. It was no uncommon sight to see
cute little Debbie Reynolds in her over-
alls digging up the weeds in front of Mr.
Warner's house. "To this day she doesn't
know why her industrious little gardener's
helper was actually one of his promising
young stars.

Even today, with her future looming
so brightly, she wouldn't hesitate at the
blink of an eyelash to pitch in and do
the same thing—that is, of course, if she
didn't have such a busy schedule since
her sensational hit. She's got more
bounce to the ounce than any other hu-
man being. She's been even able to get
a new musical act together with Carleton
and has entertained at the various hos-
pitals for the wounded soldiers back from
Korea. She's brought them the warmth
and the magic of her delightful per-
sonality.

But still she finds time to help her
good friend, Camille, with her career.
Debbie thinks that Camille is simply a
wonderful actress and has introduced her
to every director and producer on the
lot. She works harder on Camille's career
than she does on her own.

She couldn't quite understand the mir-
acle of her own success and feels that
Camille has so much more to offer, if only
someone would give her the opportunity.

"I've been awfully lucky," she insists.
"I was at the right place at the right
time!"

The "right place at the right time"
means to Debbie that she was in Jack
Cummings's office, the MGM producer,
when he was looking for a personality to
sing the Helen Kane song in "Three Lit-
tle Words." Her introduction to him was
a very unforgettable one. I'd like to tell
it in her own words, because it has never
been told before.

"When my agent took me to meet the
producer of 'Three Little Words' to try
out for the Helen Kane part, he took me
into a large office in which there were
several men. They had all come to hear
me sing. I sang and sang all afternoon.
Everyone listened. Some gave their opin-
ions, some suggestions, but I noticed
that one of the men just kept watching me
and said nothing. He just listened and
smiled. I kept on singing and he kept on
smiling. I just couldn't stand it any more.
So I suddenly turned to him and said,
"Well, what do you think, Laughing Boy?"
My agent nearly died when he realized
who I had addressed this flippant remark
to. It was after all to a producer, and I
guess I forgot, too, if I had known that 'Laughing Boy' was
Mr. Cummings, the producer of the pic-
ture. But he was wonderful—just burst
into hilarious laughter and gave me the
part.

"Gee—it was lucky for me Mr. Cum-
mings has a sense of humor—suppose he
hadn't?" She shudders, "Gee whiz!"
For Debbie knows better than anyone
else what these pictures have done for
her.

She has been able to buy a new 1951
Mercury, although she longs sometimes
for the 1939 Chevy she used to have
which cost all of twenty dollars and
which was upholstered in the most beau-
tiful plaid by her mother. She has been
able to pay off the mortgage on the house
she loves so much on that little street in
Burbank. She has been able to build a
new room for herself, a larger room with
lots of closets, by buying a new phonograph
and the latest records so the gang
can all come in every evening like they
used to and sit on her bed and play all
the songs and gab while her cat listens
to their laughter. Her name is Michael
O'Flaherty, the "cat with brains" as she
calls him, and who has the most dreadful
disposition because he bites her toe when
he's hungry. And then there's her dog,
Chips, the "I" dog as she is called, lying
all over the brand new chintz spread her
mother made her. Then there's all the
funny little toy monkeys—dozens and
dozens of them—she's got all over the
room. She's mad about monkeys and has
been ever since she was a tiny girl and
tried to go to Griffith Park and watch their
mischievous and amazingly human
antics. And then there's all the pretty
new clothes, the lovely pinks and blues
which she so generously shares with all
her friends when they're going out on
some special "date." Debbie adores those
colors more than any other.

I asked Debbie what her father says
about her success. She smiled like a little
girl, "Oh, Papa doesn't say anything—
not a thing. I just notice that some of
my photographs disappear, and I know
he's taken them down to the shop to
show the boys. But I don't let on I
notice it at all."

There's no question about it. She's the
most original thing that's ever hit this
town. I'm willing to wager right now that
fame and fortune and adulation will
ever turn her head. There's a rare qual-
ity of refreshing naturalness about her
... a blithe spirit ... a kind and gen-
erous nature. There's that eternal
Springtime about her that will make little
Debbie Reynolds a big star!

Casual Miss Bates

Continued from page 33

bigsaw all over again. She also has re-
cently been seen as an enamoured South-
ern girl whose parents forbade her mar-
raining in "I'd Climb The Highest Moun-
tain." She is currently laboring in her
first real comedy, a piece titled "Don't
Call Me Mother," Mother being Claud-
ette Colbert. Not to mention her role in
"The Secret Of Convict Lake."

As you may have already, Barbara is
hitting her stride. And her bosses at
20th Century-Fox believe that she will
ultimately find her name in lights of rare
brilliance. Thus, it is said to remember
that she has an Achilles heel.

Barbara, I must tell you, has a memory
of the very worst sort. She not only can
remember faces, even you and I, but
she recalls the names which go with them.
Even more horrible, she can remember the lines of scenes which she played two and three years ago. And, most terrible of all, to me, she can recite glibly the telephone numbers of school chums she has not seen in eight and ten years.

This, you will agree, is not only almost indecent, but downright frightening. For any girl whose brain is so equipped is a definite threat to the rest of the females in the country. And were Barbara otherwise not such a nice wench, I would suggest immediate steps to have her locked up.

The only bright side of the picture is that Barbara is, in private life, Mrs. Cecil Coan and very happy about it. Her spouse is a public relations man whom she met and wed when she first came to Hollywood seven years ago. Currently, they have a house near 20th, a yawl named The Barbara on which they brave the Pacific periodically, and a contour chair which is the delight of their souls.

She is one of the prettiest girls who ever entered the sacred precincts of Hollywood. And one of the most unmovie-starish. She’s five-four; a slim, graceful five-four. Her short hair is light brown and her eyes are an odd grey. Her face is the only one I’ve ever seen for which the adjective chiseled is legitimate. Particularly in profile, her features are crisp and strong. And her skin would make the guys who write soap commercials go absolutely insane.

Besides all this, Barbara has a trick of wrinkling her nose when she laughs—a trick she does not realize she does, by the way. And, in a quiet fashion, she has a brain which does not dwell twenty-four hours a day on herself and her career. This, you will grant, is refreshing.

I found I liked her very much when I recently had lunch with her. That is worthy of note, for it cannot always be said about film ladies. And perhaps one reason why it could be said is that Barbara, though now very pleased that she’s in pictures, takes the industry with a certain amount of casualness.

When I met her, she was enthused about the fact that she was finally to be in a modern-dress film. Previous to her stint with Claudette Colbert, you see, her assignments had featured costumes which weighed in at twenty pounds apiece and were boned until she couldn’t breathe, plus hair additions which caused her to have a headache nine nights out of ten.

"With all those period things," she said soberly, "I began to feel like a character actress before my time." Then she grinned with delight. "But in ‘Don’t Call Me Mother,’ I have the most beautiful clothes you ever saw. Renee did them, and they are wonderful. I have TEN changes!"

One result of this will probably be that the public will not recognize Barbara when she appears in this picture. For she will at last look like herself.

This, I assure you, is no gag. Via: Recently, Barbara finished "The Secret Of Convict Lake," in which she played opposite Richard Hylton. Each morning while making the picture she was transformed into a gal from the Old West, complete with fancy hairdo and stays. Then she repaired to the set and worked.
A few days ago, she was walking across the lawn—alone. She ran into Hylton and said hello to him. He looked completely blank.

"He thought I was flirting with him," she said, sadly. "He didn't know me at all!"

It was Barbara's real appearance, of course, which got her into pictures in the first place. And thereby hangs a pretty fabulous tale.

The lady was born in Denver, Colorado, daughter of a Post Office official. She had two younger sisters, and with them her existence was completely normal and reasonably uneventful until 1944. By then she had drifted into modeling for a local store, which was good luck for the store. Her picture would appear in the Denver papers from time to time, showing her clad in ski clothes, fur coats, and so on.

Unbeknownst to her, a gentleman named Walter Wanger was conducting a contest to find beauties to appear in "Salome Where She Danced." He had dispatched minions to various portions of the country and instructed them to bring back likely prospects. One of the same happened to catch Barbara in a Denver newsheet.

Of the blue, she suddenly received a letter inviting her to Hollywood. After discovering that the proposal was on the level, she and her mother trekked West. At Universal, she was given what is known to the trade as a silent test, in which the victim is photographed while answering questions and idly chatting into thin air. This, in Barbara's case proved so successful that she was not only seen in "Salome," but given a contract with the studio.

And that's how you get into the picture business, kiddies.

Anyway, it often happens, Universal-International shortly underwent an internal revolution of sorts and Barbara's option was dropped. She had recently married, so she decided she could sit about for a bit and get her bearings. The sitting about, incidentally, involved taking a trip to New York with Cecil and there modeling for six hectic weeks for Harry Conover, to the tune of what she calls fabulous money!

Back in Hollywood, she signed with Warners and began receiving the build-up: she was named things and she did things which now have her a little hysterical. She was "Miss Grapefruit," for instance. She christened buses in downtown Los Angeles. She was the spirit of Hallowe'en, complete with broomstick, and rode skyrockets for the Fourth of July.

"I got so I'd start to giggle when the phone rang," she says now. "Every time the studio called me it was something worse than the last time!"

Did she ever make a movie, a real movie? Yes, I'm happy to say. She was the daughter who ran off and got married in "June Bride," and the pretty servant girl in "The Inspector General," with Danny Kaye.

When she told me of this last, I said, "But you said you've never done comedy. What about that one?"

She shook her head. "Danny was the comedy," she answered. "I was tragic—very tragic!"

One thing about all this, however, is that it began to be noticed that Barbara was unusually lovely in Technicolor. And such girls are hard to find, perhaps because the producers can't use as much makeup in that medium as in black-and-white. Thus, when Warners, too, underwent a sort of revolution, Barbara was promptly signed by Mr. Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox, a Technicolor connoisseur himself. This was accomplished with such precipitousness that, on the day Barbara was let out of Warners in the morning, she signed with 20th the same afternoon.

She seems very pleased with her current studio and they seem very pleased with her. They are building her carefully, giving her more and more important parts, and there is little doubt but that she will wind up with stardom.

Where did she learn to act? (And she does act, you know.) Simply, as many have before her, by doing it, by experiment, as she went along. It worked beautifully. She now can handle a scene with the best of them.

Away from the studio, there is Cecil, of course, who assiduously places every line written about her into giant scrapbooks, and there is the yawl at Newport Beach.

"I thought I knew something about sailing," Barbara says, "because we used to sail on a lake near Denver when I was a kid. But, until I met Cecil, I was completely in the dark about it. I hadn't the remotest idea, really, what it was all about."

"And now?"

"Well—"

We left it at that.

She's a nice girl, as you may be gathering, a very nice girl.

If only she could forget those ten-year-old phone numbers!

A Life Of Your Own

Continued from page 39

riddly packing to go on to another town, so I didn't have the time to dwell on my loneliness. Being busy, incidentally, is the best cure for homesickness I know.

I learned a good deal from being alone. For example, at home I had always eaten a balanced diet. With complete freedom, I went off on a spree of eating only my favorite foods—which consisted mainly of pork chops. I also began to stay out late—and that was a contrast to the early and regular hours I'd kept. Oh, I was a good girl, but it was definitely a new kind of life.

I had to think about finances, too. I once thought I could handle money as well as anyone, but I soon learned differently. I was always glad to see the end of the week come around and with it my check, because somehow I found money didn't go nearly as far as I thought it should. It was so easy to spend it on little silly things.
There were other incidents that arose, things that tempted me a bit. Once, some girls in the school got involved in a hair-dyeing routine. They were so blonde that they were almost platinum. They wanted me to dye mine, and for a while I was tempted. But I wasn't sure that Mother would approve (and I was also afraid my hair wouldn't grow back to its original color), so I passed up this temptation.

Perhaps the most significant lesson I learned was about boys. At home I'd felt free to invite my boy friends to the house at any time, so, at first, I could see no difference while on tour in asking a couple of boys to come see me. But I was reminded that there was a distinct possibility that the boys might not be like those back home, so I issued no invitations.

Such were a few of the things I learned from my two-months stay away from home.

I think most girls want to leave home too early. Usually, they want to leave because they want the contact with their parents they should have. They feel insecure and, as a result, turn to the wrong people for advice and then act accordingly—or, in a spirit of resentment, break away and go out to make their many inevitable mistakes with no one to guide them.

It's dangerous to leave home unless a girl has a firm foundation and is mentally mature. Otherwise, she gets into all kinds of difficulties and meets problems she's unable to cope with. She becomes lonely, even more insecure, and is an easy mark for the temptations that always confront a girl on her own. Suddenly, the independent she once thought so vitally important is meaningless and her life is pretty much of a mess.

Yet, I do think girls should leave home—if they're honestly ready for such a move—if they can only find an expression for their talent in this way. In some homes, parents object strongly to the career a girl has chosen, although I think such cases are in the minority. I can't believe that parents would be so stubborn as to refuse to recognize a daughter's talent or at least to listen to her views on the matter. Even if they don't agree entirely, a little concession on their part will help a lot, I think, in getting the girl off to a good start. My folks always reminded me that the career I had chosen wasn't their primary concern. Rather, the kind of life I would want to lead was the important thing.

In addition to the desire to express a genuine talent, it seems that girls leave home sooner if there is a divorce in the home—or if there is too much domination on the part of the parents. No girl can stand to have every hope and ambition stifled or trod upon. She can't help wanting to go out on her own then. But there is one trouble—girls who just want to be free are often unequipped to experience such freedom. If they proved they could combine independence with wise conduct, there would likely be less objection to their going out on their own where they'd have to be entirely capable of handling the responsibilities of free.
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sun,
seem to be indifferent to the results, naturally the boy is going to want to come up to your apartment. But if you make it clear that you’re not the type, the matter won’t be too difficult to handle. It all depends on how much control you want to have. A girl influences the course of an evening.

I may be old-fashioned, but I still believe that such things as the nocturnal apartment rendezvous are best delayed until after marriage.

Before a girl leaves home, then, she should ask herself these questions: “Is my will power strong enough in all respects for me to go out on my own?” “If it doesn’t work, will I admit it and go back home before trying again?” “Will I be willing to ask my folks and ask them for advice if problems get too difficult for me?” There’s no need, you know, to divorce yourself entirely from your family just because you take on the world alone. “Is the reason for wanting to leave to better myself or is it just to have the so-called freedom I may not be ready for?” If it’s just to do things your folks don’t want you to do, you’d better stay home because probably they’re right. “Am I really mature enough for such a move?” Think over these questions and then you should be able to decide for yourself.

This being on your own isn’t all fun—and don’t forget it. If it hadn’t been for my career I might never have made the step. Now I’m in Hollywood and am lucky enough to have been in such pictures as “Happy Go Lovely” and “Belle Of New York”—and I’m living with my family. Not that I’m home all the time because I’m not. No girl need stay by the bedside entirely. But after being on my own, I like this arrangement better. Me leave home now? I’ll leave that deal to others.

"I’m Tired Of All The Talk"
Continued from page 41

every one happy—every one, that is, except Mr. Brando.

In his apartment on West 57th Street one night, “Bud” Brando was the identical picture of what column-items and random gossip had painted. In jeans and a faded grey shirt, he sat cross-legged on the living room couch, jumping up every now and then to change a mambro record or get a cigarette. The apartment looked as if a cyclone had hit it, and through the French doors I saw one underdressed—looking young man—known to smarter night club goers as Wally Cox, one of the best connections to appear on the scene in a long time. Attired in little more than a hand towel—on him it looked good—he was working diligently on a play, and an occasional grunt or groan told you he was still breathing.

Spawled there on the couch, Marlon didn’t look as if he were about to have a complete nervous breakdown at any moment, but had the newspapers of the last two weeks or so been anywhere near right, Mr. B. should have been licking in a neat white straightjacket at a quiet country retreat. For in the short period of seventeen days, the following items had been flapped up by the ever-believing gossip-column-reading public:

“Marlon Brando has just had a mink-covered seat made for his motorcycle, which he rides aboard Broadway at eighty miles an hour.” (Brando wouldn’t know a mink if it walked up and bit him and, so for as eighty miles an hour—have YOU ever tried even getting your ear out of ‘first’ in congested Broadway traffic?)

“Marlon Brando is sharing an apartment with Montgomery Clift.”

“Marlon Brando is sharing an apartment with Elia Kazan.”

“Marlon Brando is sharing an apartment with his sister and her husband.”

“Marlon Brando is sharing an apartment with his ex- and present wife.”

“Marlon Brando is sharing an apartment with two ballet dancers from the City Center who dropped in for a short beer . . . with the credit manager from Abercrombie & Fitch, who happened by on the day inquiring about an unpaid bill.”

It was also reported that he was holding forth in a building on MacDougal Street which, for the record, is empty because the Health Department condemned it some years ago. (This had nothing to do with Mr. Brando and I only mention it as it’s a great address to give to creditors and people you don’t ever want to see again—that, or 10 Greenwich Avenue, which is the women’s prison.)

To continue a bit further with these quaint little tidbits which are continually cropping up:

“Marlon Brando sends his entire salary home, keeping only enough for his meals—which he eats at Riker’s on 53rd St.—and his mambro records.”

“Marlon Brando never eats anywhere but Humpty Dumpty in Greenwich Village, and always with the same mysterious blonde.”

“Bud Brando’s real love is an exotic brunette, who walks the French poodle he keeps her in Washington Square.”

“Marlon Brando’s only gal—a redheaded secretary—is leaving off the afghan bound she received from him from Pango-Pango.”

“Marlon Brando says there is no one in his life and doesn’t know where people get the idea he has a secret heart interest.”

“Marlon Brando is going to do ‘Viva Zapata.’”

“Marlon Brando won’t do a picture for another year.”

“Marlon Brando is considering becoming a monk.”

The same week that he was reported in Glemon’s, P. J. Clarke’s, the Blue Angel, Birdland, the Vanguard, the Palladium, and the Men’s Bar at the Biltmore.

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takes for you to live your life as you are doing, finding out the answers only by trial and error. Not many have that courage. Those who call you unique and different, Bud Brando, would do well to follow your example instead of suggesting that you follow theirs.

To Love And Be Loved

Continued from page 43

answer, "she's made twenty Italian pictures and two English ones. She's tiny; she has reddish-brown hair and sea-green eyes; she can act. I think you will like her."

Following that understatement of the year, the company soon departed for a San Francisco location. When she wasn't before the camera, Val, who was still thinking in Italian and struggling magnificently to translate into English, studied incessantly. When he wasn't before the camera, Dick, who had lost his wife after a prolonged illness, sought the solitude of his hotel room. Except when each commented on the other's acting to their director, there was no visible bond of interest.

One day, when they were shooting a scene in the driveway of Julius's Castle (a famous restaurant), Robert Wise walked over to Val.

"That's good," he said, "but not good enough. Try it again and this time make it more—spontaneous.

Thought Val in Italian, "What a ridiculous word—this 'spontaneous.'" But she repeated the scene and then characteristically dropped to her knees at the feet of her director. Looking up at him in her serious, almost child-like way, she anxiously inquired:

"Are you sure Bob, (she pronounces it Bob) "that it was good sponta-diculous?"

That night, back in his hotel room when he reviewed the day's work, Dick recalled the incident. He felt a little foolish there all by himself, but he couldn't lose the grin that lighted his face.

Perhaps that was the beginning. Perhaps it began long before they even met. When a person is lonely, the hours are endless and time turns into a maze of undistinguished events. However, Dick does remember one particular day. They were shooting a party scene and Val—In a beautiful pink fluffy thing—floated around looking as lovely and fresh as a morning in Spring. They rehearsed their lines. Then suddenly, a line quite unrehearsed left Dick's lips.

"You look very beautiful," he said simply.

"I feel like an ice cream," she answered, with typical honesty.

Not a look, not a lunch date—nothing further was exchanged between them until one day, Val said:

"You know, I have never seen you on the screen, so Robert Bassler (their producer) has arranged for me to see your picture tonight. Would you like to see

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it too?"

Dick knew "Fourteen Hours" couldn’t possibly be ready, even in rough-cut form. When he learned the picture was the semi-documentary All the Way, All the Night (made by Eagle-Lion, who later sold his contract to 20th) he sort of lost his head.

"I can’t stand seeing myself on the screen!" he expostulated, "I never do."

Realizing he had been a bit abrupt, Dick offered to make amends by taking Val to dinner and dropping her by the projection room later. The day was almost over, word reached Val that the print wouldn’t be available after all. She sent a message to Dick and a message back. It read:

"Even if they lost the print—did you lose your appetite?"

It was Monday night, the night most restaurants close in Hollywood. Dick remembered the Sportsman’s Lodge in the Valley. It was charming, tables overlooked the lake and waterfall, and if they ran out of conversation they could always feed the ducks! Besides, it was open seven nights a week. Dick remembers that Val’s eyes were shining like two bright stars. When he got home he couldn’t recall a single word they had said to each other! He only recalled that he had enjoyed himself very much.

Unschooled in the ways of Hollywood, Val was surprised and a bit shocked when an item appearing in the morning in a gossip column. Someone handed Dick the paper just before they broke for lunch. The columnist, adhering to an old Hollywood custom, assured the readers authoritatively that it definitely was not a romance.

"That’s what she thinks!" Dick mused to himself.

From that moment on, it was a marathon for Dan Cupid. Dick’s scenes had to be reordered and this due to depart for Germany to make “Decision Before Dawn.” When bad weather delayed him, he found reasons to drop by the set and watch Val before the camera. They managed to squeeze in another enchanting evening at Sportsman’s Lodge. At a studio-exhibitor’s luncheon, Dick showed up with a book on Italy. “I hope you will visit my beautiful country while you are in Europe,” she said wishfully. Val marked pages and underscored the names of little restaurants and villages that for her held tender memories.

From Germany, Dick wrote, cabled, telephoned. Back in Hollywood, unaware of the studio grapevine, Val thought no one knew she was sneaking up to the Still Department to collect all the production poses they had made together! Before he could visit her beloved grandmother in Stresa, Dick was called home to shoot a new ending for “Fourteen Hours.” The fans who idolize him resented his dying in the original version. In the meantime, Val had been loaned to J. Arthur Rank to make “The Secret People” in London.

"If Val hadn’t still been here when I returned," Dick shakes his head sadly at the prospect, “I think I would have turned right around and flown back again.”

Fortunately for both of them, Val had to hang around for wardrobe tests. The period that followed can best be described as a home-haunted period. Val, an emotional Italian, and Dick, who looks like a placid Scandinavian (he’s French and English), felt like they’d swallowed a couple of pin wheels! They went to parties at the homes of mutual friends. They dined everywhere—LaRue’s, Perino’s, Drive-Ins, Peppino’s, a little spot at Malibu that remains nameless and non-descript.

Half-child, half-woman, Val would clap her hands ecstatically. "Molto-simpatico," she’d whisper to Dick after a courteous waiter departed with her order. "Sempre tesoro"—literal translation, "Always, my treasure," were the words on the card that accompanied his daily bouquet of her favorite chrysanthemum. There were minor quarrels—lovers quarrels.

"I am not good for Dick," she cried. "He is sensitive, he has already had too much unhappiness. It is the end. I would only hurt him."

"Val is an angel," Dick declared. "But I am set in my ways. I'm afraid I can't change."

A flower, a phone call, a kind word, a small deed. In less time than it took to tell, they were radiantly happy again. With no immediate picture waiting for Dick, those trans-Atlantic calls and cables to Val, who was now in England, only made their separation more unbearable. When he telephoned his friend, studio suspension (voluntarily going off salary) Dick flew to London. He arrived on the 4th of March, Val started her picture on the 15th. There were makeup tests, wardrobe fittings, odd moments in-between for sightseeing. One day they were positively sure that they couldn’t wait another day to get married. Another day they were positively sure that marriage was out of the question!

Two days before the big moment, they suddenly realized their misgivings were wrong and a marriage was right. Val was working, so Dick searched Piccadilly for the wide chain wedding ring they both wanted. Shops were closing for the Easter holidays, so at the eleventh hour, Dick frantically selected a ring of somewhat similar pattern. Having forgotten about Val’s tiny hands, the ring spun on her finger! On March the 24th, with her good friend Gulliana Headley as main witness, they were married in Caxton Hall, London.

They spent their wedding night at the oldest inn in England, built in 1195 and steeped in traditional old-world charm. Because she wanted to take her new husband to Stresa and surprise the 80-year-old grandmother who had raised her, Val swore Dick to secrecy. Hollywood might still be speculating if official red tape hadn’t caught up with them.

Back home again, Dick proceeded to arrange for the grand and glorious arrival of their lovely Mrs. Entering this country on a visitor’s visa is relatively simple. For the wife of an American citizen, the formalities are something akin to a gigantic jigsaw puzzle. When
the Immigration Department requested an affidavit of financial status and employment record. Dick naturally had to appeal to his studio. Naturally the studio was curious—very curious indeed. There was no possible way to protect the secret.

"I'm only sorry because there wasn't time to meet Val's grandmother when I was over there," says Dick, "so we weren't able to surprise her with the news ourselves. However, it is a great relief to walk around and not try to hide all the wonderful happiness I feel inside."

Very soon, maybe even before this reaches print, Val and Grandma will be in Hollywood, Grandma, for a visit with the new grandson who takes private lessons three hours a day to enable him to speak in her native tongue. Val, nor longer under contract at 20th, to work and live with the husband who has filled her new world with the peace and security that is born out of love and devotion.

If plans had materialized, Dick would have met his bride in New York, bought a new car, and slowly headed for home as they saw America together. Unfortunately, the official delay of Val's papers made this impossible, and in the meantime they could not find an important role in "Old Soldiers Never Die."

Until they can pick out a new house together, Val and Dick will live in his old rented one. During those long hours of impatient waiting, he bought slip covers for the furniture, shopped for new curtains and bedspreads. Rugs were cleaned and left unlaid until the event of Val's arrival. The yard was filled with plants that promised faithfully to bloom on schedule. There was even new wall paper in the room for Grandma and, currently, Dick is searching for a cook who speaks Italian.

For Richard and Valentina, their house will become a complete home when they can fill it with children. They'll have their first next March.

"And now," he grins happily, "I think it would be a very good idea if I buy my wife a wedding ring! I would have had it ready and waiting but I still wasn't sure of the size—and she wouldn't part with that substitute!"

Best Face Forward

Continued from page 54

But if there are still any traces of the tan you acquired during the Summer, your dish should be some such exciting shade as Glamour Red, or Sunset—both made by Flame-Glo to do best by bronzed colorings. Both of these come in handsome-looking swivel cases, and sold for forty-nine cents plus taxes in variety stores practically everywhere.

When you're a bit paler than you should to look your prettiest, it's wise to have a lipstick that's made especially to go with the blush of rouge your cheeks require. Pond's have just what you're looking for. Pond's Lips, with their new creamier formula, come added fresh color makes the lustrous difference!

• Leaves hair soft, easy to manage
• Blends in yellow, gray streaks
• 12 flattering shades • Removes shampoo film • Gives sparkling highlights

Only 10¢ or 25¢
in shades that are meticulously gauged to accent the soft, natural colorings in Pond's Cheeks. The golden coral of Honey is made to go with the compact rouge tone called "Natural." Vivid young Naseal Red is made to wear with Pond's Cheeks of the same name.

HEART THROB is bright fuchsia in a lipstain and has a subdued complement in Heart Throb Cheeks. (Remember, dears, that compact rouge blends in easily and most effectively when you smooth it in very lightly over your face powder.)

PROCEEDING from make-up to skin is a little like talking about frosting before discussing the cake itself—it's the outside that gives the first impression, but first impressions aren't everything! Bumpy skins don't necessarily ruin the effect of good make-up, but the things that make skins bumpy usually produce pimples, too. Tussy makes Medicated Lotion to act as a powder base, a spot cover-up, and an inhibitor of pimples. The formula contains hexachlorophene, that new antiseptic agent that helps reduce surface skin bacteria. It also helps the healing process.

FOR the most effective results, Tussy asks you to give your skin a thorough cleansing with Creamy Masque before using the lotion. Creamy Masque is a stimulating cleanser—a mild mask that won't harden or make your skin feel uncomfortably tight. Its purpose is to free the skin of grime and oily secretion. The healing cover-up, Medicated Lotion, comes in two complexion tones: Shade One is to go under light powder tones, Shade Two is deeper and belongs under darker powder.

THE question of deodorants is now, thank goodness, only a question of which type you prefer. There are two basic types of control—the deodorant that prevents perspiration odor and the anti-perspirant that stops perspiration. There is room for both in every regime for good grooming. Methods of application are many and varied—you can spray on the liquid, rub on the cream, stroke on the "stick"—but the newest of all is a deodorant powder by Cheramy that you just dust on as you would regular talcum. The talc itself is mild and smooth —so bland that you can use it right after a deploratory or can sprinkle it on after shaving. It won't irritate your skin or cause damage to your clothes. This new deodorant tale is designed specifically for people who want all-over protection from perspiration odor. Try it between your toes, sprinkled into your shoes and between your girdle and you. And we almost forgot to tell you that it's very highly scented with Cheramy's April Showers fragrance.

Surprise: "Gift Wrapping Fun" is a new booklet for you. Send 10¢ to Crinkle-Tic. 2320 Logan Blvd., Chicago 17, Illinois.

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Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 17

Barrymore is made a prisoner in her own house, while Evans and Company proceed to rob her with the zeal of Huns. Murder and sheer terror also take up residence in the gracious town house. A superb thriller with a constant barrage of heavy suspense.

On Moonlight Bay

(Technicolor)

Warner Brothers

UNTIL Gordon MacRae appears on the scene, Doris Day is a tomboy who prefers slipping into home rather than opening one. After their first date, Doris begins to yearn for husband, home and family. MacRae has other ideas. He's against marriage. Not that his intentions aren't honorable, mind you, but before he can change his radical ideas, Doris' father learns of these theories and snatches Doris away. It's a heck of a way to treat a simmering romance and, when MacRae enlists in World War I, Doris resolves to run away with him. Again, Father comes tearing up in the nick of time—as MacRae is proposing, of all things, marriage. A crushing blow, true, but fortunately not a permanent one. Neat package of light-hearted entertainment which also serves to introduce singer Jack Smith.

Pickup

Columbia

A LONELY widower, Hugo Haas, makes the mistake of allowing himself to be taken in by a gorgeous blonde, Beverly Michaels. Intelligent, kind and honest, Haas sees no evil in anyone. He marries Beverly and settles down to what he thinks will be connubial bliss. Beverly finds life impossibly dull and, when Haas suddenly becomes stone deaf, she spices up her daily routine with Allan Nixon, Haas' assistant railroad dispatcher. An accident causes Haas to recover his hearing, but for certain reasons he doesn't tell anyone. Because Beverly and Nixon don't know either, they continue to make love—verbally, plot his murder—coldbloodedly, and say what they really think of him-brutally. An unusually well-done shocker with strong impact.

Thunder On The Hill

Universal-International

A FLOOD inundates an English valley and the residents flee to a convent which stands on the highest ground in the area. Among the flood refugees are the village doctor, Robert Douglas, his wife, Anne Jeffreys, and Ann Blyth, a mur-
deress convicted of poisoning her brother. One of the nuns, Claudette Colbert, takes an interest in Ann and becomes convinced she is innocent of the charge. But by bit, Claudette pieces together the confused puzzle which is sending Ann to her doom. All things taken into consideration, it’s a difficult chore to prove this, but Claudette succeeds nobly.

When Worlds Collide
(Technicolor)

Paramount

A SCIENCE-FICTION yarn which toys with the thought of what would happen if and when this world would collide with another planet. It would, to put it mildly, be one flaming mess. Therefore, scientist Larry Keating decides to build a super rocket ship that will take a selected few to a new planet, there to start a new world. Among those chosen are hot-shot pilot Richard Derr, Barbara Rush and Doctor Peter Hanson. Until the space ship is launched, a few scenes before the film is no more, the tension and excitement are fever pitch. As a matter of fact, high blood pressure sufferers had better stay home with a nice, calm horror novel.

The Well
United Artists

GRIPPING melodrama that shows how gossip, rumors and distortions accentuate fear. mistrust and bitter hatred. A little Negro girl accidently falls into a well on her way to school. Hours later, when she doesn’t return, her parents call Sheriff Richard Rober. On investigating, Rober is told that the child was last seen with Henry Morgan, the nephew of a wealthy contractor. Morgan denies he’s kidnapped the child, but word leaks out. Soon the town is seething with unrest and hour by hour the possibilities of a full-fledged race riot grow. As emotions are about to burst wide open, the child is found and the same people bent on killing each other join together in an effort to rescue the little girl.

The Law And The Lady
MGM

IT'S never easy for a girl to make her way in life, but for Greer Garson it’s a push-over. A ladies’ maid, falsely accused of stealing her mistress’ earrings. Greer sieges opportunity and blackmails her employer for a tidy sum. Of course, it’s not entirely Greer’s doing. Michael Wilding, the guy blade member of the aristocratic family, lends his rakish assistance and know-how. He also inveigles Greer into pooling their resources and going into business: a form of high-class swindling. After being requested to leave every swank spot in Europe and Asia, they arrive in America, land of wealth. Marjorie Main and Tony Lama. Their scheme to heist moneybags Marjorie’s necklace gets underway but deviates when Greer goes slightly ga-ga over Lamas. A drawing-room comedy that insists on traveling through the rest of the house.

Saturday’s Hero

Columbia

HARD-HITTING story about a boy, John Derek, who goes to a swanky college on a football "scholarship." The son of a foreign-born mill hand, Derek wants to use football merely as a means toward getting the kind of education he could never afford. When football takes more of his time, as the school’s backers scream for fame and glory for dear old Swash, Derek becomes a scholastic failure. It’s apparent that his ideals will have to go out the window if he intends to stay at the school. Then, Fate steps in with a series of body blows to convince him which is the right course to take. Donna Reed adds love interest and Sidney Blackmer a special touch of menace.

Pool Of London
Universal-International

FLIMED in London, this has plenty to hold your interest. Merchant seaman Bonar Colleano is a nice enough guy, but not above smuggling. On shore in London, Mr. Colleano is asked to smuggle a small package out of London and into Rotterdam. Curious, Colleano opens the package and finds a good fortune in

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stolen jewels and greedy-like decides to keep 'em. In no time flat, both the police and the jewel thieves are hot on the enterprising lad's heels. With all this, he still has time for a couple of love affairs and clears his best friend of accessory charges.

**Mister Drake's Duck**  
*United Artists*

**NEWLYWEDS** Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Yolande Donlan are intrigued with the idea of farm life. They purchase a rather rundown place in Sussex and try, in their citified way, to coax some profit out of the venture. Things go along swimmingly until Yolande makes the mistake of nodding at an auction. The next they know, five dozen healthy, honking ducks are delivered to their front door. Soon after, one of the ducks—no one knows which—lays a uranium egg. This news reaches the War Department and the Army, Navy, Air Force and mayhem descend on the cozy love nest. Quacky comedy that takes a poke at present world affairs.

**Pardon My French**  
*United Artists*

MERLE OBERON inherits what she thinks is a fabulous chateau in France. It’s fabulous okay, but not in the way Merle thinks. Along with Paul Henreid, a lazy but talented composer, the chateau is overrun by about fifty bombed-out people and an assortment of animals. Merle wants them please to go away. Paul wants them to stay. Paul, the cad, makes love to Merle in order to change her mind. With such persuasion, the gal hasn’t a chance and she happily settles down to a Bohemian life in which Paul composes, the cows moo, the peasants squabble and the children squall.

**Nature's Half Acre**  
*(Technicolor)*  
*RKO*

A NOTHER in the exciting series of Walt Disney's real-life adventure films. Filmed in Technicolor, with the fewest gimmicks possible, this deals with the strange almost unbelievable mysteries of the insect world. It’s rather frightening to think that in a half acre of land there are millions of the insect family busily working away to complete their short life span. A camera closeup of some of the actors makes you thankful they’re as small as they are and grateful that the bird population has such a robust appetite.

**The Secret Of Convict Lake**  
*20th Century-Fox*

FIVE escaped convicts, including Glenn Ford and Zachary Scott, take refuge in an isolated mountain community. The method of the settlement are all away on a gold strike, which leaves Gene Tierney, Ann Dvorak, Ethel Barrymore and a number of other women unprotected from the savagery of the hunted men. Ford also isn’t in too comfortable a spot —Scott thinks he knows where $40,000 is hidden and is determined Ford won’t live to spend it. But Ford wants to live, very desperately. He’s got to prove he was falsly convicted, and then there’s the matter of enticing Gene away from her not-too romantic fiancé. A powerful picture that revolves around emotions in the raw.

**What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About**  
Continued from page 13

A job in Hollywood and finally only landed in the fabulous "Guys And Dolls," wrote her own ticket for her part in the new Esther Williams show of "Skirts Ahoy!" Russell Nype, who glorified the crew haircut and heavy-frame glasses in "Call Me Madam," topped of a juicy lead in MGM’s "Family Man." MGM’s third prize catch is the beautiful Doretta Morrow from "The King And I," who will be in the new Maria Lanza picture, "The Big Cost." They’ll all trek right back to New York and their shows when the movie jobs are over.

Janet Leigh will soon legally be Mrs. Tony Curtis. Her man is having his name officially changed from Bernie Schwartz to his screen moniker. It isn’t because he doesn’t like his own name—all their chums call them Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz—but because it’s less confusing when Tony signs checks and contracts and, excuse the phrase, income tax forms. The new bride has been showered with showers by her girl chums Patty Lewis (Jerry’s wife), Marge Champion and Nancy Sinatra.

Ozzie and Harriet Nelson of radio fame are making their first picture together at U-I called "Life With The Nelsons." Their two sons, David and Ricky, are in on the deal too. Seems the two boys were missing frequently when they were wanted for a take and everyone thought they were probably over on the "Meet Danny Thomas" set watching Frank Sinatra or maybe Shelley Winters. Poking into the matter a little further, the proud parents discovered their sons were on that set all right but not to watch anybody. They were drinking up the gingerale used in a nightclub scene as champagne!

Coleen Gray was thrilled to pieces when her home state asked her to come to Minneapolis for the Minnesota Centennial and so she accepted and polished up two songs to sing for her neighbors and relatives. From there she went to New York for numerous TV shows, plus a fun flip.
It was kind of a reunion for Liz Taylor and Bob Taylor when they reported for work in London for MGM’s “ Ivanhoe.” Although they work for the same salt mine, they hadn’t seen one another for two years —not since they worked together before in England. Bob’s going to crew a couple of numbers in this film which he hasn’t done since he made his first picture, “Broadway Melody,” umpteen years ago.

Those two fashion plates, Gloria Swanson and Joan Crawford, are all tuned up, separately, for the dress designing field. Gloria’s whipped up a collection of dresses for the Fall trade and Joan’s gone into manufacturing more tailored things like suits and skirts. Incidentally, Gloria’s due out here to make another picture any day, and Miss C. will go in heavily for television come Winter.

Woudn’t it be something to see those two rugged individualists, Montgomery Clift and Marlon Brando, acting together? Well, chances are you won’t, although there is talk that they’ll do a play called “Brother Cain” on Broadway. Seems they’d be stymied right in the casting stages, Cain being a much fatter part in anybody’s book, including the original one.

Pat Neal and Van Heflin are enjoying themselves no end in “Weekend With Father” at U-I on account of it’s a comedy and these two were signed from the Broadway stage where they did nothing but fun parts. In Hollywood, they’ve both done nothing but high drama until now. Van’s experience as a father of two daughters comes in handy for his part, which is the father of two daughters.

Gene Autry had himself a close shave when he and his Cossy Country Boys took off in his airplane from Las Vegas and did an unscheduled landing that ripped the plane’s under side right out. Gene and the boys walked away from the wreck unscathed. This is the cowboy’s first mishap in millions of miles of flying. Few days later, Gene and his Mrs. had a beach vacation, alone, for a change.

Jane Wyman got herself a terrific tan while resting up from making Wald-Krasna’s “The Blue Veil.” Resting? She taught son Michael how to swim and daughter Maureen the fine art of the backhand on the tennis courts. Well, she may have been tired but she certainly wasn’t tanned.

Dale Robertson, the new 20th Century-Fox star, is hoping like mad that he’ll get a South American honeymoon with his bride, Jacqueline Wilson. If he inherits ‘Way Of The Gaucho’ from Tyrone Power, which is rumored, Dale and his bride will get their wish because the movie will be made in the Argentine. It’ll be tough for the baseball and bowling teams Dale belongs to if he goes away. He’s their star performer, even after a hard day’s work.

The town was in a lace-frilled tizzy over the unheralded arrival of Rita Hayworth and her entourage at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Never one to shout her plans, her hopes or her phone number down the housetops, Rita gave out with a few interviews which managed to say practically nothing. While the returned Princess stayed inside and fended off personal questions, daughter Rebeca had a time in the hotel swimming pool.

On the “Boots Malone” set at Columbia, Bill Holden and his pal, Johnny Stewart, were shooting the breeze and Bill joked that he did what with his evenings. Johnny replied that he went to bed every night at nine o’clock. Bill, kinda amazed, asked him why the early hours. Johnny came back with “I don’t want to get haggard looking.” The guy is all of fourteen-years-old yet!

There oughtta be a whole new career opening up for Alexis Smith when she’s seen in her uproadiously funny part in the new Crosby picture, “Here Comes The Groom.” Alexis really lets her hair down and it’s a great change of pace for the gal who has been doomed to playing the stately, stuffy lady throughout her career. Alexis got very interested in the uniquely art of wrestling when she and Jane Wyman took to the mat for their match in the picture and she’s happy to show you a few holds she learned on request.

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Charlton Heston was chatting with an eight-year-old Sioux Indian on the South Dakota location of Paramount's "Warbonnet." Just to make conversation, Charlton asked the kid what he planned to be when he grew up. The kid flipped him with, "I'm going to be a cowboy." **

Howard Duff’s experience on a tuna fishing boat, on which he hired out as a deck hand, turned out to be a big disappointment but, never one to be discouraged, he just up and signed on another boat for the same purpose—fun and fish. **

Jane Russell got the dandiest birthday present on the set of RKO’s "Las Vegas Story." It was a chewing gum tree, no less. Seems the gal is always hankering for a chew but never carries the stuff with her, so her pals on the picture gave her enough to last out the shooting schedule and stick up the whole stage. Jane, Marie Wilson, Corinne Calvet, Mona Freeman and Gale Storm lent their modern charms to an old-fashioned box-supper tossed by Don DeFore. **

New boy over Paramount way looks to be a great swoon bet when the gals get a load of him in "Silver City." He’s Michael Moore. He’s twenty-five, unmarried, and six-feet-four of husky blond male glamour. He’s a Yale boy and has a speaking voice like nothing you’ve ever heard. Even the producers on the lot sneak into the projection room to see the new guy’s tests and they’re all dying to snatch him for their upcoming pictures. 

All of you who are but mad for Jo Stafford are going to get a chance to see your girl on the screen. She’s gonna be co-starring with Dennis Morgan in a little number called "My Fine Feathered Friend"—and high-time the motion picture cameras got around to Jo. 

Seems MGM has a new comedy whipped up for Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. It’s known as "Pat And Mike," which is a cute title but has nothing to do with all the corny Irish jokes about those two characters. It’s a baseball story, and if this team is half as hilarious as they were in "Adam’s Rib" it should be fun to see. **

U-I’s premiere of "Bright Victory" at the Carthay Circle brought out all the young glamour of the film colony, like Arlene Dahl and Lcx Barker, Shelley and Farley, Tony and Janet and stuff and things. **

Ah, those modern mothers! Burt Lancaster was already in Italy, on the Island of Ischia, shooting "The Crimson Pirate," when his daughter was born. As soon as Mrs. L. was assured the baby was okay, she took off with the two boys to join Burt for a spell. 

Tommy Farrell got a wonderful welcome at Warners when he reported there for a screen role on accounta his ma, Glenda Farrell, used to be top star at the same spot.
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