2 MAGAZINES IN ONE
MOVIELAND
PLUS
A PICTURE MAGAZINE

My idea of a
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

A 6 page picture story

Frank talk from LANA TURNER
TIME OUT BETWEEN TAKES! Technicolor cameras demand perfection. And a movie star's hair must always be radiantly clean. Drene is not a soap shampoo... never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do... actually reveals as much as 33 per cent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it. Sonja favors this softly-curlcd hair-do for lively action in front of the cameras. You'll like it especially for active sports and other informal occasions.

Drene Shampoo
with Hair Conditioning Action

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Ballerina on blades... star of the dazzling Hollywood Ice Revue and 20th Century-Fox Films... Sonja Henie pirouettes, whirls and glides over the ice as gracefully as a bird in flight... her lovely, blonde hair gleaming in all its glory.

"I love the way Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves my hair so smooth and shining and well behaved," she says.

Whether you are a glamorous blonde like Sonja, a beauteous brunette or a radiant red-head, you too can bring out all the natural loveliness of your hair... reveal all its sparkling high lights... dramatize all its soft, thrilling texture... when you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

TABLE FOR TWO! Sonja's blonde beauty is just as glamorous in real life. For that "special evening", try the simple, but elegant up-do Sonja models here. It's so easy to fix when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action. Comb hair up to crown, anchor, arrange in gleaming curls.
DOLLAR BOOK CLUB MEMBERSHIP IS FREE!

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Upon receipt of the attached coupon you will be sent FREE your choice of any book described above. You may also, if you wish, choose one of these books as your first selection for $1.00.

Every other month you will receive the descriptive folder called The Bulletin, which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections and reviews ten or more titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for $2.50 or more) available to members at only $1.00 each. If, after reading The Bulletin, you do not wish to purchase either or both of the two new selections for $1.00 each, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks, so that the books will not be sent you. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for $1.00 each. There are no dues or fees at any time.

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DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
THORNTON DELEHANTY of "Redbook Magazine": "Heart-warming story, and superb acting and production. "The Yearling" is an enthralling film, a masterpiece."

LOUELLA PARSONS, Hollywood's famed columnist: "A tender, true and really lovely picture—one you will thank M-G-M for making...I laughed at it, thought and wept at it and loved every minute of it and I think you will too. Claude Jarman, Jr., as 'Jody' is great!"

URSULA PARROTT: "An enchanting background of woodland and wilderness, photographed in Technicolor so subtly perfect it deepens and intensifies every mood of the story."

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN: "The outstanding feature of "The Yearling" is (to my way of thinking) the superb performance of Jane Wyman as Ma Baxter. She plays an exacting and difficult role with superb restraint and dynamic power."

BENNETT CERF, author and columnist: "If there is any justice in Hollywood, 'The Yearling' should waltz off with just about all the Oscars in sight."

And that's why: This is the year of "The Yearling"!

Kudos to the film industry for a year of grand entertainment with a promise of more to come

New laurels for Jimmy Stewart.

Walt Disney's "Song of the South," with Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten.

"The Best Years of Our Lives."
What's he got that gets the gals... besides $10,000,000 ????

“Ladies’ Man”

starring Eddie BRACKEN - Cass DALEY - Virginia WELLES and Spike JONES

with Johnny COY - Virginia FIELD

Produced by Daniel DARE - Directed by William D. RUSSELL

Screen Play by Edmund Beloin, Jack Rose and Lewis Meltzer - A Paramount Picture
By FREDDA DUDLEY

There were stars galore and the place was mobbed! Where?
The Photog’s Ball, of course!

For a week the town was a-buzz with excitement. Everyone who was anyone in Hollywod received an invitation to come as their “childhood ambition” to the second annual Society of Hollywood Press Photograpers’ Ball. At the last minute costumers were decking out leading luminaries in rental garbs, costing $50 for the night. Movieland’s Art Carter was on hand to cover it for you—but, natch!

Belle of the ball was Beverly Tyler escorted by two young leading men, Guy Madison and Rory Calhoun. She didn’t favor either one, dancing with first one and then the other all evening. Henry Willson danced attendance upon his old flame Diana Lynn although both shook their heads about engagements and marriage ceremonies.

From the predominance of Western garb there were very few males who didn’t favor being a cowboy when they were young and very few young ladies who didn’t want to swank the range in blue jeans. However, Shirley Temple as Alice-In-Wonderland, Janet Blair as an Arabian princess (and no one recognized her husband, Louis Busch, as a cop) and both Greer Garson and Esther Williams as music-hall girls added the needed glamour to the turn-out.

HOLLYWOOD IS GABBING ABOUT:

| Tyrone Power escorting Lana Turner as soon as his separation from Annabella was announced; whether Evie Wynn returned to Keenan because she realized what a wonderful person he is, or whether the indifference of the man she had tentatively chosen as her next mate straightened out her thinking. All the film colony’s sympathies were extended to Anne Miller when her prematurely-born baby daughter died. Physicians attribute the loss to shock from an automobile accident in which Anne was slightly injured. It is now Yvonne de Carlo and Robert Stack one evening, Yvonne de Carlo and Turhan Bey the next. Very confusing. And when Turhan isn’t with Yvonne, he is squirting Audrey Totter to fetes like the Photograpers’ Ball. Phyllis Calvert, whom you first saw in the British productions, “They Were Sisters” and “Madonna of the Seven Moons,” and whose first American picture is “Time Out of Mind” at U-I, is somewhat annoyed at an anonymous royal secretary. Phyllis’ three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Aural, was invited to present a bouquet of flowers to Princess Margaret Rose at the Command Performance attended by so many of Hollywood’s great. The only difficulty was that the invitation was sent to Miss Calvert in California; it arrived several weeks after the Command Performance. (Continued on page 10) |
"There ought to be a law against knowing the things I found out about men!"

"The Man I Love"

IDA LUPINO · ROBERT ALDA
ANDREA KING · BRUCE BENNETT

SCREEN PLAY BY CATHERINE TURNEY · ADAPTATION BY JO PAGANO
AND CATHERINE TURNEY · FROM A NOVEL BY MARITTA WOLFF

Directsed by RAOUl WALSH
Produced by ARNOLD ALBERT
At Photogs' Ball, your executive editor Ann Daggett enjoys chat with Charles Korvin and his pretty wife. Arabian prince robes and bridal finery were the Korvins' choice for masquerade.

Can June Allyson be that surprised about Dick Powell's boyhood dream? Come dressed as your childhood wish, read the invites to Photographers' Ball and Dick donned cowboy suit.

Hollywood's Gadding About:
The news event of the month, surpassing even the Tyrone Power-Annabella separation and the Oleg Cassini-Gene Tierney break-up, was the cooperation which Mr. David O. Selznick, producer of "Duel In the Sun" gave cameramen the other night. He allowed his picture to be taken with Jennifer Jones whom he escorted to the disabled veteran's party. Jennifer looked lovely in a long black velvet dress and a new mink stole. Mr. Selznick once created quite a furor in a local nightclub when a cameraman attempted to photograph him with Miss Jones but now he seems not to mind a bit.

Peggy Ann Garner came back to town after breathless adventures in New York. She saw Lady Furness' son off on the "Queen Elizabeth" and referred to her trip as the first one she'd made as a "grown-up" to New York. She was accompanied there by her mother, and two studio chaperons.

Biggest party of the month was one to raise funds for Vetville. The project was started by Harry Ravel to build an entire village where disabled veterans can live and work together. Naturally, such a party had the whole-hearted support of the colony and but just everyone was there. Peter Lawford and Keenan Wynn were the life of the party boys, amusing staid personalities like Greer Garson and husband Richard Ney.

Felicitations to:
Margaret O'Brien on her tenth birthday, January 15th;
Lewis Stone on his birthday, January 16th;
Guy Madison on his birthday, January 19th;
Ann Sothern on her birthday, January 22nd;
Donna Reed on her birthday, February 1st;
Peggy Ann Garner on her birthday, February 3rd;
Lana Turner on her birthday, February 8th;
Kathryn Grayson on her birthday, February 9th;
And to Mr. and Mrs. Don Defore on their sixth wedding anniversary on Valentine's Day, February 14.

Bio Briefs:
Most heart-broken man Hollywood has ever seen is Roy Rogers who is totally unable to reconcile himself to the loss of his pretty young wife. Roy Rogers and Arline Wilkins met in Roswell, New Mexico, when Arline was nineteen. Roy was singing with the...
The most reckless lover... the boldest adventurer... ever to bear the Monte Cristo name!
The Mickey Rooneys separated but only while Mrs. R. goes home for baby's birth. One of the favored dates in Joan Crawford's engagement book these days is the popular man-about-Hollywood, Greg Bautzer. You'll soon be seeing Joan's latest film, "Possessed."

A laugh a minute when Keenan Wynn and Peter Lawford tried out "one-armed bandit." "Sons of the Pioneers" over the local radio station and admitted on the air that he was homesick for some old-fashioned kitchen cooking—particularly for a lemon pie. Arline made the lemon pie, delivered it to the station, and met Roy when he called at her home to express his thanks—and maybe to test other delicacies from the Wilkins' kitchen. They were married three years later, and celebrated their tenth anniversary in 1946. Three children were born to the union: Cheryl, who is now six, Linda Lou, who is now three, and Roy Jr., the baby born a week before his mother died.

Cutest pair of newlyweds around town is Bob Hutton and Cleatus Caldwell who were married in Las Vegas. The Macdonald Careys have named their chubby new daughter Linda.

Anne Shirley and Adrian Scott were so excited and thrilled when their doctor confirmed their hopes for a storking, and their disappointment was abysmal when those plans were cancelled by an accident. Now they have adopted a five-year-old boy—a British war orphan.

Also heart-broken over the loss of a baby was Dorothy McGuire last summer. Now, happily enough, the stork is hovering again.

Guests at the smartly-appointed buffet supper given by actress Hattie McDaniel in honor of Arthur Blake (tupper club pantomimist) included Janet Blair and her husband, Lou Busch, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Louise Beavers, Lois Andrews, Estelle Taylor, and many other notables. Janet, gorgeous in brown satin trimmed with mink, sang George Gershvin's "The Lorelei"; Ben Gage sang "Without A Song," and Louise Beavers sang "Sunny Side of the Street." Whereupon each vocalist tried to talk Hattie out of the Oscar she won for her performance in "Gone With The Wind." No luck.

THE SOCIAL WHURRUL:

Lon McCallister found a small restaurant on La Cienega named "Cricket On The Hearth" which was operated by two ex-G.I.s trying to get a start in a town in which the mortality rate for dining spots is about ninety percent. Wanting to patronize the project in order to give whatever boost was possible, Lon began to haunt the place, with the result that he has met eight other erstwhile members of the "Winged Victory" cast in "Cricket On The Hearth" and business has boomed on a Homecoming Week Basis. Now Lon can't get a table unless his reservation is made three days in advance. He is as delighted as if he had just been given a dozen white broadcloth shirts!

Kurt Kreuger has relatives living in a small town south of San Diego. Recently he was invited to spend a weekend with these people, who happen to own one of the town's two dime stores. So, on Saturday afternoon, Kurt made a guest appearance at the dime store and was instantly mobbed by the local younger set, who were equipped with pictures to be autographed. It seems that Kurt's relatives had tipped off the townspeople.

Speaking of pictures, Gene Autry recently received a request for a photograph from an English fan. Letter was addressed to "Gene Autry, Cow-Boy, Film-Star, Wild West, California, U.S.A."

In case you missed the news in your local paper, Lois Andrews and Steve Brodie (under (Continued on page 14)
It's The All-Time Laugh Hit Streamlined for Now!

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

Now ON THE SCREEN!

Bing Crosby Producers Inc.
presents ANNE NICHOLS'
"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE"
with MICHAEL CHEKHOV
and introducing JOANNE DRU
and RICHARD NORRIS
Produced and Directed by A. Edward Sutherland
Screenplay by Anne Nichols • Released thru United Artists
By arrangement with Howard Hawkes
Adele Mara and Ross Hunter as Daisy Mae and L'il Abner at Sadie Hawkins Day party.

It's hard to keep up with the latest bulletins on Eve Wynn, here with that man Van.

Yvonne De Carlo keeps friends guessing—but Turhan Bey seems to be a "steady."

contract to RKO) have announced that they were married in Tia Juana on October 14, 1946. This is Lois' third marriage, her first husband was George Jessel who is the father of her five-year-old daughter, and the second temporary partner, David Street.

DREAM GIRL:

Studio employees who are saddled with the job of showing visitors around the lot, pointing out items of interest, and catching a glimpse of a star (they hope), are Joan Crawford's devoted slaves for ample reason. The average actor or actress avoids visiting fireman for the same reason you or I would be chary of strangers: simple shyness and a fear of being thought hammy. Joan has a different attitude: she thinks that members of a theater audience have a certain claim upon her time and attention no matter where she see her.

Not long ago a small party was being shown through Warner Brothers; when they visited the stage on which "Possessed" was being filmed, Joan was sitting in her dressing room. Her makeup was entirely unflattering as she was about to go into a disheveled sequence, and her hair hung in oily wisps about her face. Nevertheless, she approached the entranced group—carrying her inevitable knitting—and carried on a gracious conversation during which she taught one of the women how to duplicate the intricate evening scarf which continued to reel from her flying needles.

At Warners' the cry is: Crawford, we love you!

AS ADVERTISED:

In Hollywood, the Unit Publicist is the man who is responsible for getting the name of the picture to which he is assigned during its shooting schedule, plus the names of the picture's top stars, into print often and as dramatically as possible.

When Bob Mitchum made arrangements to be flown in a private plane from Hollywood to the location for "Build My Gallows High"—the Geoffrey Holmes murder thriller—his Unit Publicist kiddingly remarked that the picture could be sent off in a cloud of headlines if the plane would crash, not fatally, of course—just spectacularly.

It did. Overshot the landing field at Lake Tahoe, bounced into a meadow, and was restrained from roaring into a farmhouse only by a stout wire fence. No injuries, fortunately.

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ANN DEPARTMENT:

Ann Blyth, who wore a cast for a year following a bobsled accident, was recently set to do a series of color poses in typically California outdoor spots for a national magazine. It was a nice publicity break, so Ann bought a winter white wool jersey dress with coat to match. She and her escort, Dick Long, were posing in a convertible in a Drive-In when the waitress brought their tray. Flustered at thought of being in a picture with a celebrity, the waitress dropped the tray, spilling two cups of coffee and two chocolate sundaes over Ann's new clothing. Over Dick, too, but with rare foresight he was wearing a pair of tan gabardine slacks.

IN THE PINK:

If you've ever wanted to die of mortification, move over; Ida Lupino will be happy to collapse beside you. While she was on location in a small California town where "Deep Valley" was shooting, she was sitting at a drugstore counter, annexing a coke when she caught sight of a woman whom she thought had once been wardrobe mistress at Paramount in the days when Ida was a frightened fledgling. Leaping up from her place in typical Lupino fashion, Ida scorched to the other end of the counter, threw her arms around the woman's neck and burst out, "Hello, you sweet old bag, where have you been!"

Then she looked again. The woman was an utter stranger.

NOSEY:

Bette Davis has two new dogs to replace (Continued on page 109)
"You can't push me around!"
Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where 'his feet take him', or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead ten years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

"Sometimes I feel so good it almost scares me. "This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!"

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But needed cash. Taxes were tough, and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But

"'Don't do it, John!' she said. 'Please don't!' For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!"

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

"What's more, we kept right on putting our extra cash into U. S. Savings Bonds. And the pay-off is making the world a pretty swell place today!"

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this advertisement by .

Movieland

Let's go behind the scenes of Hollywood's movie sets and see the newest pictures in production

The MOST SPECTACULAR SET of the month was that at Warner Brothers where "My Wild Irish Rose" is being made in Technicolor. The sequence we watched was the Evening Star number in which the chorus girls were dressed entirely in blue and the lights played upon them were also various shades of azure. Andrea King as the immortal Lillian Russell was gowned in a magnificent metallic dress so heavy that her waist required the stamina of an obstacle race. The fabric for this shimmering gold dress weighed fifty pounds, and the tiara weighed four pounds. Add to the responsibility of carrying around this weight, the fact that Andrea was pinched into a corset which reduced her waist to twenty-one inches.

There's a HIT TUNE in the 20th Century-Fox production "Mother Wore Tights." Everyone is going to be singing "You Do" after this Technicolor gayety is released. The film deals with the adventures of three Oakland, California, high school girls who go to San Francisco in 1900 to make their fortunes. Betty Grable lands a job in the chorus line at Schneider's Opera House. During her first dancing experience, clad in pink silk tights and a pink tutu (fluffy ballet skirt), Betty is seen by her grandmother, Sara Allgood. When Betty dances out on the ramp leading into the audience, an over-ambitious sailor makes a pass at Betty asking for a date, whereupon Sara Allgood soundly smacks him with her umbrella and announces to Betty that she will be taken care of later. The song Betty sings before all this excitement takes place is "You Do."

The picture about which there is the GREATEST CURIOSITY, not only in Hollywood but throughout the United States, is "Forever Amber." Linda Darnell is simply exquisite as a blonde. The sequence we watched was one of the earliest in the picture. Cornell Wilde as a cavalier who was a member of the company out West, has fallen in love with Linda, a country girl but not as simple as such maidens are reputed to be, undertakes to fascinate the cavalier and offers her lips in the picture's first kiss. The dcy we were on the set Leo Durocher, baseball star, was also present and as a gag he was invited to serve as Cornell Wilde's stand-in while lighting was being adjusted. So it was that Leo Durocher received Linda Darnell's first "Forever Amber" kiss.

My FAVORITE SET of the month was that at Paramount for "Blaze of Noon." This picture deals with the adventures of four brothers who were barnstorming pilots in 1926. The story starts at a country fair where the boys are performing. A complete fair was established on one of the biggest sound stages at Paramount. The set Leo Durocher, baseball star, was also present and as a gag he was invited to serve as Cornell Wilde's stand-in while lighting was being adjusted. So it was that Leo Durocher received Linda Darnell's first "Forever Amber" kiss.

One of the MOST INTERESTING PICTURES of the month is "Variety Girl" being shot at Paramount with Mary Hatcher, Dorothy Ford, and a host of Hollywood personalities.

Rehearsal time for Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas on set of "The Sin of Janet Ames."

(Continued on page 12)
Deanna!... dream-teamed with the screen’s new young star sensation... and matched for mirth with your favorite laugh-makers!

Universal-International presents
Deanna Durbin, William Bendix

Deanna Sings
"Sari Waltz"
"Granada"
"Brahms' Lullaby"
"It's Dream Time"

I'll be Yours
With Adolphe Menjou

Walter Catlett • Franklin Pangborn • William Brooks

Produced by Felix Jackson • Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer: Howard Christie • Adapted by Felix Jackson

From the Screenplay "The Good Fairy" by Preston Sturges • Based on a comedy by Ferenc Molnar • Translated and Adapted by Jane Hinton • Director of Photography: Hal Mohr, A.S.C.
Tampax is a modern application of an old medical principle

Not a novelty, nothing tricky, Tampax is a simple and natural method for obtaining sanitary protection each month without resorting to the usual belt-and-pin arrangement supporting bulky outside pads. It is just the well-known principle of internal absorption put to new use for the convenience of normal women at those "trying times" of the month.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure absorbent cotton throughout. It is so daintily inserted with patented one-use applicator, that your fingers need not touch the Tampax. When it's properly in place you cannot feel its presence and other people cannot detect its presence, because Tampax causes no bulges, no wrinkles, no ridges to "show through."

Tampax is quick to change and easily disposable. It cannot cause odor or chafing. Buy Tampax at your drug or notions counter and enjoy peace of mind while using it. Three absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply will slip easily into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.
The ONE picture that's worth 1000 words!!!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents Yvonne De CARLO with EVE ARDEN • PHILIP REED • JOHN QUALEN and Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company CHARLES KULLMAN

Universal-International presents BRIAN DONLEVY • JEAN PIERRE AUMONT • philip reed • john quuen

ACTION... BULLWHIPS LASH IN FRENZIED FURY!

ROMANCE... IN AN OUTCAST PORT OF INTRIGUE!

Song of Scheherazade

IN TECHNICOLOR

SPECTACLE... MOROCCAN NIGHTS OF REVELRY!

ALL The Best Loved Music of RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF

"SONG OF INDIA" "FANDANGO" "ARABESQUE"
"SCHEHERAZADE" "HYMN TO THE SUN"
"FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE" "CAPRICE ESPAGNOL"

with EVE ARDEN • PHILIP REED • JOHN QUALEN

and Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company CHARLES KULLMAN

Director of Photography, Hal Mohr, A.S.C. • Associate Producer, Edward Dodds

Written and Directed by WALTER REISCH • Produced by EDWARD KAUFMAN

A Universal-International Picture
"GLAMOUR DARLING"
You'll adore it! Superb quality r-a-y-o-n, spiced with SADDLE STITCHING front 'n' back! Gleaming GOLD COLORED BUTTONS! Waist-whitting, wide, w-i-d-e, COWBOY r-a-y-o-n, spiced with SADDLE colors: AQUA, POWDER-BLUE, GOLD COLORED BUTTONS! Waist-MELON. Sizes 9 to 17. Play safe. BELT I ALL-ROUND PLEATED skirt!

Order NOW! Immediate delivery

ADDRESS | NAME
| CITY_ZONE_STATE

Send "Glamour Darling" on approval for size and color checked below. When dress arrives by return mail, I'll pay postman only $5.84 plus postage. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within 10 days.

Mark first and second color choices:
Aqua  Powder-blue  Melon

Circle size: 9  11  13  15  17

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES
(GOLDWYN)               ♦ ♦

The subject of the returned veteran and his problems has been superbly handled in "The Best Years of Our Lives." There is a documentary-like realism in the interlocking stories of three men: a sailor, a soldier and an aviator—and their experiences in adjusting themselves to the humdrum routine of their typically American hometown, Boone City. The entire cast deserves praise for fine performances. The sailor, played by a newcomer to the screen, Harold R. seff, who lost his hands during the war; the soldier, played by Fredric March, with Myrna Loy as his wife; Dana Andrews as the soda clerk turned bombardier. This is outstanding film fare.

DEAD RECKONING (Columbia) ........ ♦ ½

As Rip Murdock, ex-paratrooper who is trying to find the murderer of his buddy, Humphrey Bogart tracks down gamblers, throws bombs, takes a beating, makes love to tall and tawny Elizabeth Scott. All this should be good news for Bogart fans who like to see their favorite star as the rough and tough fighter who can outfox the villains. The movie is exciting and Director John Cromwell's expert direction keeps up the suspense, especially in a scorching fire and fight scene between Bogart and master villains Morris Carnovsky and Marvin Miller. Elizabeth Scott will remind you even more of Lauren Baccal. The ending just goes to show that Crime doesn't pay—even in the movies!

THE RETURN OF RIN TIN TIN (PRC).... ♦ ½

Rin Tin Tin (III) does right by his famous name in this heartwarming story of a little boy and his dog. Bobby Blake is the young refugee who finds rehabilitation in the United States a little tough going because he can't forget his war years in Europe. Rin Tin Tin's devotion to the youngster provides the key to the little boy's problems. Along with stars Bobby and Rin Tin Tin, the cast includes Donald Woods, Gayford Pendleton and Claudia Drake.

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES
(GOLDWYN)               ♦ ♦

There's a cattle war brewing until trail boss Jimmy Wakely and his trusty sidekick, Lee "Lasses" White, discover a band of rustlers is at the bottom of the plot. The two boys get things settled and back to normal in short order.

THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS (W.B.)  ♦ ♦

How do you like your chills? If you relish eerie mystery with a background of Bach piano music played by one hand without body attached; a sufficient number of corpses—then this is your dish! Robert Alda, Andrea King, Peter Lorre, J. Carrol Naish and Victor Francen make the most of this chiller-diller.

THE RETURN OF RIN TIN TIN (PRC).... ♦ ½

Films from the past are shown in The Reviewer's Box. READ THIS PAGE CAREFULLY FIRST!
Margaret Lockwood
as
BEDELIA
who had more than
her share of men,
jewels, and love
— and wanted
more, more, more.

J. Arthur Rank presents
MARGARET LOCKWOOD • IAN HUNTER
ANNE CRAWFORD • BARRY K. BARNES
in
VERA CASPARY'S
“BEDELIA”
with
JILL ESMOND • ELLEN POLLOCK • JULIEN MITCHELL • BEATRICE VERLEY
BARBARA BLAIR • LOUISE HAMPTON • KYNASTON Reeves • OLGA LINDO
Directed by Lance Comfort • Screenplay by Vera Caspary, Herbert Victor, Isadore Goldsmith
Produced by Isadore Goldsmith • Additional Dialogue M. Ray Ridley, Max Charles
A JOHN CORFIELD PRODUCTION
Once you've worn these cleverly styled McKay undies you'll readily see why they're everyone's favorite! They fit so smoothly and comfortably without binding or riding up... and they wash just like a hanky!

There's a style to fit every figure, and every budget, at all S. S. Kresge & Co., S. H. Kess Co., and Sears & Roebuck stores.

Next time say, "McKay Lingerie"!
Let's Be Candid about Katie!!!

RKO PRESENTS

LORETTA YOUNG
JOSEPH COTTEN * ETHEL BARRYMORE
in
The Farmer's Daughter

with
CHARLES BICKFORD

A DORE SCHARY PRODUCTION

Directed by H. C. POTTER • Written by ALLEN RIVKIN and LAURA KERK

*She did take a job as housemaid in a bachelor Congressman's home! She did fall in love with him! She did risk scandal with that pointer! BUT WHAT A GIRL! ... You'll love her—and the amazing story of her career from cornfield to Capitola!
For you (even though your Math's a little weak) if you keep your hair smooth and neat and sweet to see... You'll rate A-plus with that dreamboat sitting next to you in class... and what more can a girl ask?

Just keep your hair clean and shiny and leave the rest to DeLong Bob Pins, those indispensable allies. They keep stray locks in place because they have a

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

No fear of DeLong Bob Pins losing this vise-like grip. Why? They're made of high-carbon steel.

CAN I HELP YOU?

Is your boy friend jealous?
Paul Henreid warns that it's a danger signal if he is

By PAUL HENREID

GREEN EYES

Dear Mr. Henreid:
I am 21 years old and engaged to a former naval ensign. I love him very much and am as faithful to him as any girl can be. Yet, he is so constantly and frantically jealous of me all the time that he is driving me out of my skin.

Here's what I mean. I will go to the grocery to market. The clerk behind the counter will talk to me, and my boyfriend will see red. The filling station attendant will pass the time of day, and my boyfriend will accuse me of having had a previous affair with him. He wants me all to himself. He resents my girlfriends, my acquaintances, my relatives, my activities, practically anything that occupies my time. As a result, I've given up all my friends and all my activities, but that still doesn't seem to have cured his abnormal jealousy. I am now beginning to wonder exactly what kind of a husband he is going to make.

As I said before I love him and I want to marry him, but what are the chances of a successful marriage under such circumstances. What do you think I should do?

Theresa W.
Utica, N. Y.

I think you should give up this former naval ensign since he is quite obviously a neurotic, suffering from a deep inferiority complex, a profound emotional disturbance, and a Grade A guilt attitude. He feels that in competition with others, either people or activities, he is incapable of holding your interest and that's why he hates them and wants you to give them up. No matter what you do, it will be the same story. He will strongly resent any and everything which does not limit your concentration to him.

Whether this anti-social attitude is the result of the war, I don't know. I do know, however, that he is ripe for a psychiatrist and should go to some mental specialist as soon as he can. By no means, marry him until these quirks are ironed out.

SISTER TROUBLE

Dear Mr. Henreid:
I have a sister of 22 who's not particularly attractive. Some weeks ago she came home with a friend, a very nice gentleman. After he'd gone, she told me how thrilled she was to have found someone at last.

A day later this gentleman called me at my place of employment and asked me out for dinner. I told him that he was supposed to be my sister's boyfriend, but he merely laughed and said that was silly, that he'd only been out with my sister once. To make a long story short, I went out with him, and gradually we fell in love, and he never came around to the house any more, largely to avoid hurting my sister's feelings.

This gentleman wants me to announce our engagement, and I keep stalling because I'm afraid of the effect it will have on sister. What do you suggest I do?

Carol P.
Sayre, Oklahoma.

I suggest that you tell your sister the entire story immediately. You should have told her from the very outset when this gentleman first invited you for dinner in order to allay any suspicions of boyfriend stealing. As a matter of fact, the best course of action to pursue is a joint explanation by both you and your fiancé. Take your sister out one evening, just the three of you, and explain the chain of events and the circumstances which led to the present situation. There is no doubt but what your sister will bear you some resentment but when she realizes that
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Great ENTERTAINMENT

(Continued from page 26)

she could never have captured this fellow for her own husband, she will probably soften and wish the both of you the best of luck.

HOPEFUL WRITER

Dear Mr. Henreid:

Can you tell me, please, to whom I may send stories which I think would make swell movies? I'm a writer and I've written several stories which I've sent off to the various studio scenario departments, but they all came back unopened.

Shall I send my stories directly to the producers and the stars or what? Many thanks for the information.

Lester L.
Chester, Pa.

I don't like to say this, but you're wasting your time and also your postage, sending your stories directly to the studios. They have been sued so many times by crackpots and eccentrics for alleged plagiarism that they no longer will open any unsolicited manuscripts. Your best bet is to get a recognized literary agent. I might also point out that the best way for a writer to sell any story to the movies is to have it first published as a novel or in a magazine. Every studio has a large staff of readers who do nothing but search for available story material, and if your yarn is any good at all, believe me, they'll find it. Good luck to you.

ANXIOUS MOTHER

Dear Mr. Henreid:

I know how you and your secretary must be swamped with thousands of letters from hopeful mothers who want screen careers for their children, and I really hate to bother you with this; but could you please tell me how I can get my son, Bobby, age 5, some sort of chance on the radio or stage or screen.

He's exceptionally talented and I've had a screen test made of him by private photographers and I'd like to show it to someone. I've been told that my best bet is to get an agent. I know how terribly busy you are but would you be good enough to give me the names of some reliable agents.

Mrs. Rita L.
Detroit, Mich.

Hollywood is literally jammed with thousands of child actors, most of whom scarcely ever get a chance to show their wares, but every now and again a Margaret O'Brien or a Butch Jenkins does show up; so just in case your Bobby happens to be one, here are the names and addresses of a few reliable agents. Famous Artists Corp., 9441 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles; The Orsatti Agency, 9130 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles; MCA Artists Ltd., MCA Square, Beverly Hills; Sam Jaffe Agency, 8553 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Before you send any one of these organizations any material whatever, write and first find out if they'd be interested in handling your son. Tell them all about him, his experience, description, etc.

FICKLE FELLOW

Dear Mr. Henreid:

I am a girl of 20 and like practically all girls, I like boys. There is one I especially care for. We kept company for two years, and then we decided to break it up. He went his way and I went mine.

Two months ago he called up and asked for a date. We went out again. Whatever
liking I had, must have developed into love. I found myself thinking and dreaming of this boy all the time. As a matter of fact, I expected him to pop the question any minute. He seemed quite taken with me.

I find now, however, that he's been dating another girl rather consistently. How he can profess great love for me and continue dating someone else, I don't know. Do you think I should ask for an explanation or just drop this boy?

Irene L.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

In two words, drop him.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Dear Mr. Henreid:

I hate double dates but all the boys I go with seem to prefer them. My trouble is that I always feel that I'm wearing the wrong type of dress or that the other girl is flirting with my date or the other couple wants to go places and stay out longer than I want to.

I really can't cope with double dates and yet always seem to wind up in one. What would you advise?

Deedra P.
Lancaster, Pa.

Offhand, it sounds as if you're suffering from a bit of an inferiority complex. You seem to be uncertain and self-conscious on a date. The best thing you can do is to give yourself a pep-talk and tell yourself that you're as pretty and popular as any other girl in your crowd. Double-dating isn't too much of a problem. Just don't let yourself be crowded out of the activities and the conversation. Steer the talk to subjects you're familiar with and the attention of the crowd will gravitate towards you. If you happen to dislike the other girl or the other girl's date, concentrate on your own. Any girl on her toes, if she wants to, can make a double-date a single one. If the boy likes you, it's not too difficult to tear him away from the crowd.

CHINESE-AMERICAN

Dear Mr. Henreid:

For a long time this matter has been bothering me. I'm a girl almost 19. I am fairly well to do and come from a good family. Right now I am very much in love with a boy of 25. He is an officer in the Air Corps. I am considered rather beautiful having won several beauty contests. I am Chinese and this boy is of Irish descent. He has asked me to marry him but my mother disapproves.

I think my life is very important, and I should get all the happiness I can. Do you think I will be happy if I married this boy or do you think my mother is right?

Mary L.
Minneapolis, Minn.

I regret that I can't answer your question. There are too many individual factors I know nothing about. During my lifetime, I have known a good many mixed marriages which were both successful and unsuccessful as much as all other marriages are. Were I you, I would consult my parents on this question.

Do you have a problem that's bothering you? Write to Paul Henreid, c/o Movieland, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, Calif., and if he thinks your letter is of general interest to our readers, you will see it answered in Movieland.
You will look your smartest in these stylized, man-tailored, quality slacks. Individually precision built with pleated front, darted in back, belt loops, zipper placket and two pockets.

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Stars! Gabfests! Prizes! That's a fan club convention

A peach of an honorary president is Mr. Jones—and he made quite a hit with the Frisco clubbers. He talked about the club in his honor, and what different stars thought of their organizations—and it's no secret that he thinks our f. c.'s are great! Being a guy with a sense of humor, when asked to pose for pics with the Sinatra group he asked, "Do you think they'll accept me?"

The raffle to which so many stars donated prizes was held after dinner—and you could hear the "oh's" and "ah's" ripple through the hotel as the gifts were produced. A Parker "51" pen was the offering of Eddie Ryan, a gold compact from Helmut Dantine, a record album from Carmen Cavallaro—autographed too—and Bing Crosby sent one of his pipes—for smoking, that is! The kids came near swooning when the tie from Kurt Kreuger and the hanky from Alan Ladd were given out. Many other terrific gifts were won by the eccentric clubbers—and in all, they made $45.00 on the raffle—$25.00 of which was sent to Pat O'Brien to be turned over to the Sister Kenny Infantile Paralysis fund.

The following afternoon the tea was held—and also a big discussion on the do's and don'ts of fan clubs. The prexies who attended got the members' views on journals, contests, and so on. One of the main topics was: "Should a star have more than one fan club?" The answer was a unanimous NO—save cases where the star has an overwhelming following, a la Frankie or Van.

Financial troubles, membership woes, and
just about every other phase of fan clubs was covered—and most of the club proxies went away with a bit of an idea of what members expect—and vice versa.

The main idea that came up during the course of the tea was incorporating all clubs into one big group. They plan to furnish snaps at such a low cost that all clubs, no matter how small, may afford three or four in each issue of the Journal. They hope to have some mimeograph firm do the journals at the lowest possible cost—but keep the publications at a high enough standard to attract the attention of the “Powers that be.”

We’d like to mention the bang-up contest we’re having to re-title this column. We know what terrific ideas you clubbers have on titles—since your journals have such keen names—so we want you to help us out! Put that grey matter to work, and let us know the outcome. AND, whoever sends in the title that strikes our fancy will win a full year’s subscription to MOVIELAND. How’s that sound? So drag out the pen and ink and drop us a postcard with your suggestion on it.

We’re pretty proud of fan clubs this month. Why? Well, there’s the Jean Pierre Aumont fan club adopting a French war orphan. Every two weeks they get together and pack up food, clothing, candy, books, etc., to send to little Christians. We think this is the nicest gesture on the part of a fan club to date. Why not work up a project of this sort in your group? It proves the worthiness of fan clubs, and makes you feel sorta’ proud of yourself, too.

Then, there’s the Johnny Coy f.c. raising funds to buy a phonograph for the boys at the St. Albans Naval Hospital. The fellows sure appreciate it.

Speaking of the Coy club, proxy Ellen Sachs writes that Johnny called long-distance to check on club progress. Needless to say, Ellen was thrilled and says that Johnny sounds “Coy-lossen” on the phone.

If you’ve been combing the country for a certain club and haven’t had any luck—drop us a line and we’ll send you the address of club headquarters. Please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope along with your query. It will prevent a lot of delay—’n’ we know you’ll be in a hurry to join.

OUT OF THE MAILBAG—Carson’s Collections, from the club in Jack’s honor. A fine publication, and we’d particularly like to mention the editorial written by proxy Loretta Verbin. A terrific piece on tolerance—a good practice for other clubs to follow. Haymons Herald from that certain crooner’s club, headed by Virginia Heywood. A nicely edited, clearly printed job—we liked it! And we always like the covers on Autry’s Aces from Gene’s club—they give the paper a professional look. And that is what most clubs are striving for! But while you’re trying to improve your club publication, please try to avoid the various colored inks—ever see a first-rate mag printed in passionate purple?

New clubs are poppin’ up all over—there’s Sandra Browning’s Bill Carter aggregation, and Beverly Renn’s new organization for up-and-coming Lloyd Bridges—and Peggy Cummins, who is bound for glory, has given the okay to Janis Sargent.

Have you heard about the HOLLYWOOD PARTY COMMITTEE? If not, full information can be obtained from the Chairman, Philharmonic Auditorium Bldg., 707, Los Angeles, California. For fun, stars, and more fun—write today!

YES, in 36 minutes your hair can look lovelier! Swift-moving American women today want to appear at their best on time, for business or social engagements—and Glover’s Mange Medicine helps you do just that! Fresh lustre and radiance, natural color tone, hair softness and glamour—these are yours with Glover’s famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment—quickly, conveniently, in your own home! Ask for Glover’s Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover’s Hair Dress at your favorite Drug Store—or mail Coupon today for free trial application of all three in Sampler Package!

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Remayne Cahoon—charming Pan American World Airways stewardess, has made many trans-oceanic flights. Active young business woman, she says, “I always use Glover’s 3-Way Medicinal Treatment—it gives my hair such lovely highlights!”

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Send free Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail—Glover’s Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover’s Imperial Hair Dress in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles—with free booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

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Miss Cahoon, in her Pan American World Airways uniform, is always well groomed—thanks to Glover’s famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment for the scalp and hair.

In 36 Minutes—wing your way to New Hair Lovelinessness!
Massage your legs as at right:
Circle an ankle with both hands,
pull your flesh firmly up past
your knee to help reduce legs.

Hold on to a chair for balance.
Stand on one foot holding the
other out straight at hip level.
Bend slowly for leg development.

To develop your legs lie flat
on the floor, then raise legs as
high as possible, then lower. Do
it slowly starting at ten times.

LEG PERFECTION

Self-conscious
over your legs?

Take some action

By JULIA RANSOM MILLER

* Legs are important to a woman’s beauty. Think of the movie stars who have become famous because of their lovely legs. If you would like yours to be more shapely take the trouble to follow the exercises that Suzi Crandall, soon to be seen in Warner Bros. movie “That Way With Women,” illustrates on this page.

There is a remedy for slightly-bowed legs unless they are caused by malformation of the bones. Stand with feet together, force your knees out until your calves meet, relax and repeat at least ten times. Eventually the muscles in your legs should develop sufficiently to overcome your problem.

The color of your stockings will call attention to or away from your legs. Always keep within the range of the fashionable colors, but choose the lightest of these colors to make your legs seem larger. The darker colors minimize the size of your legs and, therefore, do not attract attention.

No matter how beautiful your legs are, it is extremely important to keep them free from hair. Use a depilatory, an epillator, an eraser, or shave as often as necessary to keep your legs smooth and lovely.
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THOMAS MITCHELL • HENRY TRAVERS • Beulah Bondi • Ward Bond • Frank Faylen
Produced and Directed by FRANK CAPRA

Screenplay by Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett and Frank Capra
Additional Scenes by Jo Swerling • Released through RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
Dear Helen King,

"You Really Should Have Asked My Horse, Champion, to Write This—His Penmanship Is Much Better Than Mine."

Gene Autry

By Helen King

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Do you write like Gene Autry?

★ At least one-half of the readers of Movieland who have written me for a character analysis will be able to answer the question atop this page with a great big "yes," for many of them do write much like Gene Autry. Literally thousands have quavered me about their writing which "changes its slant halfways through the letter." Many many wonder why they use little circles in the place of i-dots.

Note the "r" in the word "really." It tops all other letters along the line. Gene has a terrific pride which would force him to excel in whatever he might undertake. Notice also the way words taper off from rather large to a diminishing end. The man is a diplomat! He can say "no" with such charm the sting has been removed.

Do you too semi-print many of the capital letters a la Autry? If so you eliminate many unnecessary furbelows, like to see things well done, efficiently, carefully. Do you have many shaded letters a la Autry? There's a touch of impatience, especially with those who would attempt to slow you down, try to control you. You shaded-writers don't take too kindly to losing.

Now cast your eyes on that elongated "t" crossing in the signature. That's the man who is going to dominate, who gets his own way through sheer willpower. He has the driving energy of an engineer, the generosity of Santa Claus, and the personality of a charmer. No wonder he's tops with fans.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Unless you want Helen King to tell you what secrets are revealed by your handwriting. If so—

if you want a personal handwriting analysis from one of the foremost American graphology experts—send this coupon, together with 25c and a sample of your penmanship, to Helen King, care of MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 535 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. You will receive a personal analysis—no form letters.

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32
HOLLYWOOD wants to KNOW

The film producers want YOUR opinions on the movies and stars you’d like to see.

Help Hollywood make the kind of pictures you want to see. It’s simple and lots of fun, just answer the following questions. Movieland will see that the film producers get your answers. Fill in the coupon below and mail to Hollywood Wants to Know, Movieland, 535 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

There’s a special award this month for the first 200 people who send in their answers to us. It’s a generous supply of soothing Hinds Honey and Almond hand lotion. Lanolin-enriched, it comes dressed up in a new coral pink cap and label that will decorate your dressing table prettily.

1. For “The Lady From Shanghai” Rita Hayworth cuts her hair. (See p. 76.) Do you prefer the new coiffure or the old?

2. Did you like Ginger Rogers in the historical drama, “The Magnificent Doll,” better than in “Kitty Foyle”?

3. M-G-M would like to know if you think Esther Williams should give up her bathing beauty parts in favor of dramatic roles.

4. Are you disillusioned when you see a motion picture star in person?

5. Do you prefer original screen plays to popular novels and plays which have been transferred to the screen?

6. Ida Lupino was originally a stage comedienne; yet most of her screen plays have been heavy dramatic fare. Would you like to see her return to comedies?

7. Do you prefer the realism of English films to the glamorization of life-in-Hollywood films?

8. Would you like to see more full-length cartoon pictures?

9. Are you revolted by sadistic scenes in motion pictures, such as the one in “The Chase” where a man was eaten alive by a dog?

10. The cast of “Till the Clouds Roll By” included over ten of Metro’s top personalities. Do you think too much star talent weakens a picture?

My answer is Yes to Questions No.

My answer is No to Questions No.

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...Wear this lovely Wing Spread dress at MY RISK. If in 10 days you are not completely satisfied, return for full refund.

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...Write in size and color choice (give second color choice). Pay postman C. O. D. charges.

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Rush Coupon for Prompt Delivery

Return postage is $1.00. I enclose payment in the amount of $13.95. If in 10 days you are not completely satisfied, please return purchase for full refund.

My answer is Yes to Questions No...

My answer is No to Questions No...

Name...

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There's more to "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim"...than meets the eye!

Shameless? Blameless? Nameless?

BETTY GRABLE and DICK HAYMES in

The Shocking MISS PILGRIM
IN TECHNICOLOR

with ANNE REVERE • ALLYN JOSLYN • GENE LOCKHART
Written for the Screen and Directed by GEORGE SEATON
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From a Story by Ernest and Frederica Maas - Dances Staged by Hermes Pan - Costumes Designed by Orry Kelly

"FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOR EVERMORE!" "CHANGING MY TUNE!" "AREN'T YOU KIND OF GLAD WE DID?" "WALTZING IS BETTER SITTING DOWN!"

Have you seen Darryl F. Zanuck's production of W. Somerset Maugham's "THE RAZOR'S EDGE"?
We predict that within the next few months you movie-goers will be having more enjoyment-hours in the motion picture theater than ever before. The reason: Studios have decided to re-release film classics of bygone years. They decided upon this revolutionary step when someone pointed out that a whole new generation of youngsters (that's you, kids) has grown movie-wise since many famous pictures had their debuts.

We spent more pleasant hours than we ever dreamed of, looking at various stars of today in the roles which skyrocketed them to fame years ago. We recently saw Ingrid Bergman and Bob Montgomery in one of the screen's first psychological dramas, MGM's "Rage In Heaven," and remembered when the public saw this picture for the first time there was a great controversy over whether or not madness was a fit subject for a motion picture. Now, more mature audiences will find it pure enjoyment.

Next we looked at "The Philadelphia Story" with Katharine Hepburn and Jimmy Stewart and thought just how funny lines and situations can be! You won't want to miss Clark Gable (what a nostalgic sigh we breathed over this one!) and Charles Laughton in "Mutiny On the Bounty," or "King's Row" with Betty Field, Ann Sheridan, Ronald Reagan, Bob Cummings; or Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier in "Rebecca."

We are looking forward to the day when "Gone With the Wind," "Little Women" and "Snow White" will once more be shown on the screen. Perhaps, if you send in your suggestions for oldies you'd like to see to Movieland, the studios will listen to our clamor and still more film favorites will be brought back.

The Editors
Momentous chapters occur in the
Power life—the end of his marriage:
a flying tour of Latin America

By RUSSEL BYRNE

Cesar Romero was one of the four companions who flew the “Saludos Amigos” with Ty. Above, at Pisco, Peru.

Panama Minister greets Ty and Cesar. Presidents of nine countries officially welcomed the Hollywoodites.

“We will always be friends,” said Anna bella when she and Ty told of parting.

In “The Razor’s Edge,” Ty’s latest film, he and Gene Tierney share an unfulfilled love.

36
A tall, very dark, and very handsome young gentleman, name of Tyrone Power, recently had himself one whale of a good time.

In company with Cesar Romero and three other young gentlemen of varying height, darkness and handsomeness, Mr. Power took off in his own airplane and winged himself and them all over, around, and about Central and South America. It was a vacation trip.

Any average citizen fortunate enough to afford such a carefree aerial jaunt would be able to convince his friends, even the envious ones, of this simple fact. Mr. Power, however, is no average citizen. He is a movie star. He is a very popular movie star, with a popularity marching steadily on an ascendant curve. He is also a war veteran, with a distinguished record as a Marine combat transport pilot—a record of which others speak highly but of which Ty speaks not at all. Those combined facts mean that whatever this young man does inspires much public speculation.

You heard this speculation around Hollywood, especially when Ty, landing in New York after his flying tour, met his wife Annabella and together they announced the end of their marriage.

You heard: "There had to be some connection between that trip and the break-up."

You heard: "Aw, he really went down there to scout locations for his next picture."

You heard: "The inside is, he went down to lay groundwork for a new air transport company to serve Latin America."

All of which was interesting, if untrue. On the best possible authority—Ty's words and Ty's character and Ty's past—I can report unequivocally that the South American air junket of Power and his pals had one purpose and one only: fun.

"If you've had an idea for seven years and finally you've seen it come off, just as you planned it would, you feel pretty good." Ty's grin, flashing extra white against the dark tan of his face, told more than his words the complete satisfaction he felt over that vacation.

He was relaxing in his studio dressing room, during a respite from the multitudinous demands of preparation for his new picture, "The Captain from Castile." It would be made mostly in Mexico, and would be a return to swashbuckling after the more exacting emotional performance in "The Razor's Edge." Ty's vacation was definitely over, and yet it was still with him, as much a part of him as all the years of his life, or his smile, or his open friendliness and enthusiasm and keen alert mind.

Ty wasn't talking about his parting from Annabella—beyond their original statements from New York. That record was public. He and his beautiful blonde wife, meeting there where she was rehearsing her new play, "No Exit," had made their formal announcement to the press—and that was that. (Continued on page 94)

Back in the U. S. again with wonderful memories of the Latin Americas—Ty had dreamed of this trip for years.
By DOROTHY O'LEARY

* "How difficult can marriage be? There's Harry James way off in the East and Betty Grable in Hollywood. I think it's terrible," wailed our 14-year-old bobby sox cousin who worries about the stars more than anyone we know.

Her moan was the germ of an idea. What about a marriage in which the party of the first part, the Number One Pin Up Girl, and the party of the second part, The Young Man with the Horn, have careers that cause separations because of conflicting schedules? Best way to find out, of course, was to consult Betty herself about it. "Just how," we asked rather tentatively, "do you manage?"

"Manage what?" challenged Mrs. James. "Your marriage. Isn't it difficult, with your two careers? You and Harry never have time off together. Maybe you have a five year plan or a design for living or ten fool-proof rules?"

Betty's full-throated laugh was so hearty it tossed back her long blonde hair. (She wears it casually loose because Harry likes it that way,
"But plenty of people have been in love and led the simple life—and ended in the divorce court," we objected.

"Then they undoubtedly weren't suited for each other and should not have married. Harry and I are," her violet eyes were serious, "and you haven't heard any rift rumors about us!"

Betty's logic was undeniable. Even in rumor-ridden Hollywood there just haven't been any gossip items to the effect that the Jameses were drifting apart.

"Actually, you know," Betty went on, "we haven't been separated much. The day after we were married in Las Vegas Harry had to return to New York and I to Hollywood, but not for long. Then shortly after Vicki was born, when she was too young to travel, he did a road tour to the East and I went with him. In the summer of '45 when he was playing around New York for three months, Mom and Vicki and I all went along. But this summer he's doing so many one week and one night stands that it isn't practical for me to go. Six weeks, but it seems like sixteen years! "We're just so darned congenial and have so much fun together that I feel lost when Harry isn't here," sighed Mrs. James.

"Our primary difficulty hasn't been separation, it's been trying to work at the same time, then have time off together. I've just finished a picture when Harry starts one. We've never had a real vacation together in three years."

Since their marriage Betty and Harry both have made four pictures, with long production schedules. Betty's big musicals average five months' duration with rehearsal and recording time; her latest, "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," although including no dance numbers, which add weeks to shooting time, was before the cameras five months, too.

When she's working she gets up at 5:30 and usually leaves for the studio without even waking Harry. She doesn't get home until 6:30, more than slightly tired. If Harry's band is playing somewhere around Los Angeles, as it often is, he must leave the house by 7:30, so they have just about sixty minutes in which to have dinner before he departs. Then he doesn't get back until after 2, when Betty is sleeping to get up again at 5:30. . . . You take it from there.

And even if Harry doesn't have a band date, Betty with that early call facing her cannot do much beyond having dinner, a quiet evening and then retiring early.

Everything would have (Continued on page 96)
Music conductor Axel Stordahl puts aside his baton and draws a heartwarming portrait of his friend, Frank Sinatra

By AXEL STORDAHL

"He’s My Boss"

Axel and The Voice take time out for a quick lunch. Frank remains thin in spite of five meals a day!
I'm not much good at talking about The Boss for publication. To me Frank Sinatra has always been just a very nice guy who can really sing—not a hero made of stardust and glitter. I've never been surprised that he has been such a big success with the public, for even years ago he had something unusual both in his voice and his personality. But he's still the same thin young man I first met in Tommy Dorsey's office in 1940.

When Frank joined Tommy's organization six years ago, I was one of Dorsey's music arrangers. I had been one for some time, mostly doing musical backgrounds for another thin young man named Jack Leonard, who is now under contract to Columbia Pictures. Jack also was good with his pipes, and there were lots of young kids who used to crowd around the bandstand wherever the outfit went. When Jack decided that he wanted to see what he could do on his own, as a soloist, Tommy had to start listening to new male vocalists. He heard a lot of them, naturally.

Then he bent an ear to a guy named Sinatra who was singing with Harry James.

The first I heard of Sinatra was when Tommy wired me in New York from Chicago, where the band was playing at the time, and asked me to ship him some special arrangements to use on test records with Frank. All the information I got from Tommy was the names of the songs and the keys Frank would sing them in. With these meager details, I wrote the arrangements, sent them on to Dorsey, and about a month later was shipped copies of the Chicago tests. As I listened to Frank's smooth, easy way of singing, I knew why Tommy had signed him on the spot. The boy was good. There was no doubt about it.

I didn't meet him until the band came back (Continued on page 106)
Behind Esther Williams' twinkling smile lies plenty of determination.
Esther Williams would have made good in movies without her swim championship—here’s why

* Esther Williams was the most determined little girl I’ve ever known.

Some Los Angeles Athletic Club swimming team members and I were having a gabfest following recent national championships at Shakamak Park, Indiana. We were giving our very candid opinions of swimmers, both past and present, and naturally Esther Williams’ name came up for discussion.

The one question everyone wanted answered was, "Would Esther have become a screen celebrity if she hadn’t first established a name for herself in swimming?" (Continued on page 98)
"I feel my wife has a right to her own successful career"

* I was never cut out to play the heavy husband.

I couldn't imagine myself telling any girl: "Honey, when we get married, here's the way it's going to be. I want you to quit your job, because I'll have plenty for both of us. I want you to stay home and be a wife. I don't want you to have to take orders from any boss, any more. I want. I want. I want."

What a hammy performance!

What about what the girl wants?

The point I'm trying to make is that the girl, these days, is just as much an entity as the man. For that matter, she always has had just as much individuality and just as much right to that individuality; but it's only recently that she has had a chance to prove it.

I happen to be married to Betty Garrett who is the hit of that smash Broadway success, "Call Me Mister." Now suppose that when we decided to be married, on September 8, 1944, I had told her that I wanted her to give up her career, and suppose that she had agreed. It's a cinch I would have lived to regret it.

The reviews of that show have been in my pocket ever since the day after it opened, and at the slightest provocation, I'll show them to you. One New York critic referred to Betty as "the best musical comedy personality since Marilyn Miller."

I wasn't particularly interested (Continued on page 90)
"I want Mary free to spend happy hours with me and the baby"

* Like all Gaul, my reason for not wanting my wife to work is divided into three parts: 1) Mary is very beautiful; 2) if Mary were to work, she would return to the acting profession; 3) I have read too many books on psychology, including Freud.

At first glance, this list would seem to be without cohesion, but add it up and you arrive at this total: I'm a jealous husband. Any man who loves his wife as much as I love Mary is foredoomed to believe that he is covered with luck, and that he must be vigilant or that luck will be peeled off by a quixotic fate.

If Mary were to return to work (to MGM, for instance, where she was formerly under contract), she would be working opposite a series of handsome, muscular, suave-voiced gentlemen. Mary's daily association with one of these hypothetical leading men, let's call him Greg van Gable, might cause her to draw certain comparisons between this epitome of masculine charm and the bewildered father of her rugged son. After all, Mary sees me before I have had my orange juice and after I have had a fight with the third assistant electrician—a pair of grim experiences.

Don't misunderstand me: I have every confidence in Mary's integrity. But I don't trust guys when a girl as beautiful as Mary is in the vicinity. I've lived with air cadets in barracks, so I have heard (Continued on page 104)
When Joan Caulfield left the stage play "Dear Ruth" to go to Hollywood, sister Betty stepped in to fill Joan's role.

A career is hard work, but Joan loves it. Here she rehearses dialogue with director Jim Vincent.

It seems like gilding the lily, but even beautiful Joan must have last minute touches to make-up and hairdo.

Joan Caulfield: 

A hit team in "Blue Skies," Joan and

Mother Caulfield has seen to it that Joan is well versed in domestic arts—latest lesson is in knitting.

By DEE LANE
The problem of marriage and a career can be solved," says Joan. She cites Veronica Lake and her Andre DeToth (above) as glowing examples.

A Conover model, stage actress and movie star, Joan tries her hand at a radio broadcast with comedian Billy DeWolfe (left) and William Holden.

A WOMAN'S PLACE...

Bing Crosby will be together again in "Welcome Stranger."

Lovely Joan cherishes a dream of mixing romance—and a career—successfully

* Blessed with one of the best dispositions in all Hollywood, Joan Caulfield is not one to lose her temper, but one thing will bring storm clouds to her clear blue eyes and a rise in her blood pressure. If some misguided character is foolish enough to suggest to Joan that a woman's place is exclusively in the home, Career Girl Caulfield does a bum that is neither slow nor incomplete.

"Every woman should have some sort of career, and if possible continue it after marriage," she declares with such conviction that one knows here is a subject close to the heart of this charming and talented young actress.

"It doesn't matter what sort of job a girl has, it's better for her (Continued on page 102)
* In the spring of 1942, about four months after Pearl Harbor, America was seething with preparations for a war into which it had been brutally, suddenly thrust. Daily over the nation thousands of men were donning uniforms. Hordes poured into defense factories. Patriotism was at a fever pitch. America was at last acutely war-conscious.

In the midst of the frenzy, involving multitudes, a news headline about one man burst like a thunder-clap over Hollywood and quickly spread over the remainder of the country. Lew Ayres, idol of millions of movie fans, had announced his intentions of going to a conscientious objectors' camp rather than take up arms against the Germans, the Japs, or any other human beings. He was the first prominent American to refuse to fight because of religious beliefs.

Lew had always been considered a bit odd by the movie crowd. He had remained aloof from Hollywood and its patterns of behavior. In a home that perched like an eagle's nest on the top of a mountain, he had indulged in an almost monastic retirement. He gazed at stars through a large telescope, studied the science of weather, and read widely in the fields of philosophy and religion. But he was a fine actor and bothered nobody. So he was well liked generally. Many, however, wondered what could be wrong with such a personable young man who skipped the bright lights to mope about with books and stars of the celestial variety.

Twelve years before Pearl Harbor, Lew had risen swiftly to fame in the role of Paul, the sensitive young German soldier,
During the war years
Lew Ayres risked public scorn
for his passionate beliefs

BREAKS HIS SILENCE

in "All Quiet on the Western Front." That film was a powerful preachment against war; and Lew, like most other Americans of that time, had prescribed to its sentiments. He was violently opposed to bloodshed in any form, even refusing to eat meat because some animal had to be slaughtered to provide it. But nobody thought in the face of actual war, Lew would stick to his convictions. Acquaintances, however, knew him to be a mighty stubborn man where matters of beliefs were involved. The nation was now to find out just how adamant he could be.

Foreseeing the furor his actions would raise, he prepared a carefully worded statement for the press, which amazed Hollywood almost as much as his declaration of being a conscientious objector had. "Let us consider war," he said. "It is not strange that no one really wants war; yet few think that life can be successfully or even respectfully lived without it. We all shake our heads over our predicament, and then wait for the other fellow to stop it first, each side, perhaps, eager to be the benevolent victor.

"In confusion we stumble blindly along with prayers for peace on our lips and bloodstains on our hands, afraid to go forward, afraid to stop, and troubled by strangely perplexed hearts wherein savagery and virtue reside intertwined. So in my opinion we will never stop wars until we individually cease fighting them; and that's what I propose to do.

"This decision is not the result of an unstable overnight reformation; nor do I claim to have found something new or unique. It is but the mature result of hours, days, and years of research and reflection.

"I am, and have been, fully aware of the possible consequences arising from such an action as mine in these emotional times, but against all eventualities I am fortified with an inner conviction that seems to increase with every obstacle I face."

We can now see that those words were of the highest order of courage and sincerity. But four (Continued on page 110)
By KATE HOLLIDAY

When husband Louis Busch is working on a piano arrangement, Janet is there to lend inspiration and light cigarettes.

Janet sings; Louis plays. It was Louis who got Janet her first job with Hal Kemp band.

Mrs. B., whose latest film is "Gallant Journey," gives Mr. B.'s tie a wifely touch.

And when there's work to be done in the kitchen, the Busch-Blair partnership continues: witness Louis drying dishes.

The marriage of Janet Blair and Louis Busch exemplifies some mighty fine teamwork

* Miss Janet Blair has a statement for this or any other year:
  Quote: "I want to work with my husband." Unquote.
  This is not news, you understand. In fact, if she said anything else, Hollywood would be sure that the skies were going to fall any minute.
  Janet has always worked with Louis Busch. He was the guy who really started her. He is the guy who constantly helps her. And, despite the fact that, at present, hers is the bigger name of the combination, Janet does not feel that she will always be more of a star than Louis. For Louis' business—music—is to her more important than "ephemeral" acting.  (Continued on page 84)
Unpretentious, warm and friendly, Greg Peck will never “go Hollywood”

* When I called on Gregory Peck, one sunny California day, I was greeted at the gate of his unpretentious Coldwater Canyon home by a giant police dog. The dog had just time to bark a greeting when rounding the corner of the house with paint bucket in his hand, came Peck, clad in a pair of slacks and a noticeable lack of foot-wear.

“Just finished painting my fence,” he explained with a grin. “Come around back and find yourself a chair. I’ll be with you as soon as I put this stuff away.”

Looking at this man with his great ease of manner, and his friendly smile, I knew why it was that sophisticated radio commentators like Dorothy Kilgallen and Maggie McNellis were still talking about the times they had Peck as their guest star on their programs; why it was the studio publicity persons you talked to could not say enough in praise of Peck; why the public had instantly taken him to its heart.

Peck had just returned to work in “The Paradine Case” and was filled with enthusiasm about it. He was hard at work after taking a few weeks off for the first time in months—he’s made seven films for five different studios in the three short years he’s been in Hollywood. And that’s really working!

Enthusiasm was carrying Peck along as he talked about the thing closest and (Continued on page 86)
Who's Kissing Whom?

So you think you're a movie fan—can you guess the names of these romantic screen teams?

* Ever since movies began, the kiss has been an important part of most pictures. Folks were shocked in 1896 when John C. Rice clutched Mary Irwin to him for the first screen kiss (lasting fifty feet) but they liked it. They wanted more. Today, the screen kiss technique has improved considerably—the old, strangle-hold method has been discarded and screen lovers embrace gracefully, skillfully and manage to convey an amazing amount of emotion despite the fact that they are surrounded by directors, production assistants, camera crews, Kleig lights, sound equipment and assorted onlookers.

If you can identify the kissers and kissers on these pages, you are an A-l movie fan. There's a clue beneath each picture but just to prove you're right about who's kissing whom, turn to page 105.
Remember this scene from Republic’s “The Last Crooked Mile?” Kisses shoot up the cost of production. Even a quick kiss can cost $2,500 while a major clinch may run up to $10,000.

In “Kiss and Tell”, she got into a lot of trouble for kissing too many boys. She’s been a popular actress since starting in pictures as a curley-topped child star.

He was born in Hungary but he’s as American as apple pie. The blonde, dubbed a classic beauty, has been in pictures since she was fourteen years old.

In her latest picture, this young miss shocks everybody including her boss. More information about her can be found in the story on page 38. He was a singing star before becoming a screen favorite.
Who's Kissing Whom?

(Continued)

She keeps a sinister secret locked in a jeweled heart in RKO's thrilling suspense drama, "The Locket." He started out in horse operas, quickly zoomed to film success after a role in "The Story of G.I. Joe."

A radio mimic's program would be incomplete without an imitation of this actor. He makes love with a French accent. Once a model, she became a full-fledged star after her first movie; married her co-star.

She swooned when he took her in his arms in the romantic story of "Frontier Gal." So did the fans! They've been a popular screen team since their first film together.
He has been a New York State cop and a tennis professional. She was one of Scarlett O'Hara's sisters. You saw them in "Renegades."

Complete faith kept her believing in him even though everything pointed to him as a murderer. Hitchcock directed this thriller.

He's the bobby-soxers' favorite. She made the sweater famous. Together they made "Weekend at the Waldorf" topnotch film fare.

Often kiss scenes are repeated as many as twenty times to avoid distortion. A picture can be spoiled if the clinch is too "corny."
"If you'd like my idea of a truly beautiful woman, take a look at Jeanne Crain," says Frank Powolny. "There's a movie star who's photogenic from any angle." Frank should know. One of the real veterans of Hollywood photography, the 20th Century-Fox cameraman has spent 20 years in the studios, has probably photographed more glamor queens than anyone else in his profession. Amiable and efficient, he gets top-notch results by dealing quietly and smoothly with his sometimes-temperamental visitors. With Miss Crain, now in "Margie," he has no worries. She has posed professionally since 16.

"She hasn't an irregular feature, which makes her easy to photograph," explains Frank. "Her facial expressions are always relaxed; she has such beautiful natural coloring, she needs little or no make-up. That's why she's such a darling in Technicolor."

Jeanne can look youthful or sophisticated merely by changing her hair style, claims Powolny. Her face is so expressive that it automatically corresponds with the hair-do and clothes she is wearing. That she's a whiz for candid art is shown in the picture on the opposite page. Figure-esque Jeanne (she's 5' 4½" tall, weighs 114, has a 34 bust; 24" waist and 36" hips) can look winsome even when stepping into cold brook water.
PROFILE: There's no fretting about which side of Jeanne's face to photograph; her features are perfectly symmetrical.

HANDS: No extremes in manicures or outlandish rings for Jeanne whose fluid hands possess great range of expression.
EYES: "Jeanne's eyes have great depth and are unusually expressive," claims photographer Powolny. "She can say anything with her eyes." The natural, long-lashed Crain orbs are changeable in color, sometimes seem hazel, sometimes grey.

HAIR: Crowning glory for Jeanne is her luxurious light-brown hair, with auburn highlights. She likes to wear it pig-tailed, the way in which she made her screen debut in "Home in Indiana," but for more sophisticated moments, chooses an upsweep.
FLIRTATIOUS: Ever a cameraman's delight, Jeanne's mobile features can register almost any mood for the asking.

INFORMAL: Jeanne's a natural for informal art, can manage to look beautiful in the most awkward poses. Cameraman
SULTRY: Jeanne is devastating in sophisticated evening clothes but prefers peasant blouses and skirts—in blue.

SWEET: Twenty-one-year-old Jeanne first began to win public notice when she was crowned Miss Long Beach of '41.

ROMANTIC: When husband Paul Brinkman is near, Jeanne always looks twice as lovely. They have been married just one year.
1. In this scene from Paramount's "Cross My Heart," Betty Hutton has just been hired as secretary by Howard Freeman.

2. Freeman would rather play than work, but Betty insists upon putting through a long-distance phone call to distract him.

8. She who hesitates is lost in a situation like this. It doesn't take Betty long to warm up her right-to-the-jaw dexterity.

9. For a final farewell, there's nothing like a headlong attack to the stomach. You've lost a boss; gained an exit.

10. Not every secretary can make an impression like this on her employer. Looks like Howard's falling for Betty.

If Your Boss

Some Advice To You by
BETTY HUTTON

* To all girls beset with the problem of how to handle an over-amorous employer, Betty Hutton gives some very active advice in "Cross My Heart." In the zany Paramount comedy-mystery, Betty gets the secretarial job to end all secretarial jobs—$100 a week for three
When your boss gets familiar, give him the arm—of the nearest chair, says Betty. It ought to discourage the wolf quickly.

If he doesn't take the hint, a song should calm him. Unfortunately, Betty's voice arouses her boss' emotion.

The nimble Miss Hutton leaps towards the nearest exit. A little thing like a sofa isn't going to stand in her way.

She almost made it! At the door, one hand on the knob, Betty finds Howard right behind her. "Don't leave me," he pleads.

Say it with flowers while you're sparring for time. Betty tosses the posies right in her amorous employer's lap.

is a Wolf

hours work a day! Her boss is actor Howard Freeman, described as an opulent wolf with an eye for a pretty figure. Secretary Hutton soon learns that Freeman is interested in more than her typing and shorthand, goes through a hilarious scene that finds her madly stalling Freeman, leaping over sofas, throwing flowers at him, even singing one of her inimitable torch songs to quiet him. It finally takes a haymaker to put Freeman out of commission. Betty lands an expert one. Smart secretaries will take note.
When a screen star visits her home town, anything can happen—pretty Rhonda Fleming wound up in Salt Lake City putting chains on tires!

* Red-haired, blue-eyed pulchritudinous Rhonda Fleming is her own best saleswoman. Realizing this fact, star-builder David O. Selznick recently sent Rhonda on a personal appearance tour to Salt Lake City, her home town. Everybody, from the Mayor down to pig-tailed school kids, turned out to welcome her. Rhonda’s biggest thrill came when she received a special invitation to the gubernatorial mansion. Governor Herbert Maw remembered her grandfather who twenty years before had produced Shakespeare for local theater-goers. Most troublesome were the evenings when the phone would keep ringing. It was hard for Rhonda to refuse dates with young admirers, but she had to get ten hours sleep to be ready for the next day’s whirl.

While a girl reporter jots notes and a photographer snaps her picture, Rhonda Fleming steps off a plane from California for an official greeting from Salt Lake City’s Mayor Earl J. Glade. Actually, Rhonda had arrived an hour earlier than expected. When the reception committee reached the airport, she cheerfully climbed back on a plane and posed for arrival pictures.
Rhonda went to parties galore, gave one herself for local press and publicity men. They quizzed her about "Spellbound" and "Spiral Staircase."

Rhonda got a kick out of radio interviewer asking her about her Utah relatives. Her great-great grandfather crossed plains with Brigham Young.

Actress turns reporter—at office of the Salt Lake City Desert News, Rhonda wrote a column which the editor printed with her own by-line.

Right: Sleep is a must for stars on personal appearance tours. Rhonda tried to be in bed by nine every night, much to suitors' dismay.
While waiting for breakfast (waffles, sausage and maple syrup every morning) Rhonda clips press notices for her scrapbook. She was a model at 15, amateur actress at 16, but decided to wait until she was 21 before embarking upon a movie career.

At the Bushnell General Hospital for amputees, Rhonda spent hours laughing and joking with patients who swapped autographs with her. They voted her the Visitor We Want to See Again. Somebody suggested skiing for exercise and Rhonda was ready for fun. She didn't expect to find herself helping to adjust anti-skip chains but then anything can happen on a P.A. tour!
Salt Lake City had a full quota of historical spots which Rhonda enjoyed visiting. Here she is reading the memorial plaque on the famous Mormon leader’s home, “Lion House.”

Racer once driven by record-breaker Ab Jenkins gives Rhonda a thrill. She said she could use it to keep up with daily engagements which covered a lot of territory.

Whenever there was a “spare” moment, Rhonda posed prettily for publicity stills. The photogenic Fleming features have been the cameraman’s delight since she was a child.

At Chamber of Commerce gathering, Rhonda learned lots about Salt Lake City and the surrounding countryside that was brand new. She has spent most of her time in California.
After: Long or short, Rita looks beautiful, don’t you agree? She sheared her locks for role in “Lady from Shanghai,” her latest film.

THE LATEST IN

Hollywood

Four leading ladies set the pace

for new hair styles. The big

question seems to be: to cut or dye

When Ingrid Bergman snipped her locks for her role in “For Whom The Bell Tolls,” thousands of women accepted the haircut as a legitimate style trend and followed suit. Once again a Bergman coiffure seems destined to send women rushing to the

Left: But for her role in “Forever Amber”, Linda decided to go blonde, and likes it.
Hair-do's

After: Deciding that her role in "Arch of Triumph" called for a different hair-style, Ingrid tried bangs and short, curled ends.

nearest beauty parlor to copy the attractive short bob with bangs which Ingrid wears in "Arch of Triumph".

To make the short hair prediction even more firm, Rita Hayworth of the gorgeous auburn tresses, recently gave her hairdresser the signal to cut her curls—and short!

For those few people who haven't read "Forever Amber", the heroine is a blonde—and so is Linda Darnell, now that she's going to portray the much-discussed lady on the screen. Donna Reed is another actress who was willing to dye for her cause, in this case, a role in "Green Dolphin Street."

Right: When they see her in "Green Dolphin Street," she'll be a blonde.

Above: Film fans have long identified the beautiful Donna Reed as a brunette.
A job to be sought after! Body-make-up girl Bunny Gardell applies powder to curvaceous Betty Grable for a scene in "Mother Wore Tights." (20th Century-Fox).
Pomona College in California was two-fold. He was "too pretty." And any relation—between his screen work and good acting was purely coincidental. "There wasn't anything I could do about my mugg except let time take care of it," says Bob. "but there was something I could do about the acting. I never stopped working on it. Haven't stopped yet, probably never will. Maybe some day I'll be an actor—I hope."

Time has done a good job on the Taylor physiognomy. It's a tanned, character-filled, strong face, with humor in it and laugh lines about the eyes. The face is attached to a physique—about 180 pounds, six feet tall—that definitely deters any careless use of derivative labels. At 35 our Robert, as Hemingway's Pilar used to say, is much man.

As for the acting, a chap who can do a Johnny Eager" is going to do all right. In Bob's first picture since his return from the navy air force he played another romantic heavy—"a louse," he says, "and not even a lovable louse." The film is "Undercurrent," with Katharine Hepburn.

It's a curious thing about the Taylor career. Now in its thirtieth year, it has flourished with a minimum quota of the "assists" in the way of big, outstanding productions—a star usually requires to remain on top. He has had some good, some bad, some pretty mediocre films. None of the twenty-eight has ever been nominated for an Oscar. Many have relied for success, and succeeded, on the Taylor draw alone. A peaceable, easy-going fellow, he has never been a squawker over the roles handed him.

The films Bob most likes to remember are "Waterloo Bridge," "Johnny Eager," and "The Magnificent Obsession." Since Mervyn LeRoy directed two of the three, any question as to Bob's favorite director is already answered.

"She doesn't have a picture; she's still in school at the Blue Lake, and almost wrote the Lieutenant a few little letters myself."

The Taylors' white, two-story home in Beverly Hills is a portrait of its occupants. It's the small place—three bedrooms—Barbara bought after selling their larger house when Bob went into the Navy. The family consists of the two Taylors, Barbara's 14-year-old adopted son Tony ("Skip") and Uncle Buck," her godfather, for whom they've been able to build a suite in the rear, beyond the smooth green lawn.

The Taylor living room is for living—bright warm colors, deep comfortable chairs and divans, capacious ashtrays on manicured tables, an open fireplace with last night's ashes still warm. Any table I can't put my feet on," Bob expounds one of his pet theories on interior decoration, "is no table for us—in any room in the house."

Baseball, tennis, hunting and flying are all important in the life Taylor has worked for and won. Barbara has tried gaming but in vain to like hunting and baseball. As for flying, Bob calls her "an eight-engine fan." If she must fly, she'd rather the plane had plenty of spare horsepower.

"You've never had a car any distance without a spare tire, have you?"

He spent his first civilian days catching up on his tennis and hunting. Flew down to Mexico for quail, ducks and geese. After "Undercurrent" he was up to his neck in invitations and plans for the hunting season in Wyoming, South Dakota, Texas, all over the map. He had corralled some scarce shotgun ammunition, some for fellow hunter Clark Gable too.

"I'm afraid to plan too much," he grinned. "If I'm gone too long Barbara may think I've run off with a guinea hen or something and divorce me!"

Or just a few?"

For all of this, Bob's first interest is still in that career that pays the bills. He worries about it, some—which is probably the best index to his modest conception of Taylor the movie star.

It's a career that came hard. Son of a Nebraska doctor, he went to Pomona College to study music and veered off into dramatics. (He still has a 'cello stowed away in the house somewhere, but kindly refuses to make noises on it.) After graduation he tackled Hollywood, from a $5-a-week upstart room. Sam Goldwyn tested him for a role in "Roman Scandals" with Eddie Cantor, rejected him as too skinny. Later Bob dug up the test and showed it to Barbara, the coach, disagreed with the general verdict that Bob was "strictly a heavy type" and talked the studio into paying him $35 a week. That was in February, 1934.

In 1935, a somewhat weightier Bob made a "Crime Doesn't Pay" short and graduated into his first lead, in "Society Doctor." The film mail poured in and the Taylor craze spread on the dining room buffet. Their most frequent callers among the stars are Mary and Jack Benny. Bob and Barbara met at a party two years before they were married May 14, 1939. Nowadays their Saturday night binges consist in the main of going out to dinner and a movie. Bob is a roast beef (or steak) and potatoes man, dishies' fancy cooking with wines and spices.

"Except when he prepares his hash beans. He starts early in the morning and stays up all night, and takes on like all the hashish witches. He seems to think that they were placid, eggs and pancakes. And, judging by the way he gets me up and likes me."

Months later, M-G-M took him on as a drama student without salary. Oliver Hins-}

{(Continued from page 55)
"Some Jewell" could be the Chester Morrises' comment as they watch the pretty model at Romanoff's jewel show.

Too bad there wasn't television when gorgeous Maureen O'Hara guested on Don Ameche's Screen Guild program.

What a study in contrasts! You can see why the Red Skeltons stole the show at a recent costume party.

That cut-up, Peter Lawford, stopped clowning long enough to check script with Shirley Temple during rehearsals of their radio show.

On the town

There's no stopping our teen-age reporters, Janie and Joe, when their assignment is GOSSIP!

* Well, really now! Joe-boy and you-know-who have done nothing, absolutely nothing, but beat our feet from one end of this strange, mad, wonderful, tinselly town to t'other all month!

At our ice hockey date, wouldn't you know we'd get to sit right behind those mellow men, Glenn Ford and Mark Stevens? Who's complaining? Except that they had their spice—or is it spouses?—with them. Anyhow we made lots of chin music with the Fords on account of we were so delighted about Eleanor (that's Powell, y'know) being offered roles all over.
Newlyweds Cleatus Caldwell and Bob Hutton look happy about everything as they receive good wishes from friends at hockey game.

Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford huddle at the hockey matches. She’ll resume her movie career very soon.

with Janie and Joe

town. We were screaming that she wasn’t just a few issues ago. Mrs. Stevens just looked wonderful, and she told us that it was her first spree outside the house since she became a mother. We told Mark how exciting he was over the air with Joan Fontaine.

Really, I just don’t know why Bob Hutton didn’t save the money, for all the fun he got out of the hockey game. He and his bride (practically had orange blossoms still in her hair when we saw her), Cleatus Caldwell, just sat and stared at each other all night. The only time they came out of their reverie was when that great romantic, Joe, hit Bob in the head with his flicker box on the way out.

Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens were there, too, on account of Alexis wouldn’t be caught dead not taking in a hockey match. She looked just divine, as usual, and Craig said he thought so too. Which was obvious, on account of all they did was hold hands until Alexis would stand up to shriek at her pet team.

Dusted off my boots and saddle one night for the big party the cast and crew of “It Happened on Fifth Avenue” gave. It was at the most rustic and ranchy ranch owned by one of the crew. That quiver giver Don De Fore was there—and guess who he brought? His wife and mother-in-law. That boy really caused talk! Gail Storm and her husband were there, too. She co-stars with Don in the picture. Victor Moore and Alan Hale, Jr., were dressed in western clothes, like the rest of us, and honestly, all I did was double up all night—just howling with laughter at that funny, funny Moore man. Despite the Chamber of Commerce, Joe and I nearly froze, like everybody else, so we all stood around the huge fire where some expert was (Continued on page 88)
Hi, everybody! You're probably busy packing away your jingle bells and counting Santa's goodies, but take a minute to give an ear to a few new musical notes. Oh yes, Happy 1947 resolutions!

Following the lead of Tommy Dorsey, Les Brown is breaking up his band because of high operating costs. Les plans to vacation at his Hollywood home until around April, and when he does reorganize he may build a sweeter type band. . . . Perry Como and Jo Stafford have both been re-signed for twenty-six weeks for the Chesterfield Supper Club program. . . . Vaughn Monroe did such a good job in the "Carnegie Hall" movie that the producers may give him a starring picture of his own. . . . Mel Torme is giving up his vocal group, the "Meltones," and is working as a single. . . . Jack Leonard has been signed to a long term contract by Columbia Pictures, and his first assignment is a non-singing straight dramatic part in the Rosalind Russell starrer, "The Guilt Of Janet Ames." . . . Johnnie Johnston and Kathryn Grayson, still a romantic twosome, may do a personal appearance tour together. . . . Gene Howard, who gave up singing, is still on Stan Kenton's payroll as an arranger and advance publicity man. Vido Musso changed his mind at the last minute and didn't re-join Kenton. . . . If you want a good book on jazz, get the new "Jazz Cavalcade" by Dave Dexter, Jr. It traces the history of jazz right up to the present time, with lots of rare photographs of famous bands and (Continued on page 92)
Every 2½ seconds someone enters a hospital! YOU—or someone in your family—may be next! Good hospital insurance is important. Provide cash to help pay the many bills that pile up when accident, sickness, or a needed operation sends you or a member of your family to the hospital. At special low family rates this new Sterling Family Hospital and Surgical Policy provides cash benefits to help pay your expenses for hospital room and board, operating room, X-ray, anesthetic, medicines, and other stated hospital expenses—and also for doctor's fee for operations. One policy covers each and every member of your family.

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“It's tough to be married in this town,” says Janet. “Somebody is always looking for trouble for you. At this point, they say that Louis and I will crack up because I'm better known than he. But they're crazy. I had my break, that's all. And Louis will get his. When he does, the music he will write will live for decades, and after they have forgotten there ever was a Janet Blair.”

That's tellin' 'em. And Janet has always told 'em—about Louis. Just as Louis has always declared that “the kid from Altoona was going to be hot as a fox.”

It started in 1939, when Janet was auditioned by the late Hal Kemp for the singing spot in his band. Janet was eighteen, pretty, talented, and so full of confidence that she was about to burst. She didn't know what it was like to be afraid, so she warbled like a dark-haired lark, for Hal. She got the job—because of Louis.

Louis was a young man from Louisville (no relation) who had begun his career in the music business when still in his teens. He had played piano then, had later branched out into arranging for some of the biggest bands in the country. He was known too for his ability to coach singers both in how to sing and how to make an appearance. Ethel Shutta was one of his products in the latter line.

Thus, Hal put the matter of hiring Janet up to Louis.

“Do you think she's got it? Can she be trained?”

“I think so,” Louis answered. “She can sing, of course. And she wears clothes well. And she's got a tremendous personality. What more do we need?”

Hal agreed that they might not need anything, and the grind began.

The band was playing the Stanley Theatre in Pittsburgh at the time and a day later Hal suddenly turned to Janet with, “Get into an evening dress. You're about to make a debut.”

Janet had been calm and collected up to then. But, when she heard Hal, she turned in dismay to Louis.

“But—I can't—not so soon!”

Louis looked at her coldly.

“You heard the man. Get dressed.”

She could hardly button the dress, hardly put her make-up on. But finally she was ready, quivering in the wings.

It was a challenge and Janet is always good where a challenge is concerned. Somehow, it makes her do better than she has ever done. And so she knew at that moment that, if she once got to the middle of the stage, she would be all right. When the cue came, therefore, she practically ran to the mike. The band started playing. Janet sang.

“We'd done it much better—Louis and I—in rehearsal. But the audience didn't seem to care. Later. I came out and did another one. That went better. They liked it.”

What makes the story memorable was that, during the first tune, Louis was tearing his hair out by the roots backstage. And when Jan dashed breathlessly back after the number, he thundered. “If you EVER hang onto that girl, I'll break your neck with my bare hands!”

Janet was meek, contrite. And that began the partnership. She's been learning from Louis and working with him ever since. He did her arrangements in the beginning, of course. He still does. And he played superb, sensitive piano for her when she sang, as he continues to do. And he told her what to wear and how to dress and how to walk and what to wear.

The band played all over the country and Janet really became a professional. She could sing with the best of them. She had the finest training she could possibly have had. And then Kemp was signed to play in the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, in Hollywood.

Opening night, the Grove had one of the biggest openings on record. Everyone in the movie colony was there. And so was J. Blair, in a pink evening gown that knocked their eyes out. She sang as she had never sung. So superbly that Kemp himself was astonished. It was a challenge, you see, and Janet loves 'em.

And forwards men from every studio in town came backstage and asked her to test. She nodded demurely, and then had to giggle at Louis' face.

She tested at Fox. Louis played piano for her, of course. And the test was awful. Louis might have said, "I told you so," but he didn't have the heart. She couldn't act, for one thing. And they had put a make-up on her that looked as if she had just been digging a tunnel.

She stuck her chin out, though. "They'll come after me again," she told him. "You wait!"

They did, because of a tragedy: Hal Kemp was killed in an automobile accident and the band was broken up.

Janet decided to stay in California and see what she could do about radio. Louis said he might as well stay, too. You see, they were in love by this time. They had been for quite a spell. They'd had their first date four months after Jan went to work for Kemp, and, after that night, couldn't see why in the world they had waited that long.

So Janet stayed and Louis stayed. He arranged for Ray Noble, Freddie Martin and Dave Rose and some of the other guys. Janet dashed over to NBC, let loose a few notes, and began doing broadcasts. And, one day, a talent scout saw her and heard her.

They needed someone to dub the songs for a big star at Columbia. The voice off-stage sort of thing. Janet went over there and auditioned and, though they decided her voice wasn't right, they noticed how alive she was, how attractive, and they signed her to a contract anyway. Louis, who had played for her, was astounded. He nearly fell apart when, after her test, Columbia announced that they didn't want her as a singer but as an actress!

Then came Three Girls About Town—where she acted. And My Sister Eileen and some other stuff, enough stuff so that suddenly Janet was a star and no foolin'. And then, too, came the war and Louis went into uniform for three years. He was stationed at Santa Ana, where he arranged and led a 70-piece band for the Air Corps and helped make the broadcasts from that post famous.
across the country.
And, in spite of the war, they still worked together. Janet appeared on Louis' army shows. He played piano for hospital shows and camp tours she made. She kept his name alive in Hollywood by telling everyone in town when he was going to be on the air and making them listen. And, when Louis managed to get a day off, the first place the two of them went was to The Hollywood Canteen to knock themselves out for the boys.
Before all this, however, they had talked about getting married.
"Someday we'll do it," they'd say. "But things are kinda busy now."
And, when Louis was down at Santa Ana, Janet talked to her sister.
"You have to feel inside you that you just can't stand NOT being married," she said. "Then you'll get married."
Janet decided that she did feel that way.
So one day she called Louis up at his post. "What are you doing July 12th?" she asked. "I dunno. I think I'm having a day off, but that's all," Louis answered vaguely. "What you got in mind?"
"Well, don't look now," Janet replied, "but we're getting married that day!"
Once he got over the shock, Louis was delighted, of course. They were wed at Lake Arrowhead and everything was even more wonderful.
The war was over at last and Louis got out of uniform. Like other men, he has had difficulty picking up where he left off, convincing the guys who hire other guys that his three years' service taught him even more about his profession than he would have learned in civilian life. After all, you know, there aren't an awful lot of 70-piece orchestras around the country! But now he's getting rolling again, writing songs, arranging, playing magnificent piano, and feeling more and more comfortable in his private-life clothes.
He and Janet have plans—big plans. "We want to do a radio show together," Janet told me. "Sort of a poor man's Kos-telanetz-Lili Pons kind of thing, do old show tunes. I'll sing 'em and Louis will play 'em and arrange 'em."
They're living now in a tiny apartment in which Janet sat out the war. It's nice, but really not big enough for two people. They will stay in it for a while, though, and have just finished painting and papering it—all by themselves! Louis did the papering in the bedroom, cutting long strips of pink-and-white stripes until he was dizzy, and they both slapped pale yellow paint on the living room and hall. The dining room they did with red and white plaid paper, and Jan bought a lot of prints and stuck her collection of antique china around.
Louis has a piano in the spot and a big recording machine-radio with which they can take programs off the air or put their own music on wax. He works in the day time when it's possible, using a card table and long music paper and a ruler. This is usually tough, however, for as he says, "The Pasadena bus goes through here every morning at 10:18," meaning that the phone rings and people come to the door and their part-time maid wants to clean just when he gets started. So he gives up and works at night, until two or three or six, completely oblivious that anything else is going on in the world.
Janet whips off to the studio at the crack of dawn when she's working, learns her lines after she's in bed, discusses things with Louis just before she falls asleep. When she's not on a picture, she markets and cooks and finds new things to feed her spouse.
They don't do much night-clubbing, for the simple reason that they've both had a lot of night life and that one or both of them is always asked to entertain when they're supposedly out relaxing. They have other interests in common beside music which take up their time. They're mad for swimming, mad for baseball games and prize-fights and horse-racing. They both like to read in bed, and they've got a lot of friends in music and radio whom they see and have fun with. They're a wonderful team, a rare team for Hollywood where jealousy is so often the watchword. Methinks, in fact, that the combination of Blair and Busch is just about the best there is!
The End

---

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The Improved CHI-CHE-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

PROJECTED

ACTOR, FATHER, REGULAR GUY (Continued from page 52)

he usually has a lot of memorizing to do. Wife Greta helps cue Greg and listens to his lines, sometimes well past midnight. Greta, whose maiden name was Rice, is a petite blonde who was born in Finland. She and Greg met in New York while he was on the stage there and have been married four years. She is as unpretentious as her famous husband. Mrs. Peck has never been known on the stage or screen. She is content to stay home and care for her family.

Greg's hobbies include sunbathing—he was burned when I talked with him—and reading. He peruses every bit of literature he can find in his spare time. He likes horseback riding, swimming and collecting popular and classical records.

"Above all," Greg remarked, "my work is my hobby."

Greg's pet aversions are certain columnists, smug and intolerant people and models. He minced no words when it came to some writers in newspapers who "appeal to the worst side of human nature." Greg had just read where certain columnists had knocked motion pictures for having too much sex, and urged performers to refuse roles in such films.

"This is just a lot of claptrap to stir up interest in their writing," Greg declared.

"I'd refuse to work in a picture that was dull or in which sex was introduced as the only attraction, but I'd certainly take a role in any film that handled sex in an adult way."

Greg has no use, also, for those who set themselves up as social arbiters. A decidedly democratic person himself, he abhors snobbery.

The question of models arose when I asked Greg his conception of the "ideal woman." When he answered, I noticed that he omitted beauty as a requisite. It was then that he used models as an illustration.

"I don't want to hurt the gals who make a living having their faces put on magazine covers," Greg said, "but the truth remains, as far as I'm concerned, that models are the dullest people on earth. They're too concerned with their looks and themselves.

Here are the qualities found in Gregory Peck's "ideal woman" in order of the importance to which he attaches them: courage, optimism, alertness, femininity, and beauty of character.

"Most men still prefer the old fashioned type of femininity," Greg said, "I'm heartily in favor of women seeking careers, but often the career woman becomes too mannish and impressed with her own importance."

"The external type beauty lasts a very short time," Greg said, "but when you're living with a person you've got to have true beauty—that of character."

Greg seems to have found all these qualifications in his ideal woman—Mrs. Gregory Peck. "One can live with a woman who is so unusually happy together that I asked him what basis he had for such a successful marriage."

"Each person, husband and wife, has to sacrifice something," he said frankly. "In life, we have to expend some effort to get anything that's worthwhile. So it is in marriage. Both man and woman have to come half-way. If one or the other is too selfish."

(Continued on page 87)
the thing won't sell. It must be based on true love. The two have to be more eager
to make the thing work. The two have to be more eager

Greg and his wife deliberately live a
well-regulated, typical family life. Just the
Saturday before I dropped over to Greg's
place, two-and-a-half-year-old Jonathan had
played host to a children's party in the
Peck backyard. Jonathan's current flame is
lovely Lisa Bergen, 15-months-old red
head daughter of the Ned Bergens. (Mrs.
Bergen is more familiarly known as Eve
Arden, renowned comedienne.) Among the
Peck's friends are the Bill Princes, Henry
Morgans, Walter Wangers (she's Joan Ben
den) and the Bergens. Greg and Greta love

The Peck home is simply furnished, but
in good taste. There are no frills and the
only concession to style that I could
ascertain was a piano in the living room.
I never did discover who plays it, but it may
be that Jonathan or his newly arrived
younger brother, Stephen will take lessons
one of these days.

It is New York that is in Peck's mind now
as he consolidates plans for a play, being
finished, in which he will star this spring,
or at the latest, fall of '47.

"For the next ten or fifteen years," Peck
confided, "I hope to divide my time between
the stage and screen."

After nonchalantly disposing of several
hours of his valuable time in talking to me,
Greg phoned the Selznick studio to find out
if they needed him that afternoon. When
he called, he merely told the girl, "This is
Greg Peck." After a few moments, she ques-
tioned him again. Quite meekly, Greg re
peated who he was. While some Hollywood
stars might fluff and fume because the men-
tion of a star name didn't bring saloams, Greg
just laughed. Turning to me he grinned.
"They never seem to understand my name."

I didn't have a car and Greg insisted on
driving me to town In his coupe, which is
several years old. There he sat, a fine hulk
of a man, pressing bare feet on the pedals,
when I got out and said "good-by."

The End

"Up you go!" Papa Greg Peck gives young
Jonathan a ride through the air before nap.
ON THE TOWN WITH JANIE AND JOE
(Continued from page 81)

roasting—hoops, I mean barbecuing—a 200 pound pig.

Joseph and I made like Boston Blackie and kept
our good eyes on Chester Morris at the
diamond show at Romanoff's. Chester
is a great magician, you know, and his
sleight-of-hand isn't slight at all. He's a
whiz. Knowing such, we kept him under
surveillance (four-bits, plie) all afternoon. Joe
acted like fly fishing just be-
cause he'd ne'er been in Romanoff's before
was no reason for him to ogle every single
nail in the walls! What a goon! I bet-
ter explain, too, that an account of Ran-
onoff's won't allow photographers within their
four walls except for a private party, Joe's
been barred.

Joe, I forgot to say that when we were
at the ice hockey matches, we ran into
Sonja Henie, too. She owns the Ice Palace,
in case you didn't know. She told us about
how she accepted an invitation to fly to
Palm Springs for the opening of "The
Stabiles," and almost changed her mind in
mid-air, kind of. The gas cap came off the
chartered plane she was flying in, and gas
came pouring out of the tank just like
water. They made an emergency landing
midway between Palm Springs and Holly-
wood, and Sonja told us she got out and
refused to get back in. Said she'd rather
walk the rest of the way. Stu Barthelmes,
his escort, persuaded her to climb back into
the plane with time to bat their panes, which
she did, and everything worked out fine in
the end. Sonja admitted she's never been
so scared in her life, and she's done an
awful lot of flying in her day.

I know this is going to be a shock to
you—it was to me—but Joe-boy actually up
and took me to Ciro's for dinner! Carmen
Cavallaro's slick band took care of all the
sound effects—but smooth. We saw George
Montgomery and Dinah Shore there. Dinah
told us their household is a bit mixed up
these days. She and George have lots of
chickens and turkeys. George says there are
too many to take care of, he wants to trans-
fer them from pen to home freezer. Dinah
put her foot down, because she has made
pots of every last hunk of fowl.

Had a silly time the other night when we
tore from the Don Ameche show over to the
Screen Guild rehearsal. At the first place,
Joseph howled, but honestly h-o-w-a-l-e-d,
over Maureen O'Hara (and actually who
wouldn't I had to ask myself?) who was
Don's special guest. On his, Ameche-man, I
mean, because he is so
mellow. His face and his voice and his
droicy sense of humor just set me off in the
groove. From there we went to the re-
hearsal, as I said, and Joe started carrying
on—this time over Shirley Temple.
But I didn't even care on account of Petie
Lawford was on the scene. I didn't even
know Shirley existed. Petie is hon-
estly the dearest dream man that ever
crossed my path! He has so much fun all
the time and he had everybody at rehearsal
just in stitches. He clowns all the time.

On account of we were so
awfully rushed that day, we only had a
couple of minutes to stop in at the Tropics
in Beverly Hills to see what was going on
at the baby shower Dottie Lamour threw for
Betty Hutton. Honestly, Betty has never
looked more beautiful—which I can also
say for the shower gifts, which would just
knock any baby's eye out. Betty told us
about the wonderful club here in town called
"The Junior Stork Club." They have a reg-
ular chemical laboratory where they make
babies' formulas according to the doctor's
prescription, and then deliver it to the house
every other day in sterile, sealed nursing
bottles! Maureen O'Sullivan, who takes the
service for her new baby, told Betty about it.

Hallowe'en didn't find us sitting home
bobbing for apples. We pilled into Joe's
vintage '98 convertible and tore off down
to Santa Monica's California Cabana Club.
Simply everybody got dressed up all crazy.
Red Skelton stole the show. He was dressed
as a tired old king, and he kept telling every-
body how beautiful his wife was, as though
people couldn't see that for themselves!

We hobbled on over to the West Side
Tennis Club for their party, later. Joe was
fascinated by the fact that Jane Greer, who
was dressed in a Chinese gown, was "stup-
ging." There was a tall, thin woman who
looked like"a pioneer woman, Hollywood version,
and was just stunning. But I couldn't keep
my eyes off her escort, Bob Stack, who was
too gorgeous for mere words, in a cowboy
outfit. Phil Reed and Peggy Knudsen were
together and didn't even know anybody
else was at the party. Oleg Cassini, Gene
Tierney's husband, came alone, and looked
just as lonesome as he must have been with-
out that gorgeous wife of his!

I hate to write this, but I gotta, on ac-
count of Joe is right this minute standing
over me with a sawed-off shotgun, a piece
of rubber hose and a bailing pin. This is
his own dictation—so it's on his shapely
and save C.O.D. charges.

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of colors; white stripes on gray, lime, aqua and
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SEND NO MONEY—just check your size and color choice. Or, if you pre-
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HOLLYWOOD CLASSIC

ON THE TOWN WITH JANIE AND JOE

88
College girls learn something

NOT IN THE BOOKS!

IN TESTS AMONG COLLEGE GIRLS—
99 OUT OF 131 REPORT NO CHAFING
WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS

College girls from coast to coast recently learned something not in the books. Something that will make happy reading for every girl who chafes.

Here’s the story . . .

Interviewers asked college girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—Free-Stride Modess.

Naturally, the girls weren’t told the name or brand. They were simply asked to try this new napkin—to see if it gave them freedom from chafe.

At the end of the test, 99 out of 131 girls reported no chafing with Free-Stride Modess.

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many college students found in Free-Stride Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the napkin edges!

Modess has extra cotton on its edges—extra softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton helps create an “absorption control.” This acts to direct and retain moisture inside the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don’t chafe!

So safe, too! Every Free-Stride Modess has a triple safety shield to guard against accidents. A fine, sealed-in deodorant to help keep you flower-fresh, too! And never a telltale outline—Modess is silhouette-proof!

Try this luxury-comfortable, luxury-safe napkin. Free-Stride Modess is on sale everywhere.
in marrying a housewife, unless that was what Betty wanted to be. If she wanted a career, that was fine, and I told her that I'd do everything I could to help.

It hasn't been easy since. Most of the time she has been in New York and I have been in Hollywood, and that certainly isn't an ideal way for a husband and wife to live. But we've seen each other every year, and every time she has been able to visit me in Hollywood or I have been able to make the trip to New York, we've had a hoot.

Betty and I first met about six or seven years ago, when I was just getting a toe-hold in New York with the Group Theatre Studio which boasted a wonderful people, like John Garfield, J. Edward Bromberg, Elia Kazan and Bob Lewis. I was doing small parts now and then, but I certainly couldn't have supported a wife on the proceeds—and I wasn't thinking of doing so! Betty Garrett was beginning to get a break, too, at the Neighborhood Playhouse. We'd run into one another occasionally at parties, but we never had a date.

It was nearly four years later when we met in Hollywood. She had just finished a lead in "Jackpot," opposite Allan Jones, and had also made a name for herself by stepping into Ethel Merman's shoes in "Something for the Boys." By then, I'd taken a chance on a Hollywood career, had failed to land any studio job at first and had taken up house-luilding to make ends meet. I kept up with my acting by joining a lot of my old friends at the Actors' Lab. And when a Columbia talent scout noticed me in one of the Lab shows, I was offered that coveted thing—a contract.

We were putting on a musical revue at the Lab and needed someone for a sketch written by Sam Locke. Sam remembered that Betty Garrett was in town and remarked that maybe she would do it. She did. Thereupon started a heavy courtship on the part of the guy who is telling you this story. When Miss Garrett finally left for Chicago to fill a singing engagement, L. Pach found an awfully good excuse to visit his home town of Joliet, Ill., which is quite nearby. Then she went on to New York and I had to get back to Columbia. But in September she came out to Hollywood again, and we were married.

We knew that we would be separated again because Betty had a lead coming up with Olsen and Johnson in "Laughing Room Only." and I was getting my first break in an "A" picture, in "Counter-Attack." After talking things over, we agreed on our "long-distance marriage" plan. We were very much in love. (We still are.) We didn't fear the separation, and both of us felt that we could do better at our jobs and work harder if we were married.

We had a month together, and during most of this time I was working nights in the battle sequences of "Counter-Attack," out at the Columbia Ranch. We did manage to rent a house at the beach—that was before the housing shortage—and the routine was that we'd sleep mornings, go swimming and lie on the beach in the afternoon, come into Hollywood to have dinner with my mother, then go out to location together. It worked out very nicely, except that the month slipped by all too fast!

I didn't see Betty again until winter, at which time she was able to spend another month with me. By that time, I was up to the ears in "The Jolson Story," studying Jolson's mannerisms and stage business, and seeing his films run over and over again, listening to his voice, trying to catch every facet of that tireless, vital personality, rehearsing, rehearsing, rehearsing. And finally shooting and recording.

That's been one godsend about our being apart. I've been busy every second; otherwise, with time on my hands, I might have gone a little crazy. The minute that "The Jolson Story" was wound up, Columbia tossed me into another Technicolor musical, "Down to Earth," opposite Rita Hayworth.

If there is any advice I could ever give to any chap in similar circumstances, it would be this: first, be sure you're in love with the girl; second, keep busy.

I can hear somebody saying: "That's all very fine. But what about children? Is your wife going to continue her career then?" Certainly, if she wants to. It's been done, you know, and quite successfully too. How about Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman? Joel McCrea and Frances Dee? Betty Grable and Harry James? Name your own examples. There are plenty of them.

In any case, it's up to Betty. We think pretty much alike on most subjects, and I'm sure we'll be able to agree on that.

At this writing, I'm looking forward to the day when she'll start her Hollywood career. Then we can settle down in a little five-room house I've bought in Nichols Canyon, which the former owner, bless her heart, left completely furnished, with the exception of her good Bavarian china and silverware. But the unembroidered linens, the down comforters and all the other comforts of home are there, just waiting for Mrs. Parks to arrive. Meanwhile, I've even learned to cook! Of course, we'll still have to find two apartments, one for Betty's mother and one for mine, since they insist on leaving us to ourselves. I'll confess that the apartment problem has me baffled at the moment, but we'll work it out somehow. You don't happen to know of a couple of apartments, do you?

Hey, wait a minute! I'm no' kidding! The End.

Coming Next Month!

MY IDEA OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IS

JANE RUSSELL

by

Photographer George Hurrell
Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

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

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

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

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

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

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 36, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions carefully. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.
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WITHOUT WATER
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wonder winter usually spells a go-to-wax for the asthmatic who
has not yet tried Dr. F. Schiff¬
mann's ASTHMADOR! Take
pity on the poor sufferer... tell
him how ASTHMADOR's rich,
aromatic fumes cut right
through congestion, let in life-giving air, help reduce the se¬
avity of the attack. Tell him.

DINAH SHORE

Dinah Shore should have a big record in
"You'll Always Be The One I Love" and
"For Sentimental Reasons." She does a great
job on both.

Bing Crosby and Russ Morgan get together
for the first time on wax for two oldies,
"A Gal In Calico," with an Eve Young
vocal, and "Benjie's Bubble." The latter is
really the old flag-waver, "Under The Double
Eagle," and features some fine solo work by
Benny himself, Joe Bushkin on piano and Bob
Cuthshall on trombone.

Dinah also has a wonderful twelve-inch
platter of "Oh, Baby!" which is done in two
parts. The sextet is spotlighted on the first
side, with some excellent solos, and the whole
band is heard on the second side. This
record has a chance of being as big as
Benny's famous "Sing, Sing, Sing."

Frankie Carle and his orchestra do
"What've You Got To Lose?" with a Marjorie
Hughes vocal, and one of Frankie's original
instrumentals, "Easy Pickin's."

The old favorite, "Stars Fell On Alabama"
has been waxed by Woody Herman and the
Herd, backed up by an instrumental, "Side¬
walks of Cuba." Woody and the Blue Flames
sing the "Alabama" lyrics.

Elliot Lawrence has chosen two songs which
have been adapted from the classics. The
first is "Once Upon A Moon," based upon
Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto, and sung by
Jack Hunter. Rosalind Patton handles the
lyrics on "Sympathy," taken from "The Fire¬
fly."

MUSICRAFT:

Teddy Walters has two romantic ballads in
"I'll Close My Eyes" and "The More I Go
Out With Somebody Else," Sonny Burke's
orchestra, with Teddy himself on the guitar
solos.

One of the best records Artie Shaw has
made is his new one, "They Can't Convince
Me" and "And So To Bed." Mel Torme sings
the first side and he and his vocal group,
"The Mel tones," lyricize the second. "They
Can't Convince Me" is from the new Rita
Hayworth picture, "Down To Earth" and
"And So To Bed" is from the pen of Johnny
Mercer.

Mel Torme and the "Mel tones" also have
a fine record of their own. They do "There's
No Business Like Show Business," from
"Annie Get Your Gun," and the Johnny
Mercer oldie, which is being revived,
"Dream Awhile."

Phil Brito, with Walter Gross and the
orchestra, does his usual smooth job on "Bless
You" and "If You're Somebody Else's Sweet¬
heart."

(Continued on page 93)
VICTOR:

Phil Harris is a new name on the Victor label, and for his first record he has made two novelties, the type of thing he does so well, "Darktown Poker Club" and "Woodman, Spare That Tree."

Betty Rhodes, who jumped to wax fame with her platter of "Rumors Are Flying," sings "Bless You" and "You'll Always Be The One I Love."

Vaughn Monroe's latest is "You Can't See The Sun When You're Crying" and "And So To Bed."

Perry Como stands a good chance to break his own record-selling record with "That's The Beginning Of The End," and "Sonata." It may be the biggest disc he's had yet.

CAPITOL:

Alvino Rey and his orchestra give the revival treatment to "Among My Souvenirs," with an unusual vocal by Jo Anne Ryan, The Blue Reys and the Glee Club. Alvino's guitar is also featured, as well as on the reverse side, "Save Your Sorrow," with Jo Anne Ryan again in the vocal corner.

Johnny Mercer joins forces with Paul Weston's orchestra for a couple of bouncy things, "Take Me Back To Little Rock and Rock Me," and "Huggin' And A Chalkin'."

Jo Stafford sings "Sonata" and "Through A Thousand Dreams" in her usual style, with Carlyle Hall's orchestra. This was the last record Jo made before leaving for California, where she plans to stay for at least six months.

Julia Lee and Her Boy Friends have an unusual platter in "Oh, Marie!" and "On My Way Out." She does the first side in both Italian and English, and plays piano as well as sings on the second. Because of her style, Julia has been called "the feminine Fats Waller."

Billy Butterfield is featured not only on trumpet but also as a vocalist, (for the first time in his career) on a novelty tune called "Steamroller." On the flipover he plays a beautiful horn solo on "Talousle."

MERGENCY:

Chuck Foster and his "Music in the Foster fashion" come through with "Somewhere" and "Hmmm—And A Little Bit More." Tommy Ryan is featured in the vocu. department. (This is not the same Tommy Ryan who used to be with Sammy Kaye.)

Jack Fina and his new orchestra are heard on "I'll Close My Eyes" and "Save Me A Dream." Jack is the former Freddy Martin pianist who was featured on Martin's hit records "Piano Concerto" and "Bumble Boogie," and he's doing all right with his new band.

Skip Farrell makes his first appearance on the Mercury label (he used to be with Capitol) with "For You, For Me, For Evermore" and "There Is No Breeze."

"Sonata" and "Years and Years Ago" have been chosen by Tony Martin as his new record. Al Sack's arrangements and orchestra, with vocal octet on "Years" side.

Send your musical questions, along with stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The End
Hollywood could and did conjecture: They had been married seven years. For nearly half that time Ty had been in service for a year he was overseas. Theirs was a war casualty—try as they would, after the happy reunion, they could not fill the void of those years apart. Or (speculated Hollywood) their marriage was lost in the old conflict of careers, each career ever more demanding of the time of each, ever enforcing new and prolonged separations. Or perhaps Annabella, who first met Ty in the studio sandstorms of “Suez,” had said it all when she said: “We have had seven beautiful years of marriage, but now it is ended...no ill feelings...always be friends...”

Hollywood could conjecture, but Ty wasn’t adding anything to the subject. He is, after all, an adult. So is Annabella. To part was their adult decision—and their personal affair.

But of Latin America, and of that vacation, Ty would talk from here on in. To see Latin America from the air, from his own plane, had been his ambition ever since his first visit there in 1938, after he had been flying a year.

The war came to postpone his dream but not to make it less vivid. Ty flew the C-47 over Pacific wasteland in his Marine duty, Ty sharpened his flying skills. On Saipan, on Okinawa, finally in Japan—wherever he was—his principal postwar plans centered on the Pin with the Lasting Grip

THE PIN WITH THE LASTING GRIP
SMPR FINISr INSIDE AND OUT

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HAIR PINS
NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

PLENTY OF EXTRA CASH

AMAZING OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN

How would you like to turn your spare mornings or evenings into cash? Later on, devote FULL TIME to this fascinating, big-pay work. If you’re married—earn good money showing films to friendly, neighborhood groups. Shea Ann Frock’s direct from Hollywood & New York. Best known, professed by Ann Fashion Counciller. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED START EARNING MONEY RIGHT AWAY. Getting orders for lovely Shea Ann Originals from 60,000 women. Great for part-timers. Trade names are copyrighted...and you come away with ready cash.

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Ah, home at last! Tyrome Power arrives in Hollywood after his South American flight.
days, "away from it all," on the ranch, and
drew a map for Ty on the back of a gin
rummy score pad.
His verbal instructions, however, exemplify-
ing the vastness of these estancias, were a
classic: "You fly up to Paraguay," he said;
"and turn right!"
Ty & Co. were forever departing from
schedule in little ways.
"I'd like to see a volcano in action," some-
one said as they took off from Guatemala
City.
"We'll find one," responded Ty, and he
did—around and around the flaming
crater they flew, low and close, until all
had had enough.
The trip was replete with the unexpected.
In San Salvador, for instance, Ty and Cesar
heard a commotion in the street outside
their hotel and stuck their heads out the win-
don of their room to see what gave. A stu-
dent demonstration, hotly political, was in
progress. The demonstrators marched and
shouted, brandishing placards. Then sud-
ddenly someone in the crowd spotted the
stars—and for a moment politics were for-
gotten in the excitement of seeing Holly-
woodians.
Ty is a sound flier, the kind that best
further the cause of aviation. He took
enough chances in the necessities of war to
be seeking no further "thrills" in his civilian
flying. That probably accounts for the fact
that the entire 23,500 miles were accom-
plished without mishap or unusual hazard.
Once, out of Panama flying toward Cali,
Colombia, the Saludos Amigos encountered
a tropical "weather front." Ty, knowing his
air, promptly turned back.
"Didn't want to risk the wonderful break-
fasts we'd just had," he grinned.
In the same way, flying the Andes—once
considered a difficult feat in aviation—was
no chore at all to Ty and Jeffries. "It isn't,"
explained Ty, "if you can pick your weather
and your altitudes—and we did."
Ty and his amigos of the Saludos have a
million memories. Of Rio de Janeiro, "most
beautiful city in the world" . . . Of Buenos
Aires, the cosmopolitan . . . Of Guatemala
City, the beautiful, with its clean scrubbed
look . . . Of many, many other cities with
culture old and enshrined but still dynamic
and growing . . .
They have memories, too, of vast plains
and dark jungles, of quaint villages and
towns, some visited and explored, others
necessarily viewed from the clouds. The
tang of delicious Latin American cookery
lingers. And, most of all perhaps, memories
of the people—friendly, warm-hearted, with
fine dignity and individuality and humanity.
Before he left on the trip, Ty was asked
if this would be a "good-will tour."
"Better ask that when I come back," Ty
laughed. "I might get kicked out of one of
those countries, you know!"
As it happened, good will for the United
States was a welcome by-product of the
trip. Ty & Co. were selling nothing, asking
nothing but a friendly welcome. They were
appreciative guests, eager to understand and
abide by customs of the countries visited.
That's a good formula for guests any-
where. And as for the vacation, Ty, Cesar
and the others couldn't be happier about the
way their formula worked out. Especially Ty,
who had dreamed about it—
"If you've had an idea for seven years
and finally you've seen it come off, just
as you planned it would . . . !"

The End

Is your daughter's marriage being
ruined by half the truth?

A Mother's Ignorance of These

Intimate Physical Facts Often To Blame!

Before your daughter marries—it's
your solemn duty to instruct her on
how important douching often is to
intimate feminine cleanliness, health,
charm and marriage happiness—how
important it is to combat one of
woman's most serious deodorant
problems.

But first—make sure your own
knowledge is just as up-to-date and
scientific as it can be! And it will be
if you tell her how important ZONITE
is for the douche—

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide
tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

Thanks to a world-famous Surgeon
and a skilled Chemist who have given
the world the remarkable ZONITE
principle—wise women no longer use
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products for the douche.

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miracle! No other type liquid anti-
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tating, non-burning. ZONITE positively
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What Zonite Does—

ZONITE'S powerful strength and safety
to tissues make it of great worth for
feminine hygiene. Ask your doctor.

ZONITE actually destroys and
removes odor-causing waste
substances. Helps guard against infection.
It's so powerfully effective no germs of
any kind tested have ever been found
that it will not kill on contact. You
know it's not always possible to con-
tact all the germs in the tract. But
YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE kills every
reachable germ and keeps them from
multiplying.

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The End
been just dandy if they could have worked at the same time, but their production schedules just did not match. As a remedy they’ve asked 20th Century-Fox, where they’re both under contract, that their schedules be arranged so that they work at the same time, then have joint holiday time.

“I’d really like to have had more time to play, but I gave it up. After all, I’ve been dancing since I was 5 and in Hollywood since I war 12, but I shall call quits to my career if it interferes with our marriage too long,” said Betty and the determined tone in her voice indicated that unless her bosses are smart they’ll be losing their top glamor girl. Despite this schedule difficulty—or perhaps even because of it—the Jameses pack fun with a capital F in their week-ends at their Baby J Ranch, out Calabassas way in the San Fernando Valley. There are much more than hotel at home in their larger Beverly Hills house. There they enjoy the “simple life,” and there someday soon they will build their permanent home. It’s been a up dude ranch existence they lead at the Baby J. On its 63 acres there are nine buildings, all very functional. The ranch house itself is very small, but gleaming white as are the barns, tool sheds and other outbuildings. There are twelve corals, more than enough for the fourteen horses, most of them thoroughbreds which Harry is racing, under Betty’s favorite colors, red and white. “Neither of us care if we ever spend time in night clubs any more,” explains Betty. “We’ve both been on so many stages and in so many clubs that we’ve had enough and like to spend our leisure time otherwise. Not that we dislike them. We go now and then, but we like the Baby J better.”

“Beside, staying out of clubs and away from too many big parties is a good idea in this town. Most of the misunderstandings and trouble seem to start there. Just read the columns. ‘Gloria Glamour and her husband were tiffing at Mocambo.’ Leading men exchange blows in Ciro’s after argument over X’s wife.’ That stuff. We avoid ’em.”

Smart people, those Jameses. They do have fun at home, whether at their lovely Coldwater Canyon place in town or at the ranch. The former has one of the largest collections of records extant in Hollywood.

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY:
When Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich were on their honeymoon, they decided to pay a brief visit to friends of Olivia’s who were visiting Hollywood, so they called Olivia telephoned ahead to inform the Malloys of her coming, but when she reached the city she had mislaid the address. Mr. Goodrich, a resourceful man, suggested that Olivia ask the local telephone operator for information in preference to disturbing the Malloys. As result Olivia asked operator, “Are you Mrs. Goodrich?” When Olivia answered affirmatively, the operator said, “Ah can’t begin to tell you what the exact address is, but you drive both blocks north then turn west and drive six more blocks west and there you will see a big white house with the lights all lit. That’s the Malloys.” That was the Malloys’.

THE LOVE SONG OF BABY B-J

(Continued from page 39)
and Saturday evenings in her race to furnish the ranch house in a month before Christmas.

The Jameses' great mutual love for their daughter hasn't made them go overboard on the subject of her future. If she shows a special talent they'll encourage it, but they will let her choose her own career, ultimately. Maybe she'll be a "Glamaz'n." She's three inches taller than the average 2-year-old and the family doctor says if she continues to grow at that rate Vicki will be six feet tall when she's 20! Certainly her financial future is rosy. Betty is one of the few Hollywood stars still religiously buying government bonds; she purchases a $500 bond every week, all earmarked for Vicki's future.

Another joint endeavor of the Jameses in the near future may be recordings. Columbia records executives have been urging them to make a "James Family Album" with Harry's most famous recordings on one side and Betty singing the top tunes from her musicals on the reverse.

Betty is thrilled at the offer but thinks Harry's music is so "perfect" she's afraid she isn't good enough. She sang with the band for one recording, but not using her own name. Harry was set to record "I Can't Begin to Tell You," which Betty had sung on the screen, when his vocalist became ill. He called Betty a few minutes before waxing time and asked her to take the vocal. She did but the record was issued with "Ruth Haag" as vocalist. Betty used her own and Harry's second names. Hundreds of fans saw—or rather, heard—through the pseudonym and wrote saying "You can't kid us."

The record has become a collector's item. The album, the proceeds will go directly and in¬

Our own suggestion is that Harry bestir himself and write a song about the James family on its ranch. A not inappropriate title might be "Love Song of the Baby J." He can call Betty a few minutes before waxing time and ask her to take the vocal. She did but the record was issued with "Ruth Haag" as vocalist. Betty used her own and Harry's second names. Hundreds of fans saw—or rather, heard—through the pseudonym and wrote saying "You can't kid us."

The record has become a collector's item.

If the Jameses do decide to do their joint album, the proceeds will go directly and in¬
to the James's trust fund. (And if you have ideas on numbers you'd like included in the album, send 'em to Movieland and they will be forwarded to Betty and Harry.)

Our own suggestion is that Harry bestir himself and write a song about the James family on its ranch. A not inappropriate title might be "Love Song of the Baby J."

There is even an interesting insigne to dec¬rate the cover: the design, resembling a cattle brand, used on their mailbox and other spots on the ranch. "Baby" is centered above the word "James" and written in a large J, on either side of which are smaller B and H.

Betty sometimes wonders if the larger house which someday will top a knoll on the ranch will lose the simple informality of the present small ranch house. This much we will hazard: the James household will be gay, friendly, informal and happy as long as Betty and Harry are there.

"The Strange Love of RITA HAYWORTH and ORSON WELLES"

in the March issue of MOVIELAND

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Without hesitating, I said, "Yes, she would have, provided she really wanna' to."
I always had a great amount of confidence in Esther's accomplishing what she set out to do. This marked determination was very noticeable when I first saw her back in 1937. Although only 14 at the time, she still had the nerve and self-confidence to try out for our swimming club. She knew she would be competing with some of the best swimmers in the country, but that seemingly large obstacle didn't phase Esther (or should I call her Mrs. Ben Gage?) in the slightest.

She had all the prerequisites of a champion. Although still growing, she was about five feet, five, and had graceful muscles which all swimming queens must possess. The coordination between her flutter kick and the rest of her slim, athletic body was good, but couldn't compare to the Esther you now know as a swimming star in motion pictures. She was little more than a novice then, with lots of perseverance. Now she's a perfectionist who still could keep up with the best in the world if she went back to competitive meets.

She had a curious pate at 14—perhaps which comes to most people at 30. Though she was mischievous and full of little practical jokes, her actions never would lead you to suspect she really was little more than a grown-up child just starting high school. Too, she was interested in literally everything—from the mechanics of an automobile to politics and psychology.

I don't think anyone realized more than Esther, herself, that though she was particularly talented for a girl of 14, she still wasn't a super-woman. She didn't start breaking records the moment she hit the pool. Moreover, she didn't even make the team for another year, but there never was the slightest doubt in any of our minds that she would eventually not only make the club, but would sweep everything away, she didn't even make the team for another year, but there never was the slightest doubt in any of our minds that she would eventually not only make the club, but would sweep everything away, the sport. Some of you might think swimming is lots of fun, which it is, but it becomes almost a dreaded ordeal when you swim diligently about 15 hours a week, spending most of the time in the monotonous routine of correcting minor flaws in your strokes. This stamina was to stand in her good stead when, as a nervous beginner, she had to work the cameras from seven o'clock in the morning until late at night. All the time she wasn't swimming, she spent snacking. I don't know how her stomach stood the strain. Because she was always eating a wide assortment of sweets and fruits every few of which were on the preferred training program) I used to worry about her keeping in physical condition. Esther would give up most anything, but she couldn't give up snacking. After several months of fruitless persuasion, I finally came to realize the perfect Williams figure is here to stay, and that seemingly extravagant amounts of food make little difference.

Esther's radiant, yet sincere personality helped win some of the dull practice routines for her. She always has had a definite personal magnetism that attracts people. She never has gone out of her way to cultivate friendships; her charm just comes naturally, almost effortlessly, from within.

Her first really important victory was in 1938, when she had reached the ripe old age of 15. She placed second in the 100 and 220 yard free-style events in the American Athletic Association (A.A.U.) finals at Santa Barbara, California.

Because she was so photogenic, coupled with her effervescent personality, she was the darling of the press photographers. She was the darling of the press photographers. She always was the perfect picture of healthy youthfulness, but personally I always (Continued on page 99)
thought it was her hazel colored eyes that fairly sparkled with both intelligence and warmth that made her photos outstanding. I particularly remember one of the more realistic sportswriters nicknaming her, "The type of lifeguard every man hopes will rescue him when calling for help." I never have heard anybody discount that statement, so it must have had a good deal of truth to it!

Esther worked hard at swimming, and trained faithfully all the time. She was truly a perfectionist—she wasn't satisfied with being just ONE of the best swimmers in the country. She wanted to be the BEST in the world, and wasn't going to rest until she achieved this goal. This dogged perseverance, plus the ability to benefit from constructive criticisms were just as important in her success as her natural attributes. You could say that personality plus perseverance equals Esther Williams.

Aquatic fans weren't surprised when Esther won the A.A.U. 100 meter freestyle title in 1939 in Des Moines. But where she did surprise everybody, even including herself, was in the 300 meter medley relay.

She hadn't even planned on participating in this event. She was wearing her bathrobe, and was all set to call it an evening when she learned one of the three entrants was too sick to participate. As you may know, one weak link in a relay threesome spells certain defeat in a big meet like this one.

Realizing the relay meant so much to the team, and particularly to the other two girls who had trained so faithfully in preparation for this particular night of nights, Esther ran over and asked me if I would enter her as a substitute.

It must have been her youthfulness and perfect physical condition that gave her the stamina to finish this race at top speed. As you may have guessed, we won that event, but what makes her stand out even more is the fact that the team swam to a new American record!

Yes, I would say Esther was a natural for the movies. She has everything it takes. But probably the best part of it is that though she has gone so far and accomplished so much, she hasn't become conceited. She has even more self-confidence now than when she first started swimming, but it hasn't turned to conceit. Though most moviegoers consider her an actress who swims, she thinks of herself as a swimmer still learning to act.

Her mother, a psychology consultant, always has taught her to look at things objectively, and to realize that those who let sudden success go to their heads are certain to be rudely jolted from their lofty perches.

I will say that, like you and me, Esther always has been keenly interested in herself, but unlike most of us, she never has developed a habit of pretense. To my notion, she is beyond posing. She says exactly what she thinks, without window dressing it to make an impression. She is flattering only when the occasion justifies it (if you ask her opinion of a new hat, she will say it's good looking only when she honestly thinks so!).

But the trait I have noticed most during the past few years is she is one actress who hasn't used her success as an excuse for becoming eccentric or temperamental. I wonder just how many other girls would act up wisely if they were international celebrities at 24!

The End
ACROSS
1. Dorothy Babb in "Earl Carroll Sketchbook" (1)
2. "Juice" in "Smoky" 
3. "Laurel" (Anag.)
4. Teams with George in "Bella Donna"
5. "Katherine Hilliard" in "Do You Love Me?"
6. "Love" in "Ziegfeld Folies of 1946" (1)
7. Asafetida
8. "Robin Hood of the......"
9. Den
10. "A Date With" Pryn (Anag.)
11. "The Kid from Brooklyn"
12. "Tokyo Rose"
13. Rosalind........
14. Dorothy is Jeanne's..... in "Centennial Summer"
15. "Cinderella....." is a "Centennial Summer" tune
16. Heads the cast in 4 down
17. "Mrs. Maile" in "Cluny Brown" (Anag.)
18. She wears pigtail in "Three Wise Fools"
19. "Bart Yancey" is..... role in "Bad Bascomb"
20. "Jean Kendrick" in "Fathful In My Fashion"
21. Filmed a movie scene
22. Portland is Fred.....
23. Cesar......
24. Mr. Sparks in short
25. "... Hearts Were Growing Up"
26. A popular movie
51. "Wilson" in "The Stranger"
52. "Julie" in "Smoky"
53. "Laurel" (Anag.)
54. Teams with George in "Bella Donna"
58. "Dennis Hoey is.......
60. "Katherine Hilliard" in "Do You Love Me?"
66. "Love" in "Ziegfeld Folies of 1946" (Anag.)
67. "Joe" in "She Wrote The Book"
68. "Devlin" in "Notorious"
69. In 1942, 27 down received an Oscar for his supporting role in "Johnny....."
70. Three (German)
71. Ku Klux.....
72. Title role in "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock"
73. ".... Luck" (Anag.)

DOWN
1. Bert......
2. Vaudville in a burlesque show
3. June......
4. "Black......
5. "Pascal was..... of "Caesar and Cleopatra" (abbr.)
6. "..... Blossom is the Floridian Summer"
7. "Maise Goes To......"
8. "Alicia" in "Notorious"
9. You can...... an eagle hero in "Black Beauty"
10. Jones.....
11. Hero in "Sister Kenny"
12. Jean, Conrad, Frieda and Lloyd (Anag.)
13. She sings "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in "Night and Day"
21. "Specter of the....."
23. "Logan Street" in "Canyon Passage"
24. "Ingrid's role in "The Bells of St. Mary's"
27. "Sam" in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers"
28. Dolores.....
29. "Gabby Sloan" is..... role in "The Kid From Brooklyn"
32. Singer in "Make Mine Music"
33. "Elizabeth" in "Cavalcade and David"
35. Electrical resistance unit
36. Cyprinod fish
38. Distinctive doctrine
39. ".... Wouldn't Say Yes"
43. "And, Then There Were....."
44. "Duel in the....."
45. Old-time movie dog
46. ....... Kruger
47. Shut close again
48. "The..... Girls"
52. Newshound in "It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog"
54. ".... Lady"
55. Helen.....
56. Priscilla..... (Anag.)
57. ..... avis
59. Villain in "Oriello"
61. Aroma of flowers
62. Movie short
63. Paroled
65. Hedy, William and Vivian (Anag.)
66. Mr. Skelton in an amalgam

(For Solutions See Page 103)
Two years later, when he was en route to England to make "A Yank at Oxford," the Beautiful Bob storm broke. He had run the gauntlet of mobs and interviews in New York. At a final pre-sailing interview party in his stateroom, a couple of girl stowaways were discovered under his bed. Bob was surprised but not his publicists. The stunt boomeranged, but Bob arrived in England unaware that he was now in the doghouse. His first intimation came when a solicitous friend sent him a clipping.

Beautiful Bob, it said, was going to attempt a comeback.

"That was the shock of my life," he says now. "You know how it is when you're feeling fine—until someone says you don't look too well. You begin to feel a little sick. That's how it was with me."

The furor was so great that his studio advisers suggested that he plan his return trip via South America to avoid further New York interviews. Bob chose to face the music instead. He did, and won at least one newspaper friend. John McLain, now a screen writer but then a New York reporter, gave him a break.

Back in Hollywood, the studio put Taylor into rugged action films. And Bob himself buttoned his lip, minded his business, and let the quips fall where they might. The storm, thus unresisted, soon spent its fury. Today Bob Taylor has genuine popularity.

He's a talkative chap in a bull session, his favorite topics being politics and religion, two subjects on which he knows in advance he'll persuade no one. He usually begs off arguments involving subtleties and refinements of philosophy.

"Too deep for me," he shrugs. "I'm just a plain guy."

Which he is, and probably always has been. His looks just made it hard for a while to convince people—especially other plain guys—of the fact.

The End
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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

A WOMAN'S PLACE

(Continued from page 461)

than just staying at home," she adds emphatically.

Joon's reasons for her strong conviction are many, and to us, sound and logical. She

maintains that career girls have better dis-
positions, because they must get along with

waiters, customers, bosses, the public

depending on the job—and the cuttiness

characteristics of many idle women has not

place in a successful business career. She

points out there is also the matter of se-

curity, the feeling of importance engendered

by a pay check, even if it's just for a part-

time job.

Joon also is in favor of the competition

in business which keeps a working girl

mentally on her toes. She insists that

since most jobs include working with men—

they're just cranky, because—according to Miss C.

—men basically are more thoughtful and

trustworthy than women! Well, at least

more than the non-working women. And the

working girl absorbs some of those desirable

traits through association with men, our Joon

believes.

"But I like women and get along with

them," she hastens to point out. "Don't think

I don't! My two sisters, Betty and Mary,

and I always have had a wonderfully close

understanding relationship and I have

lots of friends who certainly are as honest,

thoughtful and trustworthy as men. But all

of them—my sisters and those friends—either

are having careers or have had them, and

have managed to maintain outside interests,

tantamount to 'part-time careers,' after their

marriages.

"A married woman becomes too one-sided

if she lives for her family alone. She can

contribute much more to her husband

and children if she has some sort of outside in-

terest, other than bridge parties. Even if

she bakes cookies and sells them, she'll

be likely to try to be the best cookie baker in

town and she'll have a feeling of importance.

If she doesn't need any extra money, she

can volunteer a few hours a week working

at a playground or settlement house. There

are so many things to learn, and everything

she learns is a contribution to her family."

From all the foregoing arguments you've

undoubtedly already guessed what Joon has

no intention of giving up her career when

she marries. She's convinced that a motion

picture star's career can be made to work

out to cooperate with a husband's schedule,

even if he's in some other profession, and

cries Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne as

very glowing examples.

"I love acting and I'd hate to give it up,

but if for some reason I had to, I'd find some-

thing else to do. I don't mean to imply that I

don't believe a woman's family and

home, after she's married, should not be her

primary career, but I do believe, most earn-

edly, that she should maintain an outside

interest."

It's a known fact that Paramount wouldn't

want their Joon to end her acting career if she

marries, for she is certainly one of the most

important young stars on the lot. Starr'd in

her very first film, "Miss Susie Slagle's;" she

hits an even more brilliant stride in "Blue

Skies" with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire as

her two leading men. And how beautiful

she is in Technicolor! She has also com-

pleted "Monsieur Beaucaire" with Bob Hope

and "Welcome Stranger," again with Bing.

She has played opposite none but the top

leading men at the studio, which indicates

what the Front Office Boys think of her.

It's also interesting to note that Joon's in-

sistence that a girl have a career is backed

by her own actions. She isn't just theorizing,

because she never haves second thoughts.

Joon had the advantage of going to private

schools, but she elected to study at Columbia

University rather than attend a fancy and less

practical finishing school. As a college stu-

dent she started earning extra money as a

Conover model. Later, convinced that she

had a better future as an actress than a model,

she left the cloistered halls of Morn-

ingside Heights for Broadway. After just

one bit-part as "Beat the Band" she stepped

into the lead of George Abbott's "Kiss and

Tell," and then came her Paramount con-

tract.

Older sister Mory worked with American

Airlines and the younger Betty, who followed

Joon in the Corliss Archer role of "Kiss and

Tell," now is continuing her career as a

Broadyway actress. In other words, all the

Caulfield girls have agreed on "the folly of

idle hands."

"Many families feel that women should

stay out of career jobs," continues Joon, "and

some people are inclined to believe a

successful career goes to a woman's head. I
do not agree. However successful a career

girl is, she is conscious of her shortcomings

because in business she is constantly being

criticized, and it's good for her. An actress

is continually being corrected by her di-

rector. A writer never is beyond getting an

occasional rejection." An advertising copy-

writer, even the best, will sometimes be told

to copy smells. But they learn to take it and

go on trying to improve.

The efficient girl does her own job in

the best possible way. Simply, if a girl really

smart one knows everything she can about

the entire working of the company where

she is employed, whether it be insurance,

hardware or motion pictures. And the more

she knows about her work, politics, books,

plays, world affairs, the better rounded per-

son she is and just that much more liable

to be a success. And the better rounded

person she is, the more interesting she is to

other people.

"Don't you think a man is more interested

in a girl who can talk about things other

than making beds, baking cakes and the

high price of tomatoes? Temperament has no

place in business, not even in the movie business, and that is

just another facet of living according to the

rules of a man's world. Men seem to

be able to relax and calm down much more

quickly than women after some emotionally trying

experience, and they expect women in busi-

ness to do the same thing, which is good

for the women. I myself am inclined to be

high-strung and excitable, but I've learned

through work as a model and an actress to

calm down, count to ten and take a deep

breath. Temperament has a habit of distis-

placing itself after that simple but effective

treatment."

"One also learns in business to do a

(Continued on page 103)
great many things which seem unnecessary or foolish at the time, but later are valuable. For example, long before production of 'Blue Skies' started, I was ordered to take dancing lessons. Every day for three months I practiced tap, ballet, and ballroom routines, although the script called for me to do nothing more than a short swirl around the stage with Fred Astaire. I was never intended to be his 'dancing partner.'

"One of my girl friends—not a business girl—suggested that I tell the bosses flatly that I wouldn't do all that practicing. 'Assert yourself,' she suggested. Imagine! She doesn't believe in the training of me to do nothing. 'Assert no training like that is lost. That same friend, a severe headache that I call the studio and another time, suggested that because I had realized one does not do that. Furthermore, the actor doesn't appear. The same is true in many other people are involved if just one refuse to go to work. She doesn't know how pressing room at Paramount as she told us her ideas on career girls. She had just come her part."

"At Carmel last summer and loves the game. I'm tense when I play tennis, but if I just drive balls on a' driving range I can forget about work because one must be rectified. Also cleft palate, hare-lip and pendulous breasts. Plastic Surgery explained. Elaborate Illustrations. 125 pages. Only 75¢ mail order or stamps. Gehenna Publishers, 3069 Elm St., New York 17, N. Y."

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"We were lunching in Joan's charming dressing room at Paramount as she told us her ideas on career girls. She had just come from a golf lesson and that reminded her of something else she thought girls should learn from men—the ability to enjoy a game or sport and truly relax in it. She started golf lessons during her vacation at Carmel last summer and loves the game.

'It's tense when I play tennis, but if I just drive balls on a driving range I can forget about work because one must be corrected. Also cleft palate, hare-lip and pendulous breasts. Plastic Surgery explained. Elaborate Illustrations. 125 pages. Only 75¢ mail order or stamps. Gehenna Publishers, 3069 Elm St., New York 17, N. Y."

"It was time for Joan to report for a wardrobe fitting for 'Welcome Stranger,'" her next picture, but she thought of just one more point to round out her theory on why girls should have careers.

"So many women overlook the privilege of changing their minds. It's such an annoying habit and they learn in business that they can't get away with it. For example, when I was in Carmel, I almost bought a cottage, listed for sale with a realtor, but when the owner heard someone was interested in buying—yes, it was a she—changed her mind and said she wouldn't sell. She didn't know anything about the prospective buyer, she just wanted to change her mind!"

"Joan, you're so right. And surely the men, about whom you've said such flattering things, will hope you won't change your mind about them!

The End

(Answer To Puzzle On Page 100)
In keeping with the attitude that would have been held by most men in such a circumstance, I believe, I was pleased—really! Apparently the reports I had heard about her choosy reputation were based on fact. Furthermore, our conversation had indicated that she was tactful as well as genuinely kind; after all, she could have hung up on this fresh character who was hiding behind a telephone.

Yet, after an observance of the proprieties, Mary agreed to have dinner with me, and we soon made our dates a steady habit. She had known me only a few weeks when I imposed on her good nature to the extent of telling her all about my legal difficulties. At the end of the protracted recital, her calm statement was, "There always comes a time in a man's life when, if he believes strongly enough that a certain principle is right, and the friends in whose judgment he has confidence, concur, yet if there is a powerful man or a powerful faction ready to fight, the man MUST meet the challenge and fight to win."

By this time you are probably wondering, "That's neat deduction, Bud, but what has it to do with a wife's working or not?"

I'm glad you brought that up. When a battler gets home at night, he is usually suffering from multiple, or minor, cuts and bruises, physical or mental. Such a man wants a receptive ear, a large crying towel, and the partisan devotion of his wife. If she has but suffered similar things to her personality and ego on the same day, at a different studio, a man has a mischance chance of getting any sympathy—or of giving any either.

In any family wherein both husband and wife work, they face the problem of trying to make simultaneous vacation plans. I'm the sort of person who likes to work with intense enthusiasm. If I have successfully given her a picture, then I like to get out of town for a vacation in some fresh locale. For instance, Mary and I have flown cross-country to New York twice in the last six months, and in June we had one of the major thrills of our lives when we flew to Vancouver to attend that fascinating city's golden jubilee. Incidentally, Mary is now able to serve as my navigator on these flights, an accomplishment that pleases her immensely, and is of enormous aid to me.

Had Mary been working on these three occasions, she wouldn't have been able to go with me. This would have been a mistake in more than the superficial fact of our mutual disappointment. I believe that any marriage thrives on the twosome experience in a new city or in a familiar city revisited.

Shared fun is a powerful adhesive. Men who have attended the same distant convention are likely to come home as good comrades. Girls who have made personal appearances together forever after enjoy one another's company because there is little so dear to the feminine heart as a shared experience.

I want to guarantee our marriage in every way possible, and since I believe that one of those ways is to build up a monumental backlog of duo memories of happy times in many places, I want my wife to be free to accompany me whenever I can snatch a few golden hours.

(Continued on page 105)
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(Excerpts from the book)

Finally, my last reason for not wanting my wife to work is elemental. We have a rugged addition to our family, name of Robert Richard. This gentleman's needs are the most complex I have ever encountered. He lives in a world in which any vagrantbacillus would call death of exhaustion, trying to avoid the boiling water.

On one of my days off from the studio, I volunteered, with typical masculine swagger, to assume responsibility for Robert Richard's bath. Some months before I had been given (by Gene Frienke) the upper half of a gunner's blister from a B-25, which made a fine fish bowl when young R. R. wasn't using it as a plunge.

Let me tell you that bathing a four-month-old male citizen of active inclinations is as nerve-wracking as polishing a litter of piglets on roller skates. I finished my task in about an hour and turned a triumphant infant over to his smiling mother. Then I collapsed.

In my awestricken opinion, any girl who takes care of a child under the age of eighteen has a full-time job on her hands. To complicate the problem in our household, we want several additional children, having been mightily encouraged by the charm and general joy-giving of the current occupant of the nursery.

No, I don't want Mary to work outside our home. I want her to be free to join me for luncheon every day as she has been lately; I want her to be available at the other end of the telephone so that I can call her if something funny or interesting happens during the day. I want her to help us both to keep in tune with our times, and I want her to give me a family in her likeness, as she has done in the facial attractiveness of Robert Richard.

And finally, I don't want her ever to find out that there are those who might doubt the stark exactitude of something that I have worked very hard to convince her, namely, that I am definitely the only man in the world for her.

The End

ANSWERS: "WHO'S KISSING WHOM?"

1. Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney
2. Glenn Ford and Rita Hayworth in "Gilda."
3. Rosalind Russell and Lee Bowman in "She Wouldn't Say Yes."
4. Donald Barry and Adele Mara.
5. Shirley Temple.
6. Cornel Wilde and Anita Louise in "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest."
8. Laraine Day and Bob Mitchum.
9. Charles Boyer and Lauren Bacall in "Confidential Agent."
10. Yvonne DeCarlo and Rod Cameron.
11. Willard Parker and Evelyn Keyes.
13. Van Johnson and Lana Turner.

To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of Liberty said on this subject:

"There is room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest writers of today are the ones who started in recent years. Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

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for Nervous
HEADACHE

I have a nervous headache it almost drove me mad

but now i take my miles nervine before they get so bad

East, but I recall thinking that he looked

pretty young to be knocking around the

band business. (Afterwards it struck me that

he was the kind of guy who would look

young until he was about eighty.) I liked the

firmness of his handshake and the

friendliness of his grin. I also liked the

fact that he remembered to thank me for the

arrangements; he said they had helped

get him the job.

You don't know how rare a statement like

that is.

For about a year, the band was on the

road again and I saw little of Frank. I
did get to know him a little better. The

George always told me how he killed the people in the

theatre, how even then the lines were

beginning to form for him as almost as

much as for the band.

I finally did see him on a theater date,

and I understood what they were talking about. As big as

other singers were, Frank was bigger. There was a strange

and wonderful confidence about him. It wasn't his

broominess, mind you, but when he stepped onto a

stage, he took charge of the situation.

Nothing could upset him. If, as sometimes

happened, he was heckled for his thinness,

for his emotional way of singing, he could

top the heckler. It was done in a nice

way, but it also was done in such a way

that the heckler shut up for good.

I got to know him well when the band

returned to New York—this time to play

at the Astor Roof. I discovered him

about as much as any man I'd ever met.

He was quiet, simple, hard-working,

and to my surprise a very funny guy, for his

wit was quick and fresh and unexpected.

I liked the fact that he never stopped

working. Even when he was rated tops in

the band field, he still knocked himself out

on songs and arrangements, getting each

note exactly as he thought it should be sung.

Today he often comes up to my apartment

and we work out an arrangement together.

His ideas are good; he knows what is right

for him, and he also knows the difference be-

tween something that has been done a

thousand times and something new.

Well, to return to the old days: After

Frank had been with Dorsey a year or more,

he, too, got the urge to go on his own.

To his delight, he snagged a contract with

Victor to solo four sides. We were both in

Hollywood, so I knocked out some back-

grounds for him on "Night And Day" and

"The Song Is You" and two other clas-

sics—and we hied ourselves down to cut them.

The records were released and sold well.

About six months later, Frank decided
definitely to leave Tommy. I thought he was

right in doing so. I can't say I truly ex-

pected him to be as astounding a success

as he has been, but I knew he'd be very

big if he got going. I couldn't foresee the

police holding back mobs in Times Square,

but I was sure he'd do all right.

He wanted me to come with him as his

arranger. We talked about it for hours one

night just before he cut his ties with the

band. I couldn't make my mind up.

You know how those things are: It wasn't

that I lacked confidence in Frank, but

well, the checks from Tommy were coming

in every week and I'd just gone to England

on a vacation and so on and so on. So I

thanked Frank and wished him well and

stayed where I was.

How stupid can you get?

Frank had been signed by Columbia Pic-
tures to do a spot in a film called "Revelle
With Beverly," so he dashed out to Holly-

wood after he said goodbye to Tommy. You

never knew he made that picture? Frankly,

he'd rather forget it, too. He sang "Night And

Day," wearing a tux that made him look like

a mere shadow, and he knew nothing about

pictures—not even where the camera was!
His part in the whole business was a

squando out how you did things with notes

and paper, studied scores, and got myself

a job with a band. When I went with Tommy,

three years later, I was still experimenting.

Frank, as you know, just sang. No one

had ever told him about the necessity of
doing scales and exercises. He just sang.

Now that I think about it, maybe the New

York boys weren't so crazy after all when

they said we'd starve. I never thought

about it. We just figured out our problems

as we went along.

We still do.

Frank is the most energetic man I've ever

met. I'm just the opposite, so sometimes he

wears me out completely. The best example of

our difference concerns boats. I should

envy Frank our world's greatest friend for

boats of any kind, normally for sailboats.
The first thing I bought when I

had some money in the bank was a schooner.
And that's where you'll find me if I'm not
deep in music paper.

I've asked Frank out on the boat many
times, of course. He always comes and he

always seems to have fun. Yet, from the

(Continued on page 107)
I got rid of blackheads.

NADINOLA's 4-WAY ACTION HELPS AMAZINGLY TO COMBAT BLACKHEADS, EXTERNALLY-CAUSED PIMPLES, DARK DULL SKIN

One glance may kill romance—if your skin is dark, doll or needlessly blemished! That's why thousands of girls and women trust to Nadinola Cream, the clinically-proven 4-way treatment cream. Quickly, gently, Nadinola helps to loosen and remove ugly blackheads—to clear up externally caused pimples—to fade freckles—to lighten, brighten and freshen your skin to creamier loveliness. See for yourself what Nadinola can do in days—what wonders it works in weeks! Full treatment-size jar of Nadinola Cream just 55c, with money-back guarantee; trial jar, 10c.

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BEAUTY BOOKLET—Richly weighted with photographs and sworn proofs of wonderful results from just one jar of Nadinola. Write NADINOLA, Dept. 30, Paris, Tenn.

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Here is a "PLAN" that is designed for YOU, the person who has no time for strenuous exercise. No diets, yet... Rolls and bulges and beauty and happiness. Sloppy looseness may be yours again if you use the HOLLYWOOD TWO-WAY PLAN, an expert, scientificaly proven method that includes internal correction, caloric guidance, and the Hollywood Body Toner for effective self-massage and "SPOT TONING."

"SPOT" TONE

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Self-Massage and "SPOT" TONE Any part of the Body with the Hollywood Body Toner. This external applicator works like a good firm hand massage. Passive and soothing, its action stimulates active blood circulation in fatty tissues. It takes a few minutes daily to tone and tighten flabby flesh and mal healthy. Busy Woman who has no time for strenuous exercise... sits in a chair, eats a diet, yet... Rolls and bulges and beauty and happiness. Sloppy looseness may be yours again if you use the HOLLYWOOD TWO-WAY PLAN, an expert, scientificaly proven method that includes internal correction, caloric guidance, and the Hollywood Body Toner for effective self-massage and "SPOT TONING."

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Fatty 'Spots' without Drugs Laxatives

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IN MARCH MOVIELAND

Eleanor Powell tells what it's like to be married to Glenn Ford, the Bobby-Soxers' pin-up favorite.
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GRAY HAIR
AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

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Chicago 2, Illinois

When the chickens tried to pick at Glenn's watch chain, he fed them corn.

No more low-slung roadsters for Ford; he's learned to cut a mean furrow.

As young Inventor, Glenn works on glider plane between his farmyard tasks.

From watching eagle in flight, Glenn gets the idea for his "flying machine."
INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(Continued from page 14)

her beloved Tibble who was killed on the highway. One is a boxer named Schottie in honor of pet name given Bette by Claude Raines in “Deception,” and the other a black cocker spaniel named Soot in honor of his complexion. When Bette and her husband left Hollywood, bound for Butternut in New Hampshire, they took the dogs along.

There, made soft and gullible by the friendly Hollywood atmosphere of their puppyhood, they tried to play football with a porcupine. Bette and Bill spent the afternoon plucking quills from smarter but smarter nostrils.

BED ON BOARD:
It has long been Dennis Morgan’s habit to pick up service men (even since war’s end) and invite them to the Morgan home for dinner, and end by asking them to stay the night. At times this has tried the Morgan accommodations severely.

For Christmas, Lillian gave Dennis a full-size billiard table bearing a card reading, “When this isn’t being used for games, it will make a nice guest room.”

STUCK A BUCK:
Delmor Daves, motion picture writer, has a six-year-old son who has been shedding his teeth. Whenever this has happened, Mr. Daves has dated the Tooth Pixie and has encouraged young Michael to carry on a Never-Never Land conversation. “Put your tooth beneath your pillow tonight,” the pixie has advised, “and tomorrow morning you’ll find a surprise.”

That of the Tooth Pixie has been one of the most successful roles ever enacted by Lloyd Nolan, partly because Mr. Nolan enjoyed the sensation of having his long-time friend, Mr. Daves, secure in his hip pocket. The other day Mr. Nolan had a beautiful idea. When Michael telephoned to report the loss of his latest tooth, Lloyd asked, “How much money have you been finding under your pillow in place of a tooth?”

“A quarter,” chirped Michael.

“Everything has gone up in price,” admitted the Tooth Pixie. “Tomorrow morning, Lloyd asked, ‘How much money have you been finding under your pillow in place of a tooth?’

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A set of “safe” and “dangerous” signals, which are issued from the Tooth Pixie’s headquarters, are followed by the publishers of the Tooth Pixie until they are satisfied that no harm has come to the tooth situation. If nothing gets better, the Tooth Pixie returns again and again until the publishers are satisfied.

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years ago when the nation was fraught with war hysteria reaction to them was incredible. That Lew’s stand had finished his film career was almost generally agreed. One large theater chain banned the showing of his pictures. “We are not in sympathy with Ayres’ attitude,” explained a spokesman for the firm; “and we don’t believe the filming public is either.”

A Hollywood paper in a front page editorial based some of the fault not to blame the motion picture industry for Lew. One famous columnist selected him as “the most mentally confused actor of the year” when passing out superlatives. Another declared: “His (Ayres’) recent discovery of his conscientious scruples may be perfectly sincere; but they have a distinct odor of carefully planned and timed publicity.”

Hedda Hopper, never noted for ducking any good scrap, was one of the first to Lew’s defense. With her only son headed for the war, she wrote: “When Lew Ayres left town to join the conscientious objectors, he was a man who had the courage to stand up for his convictions in the face of public criticism and at the sacrifice of his career.” That’s all that a man’s God asks of him . . . Lew could have handed a cushy job. It’s unfortunate that he had to go against prevailing sentiments, but to crucify a man for standing up to his own convictions, even in the face of national ridicule and professional suicide, is un-Christian and un-American.”

Subscriptions were cancelled for papers in which her column appeared. One man wrote her, “I don’t want to see your by-line again ‘lest it call up memory of that rat Ayres’.”

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What I did was seriously considered studying for the ministry while overseas. I now believe that a man should make the most of his life upon the earth and not worry too much about what lies beyond. I was reminded by this statement that Lew Isenberg, prominent physician, had seriously considered studying for the ministry while overseas. I now believe that a man should make the most of his life upon the earth and not worry too much about what lies beyond.

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**YOUR QUESTIONS—LANA'S ANSWERS**

(Continued from page 57)

I always lose weight on a picture. The hours are long and my pictures usually run over a period of months.

How old were you when you first started wearing lipstick and going out with boys?

(Audrey Barash, West Los Angeles, Cal.)

I was fifteen when I began to work in pictures, so that was the age I first wore lipstick, but then I wore it for the screen. There was no thrill in wearing it offscreen. I suppose I was a little later than most girls to go "dating," as I had to go to bed early so as to be up by dawn to get to the studio.

What is your idea of a perfect evening?

(Rose Lamonti, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

That depends on my mood. Sometimes I like to go to an outdoor Hollywood Bowl concert; sometimes I enjoy going to see some friends, when we listen to records, talk or play games. I'm a push-over for a new game! Sometimes I like to go dancing, if I have a good partner, or to a night club, if I'm feeling gay and won't have to work next day.

Do you set your own hair, and if so, how do you do it and what with?

(Barbara Weigand, San Francisco, Cal.)

For pictures, the hairdresser at the studio does it. Between pictures, I go to a beauty shop to have it shampooped and set. I don't have permanents because sometimes I like to wear my hair sleek and smooth, but it holds a curl nicely, and I can do any hairstyling myself.

I am a young wife, proud of my figure. I'd love to have a child, but I have a mental fear of ruining my figure. Do you think an ordinary person like me would be the same afterward? Or did you have special care to regain your super-figure?

(Baya Thomas, Denver, Colo.)

When my baby was born, I went back to a little below my normal weight. I took the exercises recommended by my doctor to tighten up my muscles, and that was all there was to it. I would say go ahead and have the child, then follow your doctor's advice carefully, and there's no reason in the world that your figure won't return to normal.

How should young girls from 15 to 20 dress, and should they still wear sweaters?

(Sharon Alpert, New York City.)

Dress as becomingly and neatly as possible. Don't go in for the sloppy style, but if sweaters are becoming, wear them in their proper place. Don't wear sophisticated clothes at your age, because they won't have the same effect they'll have when you are older. Can a girl truly say at the age of 15 that she is in love?

(Wanda Lee, Wichita Falls, Texas)

No.

How should you feel when doing a love scene with Van Johnson?

(Emily Estes, Indianapolis, Ind.)

When you're doing a scene in a picture, whether it's a love scene or something else, you're so absorbed in getting it right that personalities don't enter into it, so I can't answer that question.

Which of all your possessions do you value most?

(Jeanne Meiril, Buffalo, N. Y.)

My record collection, which I've been

(Continued on page 113)
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Dana Andrews and the Missus at the Stork Club—Dana's just finished "Bomberang."
Male vs. Female

Dear Editor:
We are twins and want you to know we disagree very much with Renee and Peggy McLoughlin who wrote and said they wanted to read only about men. We want stories on women as well as men and think most of your readers do. We're also Western fans and would like to have more stories on the people who play in Westerns. How about it?

Velma and Wilma Hibbs
Kouts, Indiana

Dear Editor:
I am writing in regard to the McLoughlin letter on the female versus male situation. I agree with them. There are definitely more female readers than male and it is certainly more interesting to read about the opposite sex.

Annamae Felber
Rego Park, L. I., N. Y.

Dear Editor:
Well, if that isn't the silliest thing I ever heard—about not having articles on actresses but more on actors because women don't like to read about other women. Frankly, I'm proud to see what the women of America are doing and you'd certainly lose me as a reader if you did as the McLoughlins suggest. My favorite stars are women.

Mogel Alexander
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Editor:
I have just returned from seeing "The Jolson Story" for the second time. It's the best motion picture I've ever seen. Larry Parks portrayals of Jolson magnificently and the entire cast acts superbly. Please let's hear more about Larry Parks and what he's like.

Covington, Kentucky

Ed. Note: He doesn't mind if his wife works, Laverne. See page 44.

Topping, eh?

To the Editor:
My opinion is that England's actors are topping ours and I am not bemoaning about it. I just think of all those wonderful actors and actresses from English shores: James Mason, Anne Todd, Cary Grant, Pat Kirkwood, Peter Lawford, Roddy McDowall, Elizabeth Taylor and Laurence Olivier, to mention a few. We had better wake up if we want to stay in first place in having the best actors and actresses.

Ruth Dunkleberg
San Antonio, Texas.

Rather Stay Home

Dear Editor:
With the recent deluge of psycho-neurotic characters in film stories, the average movie viewer must reach the conclusion that the whole world—especially America—has reached the age of instability. After seeing such pictures as "Spellbound," "Lost Weekend," "Shock," "Dragonwyck" and numerous other psycho productions, I welcome the chance to stay away from my local movie house. I'd gladly trade all the neurotics for just one poor imitation of the late Tom Mix or William S. Hart.

Houston, Texas
Lauraine Schwartz

Dear Editor:
I've been a Movieland reader for a long time and always meant to write and say thanks for a swell magazine. Now I can't put it off any longer. I just have to comment on that wonderful new feature—Carol Wheelcher's "Your Fan Club." I belong to a fan club myself and know plenty of my chums who do. We love to read about what other fan club members are doing. And of course, it's a big thrill to see pictures of the stars with their fans. Thanks a million for adding the best page of all to a keen magazine . . . from now on, we'll be reading "Your Fan Club."

New York City
Ed. Note: Be sure to send in news about your club, Edna—and pictures, too. Carol Wheelcher wants to hear the latest doings of all the clubs so she can report on them in Movieland every month.

To the Editor:
I read your article titled "After Seven Years" and am really proud that someone finally got Henry Ford's story. He's a great actor and a grand fellow. More than thousands of fans, most likely, will enjoy Hank's performance in "My Darling Clementine." I know I did and am already looking forward to his next picture. He and Cathy Downs were wonderful as a team. I wish they would be cast in another picture together. I'd like to know if your readers agree with me on this.

(Plc.) Eddy Fesler
San Antonio, Texas.

Address all communications to Editor, Movieland, 535 Sth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
The Strange Love of RITA and VAN JOHNSON tells all about himself.

Is JANE RUSSELL Hollywood's Most Beautiful Woman?

In MOVIELAND
The Strange Love of RITA and ORSON
VAN JOHNSON tells all about himself.

In PICTORIAL MOVIELAND
Is JANE RUSSELL Hollywood's Most Beautiful Woman?

See page 60.
No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

It's mid-winter magic wherever you go... your lovely, lustrous, Drene-clean hair shimmering bright and alive with all its natural sparkle!

Here famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Mickey McGovern, models two easy-to-do hair styles for your winter vacation. “The first rule of hair beauty,” advises Mickey, “is to make sure your hair is shining clean.” Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Northern Sun... and the gleaming smoothness of Drene-lovely hair to ski-dazzle masculine company. Drene is not a soap shampoo... leaves no dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it!

Silken-soft curls always win admiring glances...in the South and everywhere. Besides revealing up to 33 per cent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo, today's Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair smoother, silkier, easier to manage right after your shampoo.

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"Once I loved you...
I left my wife for you... but tonight I am fleeing Scotland
So now I must kill you!"

I n the tower of Borthwick Castle, lovely Margaret Vinstar waited impatiently for news of the death of Francis, Earl of Bothwell—the dashing Border Lord. Suddenly, footsteps echoed on the stone stairs. The tower door was flung open with a crash ... and Bothwell himself strode into the room!

Margaret was aghast. "You are alive!" she said hoarsely.

"Rather dramatically so, madam. You sent ten men to capture me."

"Not capture, Francis—KILL!" she replied. "I could not chain you, so I betrayed you—to keep you from that woman."

Bothwell lifted his hand and gently turned her face towards his. "Once I loved you. I left my wife for you. But tonight I am fleeing Scotland. Neither you nor the King will be able to get me. But now, before I go, I'm going to KILL you—so that she will be safe!"

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by Jan Westcott. YOURS FREE—this new $3.00 national best-seller. The thrilling 464-page novel of the dashing outlaw, Bothwell—wanted dead or alive by all the king's men; but wanted by all the queen's only alive! The Border Lord is selling everywhere in the publisher's edition for $3.00 a copy. But you can get it FREE— as a new membership gift from "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club."

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There have been some memorable moments in movies that have rolled us into the aisles with laughter, but nothing compares with the big one in "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy".

To say this picture is the best of the Hardy series would be an understatement. It is, indeed, one of the most entertaining comedies that has ever been produced.

When Mickey, five-foot-five, tangles with Dorothy Ford, six-foot-six, the stage is set for a merry field-day. And director Willis Goldbeck makes the most of it.

That’s the short and the long of it. But the story itself is sure-footed and solid. It is a real reflection of certain aspects of American life.

A true descendant of a tradition once started by the late Booth Tarkington, Andy Hardy and his trials and tribulations, his affaires d’amour or even du coeur, as the French would say, are superbly contrived in this picture from producer Robert Sisk.

Mickey Rooney’s back in his famous role and no doubt about it, this artist is a master of all the keys. He can be funny as they come and as serious as the soul.

His blind dates, his romance with Bonita Granville, his rhumba interlude with the talented and alluring Lina Romay, his tragi-comedy episode when he is locked out of the house in a lady’s wrapper, all are so deftly interwoven into story that the total is a film fan’s delight.

The writers deserve to be in the billing. Ahand to Harry Ruskin, William Ludwig and Howard Dimsdale’s original story.

And an extra hand to you. You’ll want it to applaud with.

Love Laughs at Andy Hardy. Love is you.

—Leo
Mickey's back! And you'll howl!

"Love Laughs at Andy Hardy"

Screen Play by HARRY RUSKIN and WILLIAM LUDWIG • Original Story by HOWARD DIMSDALE
Directed by WILLIS GOLDBECK • Produced by ROBERT SISK

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
By ANN DAGGETT

Spring is in the air and so is love. Together they make NEWS! Let's gossip . . .

Even if Greg Peck didn't know who was giving him the bear hug, Alan Hale's laugh would be a give-away! Greg's latest is "The Yearling" (MGM).

Hollywood made headlines this month . . . and in no such a pleasant fashion. Many of our community-minded members verbally spanked both Harry Cohn, head of Columbia pictures, and his director Charles Vidor (he made "Cover Girl" and "A Song To Remember") for airing their numerous troubles in court. Ann Miller sued her husband, scion of the Llewellyn Iron Works, for $250,000 damages and lots of community property. Joan Crawford became involved in a unique court suit when a patient at a near-Hollywood mental hospital said she had been watched without her permission to give Joan a chance to study her actions for Joan's forthcoming "Possessed." To understand the background of this suit, it must be remembered that it is common practice for motion picture companies to arrange for their stars to watch persons in action where realism is needed for the film.

James Mason became the object of criticism as he arrived in New York, held himself aloof and insisted he wasn't coming to Hollywood. Perhaps a few of his severest critics had seen his latest picture, "Wicked Lady," released now as a Mason starrer, in which he plays practically a "bit" part. We can't blame the press for taking cracks at this picture's star, frankly, although we hate to see that our screen idol has clay feet.

On the lighter side, young Nancy Guild (you saw her in "Somewhere in the Night") made the papers when a man who was trying to sell her fiance, Ed Lasker, a $20,000 engagement ring broke the story that the two were soon to wed. Nancy's mother and the studio both felt that she should wait awhile and Nancy agreed to postpone the marriage.

APPLES, GOOD AND BAD:

Awards are simply swamping Joan Crawford after years of turning in solid performances. The latest two were the coveted Motion Picture Critics Award made in New York and the Hollywood Women's Press Club's "Most Cooperative Woman" award made in Hollywood. Because Joan was busy accepting the critics' kudos in the Big City, she long-distance telephoned her thanks to the press club. This is her second year for both awards, distinctions never accorded another actress.

Dana Andrews won the Press Club's Golden Apple award for "Most Cooperative Male Star" and the bad apples were unanimously given to Frank Sinatra (almost, that is), and Ingrid Bergman tied heavily with Betty Grable for being most uncooperative personalities this year.

Olivia de Havilland has been having rotten luck because there are a few persons around town who would not like to see her win the Academy Award. First off, the story leaked out (practically in headlines) that her sister, Joan Fontaine, had gotten the role set for her in "Ivy." Truth of the matter was that Livvy had never wanted nor agreed to do "Ivy." Then someone else accused her of "mass firing" her employees. Truth there is that Livvy didn't fire two of the four she was accused of letting go and the other two were trying to keep her off the screen for personal reasons. We think she's one of the grandest girls we know and we think her side of the whole business should be told. She's just too nice a girl to defend herself!

LOVE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT:

Helen Walker told me that all those rumors as to whether she'll marry Bruce Humberstone, the director, are just that—rumors. "I went out twice with the guy," said she, "and a columnist had us engaged."

"Well," said the press agent on her picture, who was standing beside us, "if you're not serious about Humberstone, why don't you get you a new beau?"

"Why?" asked Helen.

"Because," replied the p.a., "I'm tired writing about the guy."

MAKING IT DIFFICULT:

Judy Garland, after she finishes "The Pirate" with Gene Kelly, plans to spend a year in England with her baby and husband. While there, she and Vincente Minnelli will do a remake of "Pride and Prejudice." And to make it an apt picture for Judy, a number of songs will be added to the story. Judy told me she once had a voice coach who had Judy sing a song while holding a pencil between her
Clark Gable and Anita Colby stop to comment on Roz Russell's pretty sequin scarf. They're at the preview of "It's A Wonderful Life."

Producer Edward Lasker and Nancy Guild had a whirlwind courtship. They were engaged just two weeks after meeting!

teeth. After she'd finished, the teacher said, "Your diction is terrible."

"With that pencil between my teeth," said Judy, "how could it have been otherwise." Judy walked out and never thought of taking singing lessons again. She does all right in "The Pirate!"

Walt Disney tells me he's having considerable difficulty getting a movie script for "Alice In Wonderland" which he plans to film with a combination of live and cartoon characters.

"It's not a matter of lacking material," he said. "There's really too much! The book is so loved by millions, I can't botch it up in the slightest and that's where the trouble comes in."

Actually Walt is doing a magnificent job, basing his cartoons on the Sir John Tenniel drawings which most children, as well as adults, love best. Luana Patten, who won a place in everyone's heart in "Song of the South," will play Alice.

Walt is also making a feature length picture out of "Peter Pan." This will be all-cartoon. However, he's toughening up the character of Peter because, "He's always been too sugary for me. I want to make him more like a real boy."

Helen Thurston, the stunt girl, who's doubled for most stars (don't ask us who, for that would be telling) was talking about her work the other day. Like all the rest of us, she has her troubles.

(Continued on page 10)
WINNER OF THE 1945 ACADEMY AWARD

JOAN C

JOHN G

THE NEW WARNER
- ONE OF THE GREATEST

HUMO

WITH

OSCAR LEVANT · J. CARROL NAISH · JEAN N

DIRECTED BY
FOR 'MILDRED PIERCE' IN ANOTHER HISTORY-MAKING ROLE!

RAWFORD ARFIEL

ACHIEVEMENT OF THEM ALL!

resque

PRODUCED BY EGULESCO · JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold • Based on a Story by Fannie Hurst • Music Conducted by Franz Waxman
Just arrived: British stars Deborah Kerr and hubby Anthony Bartley smile for photos.

The James Masons had smiles for the Press and frank statements about British films.

Jean Caulfield with Billy DeWolfe. Does her heart really belong to a famous name star?

“Well, hello!” cry out June Allyson, Dick Powell, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan as Movieland’s photographer, Art Carter, snaps their picture at the Biltmore party for visiting editors.

“My biggest worry,” she confided, “is not breaking a bone, but losing my hair—I have to dye it to match the color of the star’s hair for whom I’m doing the stunt. And that sometimes means a change of color twice a week.”

TODAY AND YESTERDAY:
Contrasts in our town are terrific. Here we were at the swank Embassy Room of the Ambassador Hotel, done t’ je teeth like everyone else, and we had tears in our eyes! We couldn’t help but get that sentimental when local columnist Harry Crocker, who’s been around our town for just years, was moved to take the microphone and pay tribute to all the sensational old timers. The leading luminaries of years gone by were gathered together with the stars of today for Liberty Films’ party introducing “It’s a Wonderful Life” to the film colony.

The occasion was simply fraught with significance. Everyone who’d ever worked for Frank Capra, the director of “It’s a Wonderful Life,” was invited. Clark Gable, who gained sensational stardom with “It Happened One Night,” came with Anita Colby. (Skitch Henderson and Gable seem to be her two steadies these days.) James Stewart, I.W.L.’s star, brought Margaret Sullivan, his agent’s wife, and that brought forth an interesting triangle. One of the hosts was Director William Wyler—and Margaret Sullivan’s ex-husband. To prove that everything is friendly when old ex’s meet, Movieland snapped their picture together.

One of the most significant pictures to us, was one taken of H. B. Warner (who’s super in the picture), Lionel Barrymore, Donald Crisp and Frank Capra. They are all men who started out years ago in the motion picture industry and are still on top! That should prove something or other about talent always paying off.

How swanky can horse operas be? In Beverly Hills, suburb of Hollywood, a new “Hitching Post” has been opened and in the fore-court they have placed a block of cement a la the similar one at Grauman’s Chinese. Footprints of Trigger and Roy Rogers, but natch, were immortalized.

Deborah Kerr and her husband, British War Ace Anthony Charles Bartley came into town, Deborah to make tests for “The Hucksters,” Clark Gable’s next. In Miss Kerr’s wake are ardent followers divided into camps. One pronounces her name “Car,” the other “Kur.” We couldn’t resist the temptation to ask her which was correct and her answer: “The English pronunciation is, of course, ‘Car’ but since you Americans call me ‘Kur,’ I think that’s the way it should be.” Now, you can argue it out among yourselves.

SAY IT ISN’T SO!
Roy Rogers, king of the cowboys, confided to us that he may give up motion picture acting to retire to his Las Vegas dude ranch where he is sinking over $100,000! We can’t quite believe the retirement story but we do know that Roy has been devoting more and more of his time to his ranch which will be accommodating around three hundred guests soon. Incidentally, when you hear him crooning his original composition “Dusty” over the air soon, he will be singing to his own son. The public named his son Roy Rogers, Jr., at birth, but to Roy (who dislikes his own name) his son will always be “Dusty.”

Poor Evie Wynn! Her heart can’t make up its mind with whom it should be affiliated at this writing. Her friendship with
Johnny played rough with women who played cute...

Columbia Pictures presents

Dick Powell • Evelyn Keyes

in

Johnny O'Clock

Lee J. Cobb • Ellen Drew • Nina Foch

S. Thomas Gomez • John Kellogg

Screenplay by Robert Rossen

Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN

Produced by Edward G. Nealis • Milton Holmes
Van Johnson continues, although friends say there is nothing between them. Evie thoughtfully helped Van buy his new home—which could accommodate a wife nicely, thank you.

**STARE ME DOWN:**
That darling bride, Mrs. Shirley Temple Agar is wonderful, really. A few days ago we were talking about marriage and children and what not, and Shirley solemnly vowed that she would not have a child for at least two years because she wanted to continue her career. Then laughing, she winked and caught herself up with, "But that's what I told you about marriage just a few months before the ceremony, wasn't it?"
Shirley said one of her domestic problems was getting a cook younger than she was..."so I wouldn't feel so silly about giving her orders about what I want. The older ones simply stare me down." P. S. She got one that is young enough.

It looks as if Gene Tierney's separation from Oleg Cassini will be another of those "friendly" business arrangements like that of Red Skelton and his ex—Mrs. Edna Skelton, now Borzage. Oleg Cassini will probably continue to design Gene's clothes for the screen, at least. There's no town like our town, for friendship growing out of marriage.

And cute June Haver! Did you know that she has had her trousseau made? Well, she has. June hasn't even picked out the person with whom she'll be walking down the aisle when she wears it. "I've got it ready, just in case the right man comes along," she told us. It's so typical of June, for at twenty she has sound business investments and a well-established career as a result of forethought.

**WANTED: ONE HUSBAND:**
Yvonne De Carlo startled everyone on the set of "Slave Girl" the other day by coming out with "I'm tired of living alone." The favorite "pin-up" girl of the G. I.'s can't find a man that suits her! And she's making no bones about wishing she could.
Paulalette Goddard, that gal with the reputation for being the smartest business woman in town, admitted the other day that her reputation is founded on one thing, "I've always got what I wanted." Actually, she relies on her husband to tell her where she left her last dollar, and just recently went out of her mind because she left a salary check for two weeks somewhere and couldn't find it. Her garage mechanic called her a few days later telling her that he'd found it on the seat of her car which she'd left to be repaired!

Errol Flynn is writing his "Good Deserving Girls" (yes, that's the title of the new Flynn book) while he's on his yacht sailing the seven seas. He told us that the biggest handicap to writing was the telephone. "When it's on the hook it drives you crazy ringing all day. If you take it off the hook, then you keep wondering what you're missing."

**NEAT TRICK:**
Orson Welles developed a new technique for taking care of autograph seekers in Mexico. Most of them were little children so he'd hide a coin in a nearby flower pot, stop and do magic tricks for the kids, pull a dime out of one youngster's ear and then ask the children if they wanted to find some money.
While the youngsters were searching the flower-pot, Orson and Rita would slip away.

(Continued on page 83)
ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

by Betty Memphis

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

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

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

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

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

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

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 55, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.
THE BRITISH ENDING:

The British film, "Bedelia," was made from Vera Caspary's sensational novel, which tells the story of a beautiful young woman endowed with Lucrezia Borgia instincts for using poison on unsuspecting victims as a way to get rich—quick! The quiescent assassin picks for her prey men whom she marries. After a happy but brief marital interlude, she murders them for their insurance policies.

When the alluring Bedelia meets Charlie, her fourth husband, she makes the mistake of falling in love with him—and comes retribution with the moral of the story.

As her purple past is unveiled, the now very-much-in-love Bedelia sees the error of her ways. Instead of proffering poison to a couple of nosy investigators who have discovered her erstwhile career of crime, the murderess-wife retires to her bedroom and commits suicide by taking a dose of the poison used on her late, and by now lamented, spouses.

This is the ending American movie fans won't see. The producers feel the British picture-goer isn't going to be unduly harrowed by the sight of beauteous Bedelia's self-destruction. As far as they're concerned, it is as good an end as any for a bad woman.

WHICH ENDING DO YOU PREFER?

"Bedelia" tries to please both British and American film-goers

THE AMERICAN ENDING:

The American public, or perhaps just the American movie-industry, has no stomach for poison-swilling on the screen. Added to this is the fact that U. S. film censorship won't have people escaping the law by suicide as Bedelia does in the British film ending of Vera Caspary's novel "Bedelia." So John Cornfield Productions felt they had to shoot an alternate ending for U. S. film consumption.

Bedelia's fourth husband, Charlie (Ian Hunter), turns a deaf ear to all of Bedelia's dramatic pleading and invites in the police. This means Charlie more or less sends his wife to her death in the so-called "American way" of doing things.

The last that U. S. fans will see of Bedelia (Margaret Lockwood) will be when she gives herself up, in despair and embroidered black velvet, to Federal Justice. Thus the devil gets his due and the long arm of the law, its victim.

British producers feel that this ending will be more appealing to American audiences. According to their judgment, the average American will feel that Bedelia must be punished for her crimes and that he will prefer to think of a session in the electric chair for Bedelia—after he, himself, is safely back home.

What do you think?
YOU’LL BE GASPING FOR BREATH AT THE END OF "THE CHASE."
Head of the Class

For you (even though your Math's a little weak) if you keep your hair smooth and neat and sweet to see... You'll rate A-plus with that dream-boat sitting next to you in class... and what more can a girl ask?

Just keep your hair clean and shiny and leave the rest to DeLong Bob Pins, those indispensable allies. They keep stray locks in place because they have a

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

No fear of DeLong Bob Pins losing this vise-like grip. Why? They're made of high-carbon steel.

I, Richard Kennedy who had the courage to fight for an amendment to the Motion Picture Producers' self-censorship code so that his picture on the International cooperation of governments in wiping out narcotic rings can be shown to the American public. Originally the code was designed so that no mention of narcotics could ever be made on the screen. Now, it is amended so that the splendid work of the Bureau of Narcotics, under the Treasury department, can be seen in the picture tentatively titled "Assigned to Treasury" with Dick Powell and Signe Hasso.

Susan Hayward whose performance in "Smash-up" shows that had she been given a chance in her initial screen debut four years ago, she would be one of our greatest stars today. We think Susan's talent, so beautifully showcased in Walter Wanger's story of a dipsomaniac woman, will sky-rocket her to stardom. Mr. Wanger deserves a hand too for recognizing talent when he sees it.

Richard Conte, that handsome dark-eyed boy who did such a sensational job in "A Walk In the Sun" and who returns in a part worthy of his talents in "13 Rue Madeleine," Conte deserves praise because the sincerity of his performance is such that the whole plot of Nazi spying on the eve of the invasion of Europe by the Allied forces is made believable. He lifts the role of Nazi agent out of the run-of-the-mill class and gives it exciting finesse.

Kay Kyser, not for his work in pictures, but rather because he has continued his war work into peace-time when little glory and praise come from weekly visits to hospital wards and benefits for wounded soldiers. Kay has canceled his personal plans again and again to go to some isolated spot where he has heard that entertainment is needed. All this without fan-fare or public acclaim. It was very easy during war-time, when patriotic fervor was at its height to get busy Hollywood personalities to work for the benefit of our armed forces, but now in peace-time there are few like Kay who are carrying on without glory.
Benedict Bogeaus presents

GREGORY PECK
JOAN BENNETT

in Ernest Hemingway's

"The Macomber Affair"

Also starring:

JOHN PRESTON

with REGINALD DUNNY, JEAN GILLIE. Directed by ZOLTAN KOROA

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and CASEY ROBINSON. Released thru United Artists.
Hollywood wants to know

Movie producers have been delighted with the results of our monthly "Hollywood Wants to Know" quiz. They take your answers, actually use them as a measuring-stick for the kind of pictures their studios produce.

Why not try your hand this month at answering the questions Hollywood is asking. Be sure you fill in the coupon with your name and address and send it along with your answers. If you're prompt, you'll be lucky. To the first 100 readers, we'll send a two-dram bottle of Golden Arrow toilet water, that wonderful new John Frederics beauty aid; you'll love its warm, pulsing floral odor.

Mail your answers today to: Hollywood Wants to Know, Movieland, 535 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Name
Address
City Zone State

1. Would you prefer to see Henry Fonda in (1) "A Time to Kill" □ or (2) "The Long Night" □
2. Dennis O'Keefe and Marguerite Chapman are starring in "Mr. District Attorney," a picture based on the famous radio series. Would you like Columbia to make a series of pictures based on this program?
3. Paramount is thinking of having Alan Ladd sing a duet with Dorothy Lamour in "Variety Girl." Do you think you'll like Alan as a singing star?
4. What is your favorite feature in this issue of Movieland?
5. Dick Haymes has asked 20th Century-Fox to give him a straight dramatic role with no vocals. Would you go to see him in such a picture?
6. Would you attend a picture to see an actor or actress just because he or she has won an Academy Award?
7. Dick Conte has never won the girl (in pictures, that is). Would you like to see him play romantic leads?
8. The camera was substituted for leading man Robert Montgomery in "Lady in the Lake" and Bob was shown only when he looked in the mirror. Did you enjoy this new photographic technique enough to want to see other pictures made this way?
9. Do you think the actors and actresses in Hollywood have lower moral standards than the people in your home town?
10. Are you able to enjoy a romantic drama in spite of the fact that the hero may have a handicap such as Paul Henreid's club foot in "Of Human Bondage"?

Check one
YES NO

Glover's
with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

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Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glover's Original Mange Medicine, Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Name Address
City Zone State

A radio serial furnishes a screen play for this couple.  New thrill for Alan Ladd fans: he'll be cast as singer.  Dick Haymes wants to stop warbling, go in for drama.
Here are books that you will want to read and re-read for their entertainment and information. Books for every taste and need, and each one a good value. Select the books you want and mail the coupon NOW!
"I don't see how you can go on every month wearing that harness of belts, pins and external pads." So speaks the young woman who has herself been converted to the Tampax method of internal sanitary protection. Naturally she wants to share her discovery of this improved method which has so many things to recommend it.

Perhaps nobody ever told the girl. Her mother came of a conservative family. They seldom tried new things. But now her friend has brought a change. Hereafter she'll always use Tampax — invented by a doctor, sold at every drug store or notion counter, and so compact that a purse can easily carry a whole month's supply.

She will thank you for telling. Just as millions of women have thanked somebody for this same Tampax, made of pure surgical cotton compressed in applicators for quick, dainty insertion. No belts or pins, no odor, no revealing bulges or ridges under the clothing. Don't even bother to remove it in tub or shower! Easy disposal. Comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

THE YEARLING (MGM) ..................... ♦ ♦ ♦

A lot of time and thought went into the production of "The Yearling"—but the result was well worth the effort. Those of you who loved the Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings Pulitzer Prize novel, won't be disappointed in the handling of the Technicolor movie. Claude Jarman Jr. gives a poignant portrayal of the dreamy young lad who has to learn the hard way that life isn't too kind. His scenes with Flagg, the fawn, will touch everyone who ever owned a pet—and lost it. Tall, Lincolnesque Greg Peck is perfect in his role. And Jody's crippled playmate, Don Grift, will bring applause. The entire cast is outstanding, but top honors go to Jane Wyman as the careworn, tired, Ma Baxter.

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN (Universal-International) ..................... ♦ ♦ ♦

This British fantasy tells of a flier who is fated to die in an airplane crash, his miraculous escape because of heaven's neglect to collect his soul at the right moment. During the short period between life and supposed-to-be death, he falls in love with a WAC. His trial in heaven is used to poke fun at Anglo-American bickerings and provides many a laugh; however, political differences fade away in time for a happy ending. The role of the RAF airman is beautifully handled by David Niven. Kim Hunter, a U. S. girl, gets her big movie chance in this English film and enacts her role perfectly. Put this movie on your "must" list.

THE ANGEL AND THE BADMAN (Rep.) .. ♦ ♦ ♦

When the "toughest, bravest man in the west" faints at the feet of a pretty angel, something's bound to happen. And it does in Republic's big scale production (cost $1,250,000) of "The Angel and the Badman." The picture marks film favorite John Wayne's first venture as producer, director and actor—and he does a nice job with lots of help from Gail Russell, Harry Carey, Bruce Cabot, Irene Rich and Lee Dixon. John, a two-gun cowboy, out to avenge his father's death, makes friends with a Quaker family, falls in love with their daughter. The movie has all the trade marks of a Western: gun-totin', fast-ridin', crammed with action. Even if you're not too keen about Western, you'll enjoy this one.

BOOMERANG (20th) ..................... ♦ ♦

Dana Andrews gets himself into a mess of trouble in this murder mystery. As State's Attorney of a typical American city, he's called to solve the death of a local priest, combat the city's political machine, find a murderer, be a happy screen husband to pretty Jane Wyatt. The murder mystery is the big thing. There's a suspect, of course, with every one convinced of his guilt—everyone but Andrews. Since he believes that it's his job to protect the innocent as well as to prosecute the guilty, Dana risks political opposition as well as oblivion to prove his case. Jane Wyatt, Lee J. Cobb, Cara Williams, Arthur Kennedy, Sam Levene and Taylor Holmes help make this interesting movie fare.

VALLEY OF FEAR (Mon.) ..................

There's a surprise homecoming for Johnny Williams (John Mack Brown) when he finds himself being chased by local badmen. Further investigation proves that there's a land war in progress. Johnny tracks down the
bandit gang and brings justice and peace to the Valley once again. Raymond Hatton, Ed Cassidy and Christine McIntyre are cast in this melodrama.

SWAMP ANGEL (PRC).......................... €
Florida's Okefenokee swamplands offer an interesting background to this story of feuding between Jeff Owens and Gator. Jeff has returned to Okefenokee as a civil engineer, and his ideas of re-building the swamplands are too revolutionary for the homefolks. Gator's just downright jealous of Jeff and since he isn't one to sit by quietly, Jeff has an exciting time trying to prove his new ideas. Cast includes Gaylord Pendleton, Mikel Conrad, Leigh Whipper, Mary Conwell.

THE DEVIL ON WHEELS (PRC)............. €
A grim lesson in the dangers of jalopies and their youthful drivers is offered in this film. Cast includes Noreen Nash, Darryl Hickman, Jan Ford and Damian Flynn.

THE RED HOUSE (United Artists)......... €€
Lon McCallister fans won't be disappointed in his first post war movie. As young Nath Storm, Lon goes to work for strange farmer Morgan (Edward G. Robinson) who is a middle aged man with a wooden leg and fanatical devotion to his pretty daughter Meg, played by Allene Roberts. It is Morgan's mutterings of the "red house" and "screams in the night" that set Lon about trying to solve the mystery of the Red house. One murder results and Meg's own death seems a certainty until Lon finds the answer to the strange story. Rory Calhoun, Julie London and Judith Anderson keep things stepping in this thriller.

PURSUED (W. B.)............................. €€
Hurray! Warner Brothers has answered the clamor of fans for a good Bob Mitchum movie! "Pursued," an exciting story of the West in 1900, will keep you on the edge of your seat right up to the final moment. Bob has the role of "Jeb," who tries to figure out why so many people are interested in killing him: first there's his uncle (Dean Jagger), who takes pot shots at him at the slightest opportunity; then, his cousin (John Rodney) wants him out of the way; finally, the love of his life, Thor, (Theresa Wright), marries him just so she can kill him. You fans can relax, however—the sleepy-eyed Bob handles everything in a way that will send his fans home sighing—-for more Mitchum pictures.

MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES (MGM).......... €€
This is a warm little story about Lewie Penrose (Butch Jenkins), a young boy whom animals instinctively adore. The fact that he converses with his four-footed friends doesn't surprise his brother, Peter Lawford, or his mother, Spring Byington—who seem accustomed to Butch's conversations with the animal world. However, Butch's talents run the risk of being exploited when race track gamblers find they can make a killing by having Butch get race track information straight from the horse's mouth. ... The story isn't entirely Butch's; there's a nice romance between Peter Lawford and Beverly Tyler (remember her in "Green Years"), Butch Jenkins is excellent in his role of the brother who talks to horses. Rest of the cast is good, too, and includes Edward Arnold, Charlie Ruggles, O. Z. Whitehead and others.

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BLUE SWAN MILLS
A DIVISION OF THE MCKAY PRODUCTS CORP.
EMPIRE STATE BLDG. NEW YORK CITY
Let's go behind the scenes of Hollywood's movie sets and see the newest pictures in production.

Snooping around the Paramount lot the other day we ran into that handsome hunk of blond man, Sterling Hayden, by name. Boy, does that boy send us! When we walked onto the set Sterling was wearing a slightly dazed expression and his first words to us were "From now on I'm sticking to boats." One look at the shambles which ten minutes before had been called a set indicated there was some reason for this outburst. Seems that Sterling, who is starring in "BLAZE OF NOON" with Anne Baxter, William Holden, Sonny Tufts, Johnny Sands and Bill Bendix, was doing an airplane scene in a plane suspended five feet off the ground. The wind machine was turned on, the water from the rain machine was pelting Sterling in the face, and the cameras were grinding merrily away when the hydraulic lift gave one shudder and down came Sterling, plane and all.

Ironic note: The plane was one of the first commercial airmail ships, vintage 20 years ago, and had never crashed before.

Item for the young and the young in heart! If your favorite radio show is "JACK ARMSTRONG," all-American boy, you'll be thrilled and chilled in 15 breathtaking sequels by Columbia's new serial starring ex-stunt man Johnny Hart. Johnny's stunting days are over, but they stood him in good stead recently when a bridge he was "escaping" on collapsed a minute too soon, thereby leaving him dangling in mid air 75 feet above a roaring stream. That look of agonized horror you'll see on Johnny's face, if you're a Saturday afternoon kid, is but the real McCoy.

Had our breath taken away when we visited Barbara Stanwyck on the Enterprise lot where she's making "THE OTHER LOVE." All you clothes-conscious girls (and who isn't?) will simply drool over Barbara's 38 costumes, all designed by Edith Head. Barbara plays the part of a famous concert pianist torn between a quiet, peaceful life with David Niven and a gay glittering one with Dick Conte (and get that man, Conte. He's our dreamboat after "13 Rue Madeleine").

The picture takes place in Europe, with...

**Quality SLACKS**

You will look your smartest in these stylized, man-tailored, quality slacks. Individually precision built with pleated front, darted in back, belt loops, zipper placket and two pockets.

Priced "to hold the line," these slacks will be an important yet inexpensive addition to your wardrobe.


Style 107—Wool and rayon gabardine—colors black, brown, navy grey and beige

Style 108—100% wool flannel—colors black, brown, navy and grey

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All especially priced at

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Please send me............pairs of Slacks. Style number............Color...............Waist measure...............I enclose check or money order (DO NOT MAIL CASH)

NAME..........................................................

ADDRESS..................................................
all the characters skipping across the continent to such world-famous spots as Monaco's Monte Carlo. One scene shows Barbara at the gaming tables of Monte Carlo's Sporting Club. In an effort to make all the sets absolutely authentic, the studio sent an enterprising young man (plug) to the Sporting Club to take pictures of the interior. The management, however, objected strenuously. Mr. Watt made a strategic retreat but returned later in the guise of a club patron, complete with hidden eye camera. (Note: Mr. Watt got his pictures, but refuses to comment on whether or not anything was dropped at the gaming tables.)

"NEW ORLEANS" is out of production now and will soon be seen at your local theater, but we simply can't resist telling you this story which is not only a joke on Director Arthur Lubin but on Hollywood itself. It illustrates how we sometimes get to thinking out here that even the sun should stand still while we move in for a closeup.

If you're a jazz fan you've probably bit your nails right down to the nub by now waiting for the day you'll see Louis Armstrong, Billie Holliday, Kid Ory, Barney Bigard, Zutty Singleton, Lucky Thompson, Papa Mutt Carey and Woody Herman giving out with that wonderful stuff in this picture about the birth of jazz.

A great many of the scenes were shot in New Orleans, the most colorful one being the docking of a river steamboat. Came the morning for the docking scene and some 10,000 New Orleans citizens lined up on the banks of the river to watch the shooting.

If you are at all familiar with the intricacies of docking a boat (and we aren't, really) you know that the boat has to pull into the dock in just a certain fashion and at a certain speed. As the boat came steaming up the river, Director Lubin shouted through his megaphone for the cameras to start grinding. 10,000 people were watching with quiet excitement when suddenly Director Lubin grabbed his megaphone and bawled at the top of his lungs "Slower, slower!" Came back from the captain in a clarion voice without benefit of megaphone "What do you think I'm riding, a d--- bicycle?" Needless to say, this broke up the day's shooting, and even Director Lubin saw the humor of the situation after a brief cooling-off period.

The set I'd like most to visit but haven't (for obvious reasons) is "CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE" with Tyrone Power, Jean Peters, and Cesar Romero. Over 200 people have trekked down Mexico way to work on what is probably the oldest set ever used by a movie studio—the town of Morelia, built in 1631.

Transporting 200 people to Mexico for a three months' stay is no mean matter. They tell us out at 20th Century-Fox that the paper work alone has filled one entire office. A complete laboratory had to be set up in Morelia for developing the film, as no undeveloped film may leave the country. Also, a commissary, importing food from Mexico City, has been installed. When the local hotels were filled to capacity, tents were thrown up for the less fortunate crew members.

Mexico is becoming such a popular setting for our movies these days that the natives there will soon be as Hollywood-wise as the drug-store jockey on the corner of Hollywood and Vine.

The End

DOES A BEAUTIFUL GIRL SUFFER MORE LIKE THIS THAN A HOMELY ONE?

Nature has endowed some women with remarkable beauty of face and form—with sweet, loving dispositions. Others—she may have slighted when it came to passing out gifts of charm and beauty.

But in any event—whether beautiful or unattractive—many women by their very physical nature are apt to suffer distressing symptoms on 'certain days' of the month.

This Is Something You Shouldn't Joke About

In case female functional monthly disturbances cause you—like so many unfortunates—to suffer from pain, nervous distress and feel so tired and cranky you lose your sense of humor—this is nothing to joke about.

Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! It's famous for this purpose! Taken regularly throughout the month—this great medicine helps build up resistance against such female distress.

For over 70 years Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of girls and women in this way. Time has proved it one of the most effective medicines for this purpose. Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit. Pinkham's Compound is also a splendid stomachic tonic. It is certainly worth trying! Any drugstore.
Lucky Ellen Roufs! As prexy of the Richard Travis fan club, she got to chat with her favorite star! You can see she’s pleased, too! Pres. Janet Sargent heard all about “The Late George Apley” when she met one of the film’s stars, pretty Peggy Cummins.

Your Fan Club

by CAROL WHELCHEL

Calling all Fan Clubbers! Have you heard about the really BIG convention to be held in Los Angeles this year?

FAN-FUN

What’s going on in the fan club front? Plenty this month—from first edition journals to a big-league club convention, so let’s go.

The Eddie Ryan f.c. celebrated their first anniversary with a big cake and all the trimmings—and even Eddie was snapping pics fast and furiously. The Lloyd Bridges club is staging a “recruiting” campaign, and planning big things for the new mems, so why not join the club and the fun? The Peter Lind Hayes prex, Thelma Pinney, gets first hand accounts of Pete’s broadcasts ‘cause he gifts her with tickets to each show. They always have a long back-stage gab-fest afterwards.

Have you heard about the big fan club convention that is being planned for Los Angeles in June? It promises to be the biggest thing that ever happened to fan clubs. Director Ellen Roufs tells us that they’re planning club meetings, theater parties, teas, studio tours—in other words, “the works.” AND, what’s more, all your favorite stars will be in attendance—and every single clubber will be invited! They’ve got a big raffle under way, too, with prizes donated by nearly every honorary prexy. Watch this column for future info plus pics of the committee.

WHAT’S NEW?

There’s Marcy McRae’s brand new huddle for Marshall Reed (watch for him in “The Angel and the Badman”) already dragging in mems by the hundreds! Could be they know Marcy’s reputation for having grand clubs. Lorraine Wright lets us know about her Bill Johnson organization—all ready to go places. ‘Tis a change of prexies for the Charles Korvin and Helmut Dantine f.c.’s. Nelda Clough is now presiding over the “Crusade for Korvin” and Helen Singletary steps in for Dantine’s. Janis Sargent’s Rand Brooks aggregation is going places—with Rand pitching in to help with anything and everything. And our vote for the most impressive “first” goes to Mr. Lucky, the Brooks club publication. Mary Jane Grootenboer, who so recently headed the Bob Hutton club, is starting one for Nina Foch which should be something terrific, ‘cause Nina’s so cooperative. ‘N’ how about writing...
How ignorance and false modesty may ruin a young wife's happiness

Find out now the REAL TRUTH about these Intimate Physical Facts!

It's really shocking how often a marriage breaks up simply because the wife hasn't proper scientific knowledge of these intimate physical facts about herself—because she is too lazy or prudish to find out how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and marriage happiness—how important douching is to combat one of women's most serious deodorant problems.

And what's more important—too many wives still do not know about this newer, really scientific method of douching with—zonite.

No Other Type Liquid Antiseptic-Germicide Tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS

No longer would any well-informed woman think of using weak, old-fashioned or dangerous products for the douche. These do not and can not give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of zonite.

The zonite principle is truly a miracle! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet absolutely non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning, zonite positively contains no phenol, bichloride of mercury, no creosote. You can use zonite as directed as often as necessary without risk of injury.

Zonite Principle Developed By
Famous Surgeon and Chemist

Zonite actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerfully effective no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that it will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can be sure zonite immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy zonite today. Any drugstore.

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For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. M-37, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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The End
He's the immovable object!
She's the irresistible force!
It's the incomparably entertaining movie!

RONALD COLMAN

The LATE GEORGE APLEY

and introducing

PEGGY CUMMINS

Directed by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ
Produced by
FRED KOHLMAR

with

VANESSA BROWN • RICHARD HAYDN • CHARLES RUSSELL • RICHARD NEY
PERCY WARAM • MILDRED NATWICK • EDNA BEST • NYDIA WESTMAN

Screen Play by Philip Dunne • From the Play by John P. Marquand and George S. Kaufman
Based on the Novel by John P. Marquand
Two great leaders of your motion picture industry have just engaged in a titanic battle of words over the subject matter of motion pictures. We think their outlook is so important that we'd like to give you their words ... and we think too it would be fun for you to write us and tell us which leader you agree with.

Samuel Goldwyn, producer of "The Best Years of Our Lives" started all when he said: "Hollywood is dry of things to say because it has gotten too far away from the average person.

"With a few exceptions what most of Hollywood doesn't recognize is that the American people are going through a post war emotional reaction. They are faced with many problems, personal and worldwide and what they want is not pure escapism in their pictures but some reflection of their own emotional turmoil.

"It (Hollywood) must find honest stories, stories with something important to say, stories that reflect these disturbing times in which we live."

Darryl Zanuck, producer of "The Razor's Edge," had this to say in reply:

"There is nothing wrong with Hollywood that cannot be cured by the liquidation of self-appointed oracles.

"It is remarkable that Mr. Goldwyn has only now discovered that the screen is a medium of enlightenment as well as entertainment. Most Hollywood producers discovered this long ago and practiced it both during and before the war, when such pictures were essential to the successful prosecution of the war.

"Let us also remember that during the last year Hollywood has already released such commendable films as "The Lost Weekend", 'A Walk In the Sun', 'Bells of St. Mary's', 'Anna and the King of Siam', 'The Jolson Story', 'The Spiral Staircase', 'To Each His Own', 'Spellbound', 'State Fair', 'Margie', 'Pride of the Marines' to mention only a few."

Do you agree with Mr. Goldwyn or Mr. Zanuck?

The Editors
"Ridiculous!" thought Olivia DeHavilland when her husband-to-be asked her "to obey"... but as she listened thoughtfully to his reasons, she smiled—and agreed.

Olivia and her new husband are living in her bachelor girl apartment until they find a home.

Shadrach had to get into the picture, too. Olivia has had him since he was a pup and although he favors girls, he has become fond of his mistress's new hubby.
Olivia is not one to take her wifely duties lightly; with white shirts so hard to get, she sees that Marcus's are in good repair.

Promised to Obey

By FREDDA DUDLEY

★

When Olivia de Havilland and Marcus Goodrich were planning their wedding, Mr. Goodrich said to his prospective bride, "I should like it very much if, in the ceremony, you would promise to obey."

Miss de Havilland thought, "But wait! This is the twentieth century, isn't it? This is the day of emancipated woman, the era of feminine freedom when no girl over twenty-one needs take orders." But, since she was in love, she said "I imagine the current form is 'love, honor and cherish'. Is there any reason why you would like to deviate from this phrase?"

Mr. Goodrich said there were reasons why he wanted that little word "obey" returned to its traditional place in the holy service. To explain, he recalled the circumstance of their first meeting, five years ago.

It was at a dinner party given by the Arthur Hornblows at which Olivia found herself in deep and fascinated conversation with a man whose name she remembered vaguely as Goodrich. Recalling that evening in the light of subsequent developments, both Olivia and Marcus are enchanted to discover that their initial colloquy was fraught with significance. For instance, after a protracted discussion of the foibles of womankind, Mr. Goodrich made the startling announcement that he was going to Sweden, to marry a sixteen-year-old-girl, and have eleven children; whereupon, for no logical reason, Miss de Havilland asked, "Why go to Sweden?"

There was another little episode teeming with the importance of forecast. At the end of the evening Marcus asked Olivia if he might drive her home, but a casual friend leaped into this conversation with the announcement that he had a (Continued on page 90)
Appropriately enough, Rita is a Grecian glamor goddess in her last-made film, "Down to Earth." Col.

Old flame Tony Martin came back into the picture during Rita's separation from Orson, dated her regularly.

Glamorous Rita and talented Orson discovered that parting is not such sweet sorrow; they're back together again—in love and in work.

What goes with Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles since their reconciliation a few months ago?

The question is a frequent one in Hollywood these days, and no one seems to know the answer.

That in itself is amazing; Hollywood is a town where butcher and baker usually are shockingly conversant with the most intimate details of the private lives of the movie stars. And since Rita, the Dream Girl, is one of the most highly publicized women in the world today, and Orson, the Wonder Boy, never has been averse to being talked about, the genuine lack of information about their personal affairs is almost incredible.

The answer is that all goes exceedingly well with Mr. and Mrs. Orson Welles and their newfound happiness. You need only watch them working together in complete harmony, and listen to the tender little revelations of the people who have been working with them for weeks, to know that truth.

There are two reasons why so little is known currently of the private life of Rita and Orson. One is that they consistently have posted a "No Trespassing" sign on that life; from the day of their surprise marriage by a Santa Monica justice of the peace on September 7, 1943, they have refused to share with the public more (Continued on page 75)
The strange love

Eight months of separation taught Orson and Rita a lesson—life is only lovely when they can be together holding hands.
Divorces occur for a variety of reasons. Some of the basic factors are: sexual incompatibility, economic and emotional instability, conflicts in the desire for recognition or status in the community. It is a great fallacy to assume all artists psychopathologically unstable, emotionally unbalanced. People, and that includes you and I, the fellow next door as well as Clark Gable or Ingrid Bergman, have tremendous ego needs. Success, meaning money and prestige, usually provides ample opportunity for gratification of these needs. Most information coming from Hollywood concerns the successful actors and actresses in it.

Along with success comes the quality of self-sufficiency. When this quality becomes over emphasized in any individual, they are emotionally unable to relate themselves to another person for any length of time. This, psychiatrists term, ego-mania.

You can often spot the ego-maniac in your community by the following characteristics. He or she is aggressive, domineering, persistent, self-centered, overbearing and successful. Sometimes they manage to cover one or several of these traits and appear to be what they are not. Close observation will always find them out. Clinically, they are usually people suffering from a huge inferiority complex. They do not make enduring marriages.

Sex is the basis of a good union. Over fifty per cent of the people are sexually ignorant. In Hollywood, as well as other places, there is a superficial sexual sophistication with a basic sexual immaturity.

There is no simple panacea for making a marriage work. If you can remember to be kind, thoughtful, considerate and respect the individuality of your mate it would help.

Dorothy Burstein, Psychologist,
Member of the American Psychological Association.
Marriages may be made in heaven but the results often prove chaotic on earth. It's hard to imagine anything more wonderful than being married to the beauteous Lana Turner, to call Tyrone Power husband, to introduce either Joan Crawford, Laraine Day, Linda Darnell, Ella Raines, Ann Rutherford, Gene Tierney, or Ann Sothern as "my wife."

No matter how cynical we become or think we are, two sentences or two paragraphs in a newspaper or on a radio informing the world of another Hollywood divorce excites interest. It's a shock. The usual statement, "We regret that our marriage has come to an end. We have no immediate plans for a divorce but have reached a property settlement," is flat and cold. But, somehow, it strikes home.

It strikes home because all around us, in Peoria, in New York, in your home town, the same thing is happening. The war came and took our men with it, breaking up homes, sending wives into war plants . . . leaving children to bring themselves up, postponing marriages, creating hasty marriages, piling up problems that are now to reflect in our everyday lives.

Two thousand (Continued on page 80)

Lana Turner and Steve Crane parted amicably, still date occasionally. Lana has custody of their daughter.

The war years brought changes in the lives of Annabella and Tyrone Power, but they're still friends.
Don't expect quiet when Annie's around! Here's a girl with tremendous zest for fun and friends.

* Because Ann Sheridan was off the screen for two years waiting for a role into which she could sink her teeth, for the first time in her life she had the leisure to enjoy living. The past two years have been a revelation to Ann: no more getting up at 5:30 to get to the studio; no more early to bed to get that important eight hours sleep; no more being anchored in Hollywood. Ann has spent part of the last two years in New York, part in Hollywood and part in Mexico City. Wherever she has been, she has taken the joy of living with her. For Ann Sheridan is one girl who believes life was meant for living. And she has discovered there's a lot more to the world than Hollywood.

This was more strongly indicated when she took off for Mexico City immediately upon the com-
completion of her latest film, "Nora Prentiss." Ann loves everything Latin, everything Mexican. Her idea of the most fun in the world is to have a group of her Latin friends over for a party. All evening long, wonderful Cuban rumbas are playing, Mexican food is served. The parties are over mañana. Ann, with her zest for life, thinks any party that ends before dawn just (Continued on page 98)

What'll it be: Boogie or Bach? Annie's huge collection of both is the envy of disc collectors.

"Glamorous in spite of herself," say friends. Why, she even looks lovely when doing ranch chores.

Marriage? Well, maybe someday. But he'll have to be tall, gay, and share her love of travelin-

Hollywood life holds little interest for Ann. She'd rather don blue jeans, roam the ranch.

After waiting two years for a dramatic role, Ann gets her wish in "Nora Prentiss" (W.B.). Kent Smith shares honors in this picture.
A week-end at John Payne's hideaway means eating fish three times a day; because he loooves to fish.

The Paynes' temporary beach house is a tent, but apparently salt air agrees with him; for outgoing calls only.

Ranching was fun until John got a yen for the ocean. They have plans for a cozy log cabin complete with a surf board he's lugging around!
"Nothing like food cooked over an outdoor grill," says John. It's his night to cook so dinner may be a little late.

Once in a while the Paynes join the Hollywood throng at a party but for the most part they like quiet evenings at home. John's latest picture is "Razor's Edge."

Discarding the night-club circuits,
John finds happiness and peace at a hideaway cove overlooking the Pacific

★

Midsummer days in California have a way of taking the starch right out of your collar, and your good nature tends to disappear with the rise in temperature. At least that's the way John Payne sees it, and he's come up with an answer that not only has proved extremely satisfactory—but leaves him as contented as a small boy wading in a cool pool.

Now that he has completed his role in "The Razor's Edge," you'll find him once again at his hideaway cove on the ocean, where the breezes whip lightly throughout the day and where it's ideal for sleeping at night. And though this cove is wild and unpretentious, John wouldn't trade it for any of the elegant establishments in Beverly Hills or Bel Air.

You pick up John's excitement as you drive out to his hideaway beach, in spite of the fact that his eagerness isn't the kind that's loud and showy. To him the cove doesn't represent a monetary investment; in fact, he never thinks of it in that way, since it represents much more to him than a mere site on the ocean. In a way, he has reached a goal.

This might give you the idea that John's a dreamer who's slightly on the anti-social side; that his cove is a place where he can be alone. There's a lot more to it than that.

John was born near the ocean on the other side of the nation, and like so many people who have grown up with the smell of the sea always in their nostrils, he has (Continued on page 84)
Loan's taste in lingerie is dreamy—she loves filmy chiffon in pastel shades of blue or pink.

Movieland went with pretty Joan Leslie on her first solo shopping tour and found her clothes judgment expert—witness this becoming feathered hat.

Sequin-trimmed gown got warm approval from Loan; she likes to design clothes.

"Nice but not for me on my budget," decides Joan when head of Saks' Fifth Avenue jewelry section shows her jeweled bracelets.

Joan's taste in lingerie is dreamy—she loves filmy chiffon in pastel shades of blue or pink.
At twenty-one, Joan Leslie has embarked upon a thrilling adventure—she's making her own decisions about life and ever so wisely!

apo
ron strina

Two friends of Joan Leslie's were waiting for her at the Cock 'n Bull, Sunset Strip rendezvous for actors and writers.

One said, "I haven't seen Joan for several months. How has she been getting along?"

"You're in for a surprise," came the answer, "Joan has matured in the last six months to an astonishing degree. She has always been wise beyond her years but now she has gained poise and a deft knowledge of how best to use her training."

Joan herself amplified this statement when she arrived, by admitting that since her twenty-first birthday life has been more exciting than ever. "I realize now how long Mother has planned for this period of my life," she said affectionately. "Her training has given me a wonderful sense of self-reliance."

One of the first decisions Joan made was to sever contractual relations with Warner Brothers. Her dissatisfaction at that studio was caused by the apparent intention to confine her indefinitely to flibbertigibbet roles. Whereas Shirley Temple at eighteen, for instance, has just finished a picture in which she is the center of a sophisticated romance, Joan Leslie at twenty-one was restricted to bobby-sox parts. Even though she was allowed in her last picture under the Warner Brothers' banner to be a young matron, the script and directorial demands exacted a portrait of such a young matron as would have been psychiatrist's bait in real life. Since she has been on her own Joan has received innumerable flattering offers. There hasn't been an ingenue role proffered in all this galaxy of offers.

One of Joan's most exciting experiences since the attainment of her majority was her trip to Detroit to make several personal appearances and to do a radio broadcast. Always before when Joan travelled she had been accompanied by her mother. On this occasion she took a friend—not much her senior—as a companion.

In making preparation for the trip Joan selected her own clothing—also an innovation. For plane traveling she selected a simple blue crepe dress, distinguished by white lingerie touches at the throat; for day-time wear she selected a tailored blue wool gabardine two-piece suit; for the radio show, which was to be done before a large studio audience, she had a breathtakingly lovely (Continued on page 104)

Just what I've always wanted but can't afford," says Joan trying on ermine jackets.
Number one on the Cary Grant hit parade is beautiful blonde Betty Hensel.

There's no more congenial companion than handsome Cary as Janet Thomas and Frank Morgan will testify; here Cary is keeping them both in gales of laughter.

Cary has a head start on all of Hollywood’s eligible bachelors—he's definitely super!

The famous Grant grin has made many a feminine heart do flip-flops: Cary has married an actress, an heiress—who next?

Cary's just finished the "Bachelor and Bobby-Socker" with Shirley Temple.

are you the GIRL for
It's fabulous and unbelievable to realize how many handsome, eligible bachelors there are running around Hollywood. It's enough to give the shyest violet a glint in her eye! In particular, I'm thinking of Cary Grant, for there is probably no Hollywood male more worthy of a glint in your eye than Cary. He has a head start on all the glamor boys. No scandal has ever touched him; he's never indulged in cheap little romances; he has lived his life in quiet good taste. In Hollywood, with its goldfish bowl existence, that's quite a trick. And eligible? Well, let's make like a fond parent and consider the practical points: He's an established star in the top income tax bracket; a cosmopolite, who has lived in many countries; as handsome as they come—tall, lean, lithe, tanned. Roughly speaking, he would do okay even if he weren't Cary Grant. But the most intriguing thing about the guy is that he is Cary Grant.

This means people stare as he walks by; they recognize him, admire him, look up to him. It means he has a beautiful home furnished in exquisite taste. None of this Hollywood moderne; none of these living rooms with that obviously "decorated" look. His home would be in beautiful taste in any city or country in the world. It has stability to it, and graciousness; it wears well, like a good friend who possessed deep integrity. Being Cary Grant means that even other stars speak of you in a different tone of voice. It means the society page along with Louella's column. He has breeding, background, savoir faire—plus that magical ingredient called heart. If you were his dream girl, you'd have to be aware of all this, because to be Cary's girl you would have to match in part all these things he is.

For instance, you'd have to love music. Not in a superficial, smart-thing-to-do way, but deep inside you. You'd have to love symphonies. You'd have to enjoy popular music, too, and understand musical technique. Cary loves to listen to all types of music, and he would want you to be so close to him in this that he could just look up and smile, knowing that you both were experiencing the same enjoyment.

If you were his special girl, you would have to be understanding. For, although Cary can be wonderfully charming, he is a moody and unpredictable person. He is very gay and witty. He can be enchanting and

(Continued on page 102)

Check this list to see if you're the girl for Cary

Check one

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<tr>
<th>Yes</th>
<th>No</th>
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<tr>
<td>1. Could you match Cary's sophisticated background in spirit, if not in actuality?</td>
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<td>2. Do you love classical music?</td>
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<td>3. Are you understanding?</td>
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<td>4. Have you studied the way of life of the Middle East?</td>
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<td>5. Are you the quiet type?</td>
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<td>8. Do you like to go to lectures?</td>
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<td>9. Do you prefer gracious informality in living, to formality?</td>
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<td>10. Have you traveled a lot?</td>
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<td>11. Do you have poise?</td>
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<td>12. Are your manners deeper than the surface?</td>
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<td>13. Are you a good hostess?</td>
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<td>14. Are you adaptable?</td>
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<td>15. Do you occasionally enjoy gay parties?</td>
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<td>16. Are you blonde?</td>
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<td>17. Do you dress conservatively?</td>
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<td>18. Can you &quot;take&quot; honest comments?</td>
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<tr>
<td>19. Do you remember yesterdays?</td>
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<td>20. Do you judge people for what they are, not what they have?</td>
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If you're the girl for Cary Grant, your answers will match ones on page 103
Can married couples work together?
Veronica Lake has discovered that
a husband can be a wonderful boss

We sidled onto the set of "Ramrod" over at Enterprise with the notion of getting a yarn on the anguish a star suffers while emoting under the hypercritical eye of her director-husband (Veronica Lake vs. Andre de Toth). We emerged, instead, with the firm conviction that some marriages may be made in heaven after all.

The atmosphere was more drawing room than prizefight ring. The bull whip, the bandages, the arnica, had either never been there at all, or had been well hidden. Tranquillity reigned.

The blonde mite sat with her hand discreetly hidden in her husband's fist, and smiled. "Except," she said, "that I have just been publicly insulted by my mate, this is the ideal working set-up."

De Toth grinned at our surprise, and Veronica disappeared to shed the six-tiered petticoats in which she remains swathed throughout the picture.

"It happened today," the director explained in his slight Hungarian accent. "Ronni had trouble with a very difficult scene. She couldn't quite get it. So I walked up to her and insulted her in front of everyone on the set. Then, in just one take, Ronni—in her complete surprise—delivered exactly the emotions I wanted. And (Continued on page 92)
"I think chivalry is wonderful," says Eleanor Powell. "Especially, when you're married to a Gallant Knight like Glenn."

My Life on a Pedestal

By ELEANOR POWELL FORD as told to ALICE CRAIG GREENE

For the last few years (since the advent of the Ford in my past, present and future), I've had the enviable life of a lady on a pedestal. This is a pleasant perch, and I love it. But this is the story of how I occasionally sneak down and accomplish some unpedestal-like things when the Ford called Glenn is not looking.

At the very beginning of our romance, I realized that Glenn's outlook on the female of the species was different from that of the average male. This actually was the reason we first got together. You see, when Glenn first came to Hollywood, he worked with Pat O'Brien in a picture and they became very good friends. He was always confiding to Pat that there wasn't a womanly woman in all Hollywood. He muttered about having to return to his little Canadian hometown to find an unsophisticated feminine girl possessed of various womanly virtues: an old-fashioned girl.

He preferred that his girl would not smoke or drink. He told Pat he wanted a wife who could run a washing machine and cook, and even knit a pair of socks once in a while.

As a matter of fact, I had pretty much decided (by the time Pat descended on me with the statement that he had a "friend" he wanted me to meet), that the kind of fellow I wanted to spend my life with, wasn't to be found in Hollywood, and I, too, (Continued on page 86)
Surprise! Surprise! Dream-boat Guy Madison appears as prize on "Truth or Consequences."

Glamor-glamor girl of Managing Ed’s party at Biltmore was Deanna Durbin in strapless satin.

One of the contestants was just darling. A real cute beaut named Earlene Slater, just 17 years old. Mr. Edwards (Ralph, that is) interviewed her and found out that her biggest wish was to attend the senior prom at Franklin High School. The only hitch was that the swing thing was on right that very minute, and there she was in front of a microphone.

On the town

- Honestly, the most devastating thing happened the other night. My very favorite photog man, Ice the Genius, and I hobbled over to witness the broadcast of "Truth or Consequences," with that angelic date bait gate, Ralph Edwards, as emcee. We had heard a rumor that a certain cinema star would show up, and so on account of we never want to miss a bet for our dear readers (meaning youse, natch!), we sat on the edge of our seats, scanning the horizon for a name in neon.

One of the contestants was just darling. A real cute beaut named Earlene Slater, just 17 years old. Mr. Edwards (Ralph, that is) interviewed her and found out that her biggest wish was to attend the senior prom at Franklin High School. The only hitch was that the swing thing was on right that very minute, and there she was in front of a microphone.

Judy Garland, resplendent in lace embroidered pearls, peeks at Maggie O’Brien’s locket.

Smiling trio, Nelson Eddy, Catherine McLeod and John Carroll, join in Studio City’s first community sing—that’s town near Hollywood where Republic has studio.

Surprise! Surprise! Dream-boat Guy Madison appears as prize on "Truth or Consequences."
Hey, kids, lend an ear—here's where
Janie, that teen-age gossip whiz, tells all.

with pictures to match by pal Joey

with Janie and Joe

Mr. E., who doesn’t let little things like that stand in his way, merely handed over a $400 diamond ring to the gal and told her it had magic powers. If she slipped the ring on her finger, rubbed it hard, and made a wish—or a whole mess of wishes, they would all come true. Real fairy tale stuff. Well, they did! She got the most glamorous, whistle-stopping gown, a fur jacket, shoes, bag, and a complete beauty treatment (the kind that makes you look like the "after" part of a before-and-after ad). Then, of course, with Earlene just gulping like mad to keep her hysterics under control, she had one more wish. But before the dewy-eyed creature could even make the wish a male voice appeared out of absolutely nowhere and asked Earlene if she would like him to escort her to the prom. She almost couldn't answer she was so dumb founded. And guess who (Continued on page 101

When Desi Arnaz opened at Ciro's, wife Lucille Ball was there to samba to his out-of-this-world music with Cesar Romero.

Earlene Slater was the lucky gal who won him—she wished for man to go to her prom.

A dreamy fur coat, a diamond ring, a fur jacket and Guy as partner—oh, Earlene!

Bet this is one dance Earlene will never forget—and quiver-giver Guy enjoys it, too.
There’s nothing new under the sun, you say—until you start tossing questions at your favorite man—that Van Johnson!

"ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE" was shooting on Stage 26, and Van Johnson, a red-haired giant in checked shirt, breeches and boots of pioneer days, was bending over piles of letters in somebody’s portable dressing-room.

"My own hut is full of people," he explained. "You see, this company is like one family, after three months on location. Everybody goes along the row of portables and takes over the first one that's empty."

He smiled over a handful of vari-colored sheets. "These writers think of more things! I was the world’s biggest fan when I was a kid, and I know how it is, because there was a lot I wanted to know, too. I don’t think I did much about it—but then MOVIELAND had no $24 Questions. Let’s see..."

Do you have any secret ambition beside acting? (Yoline Wou, New York City.)

Yes. I’d like to be able to read every good book I hear about. I read all the time but I can’t cover a tenth of them. I wish authors would stop writing for a year and let me catch up.

What was the most memorable occasion of your life? (Dorothy Harrelson, Cheverly, Md.)

The first time my father took me to see Barnum & Bailey’s Circus. I was eight at the time. It was the first night I was allowed to stay up late and go all the way to another town in the dark. The circus was terrifically exciting: I could hardly believe it was possible.

Was there any time during your New York theatrical career when you thought you would not succeed? (Georgia Phillips, Long Island, N. Y.) (Continued on page 88)
With every role she's named for an Oscar but there's not an "actressy" bone in her beautiful body

Jennifer Jones greets a friend while Michael and Bobby watch the photog. A devoted mother, she spends much time with her sons.

By BEATRICE BINNEY

(Founder's Note: Bee Binney, a David O. Selznick secretary and writer, has known Jennifer ever since the day, when, shy and uncertain, Jennifer stepped before the cameras for "Song of Bernadette." Here is her word-pictiure of what Jennifer is really like.)

Gauguin might have painted her. His vivid colors and dramatic treatment would have done justice to Jennifer Jones, fiery actress of "Duel in the Sun." Renoir would have painted quite another Jennifer. With his soft brush and pastel colors, he would have captured the shy charm, the sweetness that is also Jennifer. Without the talent of a Gaugin or a Renoir, I bring you a word portrait of still another Jennifer. This is my Jennifer.

To me, Jennifer has the dewy, freshness of an early morning in Spring. I would like to see her do one of Sir James Barrie's plays, for she has the gentle quick-moving, elusive, youthful charm of a Barrie heroine.

Jennifer, the actress, we all know from "Bernadette," "Since You Went Away," "Love Letters," "Cluny Brown" and "Duel in the Sun." Secretly, I've always chuckled over this enviable picture record, for Jennifer has been nominated for an Academy Award for every picture since she received the "Oscar" for "Bernadette." (Continued on page 94)
In her latest picture, "Katie for Congress," Loretta has role of a Swedish farm girl who is thrust into politics and the arms of co-star Joseph Cotten.

A quick vacation trip to New York City finds Loretta and hubby Tom Lewis among celebrities at the Stork Club.

MOVIELAND'S BLUE RIBBON INTERVIEW

A film actress since she was twelve, Loretta knows her movies. Here she exchanges ideas with director Potter.

Luciest Woman

Author Robbin Coons listens attentively as Loretta Young talks about

Brian Aherne and Col. Keeley don't seem too aware of Loretta's blonde tresses, but then they're busy rehearsing for radio show. She turned blonde for "Katie for Congress."

By ROBBIN COONS
Loretta Young has everything her heart desires—a happy home, children and an exciting career.

*Loretta Young was talking about a young studio worker, behind the camera, who had attracted attention as a possible acting “find.”

“So handsome,” she said, “and with such charm, dignity and assurance. I recognized him as a man contented in his work and happy in his family. I wonder if he’d even be interested in acting—he’s such a genuinely fulfilled person already.”

The bright and sprightly Miss Young admires people like that, which is only natural. For Loretta, the youthful perennial beauty of the screen, is herself as “fulfilled” a person—as actress, wife and mother—as Hollywood can offer.

At 32—that’s her age, actually!—she has everything in personal and professional life a woman could want. And this explains, paradoxically, why her ambition and her interest in life are limitless.

“I’m the luckiest woman in the world,” she says, “and I do consider myself fulfilled—that’s why I keep on working to stay that way. In a career or marriage or both, I believe that they-lived-happily-ever-after is just one of those pleasant fairy-tale fallacies. You have to work, and keep on working, to make anything come true and stay true.”

Loretta, the fulfilled, is quite the philosopher—without the good sense to realize that her cheerful chirruping about the fundamental values in life could be invalidated by her position. After all, a movie star living in a Holmby Hills mansion with servants and a fine, costly collection of antiques is scarcely “average”—and she knows it.

“The fulfilled people I admire most,” she says nevertheless, “are those who, like that man behind the camera, achieve their contentment without the things most people consider essential—a great deal of money and power.

“Take money. A person must have had enough of it in order to realize that it isn’t important. Money in huge quantities brings—well, it has been known to bring murder. And not enough money, that’s worse. I know that if Tom and I were broke and hungry, we’d stop at nothing to feed the children.

“But I’ve been fortunate. In all my life, I was never actually hungry. Oh, there were times in school when my lunch was peanut butter sandwiches and an apple, day after day—I remember trading with a little girl who had fancy lunches and just loved peanut butter. But I never knew dire poverty. I began really earning in pictures when I was 12, and that has lasted. So I can say sincerely that money isn’t important. Appreciating life day by day, living right, being kind and considerate, doing your work well—believe me, those are the important things.”

(Continued on page 54)
All this, of course, leaves a wide opening for the insertion of a small $2 question: Would Loretta, with these homey ideas, feel just the same if sudden financial calamity struck and she were penniless? Would she be just as happy, for instance, giving up her beautiful and spacious home?

"Giving up the home? That," she parties laughing, "would be no test. It's beautiful, but the upkeep! Tom and I would shed it in a minute if we could."

Then, seriously: "I hope I'm not just a 'theory person,' and I honestly don't believe I am. I know that other theories I practice do work. The Golden Rule, for instance. It's a theory, too, that the way to make people like you is to like people—and I know that works. No . . . I don't believe reverses would bother me too much."

Such questions, of course, are purely rhetorical. Miss Young is one of the most successful and established of stars, and her husband Thomas H. A. Lewis is a successful advertising executive, vice-president of Young & Rubicam. It's likely that, even at today's prices, they'll be able to keep their three youngsters—Judy, 10, Christopher, two, and Peter, one—in peanut butter sandwiches and such for a while yet.

The Young career is now 19 years old, a fact which sometimes inspires well-meaning oldsters to tell Loretta how well they liked her pictures when they were little boys or girls. This amuses and pleases Loretta more than otherwise.

The question of Loretta's actual age is forever popping up. Once at a party, Loretta came downstairs to meet a sudden loud look of having been caught talking about her, like Sally and Polly Ann, now is married and off the screen.

Since her first picture Loretta has been working steadily. Shyness and little-girl-fright almost ended her career a-borning. Herbert Brenon, the director, used unorthodox methods (like throwing chairs at her) to elicit a performance. The methods worked, but only Lon Chaney's kindness and helpful understanding enabled her to finish the picture. It was several years before she began to feel at ease before a camera. By now, of course, the once frightening lens is practically part of her. She loves pictures and picture-acting with intense and eager interest.

This enthusiasm lies behind the sometimes-heard charge that Loretta tries to "direct" her own pictures. Blithely, she welcomes discussion of the point.

"I probably 'Why?' a director to death," she admits. "I adore and get along magnificently with the top directors in the business—and they're always willing to answer a 'Why?'

"It's logical to believe that when studios pay all that money to an actress they're buying not just a puppet but also a mind and experience. If there's a difference of opinion between player and director I think discussion helps. It resolves doubts and makes for better work. But it must be discussion and never argument. The director is head man and he shouldn't be embarrassed in front of his company."

"To me, Company discipline is vital. On the set, as good manners, we will say when 'Director, please—just a minute more—isn't an embarrassment and one is a mile to follow.

Loretta has no stage ambitions, but radio intrigues her almost as much as films. It was in radio, incidentally, that she first met Tom Lewis, who then was producing the Motion Picture Relief Fund air shows. A year and a half later they had their first date. Ann Sothern gave a party and invited Loretta as dinner partner for "a nice young man from radio." Loretta skipped having the nice young man call for her, but—

"He drove me home," she smiles the long story short.

The Lewises have been married six years now. Despite Loretta's career, theirs is a solid family life. They see eye to eye on keeping this life private, with home and children out of the spotlight.

She was exposed to school subjects amply, including mathematics in which she was excellent, and spelling in which she was—and is—terrible. When she writes a casual letter, her spellings are variable, unique, and frequently astounding.

"We are having a nice trip," she once wrote from a train. "The stunt in the dining car says . . ."
FIVE EXCITING STORIES TOLD IN PHOTOGRAPHS: Remember Castle Rock? ... My Idea of a Beautiful Woman ... Kid Stuff ... Violent Love ... Hollywood Messenger Girls
Stepping stone to success for many stars of yesterday and today, Castle Rock could tell a story of happiness, sorrow and dreams come true.

Left: Esther Williams stands on tip-toe for a photo at Castle Rock. Many Hollywood stars have posed here.

Just for fun Warner starlet Jane Harker dons an old-fashioned bathing suit, strikes a pose at famous spot.
Every year since movie making was in its infancy, photographers have used Castle Rock as a background to enhance the charms of Hollywood glamor girls. For twenty-five years film favorites have been pictured climbing its rugged face, hanging, leaning, fishing from it.

Discoverer of Castle Rock's photogenic quality was Thomas H. Ince, one of the first movie czars, who used the site to film William S. Hart's deeds of daring-do. When Ince moved to a new lot in Culver City—now owned by RKO-Pathe—Mack Sennett took over the reign of beaches and the barnacle-crested, granite-faced rock became the favorite spot for posing famous Mack Sennett bathing beauties like Bebe Daniels, Marie Prevost, Gloria Swanson and Ruth Taylor.

Later, when leg art became the vogue for movie publicity stills, big name stars: Joan Crawford, Garbo, Norma Shearer and many others trekked out to filmdon's earliest movie center and posed.

During the years the Rock helped make movie history, it saw the rise and fall of many screen careers. Unperturbed, it witnessed the murder of Thelma Todd; took part in a movie, "Hollywood Cavalcade"; sheltered high school kids who built fires for their Friday night weiner roasts at its base.

But Castle Rock is no more! Recently California's State Highway Department decided the craggy site was a menace to traffic along the new Roosevelt Speedway and dynamited it into the sea. Only smaller, jagged ledges remain for pictorial backgrounds but the legend of Castle Rock will go on forever.
Rhonda Fleming was one of the last actresses to pose on Castle Rock before it was blasted into the sea.

Bathing beauties of yesteryear liked to use the site as locale for snappy photos like this one of a 1910 glamor girl group.

At the Rock 35 years later: Warner starlets Angela Greene, Leza Holland, Suzi Crandall, Joan Winfield and Jane Harker.
The secret of Jane Russell's ability to portray emotion lies in her intense gaze, her full lips which can express sultry passion or sheer joy with ease.
She's tempestuous, calm, vivacious, sultry—Jane Russell's beauty suggests a variety of exciting contrasts

* Jane Russell, the star of "The Outlaw," is my idea of a completely beautiful woman.

Coming from a photographer who has made pictures of many stars, the first and—I consider—the most important reason for this statement may sound strange. That reason is "Personality."

Beauty without personality is empty . . . meaningless. Beauty with personality is alive—vibrant—thrilling. Jane Russell has that kind of beauty.

Everything about Jane is real—honest—direct. She's not only honest with other people; she's honest with herself, and that is truly unusual. Jane doesn't grandstand. There's no affectation about her—no pretense. So many actresses, even before they become stars, start preening and prancing for effect. Jane never does.

Because Jane is so at ease within herself, and so completely natural, she makes others around her feel at ease. Consequently they are responsive to her and they like her.

Jane is more interested in doing things, and in other people, than in herself. She is vitally interested in sports, hobbies and art. She doesn't just sit around enjoying her own beauty.

So much for the inner beauty—though there is even more that could be said on that score. Now, as to physical beauty:

Jane Russell's eyes are gorgeous. Look at them . . . They are expressive eyes that look at you directly, with depth, penetration, intensity. They are strong, vigorous, active eyes. Photographically, they are lovely because they are "contrasty." The pupils are so dark and the whites of the eyes so clear. The brows harmonize in line and shape with the eyes, and they are natural. With some stars you have to pull the eyebrows up or down to make them harmonize with the eyes. But Jane's eyes have a God-given beauty—something you can't say about all movie stars.

Jane's mouth is beautiful. Look at it . . . generous, yet curving gracefully in the right (Continued on page 53)
EYES: "Jane's eyes are gorgeous," says Photographer Hurrell, "they look at you directly, with depth, penetration and intensity." Dark brown in color, the Russell orbs are fringed with long eyelashes. Off screen, Jane seldom uses mascara on them.
places, and her nice teeth help to give her a lovely smile. Her laugh is natural; the kind that makes you think of the quotation, “Laugh and the world laughs with you,” because when Jane laughs you really do want to join in.

Jane’s bosom is beautiful, of course. Much has been written and said about it—too much. I’d rather simply say that it is well-formed and it’s all hers, which is, again, more than can be said of many actresses.

Jane’s arms are beautiful. They are rounded and well-proportioned. A photographer looks for distance from shoulder to elbow, and elbow to wrist; Jane’s arms taper down to nice, small wrists.

Jane’s hands are beautiful. Look at them . . . long and slender—as they should be for one of her height. Photographically, in proportion to the rest of her they look wonderful. And she uses her hands gracefully, yet naturally.

Jane’s legs are lovely. Look at them . . . The kind of legs whose beauty is talked about are long, slender legs. Jane has them—long and delicately curved to a narrow ankle.

Jane’s hair is beautiful. Look at it . . . a blue-black cloud of natural curls; thick, and adaptable to all kinds of arrangements. It’s the kind of hair that doesn’t have to go to a beauty parlor to look beautiful, and Jane usually allows it to fall freely in its own way—simply runs a comb through it and that’s that. It’s like all the rest of Jane—completely natural.

FIGURE: Jane has the world’s largest still-photo fan club, full-length, please.” She’s 5’ 7” tall, has a 25” waist, 36” hips and weighs 122 pounds, claims she has never had to diet.
ARMS: Not everyone associates arms with glamor but Hurrell points out that Jane's well-proportioned ones are exceptional.


OUTDOORS: Jane loses none of her glamor at sports-time; an expert archer, she tries to get in swimming, tennis or riding daily.
INDOORS: In chiffon and maribou, la Russell is luscious. In her second film, "Young Widow," Jane (whose mother was an actress), gets a chance to display her dramatic talents as the widow of a war hero. Fans complained because she wore tailored suits.
Behind these bobby-sox and pig-tails are some of Hollywood’s most glamorous stars. Who are they?

* The Fountain of Youth seems to have been discovered in Hollywood where childhood is easily recaptured by ace make-up artists, smart costume designers, clever actors and actresses who know their business of creating illusion. In early silent films, it was Mary Pickford who enchanted the movie world with appealing characterizations of tender youth; since then each movie year has had its crop of stars in juvenile roles. All of which could prove that Hollywood actors—as well as the public—enjoy this type of role. On these pages are a number of teen-age characterizations from popular films. How many can you recognize?

1. You don’t have to be a youngster to enjoy chocolate cake, according to this young lady. She wore bobby sox in “The Major and the Minor.”

2. Childhood sweethearts in “Gallant Journey.” You’ll find more about him on page 44. She once sang with an orchestra.

3. Off-screen she’s Mrs. John Payne. As for the boy, he’ll always be Andy Hardy. They’re together in MGM comedy “Summer Holiday.”
4. No one as successful as he is has to wear a dunce cap—except in films.

5. This little girl was a psychological study in British film, "Seventh Veil."

6. Who is it? Why it's Margie and her charleston-dancing beau.

7. Which is which? One is married to a famous orchestra leader; the other keeps Hollywood bachelors sighing!

8. This film is an oldie, but maybe you'll recognize the fourteen-year-old nymph. Sister's a famous star, too.
Barbara Stanwyck and Ray Milland are a volatile mixture of rough, tough people—and lovers—in "California." As Lily, Missy Stanwyck lives up to the screen reputation she has created for herself in the last few years. She tantalizes Milland (Trumbo) into some violent action that will thrill movie-goers. Ray belittles her publicly, then decides she has her better side and tries to kiss her. Barbara lets him; then gives him a vitriolic tongue lashing, tells him what a heel he is. In instinctive retaliation, Ray smacks her hard across the face in one of the most violent endings to a kiss the screen has ever seen.

6. Lily's kiss grows cold and Trumbo is baffled.

7. "I'm just finding out how much I hate you," she taunts.
2. "We're all alone in the wagon." Lily pushes back his hat.


5. For a long, passionate moment they kiss—the cowboy and the lady gambler who have been enemies since their first meeting.

8. To retaliate, Trumbo shoves Lily away from him, then—

9. Smacks her hard across the mouth with his hand.
Van gets the package delivered by messenger girl Noella Ouellette but she gets a special Van smile!
Metro's messenger girls carry an average of a thousand inter-office letters and packages every hour, boast that nothing is ever lost.

HOLLYWOOD

MESSENGER GIRLS

Consider the lucky plight of these pretty mail-maids: all their letters are special delivery to the stars!

* "Here's your mail, Mr. Johnson." That's how cute little Noella Ouellette (left) usually starts her day. Her job as one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's bevy of messenger girls makes her the envy of thousands of her movie-minded sisters throughout the country. Not only does Noella see Van and dozens of other big-time screen stars every day, but she chats with them, brings them their phone messages and mail, even sits right next to them when she lunches at the commissary.

Metro has forty-five girls like Noella—all delighted with their unique job. They run the inter-office mail route, bring packages, scripts, letters and messages around to the 5,000 or more people who work at the world's largest motion picture studio. Their starting salary is $23.90 a week but the girls look on the job as a stepping stone to bigger and better things. Many have graduated to important secretarial positions; others have gone into production, music or sound departments. Several have become wigmakers and one talented beauty was given a seven-year movie contract.

Metro inaugurated the girl messenger service during the war years when male help was scarce. There's talk now of replacing the girls with men again—not because they're incompetent nor because they're a distraction on the studio lot. (Regulations call for girls to wear slacks, not shorts, while on duty.) But the turnover is terrific. A notably high percentage of the girls find husbands, while delivering letters to the stars!
“Official pin-up boy” Tom Drake autographs a picture for the girls, who keep walls of message room lined with stars’ photos.

Petite messenger girl Betty Berg not only delivered this letter to Greg Peck but put the right tilt to his hat for him as well.

Miss Margaret O’Brien doesn’t mind having her luncheon interrupted with a call; that’s wistful Elizabeth Taylor beside her.

In commissary, the girls often sit next to stars: here Gill Rafael hobnobs with actress Laraine Day, Producer Arthur Freed.
Keeping neat and well-groomed is a "must" for the girls who have time for primping between mail calls. Most of them are pretty enough to be in movies themselves but to date, only one of the girls—blonde Beryl McCutcheon—has won screen contract.

All work and no play would make droopy messenger gals, so the group gets its share of rollicking daily exercise out-of-doors.

Girls are forbidden to work in shorts, and when playtime ends they climb back into slacks, report for duty with legs hidden.
Nice work if you can get it! Director Cecil B. DeMille, famous for his movie bathtub scenes, helps Paulette Goddard get ready for a scene in her new film, “Unconquered”.
that a smattering knowledge of their off-
screen activities. They took the same stand
regarding their daughter, Rebecca, who was
born December 17, 1944. Still pursuing the
same policy, they politely but firmly refused
to discuss the ramifications of their marital
separation in February of 1946, or their sub-
sequent reconciliation last September, rightly
maintaining it was no one's business but their
own.

Rumor credited the separation chiefly to
quarrels over professional matters, aided and
abetted by Rita's sick nerves (she had worked
2 years with only a 4-day vacation) and Orson's
good known explosive temperament. All that was
known, however, was that the separation had occurred. Rita was living with her daughter in a newly purchased home near the ocean, and Orson was upsetting Broadway by continuing with his new and ill-
fated play, "Around the World in 80 Days."

Likewise, a simple statement of fact an-
nounced the reconciliation. Neither seek to
hide the onetime existence of the separation,
by the way; if conversation happens to re-
ter to some event which occurred during that
period, each says simply, "Mr. Welles (or Mrs.
Welles) and I were separated at the time" and
it goes on from there with the subject at hand.

The second reason for the seeming air of
mystery about their affairs is simply that
they have been so all-fired wrapped up in
making "The Lady From Shanghai" at Col-
umbia, they literally have had no time to
go anywhere or see anyone in a social sense.
Were they merely co-stars of the film, they
might have a normal amount of free time,
but since he also is producer and director of
the picture, Orson must be on hand at all
times, regardless of Rita's individual sched-
ule. Shooting day and night with two com-
panies, Orson has been averaging 18 hours
a day on the picture, and 80 percent of the
time has been night shooting.

Many believe the picture was largely re-
ponsible for the reconciliation of Rita and
Orson. He returned to Hollywood early in
August to fulfill a 1-picture producing-starring
commitment with Columbia. The picture,
originally titled "I Take This Woman," was
one he had written, and since he was to be the
star of it, naturally was predominantly a
man's story. Suddenly it was decided to
co-star himself and Rita (if she would agree!)
in it. Daily story conferences with her fol-
lowed. Each night they would part, Orson
to continue work on the plans and Rita
go dancing at the gay night spots with Tony
Martin. Finally Rita agreed to make the pic-
ture, whereupon Orson immediately rewrote
the whole thing, called it "The Lady From
Shanghai," and made the woman's role the
pivotal one.

Greater love hath no man—if he's an actor!
Two weeks later Orson moved from his
Beverly Hills apartment into Rita's new home
and the reconciliation was announced. Early
in October the picture was started, andiron-
cally enough, they have seen far less of each other (except when working) since that
time than ever before.

It is because of that time pressure, per-
haps, that both snatch at every opportunity
to demonstrate, publicly or privately, their
rekindled love and devotion. Never known
as a gentle guy, Orson is gentleness itself
in all his dealings with "Momie" this name

for her) on the set, treating her as a fragile
piece of porcelain and constantly seeking to
gain extra rest and comforts for her. Fre-
quently impatient with others, including him-
self, he will wait interminably upon her plea-
ure, urging her even to take more time, and
is equally solicitous in seeing that she gets
the vantage shot in all their scenes together.
For her part Rita is just as unabashed in
openly showing her love for him.

On location in Acapulco, Mexico, for ex-
ample, the company was working all night
on the Errol Flynn yacht, Zaca, which had
been rented for the scenes while it was at
anchor in the bay. Rita wasn't needed for
the scenes, and had remained in town. Sudden-
ly she called the company publicity man,
George Latil, at 11 p.m.

"I'm lonesome," she announced. "Let's go
serenade Orson!"

Hastily collecting a mariachi band of three
native guitar players, they chartered a small
fishing boat and headed for the Zaca, care-
fully timing their arrival for the midnight
break for lunch. As they approached the
yacht they cut the engine of their own craft
and in dark silence drifted close. When the
dousing of the flood lights on the yacht sig-
nalled they would not be spoiled a "take,"
Rita stood up and softly began to sing the
plaintive love song, "Linda Mujer" as the
guitar players strummed their instruments
and Latil paddled the craft in a circle around
the yacht.

The Great White Father (the company's
name for Orson) beamed like a six-year-old
on Christmas morning.

Other anecdotes of equal charm are related
in glowing detail by witness members of the
company. Returning from location one eve-
ning, Rita and Orson were sitting in the back
of a speed boat. When the still cameraman
started to take an informal shot of them,
Orson stepped him. "No more pictures,
please," he said. "We're through for the
night!"

The camera men happened to glance back
in their direction a short time later to see
them in each other's arms, making love like
a couple of kids on a park bench, utterly
oblivious to the world around them.

Then there was the celebration of Rita's
birthday on Oct. 17. A large formal party
was given by Orson in her honor in the
evening, attended by local bignwings of Ac-
apulco, the entire "Shanghai" company, and
the President-elect of Mexico, Miguel Aleman.
It was a gay and glittering affair, and Rita
was properly pleased. The big thrill of the
day for her, however, was the surprise party
Orson staged on the yacht at noon, complete
with a birthday cake whipped up by Nora
Flynn and elegantly iced in white frosting.
Lacking materials for trim, Orson fetched
a pot of rouge from the makeup man, melted
it up, and carefully inscribed a rather wob-
bly "Rita" on top. Tucked under "Momie's"
plate, by the way, was an antique diamond
necklace from Orson.

Right now life in Hollywood is pretty much
of a mess for the Orson Welles family be-
cause of the picture schedule. A typical day
recently, for instance, found Rita rising at
5:00 a.m. for makeup and hairdressing. At
5:30 Orson arrived home after shooting all
the previous night at the studio ranch. At
8:30, when he rose again, Rita was deep in
rehearsal with the dialogue director. At
10:00 both were on the set again, and worked
steadily until 7:00 p.m when Rita went home
to have dinner with Rebecca, and Orson
drove to the ranch for more scenes in which
Rita was not needed. At midnight she drove
to the ranch to dine with him. Together they
returned home about 2 a.m. with an 8 o'clock
call for the next morning.

Future plans call for a 6 weeks rest, once
"The Lady From Shanghai" is finished. After
a holiday in New York they will fly to Lon-
don for a lengthy vacation. Whether or not
they will return together remains to be seen;
Orson may not be able to postpone his com-
mitment to make "Salome" for Alexander
Korda. In any event, they definitely want to
work together again as soon as possible.
They like themselves as a team, on and off
the screen.

When she was first married to Orson,
someone asked Rita what she hoped to get
out of marriage. "I hope to get what anyone
wants from marriage—happiness," she an-
swered. Undoubtedly that was Orson's goal
too.

Right now they have that happiness, and
this time I imagine they fully intend to hang
on to it forever. Parting, they discovered, is
not such sweet sorrow.
"Sign one for me, Tony!" was the cry that echoed through a Chicago R.R. station when singing idol Tony Martin arrived.

June Christy and Stan Kenton put the finger on bashful Mel Torme. They predict Mel will be 1947's singing sensation.

Excuse us while we wax enthusiastic about this month's smooth recordings

* Hi, everybody! Well, Woody Herman is the latest baton man to break up his band, with no specific reason given. However, it is assumed that it's because of high operating costs. Woody will spend a couple of months at his new Hollywood home and devote his time to preparing the movie he wants to produce, "Concerto For Johnny." The Herman Herd is slated to play the New York Paramount Theater in April, so it is more than likely that the band will reorganize at that time. . . . Les Brown, who disbanded his crew a few weeks ago, is calling his musicians back together for a Hollywood Palladium engagement in March. . . . Jose Iturbi has cancelled his concert tour in order to appear in the M. G. M. picture, "The Birds and the Bees." This is the film in which Jeanette MacDonald returns to the screen. . . . Latest rumor about the Hit Parade program has it that the format will be changed, with Andy Russell m.c.'ing as well as singing. It's also whispered that Frank Sinatra may return to the show at the expiration of his contract with his present sponsor. . . . The Andrew Sisters have signed for the new Bing Crosby-Bob Hope picture, "Road To Rio." . . . Jimmy Dorsey and Decca Records have parted company with Jimmy probably going with the M. G. M. plattery. . . . Incidentally, parts of the Norman Granz swing concert have been recorded by disc. . . . Ziggy Elman is finally starting his own band, sparked by several musicians from Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . Mel (Continued on page 78)
High school girls could tell mothers a thing or two!

TEST NEW NAPKIN—
88 OUT OF 108 REPORT NO CHAFING WITH NEW FREE-STRIDE MODESS

The teen-age crowd in high schools across the country recently made a discovery that will be smooth news to girls everywhere.

It all started when interviewers asked school girls who had been bothered by chafing with their regular napkin to try out a new, improved napkin—Free-Stride Modess.

The girls weren't told the name or brand . . . just that it was a new napkin . . . would they see if it gave them freedom from chafe?

The answer? 88 out of 108 reports said: No chafing with Free-Stride Modess!

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many students found in Free-Stride Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the napkin edges!

Modess has extra cotton on its edges—extra softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture inside the napkin, keeping edges dry, smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

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Walk with comfort!
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WHAT'S RISK ON THE DISC:

MUSICRAFT:

"It's Dreamtime" and "You're Driving Me Crazy" are the first tunes Mel Torme has recorded under his new solo contract, and they're excellent. Both sides are done to a slow tempo and Mel's dreamy style shows to fine advantage. This record should really help young Mr. Torme along on his popularity climb.

Dizzy Gillespie and his orchestra have two fast and furious items in "Things To Come" and "Emanon." The latter comes from "No Name" spelled backwards, something Gillespie decided upon when he was stuck for a title for this original.

Sarah Vaughan uses the Teddy Wilson Quintet for accompaniment on her latest, "Moonlight On The Ganges," and "September Song." This is just about the best record she's made yet.

Artie Shaw has an interesting release in "Connecticut" and "Don't You Believe It." The first side is sung by Ralph Blane, who also wrote the song, and Mel Torme and the Mel-Tones do vocal duty on the second. Shaw plays a duet with himself on this one. He played lead clarinet on the original recording session and then later dubbed in another solo over his first one.

Duke Ellington's initial platter under his new deal with Musicraft is "Happy-Go-Lucky Local"—Parts I and II, from "The Deep South Suite" which he introduced at his Carnegie Hall concert.

CAPITOL:

Two pretty ballads have been chosen by Andy Russell for his new record, "It's Dreamtime" and "I'll Close My Eyes." Paul Weston does his usual fine job as arranger and conductor.

Weston also handles the baton for The Pied Pipers on "Make Me Know It" and "You Can't See The Sun When You're Crying."


Tony Martin sings two tunes he recorded before the war. With Ray Sinatra's orchestra he does "All The Things You Are," and with Victor Young's orchestra "The Last Time I Saw Paris."


For Carmen Cavallaro fans who missed his "Polonaise" and "Warsaw Concerto" will be happy with his new platter, which is a re-issue of these two selections.

And all the Dick Haymes addicts should be joyous with his "Souvenir Album." It includes his disc hits of the past—"Stardust," "I'll Never Smile Again," "They Didn't Believe Me," "Where Or When," "If You Were The Only Girl," "How Deep Is The Ocean," "Let The Rest Of The World Go By," and "Back Home Again In Indiana."

COLUMBIA:

"Jalousie" and "The Man With The Horn" are the titles for Harry James' latest, and both instrumental. Harry plays muted trumpet on the first side, but on "The Horn" tune, curiously enough, he features Willie Smith on alto sax.

Claude Thornhill and his Orchestra do two ballads, "Sonata," sung by Buddy Hypes, and "A Sunday Kind Of Love," with a vocal (Continued on page 79)
by Fran Warren, Claude's new femme vocalist. Incidentally, this last tune was written by Louis Prima's secretary, Barbara Bell.

Buddy Clark joins with Ray Noble's orchestra for "Love Is A Random Thing" and "Linda." Anita Gordon is the girl who helps buddy out in the cute introduction to "Linda," which is done in dialogue.


Next is an album by a new personality on records, Dorothy Shay, known as "The Park Avenue Hillbilly." She does eight hillbilly tunes, but in a strictly sophisticated manner. Included are "Uncle Fud," "I've Been To Hollywood," and "I'm In Love With A Married Man."

And last, but not least, is "Woody Herman and his Woodchoppers." This is Woody's first album, and features Flip Phillips on tenor sax, Bill Harris on trombone, Red Norvo on vibes, and of course Woody himself on clarinet. The tunes are "Some Day, Sweetheart," "I Surrender, Dear," "Four Men On A Horse," "Lost Weekend," "Nero's Concept," "Igot," "Steps," and "Pam."

That does it for now, but I'll see you all next month.

The End

NEWS BRIEFS:

Jean Pierre Aumont and Maria Montez will be spending their time, with little Maria, traveling between Paris and Hollywood, now with war's end. Both will make pictures in Paris and in Hollywood and are going to try to work out shooting schedules so that they will always be together.

Ginger Rogers has decided to go back to the "Kitty Foyle" type of roles when she gets her own starring-production company going.

Jeanette MacDonald is going to be reunited with Nelson Eddy in "Reunion." She plans to make at least one picture a year for Joe Pasternak (remember he built Deanna Durbin into a star) and hopes that from now on she will be able to play more mature roles on the screen.

Gregory Peck (how dreamy can we get?) will do a play with Helen Hayes next fall. We know which one, but we can't tell on account of it's a secret.

Ida Lupino is owner of one of the most gruesome pictures in Hollywood. It's the portrait of a young girl with her throat cut, painted by her friend artist John Decker and presented to Ida as a birthday gift. In painting it, Decker went to the city morgue and studied the face of a girl who'd actually been murdered as a model. He inscribed it "To Ida on her 70th Birthday." Ida does not keep it hanging up—"because," she said, "it gives some of my friends the willies. But personally I find it interesting."
WHY HOLLYWOOD DIVORCES
(Continued from page 33)

actors left Hollywood to join the armed forces. They did a fine job of work in an unassuming manner. They came home, three to five years older, wiser in many ways, more confused in others. Their fans were waiting. Box office cocked a speculative eye. Salaries were high, with prices higher and income taxes on top of that. You couldn't find a house, buy a car, icebox, stove or a piece of rug. It took two days to accomplish anything that used to take one minute. Nerves became tense and emotions ran high. Divorce among other things was the natural result.

Ann Sothern married Bob Sterling in 1943. They were both young, very much in love. What if there was a war? Bob would come home. Bob, a Lieutenant in the Army did come home. Everything should have been fine. They were together again! But, something had changed. Heaven was in another world.

First came the rumors, "Something's wrong in the Sterling domicile." Denials. Finally a tearful Ann admitted it was over. Why? Said Mrs. Sterling, "He's been emotionally upset ever since he came out of the army. He says his career stood still and I became popular." Ann has been a star a long time in Metro's "Maisie" series. She remained one during the war. Bob, a fine actor, feels he's starting all over again. They both love their daughter. They still love each other. But marriage won't work until he can take a position equal with hers in the eyes of the world. Unfortunately, a lot of women living goes into a marital relationship.

Madeleine Carroll married Sterling Hayden in 1942 after one of the most tempestuous romances movie town has ever seen. Both are strong personalities. Both knew what they wanted: each other. But Sterling didn't like Hollywood, Madeleine did. At the beginning of the war Gene tried to join the Marine Corps. With Sterling gone she joined the Red Cross and went to Europe. Who knew's what thoughts went through her mind when she changed a bloody bandage on a dying soldier. Was he thinking of on that cold, dark, sandy beach, waiting on a dying soldier. What was he thinking of on that cold, dark, sandy beach, waiting to kill or be killed? Whatever it was caused a change. With the war over they couldn't pick up the threads. SHE didn't want to come back to Hollywood. HE did. There was a quick Reno divorce. The happy ending came for Madeleine just recently when she married Henri Laverel, and settled down to being just plain Madame Laverel. Sterling, a fine actor, feels upset ever since he came out of the army. She's a perfectionist in her career as her "Mildred Pierce," "Humoresque" and her current "Possessed" performance illustrate. When she marries a man she expects him to be the perfect husband, sweetheart, father, companion and provider. Maybe the next will be THE one!

Lost October a bombshell dropped; the echoes can still be heard. The Tyrone Powers were divorcing. Ten days previous to this announcement, the Oleg Cassinis, beautiful, compelling Gene Tierney, decided the same thing. Was there a connection?

The pros and cons were discussed in every front parlor, night club and gossip column. Studio publicists denied everything, adding fuel to the fire. Ty's only comment was, "We've (Annabella) had seven beautiful years of marriage, but now it is ended. We have no ill feeling for each other and will always be friends." After years of normal domestic existence, war separated these two while Ty flew airplanes for the U. S. Marine Corps. Annabella, Ty's intelligent French wife, was asked whether this may have had something to do with the rift and she replied, "It may have."

The Cassinis eloped in 1941. Gene's parents objected to the marriage. Besides whatever nuptial adjustments had to be made during the following years, there was the constant strife with her mother and father . . . ending in a law suit. Then, too, there was war. Gene tried to lessen the separation time by living near Oleg's camp—but, a career finally called her back to Hollywood.

The story of her separation from Oleg began this year when she went to New York and stayed and stayed. Oleg insisted things were going smoothly and he telephoned her nightly. Gene finally came home but went to parties escorted by her brother. Again Oleg explained, "I love my wife and she loves me and we both have our little daughter. We both said things to each other that were in our hearts. Now perhaps things can be cleared up." Shortly afterwards Miss Tierney announced that papers had been signed and a property settlement drawn up.

Ty and Gene are both under contract to the same studio. Recently they co-starred in "The Razor's Edge." There may have been more than a surface fire in the cinematic kiss planted by the screen's masterlover Ty Power on the fair lips of Sultry Tierney. But that didn't break up two homes. These two homes had been breaking for some time.

Keenan and Evle Wynn tied the knot in 1939. He worked hard and became successful. Because of that she is divorcing him. Quotes she, "We're both sad. He is..." (Continued on page 81)
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So don't wait! Mail the coupon right now. Like thousands of others you may find the thrilling new beauty and be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk—because we guarantee the wonders of exciting results or money back. Mail coupon!

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"Why is my hair so dull and lifeless?" Have you ever asked yourself that question? You know it cannot be failure to wash it frequently. Of course not! Clean hair is brighter than dirty hair but no soap or soapless shampooing can alone bring out the full sparkling, natural beauty hidden in your hair.

To do that, you must add a little hint of color—a "tiny tint" of just the right contrasting shade to emphasize the natural color, as blueing, which is definitely blue, makes dingy grayish linen snowy white. The right Golden Glint rinse will bring out the full vivid beauty of your hair—without changing its color. Applied quickly—just as easily removed. Why not select the right rinse for your hair from the twelve shades Golden Glint offers and have truly beautiful hair today? 10c and 25c at variety and drug stores.

GOLDEN GLINT

By JULIA RANSOM MILLER

Make a conversation piece of your topknot by changing your hair style to suit the occasion, the weather, or your mood.

Sweep your hair up in back, leave your bangs fluffy for a coiffure that's cool casual.

Brush your glistening hair well, let it fall down shoulder length to give informal look.

A slightly asymmetrical up-sweep is dramatic, wonderful for formals, plus earrings.

* Top-flight photographers feel that the way you wear your hair is extremely important. After all, it does frame your face and if it is arranged adroitly it can do a great deal to flatter your features. When people look at you, their eyes photograph an impression of you the way a camera does. Consequently try to present as pleasing a picture as you can.

Don't give up when you have found one becoming hair style, there are several possibilities for every face shape. Catherine McLeod, a Republic Picture Star, illustrates how easy it is to change your hair style without doing anything that is too elaborate for you to be able to do yourself.

Certain clothes are appropriate in the city, but aren't right at a summer resort. In the same way an elaborate hair style looks out-of-place on the beach and a too frou-frou hair style seems ridiculous at a formal ball. Keep your coiffure appropriate to the occasion.
George Montgomery and Dinah Shore are living in their reconverted garage until their dream house is built. George is making all the furniture for the new home—and is he handy. You should see the wonderful chairs Dinah's going to have to lounge in.

Edmund Goulding, famous 20th Century-Fox producer of "The Razor's Edge," bent our ear with a new analysis of screenplays which certainly points up the success of his latest picture. "There are three kinds of stories," he said, "a woman in love; a child in pain; or a man searching for the truth which he wouldn't have, if he could find it."

Ingrid Bergman fans will have a lean year next year. She stays in her New York play until next June; then goes to England to do a picture titled "Capricorn" with Alfred Hitchcock. So she'll doubtless not be able to make a film here for the entire year. And only "Arch of Triumph" will represent her from this town.

Friends still believe that Jack Carson and Kay Germaine will reconcile. Jack’s a frequent visitor at the house. Intimates discount his relations with model Chili Williams as just "friendly," and believe nothing serious will come off there.

SENSIBLE GIRL:
Betty Grable, who's next is "Mother Wore Tights," told me the reason she quit accompanying Harry James on his tours was that she didn't want to get in on the spotlight that rightfully belonged to him. If she stayed in her room, fans thought she was a snob. So the simplest solution was just to remain at home. Betty turned down an offer to make a film here for the entire year. And only "Arch of Triumph" will represent her from this town.

Those frequent beaus with whom you see Joan Caulfield's name linked are part of a campaign to disassociate her with rumors regarding her and a big star on the same lot.

Marjorie Main, after paying a hefty price for a gown designed by Adrian, attended a big banquet wearing it and was consternated in the midst of proceedings to discover the shoulder pads had slipped down into her bosom.

Marie McDonald has the axe out for a noted Hollywood columnist. That lady, in a beauty parlor, proceeded to give her unvarnished opinion of Marie before McDonald's current singer's ex-wife.

The real reason Andy Russell is getting his hair bleached for "Copacabana" is to take the emphasis off his dentures. After "Breakfast in Hollywood," he almost became known as "The Teeth."
never been able to forget the lure which only such folks understand. He determined that when he could, he would live on the ocean in California.

The way John discovered his hideaway is one of those stories. It began back in 1939, when he was living in the San Fernando Valley, the location about which they write songs now and then.

If you like ranch life, the Valley is the place for you. At first, handsome John thought he had found a way of living that would agree with him. He's extremely athletic and he liked the casual way of wearing old jeans and a T-shirt from morning until night. There was plenty of horseback riding in the true Western style, and scores of other activities were ever-present at which he could exercise his well-developed muscles.

Then one day, as he brushed the perspiration away from his forehead, John came to the sudden realization that he didn't like living in the Valley, regardless of what some writers or anyone else had to say about it.

Back to him came the old nostalgia for the sea. He wanted the sound of the breakers as they beat against the shore, and the salty tang of the breeze. He knew he must find a spot on the ocean where he could have these things.

A paddle board actually was to be the solution to the dilemma in which John was whirling. John had become interested in underwater spear fishing, and the paddle board was a necessary part of the equipment. It weighs 80 pounds and if you can maneuver if properly, you can skim over the water with the greatest of ease. The fishing gun consists of a long metal pole from which a spear is shot by a spring. A pair of underwater goggles completes the outfit.

One day, as John was paddling offshore just beyond Malibu, he saw a series of rocks jutting up out of the water about a hundred yards from the shore. He knew the fishing would be good there, so he made for the area.

As he neared the rocks, he glanced at the beachline and saw the exact spot he had been hunting for during the past months. The cove couldn't be seen from the main-traveled coast road, which might explain why he had missed it before. It was precisely what he wanted!

He forgot the rocks and the good fishing, and paddled to the shore. From the water the spot had looked fine, but as he stood on the curved beach of the hidden cove, he knew for certain that this was the hideaway he wanted! After he looked over every detail, he jumped onto his paddle board and returned to civilization with one thought in mind. He must have the cove.

A series of inquiries led him to the owner, and finally the property became his. From that day on, it was to become his headquarters for the kind of life he had missed while he was living in the San Fernando Valley.

"It's a beautiful spot, isn't it?" he said as we looked over the view from a nearby hilltop. "We spend our weekends here, having a wonderful time doing all the outdoor activities we like best."

"Gloria loves this outdoor life, too," John explained, "although she isn't an expert at swimming as she'd like to be. She loves to cook, which gives me an added incentive to get out the paddle board and go hunting for the food for the day."

"Everybody pitches in when we're at the beach. Gloria and I take turns with the cooking, and it's fun to try out different recipes on the various kinds of fish and lobster we catch. We cook over an open wood fire, by the way, which I think adds something to the flavor of the food."

(Continued on page 85)
"feels they should leave the theater and do all right with the kind of life he's always wanted. And, believe me, he'll live far from Malibu, and between the two, John had a double attraction. Not only did it have a double attraction. Not only did it have a double attraction. Not only did it have a double attraction.

He's interested in problems which concern the members of his profession, but he isn't the irritable sort of character who seizes on himself, because he feels their major contribution should be to the world of entertainment. If actors want to be politicians, he feels they should leave the theater and devote all of their time to their various causes.

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The End
MY LIFE ON A PEDESTAL
(Continued from page 44)

was debating on a return visit to my home town in Massachusetts in search of a life partner.

When Pat finally engineered the meeting, and Glenn and I walked into each other at Pat’s house, I guess, both of us decided we might not have to make the pilgrimages we had in mind. Basically, we had all the same ideas (we realized that after we’d had an hour and a half to talk). And from then on by Pat I knew the kind of girl Glenn wanted, and decided it might be pretty nice to be that girl. When Glenn asked me that night to attend the Army and Navy Ball the following week, I accepted without trying to seem too eager, I didn’t want to seem a forward female.

We saw a lot of each other after that. We went downtown, to music hall, talked shop. We had a lot of fun going around together, but after a while I began to wonder if he were ever going to ask me to marry him. Or, indeed, if he wanted to marry me. So I began a campaign. Oh, a subtle one! I thought, if I can’t be the most glamorous girl in the world, at least I’ve something I’m sure of, I can dance. I’ll impress him with that.

So, I invited Glenn out to MGM one day when I was to do a really spectacular number. I introduced him around, seated him near the stage on which I was to work, and went into my act. I put everything into the routine. I wound up with a grand finale and looked toward Glenn triumphantly. He was playing gin rummy with the assistant director.

Just when I was about to give up trying to sell him on my acceptability as a life-partner, a charity benefit performance came along. Glenn wanted to take me, but it was one of those things where you were segregated according to studios. So John Carroll escorted me. Glenn sat at his studio’s table, and we were at ours. But when we got up to dance, Glenn followed us out on the floor, tapped John on the shoulder and said half-serious, half-kidding, “Did you know you’re muscling in on my girl?”

That, for me, was that! Knowing Glenn’s shy nature, the statement was positively incredible. I was satisfied at last, because I knew I had won over that world that I’m all but ashamed to declare my affection. It wasn’t long after, that I got a regular old-fashioned, formal proposal! In an ice-cream, parlor—of all places!—over a soda. I’d been saving that “Yes” for a long time!

If he believed in long courtships, he also believed in long engagements. He joined the Marines, and after he’d been in nearly a year, we were married. That happened when he came home on leave in the fall of 1942. Things were very hectic. While Glenn was stationed in San Diego, I got an offer to go to New York for a lead in “Claudia.” I was about to accept the offer when I got a call from Glenn.

He had been living in an apartment by a friend in La Jolla, expected to be shipped “out” inside of three weeks, and wanted to know if I could come down and spend the time with him. It was a tough decision to make. The show would have been a wonderful break and we could have used the money I would make. But on the other hand, if I didn’t go down and stay with Glenn, I might live to regret it.

I headed south for La Jolla the very next day, not wasting any time.

I’ve never regretted going down there. We had a wonderful time living in a little guest house on the grounds of a big estate. We were right above the water. I’d get up early every morning to get Glenn’s breakfast, and while I was fixing it, he would go down to the ocean on a big rock and fish. When I went downstairs and handed him the table, not on the terrace, I’d hang out a signal, so he’d know when to come back. It was a lot of fun keeping house, keeping everything spick and span, proving to Glenn I was the kind of wife he’d been looking for; that I could do the things a wife should do, when I had to.

It was fun, too, learning to really know Glenn. That’s when I discovered the “pedestal” department. You see, my mother and I lived with my grandmother when I was growing up. Since there was no man around the house, if there were a table to move or a heavy chair, or wood to be carried in, I did it. Yet all my life, I’d longed, in a frustrated sort of way, to be treated like a help¬less maiden.

And then Glenn came along with his old-fashioned chivalry, his mental placing of women on pedestals, and it was wonderful. If I lifted something heavy or tried to move furniture, he’d say, “What in the world are you doing Ellie? I’ll do things like that around here!”

The first time he said that, I started to say, “Don’t be silly, I can do it all right.” Then I thought, why, that will spoil everything, this very wonderful way he has, if I say a thing like that. So in that moment, I became utterly feminine and helpless and took up my abode on the pedestal. I loved it. And I still do.

There are minor drawbacks, however. I like chivalry! I like to have the door opened for me, the furniture moved; but I want to be talked to, too. Glenn has women in A Certain Category. In his mind, there are certain things you do and don’t discuss with women. He belongs to the era when women left the men at the dinner table with the wine and cigars and repaired to the parlor to talk children, knitting, recipes, and woman talk. The female mind was not considered capable of grasping the intricacies of politics, philosophy, and world problems.

Although Glenn and I are both very old-fashioned, I think I’m a little ahead of Glenn in this. I love to talk about everything. Glenn believes that conversation is simply a means of conveying necessary information, and not for the purposes of enjoyment. Consequently, we do not have too much “talk” life.

I tell him, “You’re the king of the bobbie soxers, and you go to bed at 9:30!” (We call him “Old Man Mo”, and “Grandpa”.) The kids are always saying to me, “Gee, aren’t you lucky to be Married?” And I agree so heartily with them, because for me there’s nothing quite so wonderfully lucky! But I have to chuckle at the difference between the life they visualize we lead, and our real life. They think we spend half our life cavorting at parties. I have to convince Glenn to get him to most parties. They say, “Gee, I’ll bet he’s a keen dancer!” And I grin secretly and remember the first time we
ever got out on a dance floor. He was so nervous, he trembled all over.

I guess you’ve gathered that although we have the same basic ideas and ideals, we’re almost exact temperamental opposites. I’m gay and vivacious and friendly. I’m utterly gregarious and love to chatter about everything and nothing. Glenn is reserved and deep and sometimes moody. He’s thoughtful and quite serious, though he has a fine sense of humor, too; he likes individuals, but not crowds of people.

Because we are so different, you’d think we’d clash and have violent arguments, but we don’t. We simply allow each to be the way he wants to be, and strive to understand each other without trying to change.

One thing I can’t understand is Glenn’s absent-mindedness about making double and triple appointments for the same hour, the same day; losing things, forgetting details like theater tickets and keys. I’m a biddy for details. He writes little notes to himself about everything. I find scrawls of “Get gas in car,” or “pick up pictures with frames,” or “go to Farmer’s Market and get peanut butter” all over his rooms. I always know exactly where he’s supposed to be, because of these little notes he writes and then forgets to take with him.

Perhaps a lot of the absent-mindedness is my fault. He realizes I will remind him, so he doesn’t worry. There are methods in my pedestal-deserting madness. The same methods that make me climb down off the pedestal and go around efficiently picking up after him, seeing to it that all the details of the house run smoothly, arranging that he gets to take with him.

The same thing I can’t understand is Glenn’s shallow streak. Sometimes, for instance, when he is playing a part, he lives it completely, at home as well as on the set. When I read the script of his new picture, “Gilda,” which followed “Gilda,” I kidded, “Gee, I have to live with a tough guy again!” I may do another picture soon, because Glenn wants me to do one. About any other time—everything supplied without cost!
Many times, I was often so discouraged I was ready to give up. Then I'd say to myself, 'It's a wonderful thing you know!' and by next morning the blob moment had passed. I'd get up feeling sure the big break was just around the corner. Tomorrow would be another day, and I'd decide to try again.

By what name do you like to call your father? (Albert B. Mansfield, Easton, U. S. Army, Boston, Mass.)

Dad.

What do you remember most about your home town of Newport, R. I.? (Elizabeth H. Oettle, Newport, R. I.)

Summers and winters. In winter, we had deep snows that seemed to bring out a holiday spirit that's missing out here. We had very simple Christmases at home; my grandmother would make hot mince pies and plum puddings, and popcorn balls—I used to wrap the popcorn balls in colored papers and take them to the neighbors and we'd have fun! It doesn't sound like much, but it was a time of great excitement to me. In summer, I remember our wonderful beaches. Everybody swam, and we'd lie on the sand or play games in the water.

What is the thing in all the world would make you intensely happy? (Eddyhane Antosick, Wyandotte, Michigan.)

To know that I could go on making pictures all my life. I'd like to be able to do the sort of things Spencer Tracy does, when I'm capable of it, and after that to go on into character parts like Lewis Stone. I'd like never to have to stop any-

What subject did you like best in school? (Erleene Gooch, Toronto, Ont.)

Economics. I used to have to earn typing when I couldn't get a job. My good health.

What is your conception of a good time? (Winnie Mae Farthing, Elkridge, West Va.)

Lady, are you kidding? Many times in New York I ate on a dime a day—hot dog and orange juice. Boy, do I remember!

What is a smorgasbord? (Mary Margaret Westrick, St. Clair, Mich.)

It's a spread of fancy hors d'oeuvres. Swedish people serve as first course for dinner. Sometimes it's a whole meal. It's a lavish lay-out of different kinds of fish on bits of toast or crackers, stuffed celery, olives, cheeses.

Are you superstitious? (June Ryan, Hoboken, N. J.)

Yes, what actor isn't? I'm always hearing of new ones and wondering if there's anything in them. Latest one is that you must never put shoes on a bed. I knew you mustn't put your hat there, but shoes—!

Do you suppose I've got it right?

Were you ever broke? (Dorothy Stauf, Woodside, Long Island, N. Y.)

Many times. I was often so discouraged I had the whole show on my shoulders.

The opening night of "NEW FACES" on Broadway. I was terribly nervous. I don't know what about—I didn't have anything to do. I was in the chorus—in the front row. I felt I had the whole show on my shoulders.

What is your pet peeve? (June Lea, Staton Island, N. Y.)

Girls who try to make an entrance, are affected or conspicuous. Those who carry on long telephone conversations, use too much make-up, spend days in beauty shops so that when they come out their hair looks like a production instead of hair.

And they do very little for people around them. I'd like to be able to do the sort of things Spencer Tracy does, when I'm capable of it, and after that to go on into character parts like Lewis Stone. I'd like never to have to stop any-

What possession do you value most? (Barbara Meyer, White Plains, N. Y.)

My good health.

Where women are concerned, what are your pet peeves? (Jane Leo, Staton Island, N. Y.)

A good dinner with a few congenial people at somebody's home. Good conversation for a while, then maybe running off a picture.

What type of girl do you prefer? (Harriet Godown, Cedarville, N. J.)

A girl who is bright, who is an intellectual, has a sense of humor, likes outdoor things, and knows how to make people around her happy.

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It's a spread of fancy hors d'oeuvres. Swedish people serve as first course for dinner. Sometimes it's a whole meal. It's a lavish lay-out of different kinds of fish on bits of toast or crackers, stuffed celery, olives, cheeses.

ARE YOU SUPERSTITION?

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(Continued on page 49)
What qualities do you first notice about a person? (Helen Collins, Providence, R.I.)
Teeth, then face and manner. Handshake—you can tell a lot by a handshake.

What is your hobby? (Mrs. Anna Tobias, Tucson, Arizona)
Tennis and horses.

Do you think a gentleman should let his girl-friend pay the check if she is in a better position financially than he, and wants a higher type of entertainment than he can afford? (Mrs. L. M. Hogue, Corpus Christi, Texas)
As a rule, no. However, if you've known each other a long time and are on an informal footing, and some very special affair comes along that you both feel you can't miss, it's possible to make an exception. If the girl is crazy to go and has no other escort, she might feel that the boy is contributing something to the evening . . . But as a rule, it hurts a man's pride for the girl to pay for him, and it's demoralizing for him to accept it. If she cares for him at all, she will take what simple pleasures he can afford to give her . . . You might make up a big party and all go “Dutch.” We used to do that in New York, just as students do in college. It’s all right, if you’re young enough.

How old were you when you decided to be an actor—and why? (Phyllis Belser, Brooklyn, N.Y.)
I seem to have been putting on shows or imitating people since I could talk. I suppose I always hoped to be an actor, but of course I couldn’t do anything about it until I’d finished high school. Then I went to New York and struggled for a job.

Do you read your fan mail, and do you answer any of it personally? (Vivian Kingsley, Los Angeles, Calif.)
I read as much of it as humanly possible, and dictate replies.

Facts About Van
Real Name: Van Johnson
Born in: Newport, Rhode Island.
Height: 6' 2"
Weight: 185 lbs.
Color of Eyes: Blue
Color of Hair: Red.
First Picture: "MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE."
Current Picture: "ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE."

The End

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City:

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WHY OLIVIA PROMISED TO OBEY (Continued from page 29)

date to do the honors. Olivia would have gladly punctured this Lochinvar with poisoned dart, but smiled, and hoped that Mr. Goodrich would have the excellent sense to telephone her during the next few days.

Call, he did. Not just once, but every afternoon of the succeeding four days. Unfortunately, each time he called, Olivia happened to be out. Reaching the conclusion that Olivia was actually at home but was avoiding him, Mr. Goodrich lost all interest in the project.

The next time Olivia caught sight of Marcus Goodrich, he was standing in front of the Mayfair Hotel in Washington, D. C., and she was entering the building. She could have plucked his sleeve, but she waited for him to recognize her; as for Marcus, he was so engrossed in lighting his pipe that he was momentarily unaware of womankind in a world filled with good tobacco.

Two years later, Olivia learned that—if she had plucked his sleeve—he would have announced that he was leaving for China on one of the most perilous missions of the entire war. At the time he was a Naval officer.

It was in the spring of 1946, and Olivia had almost forgotten the Washington street scene, when she once again heard the name of Marcus Goodrich.

She had just finished her dual role in "The Dark Mirror" at U-I, opposite Lew Ayres, and she and one of her dearest friends, Phyllis Loughton Seaton, were on the train heading east for Olivia’s appearance at Westport, Connecticut’s Stratford theatre in a production of "What Every Woman Knows."

During a discussion of writers Mrs. Seaton asked Olivia, "Do you know Marcus Goodrich?"

With monumental calm, Olivia answered merely, "Yes."

Ignoring her companion’s apparent ennui, Mrs. Seaton launched into a protracted description of the wit, urbanity, and general charm of Mr. Marcus Goodrich. She explained that, since he was one of the family’s best friends, he would probably be much in evidence in the Seaton suite in New York.

True enough, Mr. Goodrich telephoned during the first twenty-four hours of the girls’ stay in New York and asked to take the girls to dinner Monday night.

He took them out again on Wednesday night, and made an engagement for Friday night as well. Oddly enough, on Friday night Mrs. Seaton discovered a series of minor ailments. She had been working too hard, she had been keeping hours late beyond her habit, she was exhausted.

"Perhaps I had better call Mr. Goodrich and beg off for this evening," suggested Olivia.

But the suggestion of triumph, Mrs. Seaton indicated the hour. "It’s too much late. He’s on his way now. Please be a darling and go along to dinner with him," she begged.

No one will be astonished to learn that Mr. Goodrich accepted news of Mrs. Seaton’s indisposition with great magnanimity. He and Olivia went to the Ritz Roof and dined on the terrace.

When the terrace was closed at twelve, Olivia and Marcus took their conversation to the tavern where they talked until three A.M. They talked about the difference between the American and European concept of marriage. In discussing the emancipation of American women, Mr. Goodrich questioned whether it had brought them additional happiness. He was glib and convincing when he enumerated the number of mistakes made by the feminine gender in their professional, domestic, and emotional lives.

Olivia, a feminist at heart, did verbal battle in behalf of her sex. Nothing much was decided, of course, as the hours evaporated into yesterday, but everyone had a lively time.

Mrs. Seaton was last asleep when Olivia returned to the hotel, but if she had asked Olivia what she thought of Mr. Goodrich after that evening, the answer would have been, "Mmmm-mmmmm!"

On the next day Mr. Goodrich had agreed to drive the girls down to Long Island where, as soon as Olivia completed her run in Westport, Connecticut, she was to take the play to East Hampton.

Suddenly enough on Saturday morning Mrs. Seaton described herself as buried beneath an avalanche of work. To Olivia she said, "You and Marcus run down without me."

Olivia demurred. "Marcus is going to be disappointed."

"Wanna bet?" grinned Mrs. Seaton.

During the one hundred and fifty mile drive back from Long Island, Marcus encouraged Olivia to tell him the story of her life.

As Olivia laughingly told a friend later, "Both of us became so entranced by the subject that we got ourselves lost five times trying to divide our attention between my biography and watching the highway. Also, as a special added attraction, we had a flat tire."

Between studying road signs and wrestling with the spare tire, Marcus discussed Olivia’s future. He could see it all quite clearly. For perhaps a period of two years she should continue to be a bachelor girl; at the end of that time she would undoubtedly have met the proper man—a business man.

By all means this perfect mate must not be a writer.

Olivia, a serious-minded girl inclined to accept and act upon advice sincerely given, thought over Mr. Goodrich’s comments. There was much in what he said, she decided. She would remain unmarried for two or three more years, then consider proposals from gentlemen in industry.

Four days later Mr. Goodrich arrived at the hotel with the request that Olivia have luncheon with him. He wanted, he said, to talk to her.

What he wanted to say was, "Please marry me."

"But I shall have to revise my entire thinking," Olivia said mischievously. "In four days I have decided with finality never to marry a writer. It was your own idea."

"How well I know it," groaned Marcus. "It’s just like a man to change his mind.

"Perhaps I had better call Mr. Goodrich and beg off for this evening," suggested Olivia.

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in New York for "Humoresque" opening, Joan Crawford dines with Greg Bautzer.

It was during this conversation that Marcus asked Olivia to answer "I do" to a marriage service including the word "obey."

His request was based upon a considered judgment of Olivia's character as she had revealed it to him during the long ride from East Hampton. "You are the type of woman," he explained, "who has enormous respect for duly constituted authority. One of the needs of your nature—like that of every real woman—is to be able to rely upon your mate."

And Olivia thought, "I could surrender my independence only to a man whom I considered to be my intellectual equal, if not superior. Like Marcus. A woman's contentment," she ruminated, "is derived from her conviction of her mate's authority."

Their honeymoon was a leisurely and gypsylike trip. Driving south from New York the newlyweds made their first stop in Williamsburg, Virginia, a city important to Marcus because it was near the home of the Goodrich clan in Colonial days. From Williamsburg, Marcus' early forebears set out in horse-drawn vehicles to establish a home in what was then the great American wilderness. Sentimentally, Olivia and Marcus followed this early trail as far as Eufala, Alabama. Doubling back, they drove to Atlanta. Atlanta was, of course, delighted to see its Melanie from "Gone With the Wind."

After having driven two thousand nine hundred and eighty miles, Olivia and Marcus delighted one another by getting lost in Glendale, California. It required almost as long for them to extricate themselves from the intertwining streets, as it had taken for them to drive from the California border. When they reached the apartment they are occupying, high in the Hollywood hills, Olivia made a familiar discovery. She had lost her black gloves. It was the third pair to have disappeared during the trip, a repeated loss customary in Olivia's life.

"We will replace the gloves tomorrow," twinkled Marcus in mock gravity. Adding in the voice of judge, "And the next time you remove your gloves, remember to fold them and place them in your purse. In that way you will avoid dropping them."

Linking her arm with that of her husband, Olivia grinned, "I am happy to obey in all things both great and small."

Viewing the very real happiness of Olivia and Marcus Goodrich, Hollywood has hit upon the revolutionary idea: can it be that old-fashioned marriage is best!

The End
MORE FUN THAN ANYBODY
(Continued from page 42)
when the crew began to laugh, she realised
it was just a professional joke, and laughed,
too.”

At this point Ronni returned, draped in a
little print something that showed her legs
off quite nicely.

“Ah, my dear,” said de Toth, “how nice
to see you in civilian clothes!”

The de Toths seemed to approve of each
other all the way around. Their tastes in
things cultural, recreational and professional
might have been cut from a single pattern.

Their frankness is almost alarming. Like
when Andre, or Bandi as they call him: says:
“I had no idea of marriage when I first met
Ronni. As a matter of fact, there was no
reason for me to consider the idea, even
remotely. I am an eligible bachelor in a
town where eligible bachelors are at a
constant social premium. I had my freedom.
My life was my own. And then—suddenly
she was—listening to Stravinsky with me,
screeching with me at the lights, arguing
with me over shotguns and trout flies. And
instead of finding myself on a marital leash,
I discovered, my freedom, but was sharing it
with someone who liked to do the things I liked to do.”

This mutual enthusiasm carried them off
on their first pack trip together some time
back, during which they rode their horses
along hand-spawn trails uphill thousand
feet above where more habit-bound people
were “doing” the marks of merriement like
Ciro’s, Mocambo and the Toc.

“I am my usual glamorous self on these
pack trips,” Veronica admits unabashedly.

“I braid my hair and stuff it into a bandana
and top the whole thing with a battered red
felt hat. I look like something not turned out
well-seasoned boots.”

It was hot on their first expedition, and
upon advice from somebody or other, Ronni
had slathered her un-made-up face with a
combination of suntan lotio** and insect
repellant. She rode all day—from sun-up
to dusk—while the salves baked into her
skin, and finally, when Bandi and their
back trips,” Veronica admits unblushingly.

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back trips,” Veronica admits unblushingly.
They cook their game and dehydrated vegetables over campfires of their own making. They turn in early, curling up in sleeping bags, and invariably awakening under a layer of crisp frost.

The de Toths keep their sports equipment down to a minimum to avoid losing time packing and unpacking gear. Bandi is keen about a $50 shotgun, although he owns some Belgian and German guns valued at upwards of $1300. Ronni, who is about the same length and breadth as a shotgun, wields the thing with complete ease and confidence, although it took her a week of shoulder massages to catch on to its potent kick.

They're not selfish about their fun, these two. Elaine, Veronica's five-year-old daughter, views previous marriage, has already been taught to use a .22, rides a burro, owns her own saddle, catches trout with her own rod, swims, and has already weathered a day-and-a-half pack trip with her mother and stepfather, Michael, the nine-month-old de Toth scion, has a lot to live up to.

Bandi and Ronni find fun even in their work. The "Ramrod" location took them out of the city for several weeks and deposited them at Grafton, a scrubby little settlement in Zion National Park. They rode and fished after work every day, and evenings found the cast and crew gathered outside their cottage.

Currently they're involved with improving their newly acquired ranch in Northbridge. There was an old deserted house sitting on about 24 acres of good, fertile San Fernando Valley land, and since the price was right, the basic plan of the house similar to what they'd dreamed about, they bought it. Right now the four of them plus a dog are bunking in the island-like living room while carpenters work around them, literally raising the roof and shoveling in rooms.

They have an interesting lifestyle—fun living out of a trunk in their living room—fun laughing over things that happen—like the way "Ramrod" came about. . . It was night and the doorbell gave a sudden jangle. De Toth answered the ring and found a tall and familiar figure outside. "Hello," it said, "I'm Joel McCrea. I've just seen a picture of yours. I liked it. I like your pictures. I think you ought to do exactly the same in your own home. You can now say good-bye to your heavy waistline and hips and those unnecessary, unsightly bulges, at a startling cost.

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Use MARVEL BATH for 10 days at our expense. If you are not truly delighted with your lost of weight, if you don't look and feel like a new person, have more fun than anybody. And, as we said, it sounds like some marriages may be made in heaven after all.

Enterprise caught de Toth's enthusiasm—who had caught McCrea's enthusiasm—bought the piece and signed Veronica and McCrea for the leads. De Toth was assigned direction chores. Then Ronni was called in for an interview with Bandi and producer "Pop" Sherman.

The End
MATUREL

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The boys aged five and six, can appreciate that there is inevitably times when there is plenty of provocation. Some time ago, while Jennifer was working on the lot, she received word from the boys’ nurse that Michael was in the Emergency Hospital. Jennifer irri-

tuated in a call to the hospital and in tears asked if it was possible to speak to Michael. When they put the boy on the telephone Jennifer said to him anxiously: “Are you all right, darling? What hap-

pened?”

“Oh, hello, Mom,” said young Michael nonchalantly.

“Gee, Mom, I got to ride in the police car, Mom!”

“But does your arm hurt, Michael?” protested Jennifer.

“Didn’t you hear me, Mom,” came the excited little voice, “I got to ride in the police car, Mom!”

Jennifer gave up and consulted with the Doctor. Michael had indeed had a ride in an Emergency Police car. He had been playing a game with Bobby. The two of them played chairs one on top of the other to see who could climb the highest. Michael won, got the ride in the police car and had his arm set in the emergency room.

Jennifer’s hands would fascinate any painter. “They are the slender hands of the artist; with tapering, long fingers. They are quick and graceful as are all her movements. She is tall and slim with broad shoulders and the long legs for which the Frenchman so admires American women. I have the latter on no less an authority than David O. Selznick’s new French discovery, Louis Jourdan. “In fact,” says Mr. Jourdan, “Miss Jones is an excellent example of the type of American woman a newcomer from Paris finds so delightful. She has that fresh, well, scrubbed, natural look—the American Look.”

In person, Jennifer Jones is the least “actress” actress I have ever met. She likes to talk about herself less than anyone I’ve ever known in or out of a studio (which in the theatrical profession is refreshing, to say the least). Her modesty was illus-

tered recently when a young Poland paid us a visit on the lot.

Anita Colby and Jennifer had met Father Hartke in Washington, D. C. during the war when they were on a Bond Tour. While they were in the city, Anita and Jennifer attended the play “Song of Bernadette” and were enchanted with the performance. When Father Hartke told them his surprise visit at the studio the other day, they told him that the play had been so successful that it had had a run on Broadway.

“Oh, yes,” said Jennifer enthusiastically, “I knew that and the young girl who played Bernadette was excellent. Better than the movie, they say.”

Jennifer claims she can never remember wanting to do anything else but act since she was six.

Complete absorption in her current role sometimes causes her to rush about the lot neither seeing nor hearing those about her, often leaving scarves, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc., in her wake. Her wardrobe girl told me that during the filming of “Duel in the Sun,” Jennifer had to wear inexpensive gold ring earrings. One or both of these were so constantly lost or misplaced that the studio took to buying them by the dozen. Miss Jones would put them in her pocket, leave them at home or on the set until wardrobe girls were certain they had left a trail of gold earrings from Tucson, Arizona, to Culver City, California. Typical of Jennifer, at the end of the picture, she came to the wardrobe girl and sheepishly held out her two hands chock full of gold earrings.

Jennifer regards publicity as a necessary evil, to be avoided whenever possible. She is definitely in no danger of having that old taunt tossed at her: “She must believe her own press clippings.” She wants to keep her personal life to herself, and when not acting, devotes all her free time to her boys. One smart photographer who had been after her for weeks to pose for him, solved the problem neatly. He suggested an outdoor sitting and picnic to which Michael and Bobby were also cordially invited. He ob-

tained some of the best pictures ever taken of Jennifer, and Michael, Bobby and Jennifer had a wonderful time, thank you very much. Jennifer loves a snack between meals. I often think of my friendship with Jennifer is based on no firmer foundation than: “A, hamburger with everything, please, and a glass of milk.” I have supplied Jennifer with hamburgers in studio fitting rooms, while she is having her hair done or between “takes” on the set. Although she seeks no applausise on her own cooking, Jennifer is always the first to offer to whip you up a tournament dinner (having been the first, need I add, to feel the gnawing need of one herself).
MUCH SOUGHT after by Hollywood hostesses, Jennifer is no social butterfly. She claims she hates being alone and misses never having had a sister. Nevertheless, she spends many quiet evenings at home with her books and records. Her taste in records runs from the sublime to the ridiculous—from the classical to jitterbug.

Jennifer’s tastes are as simple as the girl next door. She has no yen for mint coats and diamond jewelry, but she is a lover and launcher of fashions, either. She prefers to let someone else try it first. I was with Jennifer and a friend of hers one day on a shopping tour. The saleslady brought out an evening gown which she had been saving especially for Jennifer. All of us, except Jennifer, were captivated by the dress. ’T’ll just try it on for sure.’ I was sure, you all, she said, “but believe me, it’s not my type.” To our chagrin, she was right! The gown was far too sophisticated for Jennifer.

Jennifer’s weakness is new hair-do’s. She tries new hairdressers by the hour and always ends up wearing her hair loose. Perhaps her greatest extravagance is buying perfumes and cosmetics. She buys all the various lines of modern perfumes, creams and soaps and has great fun trying them all. She is an artiste in all things. Everything in the house will be “just right”… a little pink for herself and her boys—and she’s as concerned in the making, Jennifer Jones never once complained.

Although it was freezing cold in the mornings near Tucson and the men were warmly dressed, Jennifer had to be ripped off so the dark make-up every morning they did up in band-aids. Every morning they complained.

"Duel in the Sun" which was over a year in the making, Jennifer Jones never once acted like an artiste and they loved her for it. On location in Tucson, she won the admiration of the whole crew. As the braid-dresser, Pearl Chavez, she had to crawl over rocks and through brambles. Every night her scratched and cut legs and arms were done up in band-aids. Every morning they had to be ripped off so the dark make-up could be applied to her body. Jennifer never complained.

It is, of course, a great tribute to an actress like Jennifer who the people see who her day after day under the most unglamorous conditions. Jennifer’s greatest extravagance is buying perfumes and cosmetics. She buys all the various lines of modern perfumes, creams and soaps and has great fun trying them all. She is an artiste in all things. Everything in the house will be “just right”… a little pink for herself and her boys—and she’s as concerned in the making, Jennifer Jones never once complained.

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Right now, Jennifer is planning a home for herself and her boys—and she’s as concentrated on this task as she always was while working before the cameras. Everything in the house will be “just right”… a little pink French house way up on a hill. With typical Jennifer enthusiasm she can hardly wait to get into her little dream home and settle down to jitterbug.

And that is my “Portrait of Jennifer.” Perhaps the artist was not equal to the task, but I hope I have brought you a fresh slant on a delightful person.

The End

Hey, Fan Clubbers!

Have you reported your latest Fan Club doings to Carol Wheelchair?

See Page 24

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Frontier, Daytima Beach, Fla.

In the case of Carole Lombard, it was thought by her studio that "Caroleo" was more glamorous than Jane. It sounded more sophisticated and worldly, and perhaps this was true. I don't know. I do know, however, that most name-changes are made because the original or real name of the star is too foreign-sounding or too difficult to pronounce. For example, Robert Taylor is Arlington Brugh and Claudette Colbert is Lillian Chaouchin. Try them on your tongue and you'll see why name-changes are frequently a good thing.

SISTERS

Dear Mr. Henreid:

I have a sister two years older than I. She is prettier, smarter and more attractive than I. She also has a way with men.

Let me date a boy and bring him home and the next time he calls, let's talk sister and not for me. This has been the case for many years and I've been more or less reconciled to it. Recently, however, I started going with a boy who seems genuinely interested in me and me alone. Despite sister's attempts at flirting and stealing him away, he remains constant. This, it seems, has got sister's dander up. She's now determined to make Bob fall for her, and I know she will stop at nothing.

I don't know what to do—remove him from "the paths of temptation," I should also, were I you, consider a change it anyway?

Rachel K. Paw Creek, N. C.

Since your Bob is, after all, very much human, I should remove him from "the paths of temptation." I should also, were I you, (Continued on page 99)
BUDGET PROBLEM

Dear Mr. Henreid:

I understand that you’re one of the few happily-married men in Hollywood. Because you are, I’m writing in the hope you can help me with my problem. It involves finances.

Before I got married, I looked upon marriage as a line partnership in which the husband and wife share and shared alike. I find now, that as a wife, I’m treated like an employee in some factory. My husband gives me a certain amount of money each week and says, “let that do for household expenses.” He keeps the rest of his salary and spends it as he likes.

To my way of thinking, this is wrong. I think the money should be evenly divided. Whenever I speak to him, however, he says that’s how most of the homes in this country are run. Wonder if that’s true. Do you run yours that way?

Evelyn L.
Galesburg, Ill.

I guess your husband’s right—that is, about most of the homes in America being run that way. Mrs. Henreid and I, however, are like you in that we don’t believe in that system. Each of us has checking accounts and we spend what we have to spend in the knowledge that we’re both looking after the family’s interest. Most men, however, since they earn the money, believe they have the right to dole it out. It’s a tradition which is tough to break and rather than cause any arguments, abide by it. Mrs. Henreid says that’s good advice.

PARENTAL INTERFERENCE

Dear Mr. Henreid:

My folks are very good to me and try to make me happy. They’re probably the best people in the world. But Mom, like all mothers, wants to pick out my friends—girls and boys.

I don’t want to hurt my parents by disobeying them but I think a girl should choose her own friends, don’t you?

Marie R.
Lowell, Mass.

You are quite right in feeling that every one should be allowed to choose his own friends. A true friendship is part and parcel of a very individual and personal feeling. However, some parents, like yours, feel that their judgment is better and more mature than their child’s. They may try to dominate rather than guide their offspring. Of course, they are wiser and more experienced than you, so consider their point of view. Talk it over with them. If you still feel that you want to go against their wishes, say so. Your only hope for growing up yourself is to remain happy.

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(Continued from page 99)
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Errol travels on nerve, much of the time, but seems to need quiety, happy times, and lots of company to best enjoy himself. Most of us rest to recharge our nerve-batteries—not Errol—his own activities serve to give him further pep.

He won't like being pinned down to specific times and places. He prefers spontaneous dates, traveling to fit the mood. And, since he is sensitive to those around him, wants cheerful companionship—wants others to match his moods. His friends know it's best to ignore his occasional spells of depressed spirit. They know these are temporary and once the occasional hurt is out of his system he'll be gay, witty and the personality-kid once again.

Maybe you make some of the oddities that Errol does—that long dash after a name, that unusual "I" in his own name? These are the two clues which spell "caution," which springs to Errol's defense when he best needs it. He is canner than he allows others to think.

★ Does your writing also have a generous

look, but narrow in at the signature? Is the actual signature physically smaller than the rest? Many of Errol's four-letter words are wider than his signature! He's actually more generous than you thought! He tries to give the impression of being a bit hardboiled at times, but he can't live up to it.

Does your script slant quite a bit to the right? Affectionate, demonstrative! Does it include many printed capitals? Clearcut thoughts, good taste.

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---

ON THE TOWN WITH JANIE AND JOE

(Continued from page 47)

Glamored soulfully out onto the stage? Honestly, that quiver-giver of all time—**GUY MADISON**! How Earlene kept from passing out from sheer joy, I'll never know. Somebody helped her off stage to get her face lifted with that glamorous treatment. I just told you about it, and then she slipped into her evening gown (new) and tore off to the prom—with that dream-dust MADERON clutching her right arm like crazy.

Dusted off the formal again for the very elegant shindig at the Biltmore Hotel hosted by the Association of Motion Picture Producers, for the visiting editors of the Associated Press. Everybody, but everybody, showed up and it was all very festive with the most divine music and million-dollar entertainment in the way of Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Judy Garland, Red Skelton, and so on and so on and so far into the night.

Lauren the Bocall arrived, towered over her darling husband (you mean you didn't REMEMBER it was Bogey?) just a tiny trifle. This was on account of she wore high heels, which she seldom does. But they are a swoon couple if I ever saw one. Lauren or Betty or Baby or Mrs. Bogart, or you-know-who, wore a slithery black skirt and a knockout of an evening coat. But Annie Sheridan honestly stole the clothes-show. She always looks like she stepped out of a Harper's Bazaar or something—and I guess on account of she always looks so shikshik (goodness, no, was that Romero. Annie was chic) is the reason she absolutely swears by her favorite designing man—**Milo Anderson**.

When Deanna Durbin walked in, I snapped the leash on Joe. That girl was wearing the most ravishing strapless gown. What it lacked in material on top it made up for behind. A bustle, yet! Deanna, I am happy to announce, merely gave Joey a cordial but brief smile, and I passed that little crisis, briefly, that quiver-giver of all time—**GUY MADISON**! As a steady customer for many years I am more than satisfied with your fine merchandise. For example, everyone who sees the coat I bought from you last season thinks it cost much more than I paid for it.

Tura A. Cole, Eldora, Ia.

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Is not a powder, is not a paste, will not stick to plate. Ask for UPPER or LOWER in ordering.

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PHILA., 35, PA.
New Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—safely. It rapidly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair look flat, lifeless. Takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children's hair. Blondex is sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

NO MORE APRON STRINGS  
(Continued from page 39)

long pink formal type gown that was a dream.

This dress was the accumulation of years of dreaming. When she was growing up Joan made it a habit to cut out from fashion magazines any gown having a detail that she liked. When the time came for the selection of her first grownup evening gown she collected all of her clipped clippings and took them to a couturière.

“I want a neckline like this, sleeves like this, a blouse like this, a skirt like this, and an overdrape like this,” she said triumphantly.

However, at the first fitting Joan regarded the rather queenly overdrape with a dubious eye. Dimpling at the dressmaker she said, “Just a few little changes I'd like to have made. Do you think it may be a bit theatrical?”

The dressmaker smiled. “Let’s cut it down to half size,” said Joan.

Joan and her companion left Los Angeles, Detroit-bound, on the seven o'clock plane.

Joan and her companion were met at Dallas by a studio representative, who explained that conspiratorial tones, that two of the local papers were rivals. He had scheduled one interview in one corner of the airport lunch-room. This was to last for fourteen minutes and Joan was expected to supply copy for an interview that would exploit the Warner Brothers picture, “Janie Gets Married,” and reflect credit on Joan herself.

At the end of that time Joan, her companion, and the studio representative were to scout to the other side of the airport lunch-room for a second fourteen-minute interview. In each case the time was limited by the plane schedule.

The mature Miss Leslie collected her composure and her thoughts, answered questions with a maximum of charm and in general conducted herself with the assurance of a dowager duchess. That she made friends of the newspaper people was proved conclusively by the laudatory clippings which a proud Mrs. Brodel was able to paste in Joan’s scrap-book.

Early the first morning in Detroit, Joan left her companion resting at the hotel, and went to the radio station where a script had been prepared for her broadcast. After having read two pages, Joan felt that the lines allotted to her were somewhat out of character. She realized that, under the circumstances, the writer had done a yeoman’s job in preparing anything at all without having known her. In the past whenever Joan made a radio appearance, Mrs. Brodel had seen to it that the provisions—down to the very finest of the fine print in the document, and whenever she found a clause or a provision which she didn’t understand, she consulted her father on it. After several weeks of this Miss Leslie was a fountain of actuarial information.

Until Joan became twenty-one she and her mother counter-signed all checks made in payment of invoices rendered. Having attained her majority, Joan’s signature alone was sufficient. This made a considerable difference in the attitude in which Joan treated business invoices. When her mother signed the checks first Joan simply scribbled her name without paying any attention to the amount of the payment or to what it covered. Having grown up, she suddenly began to check not only the addition but the multiplication as well.

It must be whispered, however, that in the midst of her busy career Joan found moments of blight. Not long ago she was driving to Hollywood, handling the car in what she considered an adept if somewhat debonair way. After several anxious blocks, Mrs. Brodel said from the back seat, “Joan, will you please change places with me?”

“Yes, mother,” said Joan meekly, drawing the car to the side of the road and making the exchange.

As Mrs. Brodel released the hand brake, slipped the car in gear, and applied conservatory pressure to the foot throttle she said, “You were handling the automobile as if it were a little red kiddie car on the front walk. Grinned Joan, ‘I haven’t forgotten, mother, that I’m a big girl. I’ll be more careful after this.’”

The End
ON THE TOWN WITH JANIE AND JOE
(Continued from page 101)

He was watching a man by the name of Alphonse Bergg drape some cloth on a scantily clad Lucille Ball! And he was leaving me home, the rival. However, I managed to meet Mr. Bergg, who is a renowned artist, and whose name is famous. In his neat trick of wrapping a bolt of fabric around a female and creating a gown as he does so in just 30 seconds! He’s really a genius, and I thought it very cute of him to refer to Lucille as “that gorgeous hunk of woman.”

If it weren’t for the fact that that absolute angel man, Robert Donat, is due here for the holidays, I would really put on a sackcloth and ashes. D. D. Andrews is taking his family and house guests on vacation at the same time. We saw Dana one day over at Fox, while we were dutifully loping along behind Joe, and then, doing the same at Republic we saw Nelson Eddy. He told us—we, I mean, not Joe—that he wanted to hire the rich man’s Roy Rogers.”

It seems he is going on to do some Westerns. He can ride a horse like the swon man he is, and he threatens to take up the “geetar” any minute now.

We got all prettied up again to take in the Desi Arnaz opening at Ciro’s, and it was very clitch. That pixie-pussed Peter Ford and Hoyt were our guest, but he couldn’t help getting up and opening. Every body just loved him. We saw Leo Durocher, de biggest bum of all dem bums, with his hand-holding partner Laraine Day, Tony Martin and Marguerite Chapman (we see them together simply everywhere), Anita Colby and that ivory-skinned Skitch Henderson. Lucille Ball (natch), the Jan Savits, Cesar Romero, the Dick Carletons, the Bill Holdens, Connie Moore and Johnny Maschio, Jan Clayton, the Ed (Archie) Gardner, and Greer Garson and Richard Ney.

Joe and I got such a kick out of watching Maggie Chapman and Tony Martin. They always have such a lot of fun together. On the dance floor, Tony loves to cut rugs and swing. Maggie seems to like it, and keeps right up with him. But Lena never did that—she always tries to tone him down and make him act like a gentleman.

We saw Eve Wynn and V.A.N. simply everywhere. At the Somerset House for lunch and Mocambo for dancing and supper. They look divinely happy together, and I just get confused looking at them on account of rumor hath it that the Wynn’s are “threek.” It is confusing, isn’t it? Or is it just Joe and me that are two-headed? At Mocambo, too, we saw Ava Gardner and Jerry Wald, Bruce Cabot and Pamela Rank and Frances Gifford with those MGMers, Benny Thau and Louis B. Mayer. At the Ready Room we ogled Marlene Dietrich, and we’re very excited to hear of rumor hath it that the Dietrich’s is, and he threatens to take up the “geetar” any minute now.

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Lassie Needs A Story
Dear Editor:

We have long admired the beauty, the cleverness and the convincing, heart-stirring acting of Lassie, the wonder-dog of the movies, but the plot of MGM's latest dog-epic, "Courage of Lassie" invades practically the realm of silliness. Hollywood forgets that the success of 'Lassie Come Home' was not only due to Roddy McDowall's and Lassie's fine performances, but was partially caused by a brilliant screen-story taken from Eric Knight's famous book. If MGM has run out of dog-stories by now, which is not very likely, at least one writer in the film industry should be able to cook up a decent story for our favorite collie! If not, well—better Lassie goes to the dogs, than Hollywood.

Very Sincerely Yours,
Hans Bochner
San Francisco, California

Those Lucky British
Dear Editor:

Well, Hollywood has finally done it! Yes, Hollywood has finally found a star whose acting is superb, and who is handsome and charming as well. Of course, I am speaking of Rex Harrison.

This is the first letter I have ever written to your magazine, or any other, but I could hold off no longer. After seeing "Anna and the King of Siam" I realized, along with thousands of others, that Mr. Harrison was a truly fine actor. His acting in this picture was done with such artistry and skill that he deserves nothing less than an Academy Award. I envy the British people who have had the pleasure of seeing Rex Harrison on their stage and screen for many years. I understan that Hollywood had been trying to sign Mr. Harrison for many years, and that his present contract calls for only two more pictures. Speaking for many of his fans, I plead with Mr. Rex Harrison to continue his acting career in Hollywood. We all want him, we all like him, and we hope he doesn't let us down!!!

Sincerely yours,
Sue Masbock
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Cheers for Mr. Carey
Dear Editor:

I bought the January issue only because it featured an interview of talented Macdonald Carey! But Movieland is not the only discoverer of this interesting young man who is destined to go places. I discovered Mr. Carey in pre-war films before he went into the Marine Corps!

In fact, I raved so audibly the audience bawled me out. My adoration, however, seemed wasted as there was no mention of this new and different personality in the movie magazines; and this in view of the fact that every woman in the audience went wild about him! No one seemed to know anything about him—it was almost as if I had dreamt him up myself. Theatre managers looked at me as though I were sany.

Now Mr. Carey is back and I predict he will be the sensation of 1947! He has a brilliant future.

Sincerely yours,
Louise Osborne Harris
Highland, California.

—and for Mr. Scott
Dear Editor:

All the girls who scream and swoon for Van and Frankie have nothing on me—I only swoon and scream for Zachary Scott. I think that Mr. Scott is one of the screen's finest actors—his youthful magnetism attracts attention not only on the screen but even in photographs. He deserves bigger and better roles.

Incidentally, he is one of the stars who personally signs his photos for fan mail. Here's to Zachary!

Sincerely, Mary Jones
Honolulu, Hawaii

Private Nomination
Dear Editor:

My choice for Oscars for 1946:

Best actress: Olivia de Havilland (To Each His Own)
Best Actor: Rex Harrison (Anna and the King of Siam)
Best Supporting Actress: Anne Baxter (Razor's Edge)
Best Supporting Actor: Claude Rains.

Sincerely,
Willard Slanter
Ardmore, Pa.

Address all communications to Editor, Movieland,
535 5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
LANA LOVES TY: HOLLYWOOD’S HOTTEST ROMANCE
EVERYTHING JUNE ALLYSON WEARS: Six pages of exciting photos
This remarkable discovery, Tintz Creme Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull burnt, off-color hair a minute longer, for just a 22-minute home trial of Tintz Creme Shampoo will instantly recolor your hair so natural it defies ready detection. Leaves hair lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get your shade of this easy to use shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today.

SHAMPOOING SPREADS COLOR EVENLY
It's easy to enjoy complete success with TINTZ Creme Shampoo-Tint! The shampooing action insures perfect distribution of color. Clip coupon now . . . make the 22-minute home test that shows how easy it is to win fresh, glowing, natural-appearing tresses. Results must delight you or money back.

AVOID THE "HEARTBREAK" AGE . . . LOOK YEARS YOUNGER
When hair starts turning gray it often shrieks "you're getting old." There is no need letting gray hair handicap you and hold you back. Whether your hair is streaked, gray or graying, try TINTZ Creme Shampoo-Tint. Mail the money-back trial coupon today.

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SEND NO MONEY . . . TEST AT OUR RISK
Try TINTZ' amazing new home shampoo-tint for obtaining fresh, glowing natural-appearing, colorful hair. One 22-minute home test will convince you that at last you have solved your hair color worries. Then all you need is an occasional touch-up with TINTZ Creme Shampoo at the roots as hair grows out. TINTZ contains Paraphenylenyl Dia (Henna), the best hair coloring agent known! It instantly colors gray, streaked, faded hair to a natural-appearing lasting color that matches and defies detection. Won't wash off. Will not affect permanent waves. Now being introduced from coast to coast at the amazing low price of $1.00 plus tax, 8 beautiful shades to choose from.

Test TINTZ now. Send no money, just clip the coupon, check your shade and mail today. On arrival deposit $1.00 plus postage and tax with postman, then shampoo-tint your hair right in your own home. We are sure one trial will convince you that, here at last, is the hair color of your dreams! But you are the judge. If you are not 100% satisfied, just return the empty container, and we will immediately refund your money.

Don't delay—mail today. Caution: Use only as directed on label.
"Frankly, this was written for lazy people who want to get slim who don't like to exercise who do like to eat!"

Here is the "10-DAY MIRACLE DIET"

Average Overweight Person May Expect to Lose 5 to 10 Pounds in 10 Days, Yet Enjoy Better Health, Delicious Meals Every Day—No Exercise or Drugs!

**PARTIAL CONTENTS**

I. THE SURE WAY TO REDUCE

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. Now you can reduce quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pangs, no drugs or girdles.

II. WHY YOU DON'T GET SLIM

How Much Do You Want to Reduce—How Fast? Your doctor will tell you how much weight you may reduce rapidly or gradually, as you wish. "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" can easily be adjusted to suit your needs.

III. YOU CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

How Proteins Help You Get Slim. One secret of reducing is a feeling of satiety. When you eat your body burns LESS ENERGY and stores MORE FAT. But if you eat the second kind your body burns MORE ENERGY and stores LESS FAT!

This simple scientific fact explains why most ordinary "dieting" fails ... and why "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (as explained by Donald G. Cooley in his book) produces such amazing results.

How Much Do You Want to Lose?

Since no two persons are exactly alike, it is impossible to predict the exact number of pounds you will lose on the "10-DAY MIRACLE DIET" given in this book. But the average overweight person can expect to lose 5 to 10 pounds in 10 days—enough to make you thinner and more attractive. (You'll eat delicious, satisfying meals every day, including a tasty breakfast.)

Then the book also gives you a diet for losing 15 to 20 pounds in 15 to 30 days. (Some people have lost as much as 10 pounds in 10 days.)

Examine It 5 Days FREE

It costs only a stamp to get this book for FREE EXAMINATION. No money need be sent now. "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper) will be sent with the understanding that you may keep it for five days.

Leading medical authorities have approved this book. We believe that your doctor will, too. Show it to him. Unless you are convinced that this book offers you the quick, safe, pleasant "lazy-way" to reduce, return it without obligation. Otherwise it is yours to keep for only $2.00 plus actual postage. Mail Free Examination Coupon at once.

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[ ] $2.00 enclosed for examination of "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim", plus postage.
[ ] Please send me a no-strings-attached trial copy of "The New Way to Eat and Get Slim", and I will pay you $2.00, plus actual postage, if I am not thoroughly satisfied.

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(Wilfred Funk, Inc., Dept. R-324, 227 East 44 St., New York 17, N. Y.)
At last! The world is going to see the dramatic picturization of the most hush-hush secret of all time.

M-G-M has made the picture of pictures, "The Beginning or the End"—the story of the beginning of a new civilization or the end of civilization itself—the dramatic story of the atomic bomb.

When you see "The Beginning or the End", you'll virtually become a part of the events that were so fraught with drama, danger, and above all—suspense.

You'll enter the forbidden city at Oak Ridge.

You'll meet the man who was the only girl who knew the terrifying secret.

And you will know, too, the nerve-fraying tension of their relentless race against time.

Here is the story of the hour, the burning topic of the moment, the greatest "must" picture in the history of pictures.

M-G-M has assembled top talent for this mighty production. Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker, Tom Drake and Beverly Tyler (the celebrated "Green Years" lovers), beautiful Audrey Totter, Hume Cronyn and many more. Each contributes an unforgettable performance.

To Producer Samuel Marx, Director Norman Taurog, and to the many others who had their part in picturizing the greatest drama of our time, we offer congratulations on an entertainment unique in motion pictures.
THE LONG-AWAITED DRAMATIC STORY OF THE ATOMIC BOMB

THE BEGINNING OR THE END

M-G-M presents the picture of pictures...the story of the most HUSH-HUSH secret of all time!

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Starring

BRIAN DONLEVY • ROBERT WALKER
with

TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER
AUDREY TOTTER • HUME CRONYN

Screen Play by FRANK WEAD • Original Story by ROBERT CONSIDINE
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG • Produced by SAMUEL MARX
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Looking for the latest gossip about Hollywood’s new romances and gay parties? Here it is!

Everyone is hoping that Greer Garson and Richard Ney can settle their career differences and go on from there.

Separations and divorces seem to be the order of the day in our town. Since his recent successes Dane Clark (and we hate to say this because we like him so much) seems unable to calm down long enough to be a considerate husband. Of course, he has his side of the argument, too. With their new house and their exciting plans for the future, it seems too bad that a separation for this young couple is necessary.

Joan Leslie tells me that after she finishes her present picture, “Repeat Performance,” she and her mother will be off to Europe for six months. Joan will first do a picture, “Precious Bone,” in England. In it she’ll play a farm girl opposite that British heartthrob (and ours) Stewart Granger. Then Joanie and her mother will skip over to Paris to buy a new wardrobe; and from there they’ll go to Rome, where Joan hopes to realize a life-long ambition by having an audience with the Pope.

Incidentally, Joan’s director, Alfred Werker, promises that we’ll see a new Leslie in “Repeat Performance,” in which she plays her first heavily dramatic role. It’s the story of a girl who’s given a chance to live over a year of her life. How many of us wouldn’t like that?

Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor are coordinating their picture schedules so that they’ll have their time off together. Henceforth, they plan to do only two films each a (Continued on page 8)
DEBORAH KERR*....
(you'll love her...you'll love her brogue)
as the Gay Young Innocent
caught in a Web of Intrigue
and Love!

"The Adventuress"

The Woman Hunt is on
for the girl with the little black book!

J. ARTHUR RANK presents
DEBORAH KERR • TREVOR HOWARD in "THE ADVENTURESS"
with RAYMOND HUNTLER • MICHAEL HOWARD • NORMA SHELLEY • LIAM REDMONT
Screenplay written and produced by FRANK LAUNDER and SIDNEY GILLIAT
Directed by FRANK LAUNDER • AN INDIVIDUAL PICTURE
An Eagle-Lion Films Release

* KERR RHYMES WITH STAR
year. As part of their new program, they intend selling their house and moving into an apartment. Bob also has his eye on an enormous cattle ranch in Texas. If he buys, you can look for him and Barbara to spend much of their time on it.

Clark Gable, who dashes off to the Columbia River on “solitary” fishing trips, is reported interested in more than fish up that way. He’s supposed to have escorted a lovely Oregonian around the local town, our spies report.

Publicity people who have to deal with George Sanders and Tom Conway remark on the vast difference between the two brothers. Tom, always pleasant and courteous, comes to work letter perfect. George, on the other hand, became a legend of rudeness, even going to sleep in the middle of interviews and brushing off people who needed his cooperation. Underneath it all, however, George has one of the most sensitive and keen minds in Hollywood. His humor was (and sometimes still is) bitingly satirical. He once told me of an elaborate method he had for picking pictures to see. First he went through all the reviews and chalked down favorable comments. Then he studied the cast and production staff to see what promise they held. After that, he called up friends who’d already seen the picture to get their opinion.

“Ever going through all that trouble,” George said, “I often find myself catching bad pictures.” I asked if he left the theater when he found the picture dull.

“No,” he replied, “I stayed purely for scientific purposes—to see to what depths of boredom I can be sunk.”

And this is the man his press agent on “Personal Column” has said is turning to sweetness and light. Please, don’t, George.

We have to have one “character” left in town.

In a town where friendship is sometimes the result of a marriage that didn’t quite work out—Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward are not unique, but are still interesting. Ida and Louis, though long ago divorced, are now planning to do a picture together. Louis wants to be the producer on the picture, for he thinks Ida is the greatest actress in town.

Gregory Peck, after receiving the script of the play “The Web and the Rock,” adapted from Thomas Wolfe’s great novel, tells me it’s a honey, but now he’s afraid that movie (Continued on page 10).
A MOUTH LIKE HERS

IS JUST FOR KISSING

NOT FOR TELLING

IF YOU WERE NORA PRENTISS WOULD YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT?

Ann Sheridan

AS A WOMAN WHO DOES WHAT SHE HAS TO DO IN "NORA PRENTISS"

THE NEW WARNER SENSATION

KENT SMITH • BRUCE BENNETT

with ROBERT ALDA

ROSEMARY DE CAMP • VINCENT SHERMAN • WILLIAM JACOBS

DIRECTED BY

PRODUCED BY

SCREEN PLAY BY RICHARD NASH FROM A STORY BY PAUL WEBSTER & JACK EISELL • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN
commitments will prevent his returning to Broadway to do it. Now that Greg’s had one film in which he plays a meanie (“Duel in the Sun”), he’d particularly like to be the star of “The Robe,” adapted from the Lloyd Douglas novel.

Linda Darnell has told intimates that she’ll definitely give her marriage another try with Pev Marley. She’s got herself a small apartment while he’s still living in their home. Altho Linda is seen with other fellows (not much because she’s still working in “Forever Amber”—and that’s early rising), she and Pev have a couple of dates a week.

Cornel Wilde is badgering his studio to let him go to England to do research and seek locations for his screen treatment of “The Life of Lord Byron.” That’s one picture Cornel’s really hepped on playing. Don’t you believe the report, however, that he was so anxious to have his story produced that he sold it to his home studio for $1. Cornel is not that kind of businessman and was greatly disturbed when rumors started flying to that effect.

Shirley Temple’s next (she just finished “The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer”) will be “Tender Is the Night”—story of a child motion picture star, which certainly should be a natural for her.

Bob Mitchum (how mad can a mad-man be?) told us that he was accused of being high-hat recently.

“The reason for the accusation was that I didn’t speak to a doorman when I went into a restaurant the other day,” he said. “But, the way I figure it is that five years ago the doorman wouldn’t speak to me—so why should I speak to him now?”

Talk has it that Dale Evans and Roy Rogers will soon be altar-bound. Roy was really upset about this when it happened for he was very much grieved over his wife’s passing. Naturally, he and Dale work together and are fast friends but—

Olivia De Havilland says being married to a novelist isn’t all it’s cracked up to be. As Olivia reads the pages, she keeps wondering where he got his material.

“Delilah,” her husband’s first book, dealt strictly with men; but the one he’s writing now does up women. As Olivia reads the pages, she keeps wondering where he got his material.

Don’t believe that statement printed in a national news magazine quoting Errol Flynn (Continued on page 12)
This stranger is mine!

He came to my arms and nothing can take him from me...not the law...his enemies...or his own fear of my love!

The dramatic story of a girl in a man's world who taught a killer the real meaning of love!

Angel and the Badman

JOHN WAYNE

GAIL RUSSELL

HARRY CAREY • BRUCE CABOT • IRENE RICH • LEE DIXON

STEPHEN GRANT • TOM POWERS • PAUL HURST

Written and Directed by James Edward Grant • A JOHN WAYNE PRODUCTION

A REPUBLIC PICTURE
as saying he's through with pictures. Before he left here on his boat trip, he told me he expected to be gone nine months, whether or not his studio approved. I'm betting he'll be back on schedule for "Don Juan," which he's to make in the near future for Warners.

* * *

Van Heflin is beating the loudest drums in town to have "Look Homeward, Angel" put on the screen. He wants to do the role of Ben in the story; and Bob Mitchum, another enthusiast, told me that, if necessary, he'd work in the picture for nothing. Heflin, incidentally, has had so much of his candid speech show up in print since his return from the army that he now introduces himself as Van (Don't Quote Me) Heflin.

* * *

Marjorie Reynolds has left Paramount and henceforth will work on a freelance basis. She told me that after her big hit in "Holiday Inn," she was usually loaned out on minor pictures, in which she could see no future. She wanted desperately to play with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire again in "Blue Skies." But Paul Draper, the dancer originally in the Astaire role, wouldn't have her—because he wanted no partner who'd ever danced with Fred Astaire. Marjorie, who took over Helen Walker's role, after that serious automobile accident, in "Heaven Only Knows," gets her first real baddie part in the picture—and maybe her second "big break."

* * *

Pat O'Brien told me this story about a friend of his: A big fellow sent his two little daughters into a restaurant to eat while he waited outside. Hearing a baby crying in a parked car, he peered in to investigate the trouble. A man rushed up, accused the man of trying to kidnap the baby and shook him until his teeth almost rattled. The two little daughters, emerging from the restaurant, finally cleared the man of suspicion. Now if the fellow who seized the big guy reads this, he'll probably start shaking. Unknowingly, he had hold of Jack Dempsey. O'Brien, incidentally, played havoc with British tradition on his recent trip to England for Command Performance. He was asked to meet the King and Queen, but refused because his wife wasn't also asked. He held out until not only Mrs. O'Brien, but the wives (Continued on page 107)
Tips for 2 lovely you's

Two smart hair-dos from a single Tip-Top setting—Tip-Top shows you how to do them at home!

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With Tip-Top Curlers, you’ll set the latest hair styles with hairdresser ease.

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CITY: ________________________ ZONE: ______ STATE: ______

By HELEN KING

Joan Fontaine writes a note to analyst Helen King. Joan's latest film, "Emperor's Waltz."

Dear Miss King:
This is an example of why my friends prefer me to use a typewriter.

Joan Fontaine

Do you write like JOAN FONTAINE?

★ Are you hesitant about writing letters to your friends and family because of poor penmanship? Do you pile on excuses for postponing that thank-you note to Aunt Tilly? And do you often resort to a typewriter as a kindness to those who must read your written words? Then take heart, for you’ve something in common with one of movieland's scintillating beauties.

It's Joan Fontaine. Yes, this talented young lady admits right out on this page that her friends prefer her to use a typewriter. And it isn’t because her writing is illegible—it's just different—different enough to require careful study.

Poor writing does not mean "poor character." It usually means the writer would prefer action to words, or would most likely be thinking too rapidly for pen to keep up.

Joan Fontaine is artistic by nature. That starts her off on the "original" trend from the very beginning. By nature she prefers color, unusual people, unusual ideas. Added to this fundamental side of her life is her personal approach to her own world. She knows what she wants out of life and intends getting it. She believes in "live and let live."

The numerous "breaks" in this writing, rather than connection of letters, shows a highly developed power of intuition. The semi-printing of so many letters reveal good taste in colors, harmony, etc.

And this young woman not only wants to follow through in her desires but she does. That long t-crossing shows a driving will. "Never say die." Miss Fontaine knows how to get her own way!

Did you ever see such an involved "J" as in the signature? The arty Miss Fontaine is also a persisting personality, and those opposing her might just as well call it quits. The unusual "a" in Joan reveals another hidden clue—that of protectiveness. She will go to great lengths to protect those close to her, and any project in which she personally is interested. There's more going on in that pretty little head than meets the camera!

★ ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★...
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DORSEY DORSEY BLAIR

THE BLOW-BY-BLOW STORY OF THE DORSEYS' BATTLE TO THE TOP!

"THE FABULOUS DORSEYS"

From sidewalk kid musicians to music's Hall of Fame . . . you'll thrill to the life stories of Tommy Dorsey . . . "Mr. Trombone" . . . and Jimmy Dorsey . . . "Mr. Sax"!

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SARA ALLGOOD - ARTHUR SHIELDS - CHARLES R. ROGERS
Original Screen Play by Richard English - Art Arthur - Curtis Kenyon

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See TOMMY and JIMMY
play the tunes that made them famous...
"Marie"
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SwingDoom's Greatest in One Great Film!!!
Charlie Barnet - Mike Pingatore - and Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra
Henry Busse - Ziggy Elman - Bob Eberly - Ray Bauduc - Art Tatum - Stuart Foster - and Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra
Helen O'Connell

15
The Reviewer's Box

Johnnies clock (Col.)

Dick Powell, as the junior partner in a swank New York gambling joint, stars in this hard-bitten story of a handsome mug. The pace is fast in "Johnny O'Clock"; first, he has run in with a crooked cop, whose disappearance brings in the Homicide Department. Then a nightclub check girl is discovered dead—supposedly a suicide but investigation shows she's been murdered.

All this has been done before, but there's a freshness about the way it's told in "Johnny O'Clock." You'll continue to like Dick Powell's tough guy, and you won't have a thing to complain about in the performances of Lee J. Cobb, Thomas Gomez, Ellen Drew or Nina Foch. Evelyn Keyes is splendid as the sister for whom Johnny falls.

Carnival in Costa Rica (20th).

Once again 20th Century-Fox provides fun, frolic and music in a Technicolor extravaganza that will please everyone in the family. (Remember, "State Fair," "Margie"). This time they give you the gay musical story of romance between Costa Rican Vera-Ellen and American Dick Haymes with light touches of a comedy-romance between Cesar Romero and Celeste Holm. There's lots of dancing by pert Vera-Ellen—In her first star role! lovely songs sung by smooth-voiced Dick Haymes and good humor supplied by those past masters, J. Carroll Naish and Ann Revere. You'll be humming hit songs like "I'll Know It's Love," "Mi Vida," and "Another Night Like This," for a long time.

The Fabulous Dorsey's (UA)

How much of "The Fabulous Dorsey's" actually follows the real life story of band leaders Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey probably won't matter to followers of the famous brothers. More important, the films will give them a chance to compare notes on Jimmy's "sweet" style and Tommy's "fast" tempo. There's lots about the famous feud that split up the Dorsey orchestral combine and sent the brothers on their separate ways to fame. The romantic interest is nicely handled by Janet Blair and Bill Lundigan, while familiar music names like Paul Whiteman, Art Tatum, Charlie Barnet, Henry Busse, also are on hand to keep the modern music devotees happy.

Send No Money!

Broadway Fashions, Dept. HM 4
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Send "Accordion Smoothie" on approval, in size and color checked below. When dress arrives by return mail, I'll pay postman only $5.98 plus postage. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within 10 days.

Circle size: 9 11 13 15 17
Mark first and second color choices:
Aqua
Melon
Blue

Send on Approval!

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he’s downright shocked, because up until that moment he has been completely un-aware of ever having been a married man with a family. Of course there was a six-week period of amnesia while he was in England. This delightful story of mistaken identity stars Franchot Tone, Ann Richards, Tom Conway, with Frances Rafferty, Clarence Kolb, Una O’Connor doing their part to keep the merry story rolling.

**FRAMED** (Columbia) .................. ✂

Another twisted complex plot that is almost too tough for its own good. "Framed" brings Glenn Ford and Janis Paige as lovers as well as antagonists.

Glenn’s the down-and-out-mining engineer who falls into the clutches of conniving Paula, as played by Janis Paige. Paula and a young bank president (Barry Sullivan) are plotting to steal a quarter of a million dollars but they’ve got to have a fall guy—a preferably a dead one. Glenn’s chosen as the logical victim and emerges from a series of narrow escapes to learn of the woman’s guilt. Since his tough-guy role in "Gilda" Glenn Ford’s role in "Framed" puts him in a class with other exponents of this type of film role: Humphrey Bogart, Dick Powell, etc. The supporting cast is excellent, but the plot really revolves about Glenn Ford and Janis Paige.

**APACHE ROSE** (Rep.) .................. ✂

Roy Rogers, enterprising young petroleum engineer, is operating his own wildcat company along the California coast. He finds himself in a jam when the road over which he transports his oil well supplies is closed. Pretty Dale Evans, skipper of the supply boat "Apache Rose," adds to Roy’s troubles by throwing a monkey wrench into Roy’s plans for water transportation. In spite of their feud, Dale and Roy join forces to beat racketeer George Meeker at his own game. There’s lots of excitement with a thrilling gun fight to climax the story. Sons of the Pioneers, Olin Howlin, John Laurenz are in this Rogers epic—and Trigger, of course.

**EASY COME, EASY GO** (Para.) ............ ✂

Barry Fitzgerald is an impecunious old rascal with a weakness for horses in this light gay comedy of rooming houses, romance, racing forms. Aside from the Fitzgerald histrionics, there’s time for a neat little romance between Sonny Tufts and Diana Lynn. As daughter of “Himself” Fitzgerald, Diana is busy keeping father out of trouble, watching the exchequer, trying to help medically discharged Seabee Sonny Tufts get started in business. For Diana, the picture represents a highlight in the Lynn career for it’s her first “grown-up” role—at least she has her first adult film romance. The blue ribbon cast includes such favorites as Frank McHugh, John Litel, James Burke, Dick Foran and Allen Jenkins. The whole family should enjoy the picture.

**MICHAEL SHAYNE, DETECTIVE** (PRC) .................. ✂

A baggage ticket found on the body of a private detective leads Michael Shayne on an exciting journey of murder. Brooks Benedict’s Michael Shayne is very satisfactory. Cast includes Paul Bryar, Ralph Dunn, Louise Currie, and Gavin Gordon. (Continued on page 103)
You'll look slim—feel trim—in these smartly-styled, man-tailored, quality slacks, a $12.50 value, now yours direct from the manufacturer for only $8.98.

Pleated front, darted in back, belt loops, zipper placket and two pockets. Smoothly tailored to give you youthful lines and that “casual” look.

Sizes—23—26—28—30—and 32 inches at waist line. When ordering give measurements at waist line. Belt not included.

Style 107—Wool and rayon gabardine—colors, black, brown, navy, grey and beige.

Style 108—100% oil wool—black, brown, navy and grey.

Style 109—100% all wool checks—colors, black and white, brown and white.

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Please send me __________ pairs of your Quality Slacks, at $8.98 each, postage paid. Style number __________ Color __________ Waist measure __________ I enclose check or money order (DO NOT MAIL CASH).

NAME __________

ADDRESS __________

May we here and now initiate a Word-to-the-Wise department? We know how much fun it is to pilot your own club—(Of course it's work, too if you're doing it right!) lots more than just being a member—but please don't take on the job if you know that you're starting college in a matter of months, that your work takes up nearly all your time, that you won't stay interested in one star long enough to keep plugging for him, or that the honorary you've picked has had two or three unsuccessful clubs previously! Believe us, it won't work—and you're not bettering the reputation of the clubs in general when you form a club, only to have it disband in a few months! So how about it? Think twice before you start wielding that gavel! That's all the serious talk for now but we hope you'll remember it like you remember your favorite star's best performance!

Fan-Fun

Sol Robbins has announced his brand new organization for Judy Lynn, cute vocalist, formerly with the Louis Prima orchestra. 'N' there's plenty cookin' in the James Mason corner. Leona Rosenthal and Mimi Strausbury, both Mason club prexies, are joining (Continued on page 77)
Don't Condemn Janet Ames
Until you've seen the picture!

Columbia Pictures presents
Rosalind Russell • Melvyn Douglas
in
The Guilt of Janet Ames

with Sid Caesar • Betsy Blair
Nina Foch
Screenplay by Louella MacFarlane, Allen Rivkin, Devery Freeman
Directed by Henry Levin
Loses “Middle-aged” Look—becomes a Slim Beauty!

“How well you look! How young you look! What have you been doing to yourself?”

No wonder compliments like these sounded sweet to Mrs. Helen Schmidt of Liberty, Missouri. Only a few months before, she had been a tired, overweight wife and mother, settling into middle age. Then something happened in Helen Schmidt’s life. It was the exciting adventure of taking the DuBarry Success Course right in her own home. And the result?

“I took off 46 pounds,” she says, “went from size 40 to size 16, reduced my waist, abdomen and hips 7 inches. I learned so much I had never known about care of my skin and hair. I cannot tell you how grateful I am for the Success Course.”

How about you? Unhappy about your looks? The DuBarry Success Course shows you, right at home, how to remodel your figure, have a smooth, glowing skin, style your hair, use make-up for glamour, be at your best. It's exciting and it's fun. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, Fifth Ave., New York.

FREE!

Two Beauty-boosted Booklets to Brighten Your Future:
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Ann Delafield, Directing

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Please send me, free, the two booklets: “Top Secrets from Ann Delafield,” and “Your Face, Your Figure and Your Future.”

Miss
Mrs.

Street.

City Zone State

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association.

These are busy days in Hollywood with studios just bursting their seams with big new productions and new stars!

Visited Joan Leslie the other day over on the Eagle-Lion lot where she’s making her first picture away from Warner Brothers. This is not only Joan’s first picture off the Warner lot, but it’s the first picture in which she has an opportunity really to emerge as a dramatic actress. The title of the picture is “REPEAT PERFORMANCE,” a psychological murder mystery in which Joan is given a chance to live one year of her life over again.

The story opens with Joan shooting her husband, Louis Hayward, and then flashes back a year to give Joan a chance to relive her life. She thought that if she could relive it she would be able to so change events that the end would be different. Destiny, however, will have its way, according to “Repeat Performance.”

A comforting thought to those of us who always wonder what might have happened had we taken the left fork in the road instead of the right.

Our New York scouts tell us an amusing incident which took place in Macy’s Department Store during the filming of “IT’S ONLY HUMAN” with Maureen O’Hara and John Payne.

Seems that 20th Century-Fox needed a scene of a happy crowd in a department store. A clown was hired to amuse the crowd on Macy’s seventh floor while a partially hidden camera filmed their reactions. Hundreds of customers gathered around to watch the funnyman’s antics. Among these was a lady from Brooklyn who seemed to be enjoying herself immensely. After the scene had been filmed, she was handed a ten-dollar bill and given a release to sign.

Amazed, she asked, “What’s this for?”

“You’ve just been in a movie,” she was told, “and this is your pay.”

“My goodness,” she answered, “I came up here to buy a rug.”

They’re shooting like mad out on the Metro lot these days. Spent the other afternoon on the “SONG OF LOVE” set. This is the love

The cameras are all set to go and Director Sam Wood is telling Joan Fontaine and Richard Ney exactly how he wants them to play a crucial scene for Universal-International’s new film “Ivy.”
story of Clara Schumann starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker. Katharine looked that adorable in a very formal hair-do piled high on her head with ribbon through her braids. Contrasting this coiffure was her standard between-scenes uniform of slacks and boy’s shirt.

While we were there Clark Gable came over to pay his respects to Katharine. He had just started shooting on "THE HUCKSTERS" with Deborah Kerr, Metro’s new English star. If you haven’t already seen Deborah in the English picture "Vacation From Marriage" you have a treat in store for you when "The Hucksters" is released. In person, she has the same charm that we’ve noted in so many of the English actresses who have come over to this country recently—warmth, sincerity, and poise. Deborah told me, when I went over to her set, that Clark has been most gracious to her and her husband, has really rolled out the red carpet and appointed himself Grand Marshal in the California Chamber of Commerce. They’ve been spending all their weekends together touring southern California.

Getting back to "Song of Love," this is Paul Henreid’s first picture since he obtained his release from the brothers Warner. And is he ever happy about his new job at Metro. He feels that under George Brown’s fine direction, he’s going to get the break he has so long deserved.

Now that he’s a freelancer, he can pick and choose his pictures. Paul told us that if he only does one picture a year, it’s going to be a good one for him . . . something that will live up to his role in "Now Voyager," the best part he’s had since coming to this country. From what we saw of "Song of Love," we think Paul has found it.

Had our wits scared out of us on "THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI" set over at Columbia where Orson Welles has let his imagina—

(Continued on page 106)

In 36 Minutes—wing your way to

New Hair Loveliness

Yes, in 36 minutes your hair can look lovelier! Swift-moving American women today want to appear at their best on time, for business or social engagements—and Glover’s Mange Medicine helps you do just that! Fresh lustre and radiance, natural color tone, hair softness and glamour—these are yours with Glover’s famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment—quickly, conveniently, in your own home! Ask for the regular sizes of Glover’s Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover’s Hair Dress at your favorite Drug or Cosmetic counter—or mail Coupon today for free trial application of all three in Sampler Package!

FREE TRIAL APPLICATION

Be Glover-wise ... glamorize with Glover’s Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover’s Hair Dress! One complete application of each in hermetically-sealed bottles—all 3 in free Sampler Package not sold in stores. Mail Coupon today.

Miss Cahoon, in her Pan American World Airways uniform, is always well groomed—thanks to Glover’s famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment for the scalp and hair.

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101 W. 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.
Send free Sampler Package in plain wrapper by return mail—Glover’s Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover’s Imperial Hair Dress in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles—with free booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

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Address . . . . .
City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . .
No longer need women feel the constraint of a "monthly harness" of belts, pins and external pads. When "those days" appear on the calendar she can use Tampax for sanitary protection and avoid all worry about bulges and ridges and revealing edge-lines. For Tampax is worn internally and that's the secret of success which has swept the country among progressive women.

Tampax is doctor-invented and made of pure absorbent cotton contained in dainty disposable applicators. Insertion is easy and the Tampax when in place is invisible and unfelt. No odor, no chafing, no disposal problem. For Tampax contains only one-fifteenth the bulk of the older forms of protection!

Prepare for next month! Buy Tampax now at drug or notion counter. Choice of 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax provides new comfort and freedom. You can even wear it in tub or shower. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

MOVIeland's CROsSSWOrd PUZZLLE

ACROSS
1. She dances and sings in "Ziegfeld Follies of 1946" (anag.)
5. Jean Porter in "Till the End of Time"
10. "Arsenic and Old - - - -"
14. Butter substitute
15. Bing sings "All - - - -" in "Blue Skies"
16. Projection on Saturn's ring
17. "Charles Stewart" in "Two Years Before the Mast" (anag.)
18. "Paul Prescott" in "Nootious"
19. "Harriet" in "Centennial Summer"
20. - - - - Bryant
22. Lovelorn in "Specter of the Rose"
24. Greer's mate
26. - - - - Janis
27. - - - - Burrage
30. Author of the movie "Woman Proof"
31. "A - - - - in London"
35. Glenn Ford has an - - - - role in "Gallant Journal"
37. "Johnny" in "Step by Step" (init.)
39. Mr. Baba in an anagram
40. Hebrew letter
41. "It ain't - - - -"
42. Exclamation of contempt
43. Above, in poetry
44. Frances - - - (anag.)
45. 60 across (inits.)
46. Author of "A Star Danced"
48. Noted movie director
50. "Hiram" in "So Goes My Love"
51. "The - - - - Years" (anag.)
52. "Home - - - - Homicide"
53. Bing and Fred are a couple of song and dance - - - - in "Blue Skies"
56. "Love - - - -"
59. Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt (init.)
60. "Penelope Hampton" in "The Roundaround"
64. Feminine name
65. Marjorie Riordan is a - - - - in "South of Monterey"
67. Pollute
68. She's with Roy in "Under Nevada Skies"
69. Movie comedian
70. He's with Shirley in "Honeymoon"
71. "Elizabeth Van Doren" in "Claudia and David" (anag.)
72. Purloined
73. - - - - Laurel

DOWN
1. One of the stars in "Blue Skies" (anag.)
2. Forearm bone
3. "Kevin Connors" in "Sister Kenny"
4. She dances in "The Thrill of Brazil"
5. Jack - - - -
6. "Love on the - - - -" (anag.)
7. He and Marjorie are a ghostly pair in "The Ghost Steps Out"
8. Isolate
9. Cozy retreats
10. James - - - -
11. - - - - Markey
12. So. African fox
13. Bert - - - -
14. Three-toed sloth
15. "Benjamin F. Phelps", in "Centennial Summer"
16. "Jeffrey Dolan" is - - - - role in "Rendezvous with Annie"
17. "Gangs of the - - - - Front"
18. Buffalo
19. Has a leading role in "Magnificent Doll"
20. "Dr. Briggs" in "The Well-Groomed Bride" (anag.)
21. - - - - Came Jones
22. Barbara is a murderous - - - - in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers"
23. - - - - Morley
24. Row
25. Dana upholds - - - and order in "Canyon Passage"
26. "... - Little Girls in Blue"
27. - - - - Americans
28. Where movies are produced
29. A scribe is - - - - role in "Night in Paradise"
30. "Connie Allenbury" in "Easy to Wed"
31. "Escape in the - - - -"
32. "... the People"
33. Nile river fish
34. "Delaray" in "Night in Paradise"
35. Celene Holm sings "Always a - - - -" in 38 down
36. "... Americana"
37. Kind of cheese
38. - - - - Birell
39. Lionel is one in "Three Wise Fools"
40. Burt is swindled out of it by Ava in "The Killers"
41. Miss Horne in an anagram
42. Miss Horne in an anagram
43. "... the People"
44. "... Americana"
45. Nile river fish
46. "Delaray" in "Night in Paradise"
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70. - - - - Birell
71. Lionel is one in "Three Wise Fools"
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For Solution See Page 105

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26
27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71

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Because we've been snowed under by fan requests for a really personal interview with Shirley Temple, we've decided to let YOU ask your favorite teen-age star the questions for this MOVIELAND story. She has agreed to answer your queries, so send in that Big Question right away!

Write down the question you'd like to have Shirley Temple answer, then send it on to MOVIELAND. We'll select an assorted twenty-four questions from all inquiries and send them on to Shirley who has promised to answer them IF the questions are suitable for answering.

MOVIELAND will pay one dollar ($1) for each question accepted for publication. Each contestant should ask ONE question only.

1. Direct your question (preferably printed or typewritten) to the MOVIELAND QUESTION BOX. Naturally we'll eliminate such obvious, easy things as questions concerning her height, her weight, the color of her eyes, etc. Such statistical information will be contributed by the editor, and published with each set of questions and answers.

2. Selection of the 24 best questions will be made by the QUESTION BOX judges, and with a view to contributing interesting or important information about the star who's being question-interviewed. Alternates will be offered Shirley, however, if there are questions submitted which she would prefer not to answer.

3. Each question submitted by a reader must be accompanied by the QUESTION BOX coupon giving name and address.

4. If you've a candidate in mind for the next 24 DOLLAR QUESTIONS "witness," signify your nomination in the space provided on the coupon.

5. Official closing date for the Shirley Temple QUESTION BOX will be midnight, April 10, 1947. Entries received with a postmark later than April 10, 1947 will not qualify. All questions submitted will become the property of Movieland.

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City ............................................................

Next Witness ..............................................
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the new Screen Guide

MORE PICTURES

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MORE EXCITING FEATURES

The big glamorous April Screen Guide will be on sale everywhere

MOVIELAND LOOKS IN ON "The Yearling"

Tender story of boy and a fawn brings gala Hollywood turnout

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Lana Turner was with handsome Peter Shaw.

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Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Peck arrived early.
MOVIELAND
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All dressed up again for another Greg Peck hit.

Handsome Alan Marshall with lovely wife.

Ava Gardner came with beau Peter Lawford.

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I want to get a dress for myself for ordering 3 dresses for friends, or members of my family. Please rush me the new HARFORD FROCKS Style Presentation FREE.

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APPLY TING TO PIMPLES, LET IT DRY... AND WHISK OFF EXCESS POWDER.

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Your Kind of Romance!

MAUREEN O'HARA

THE HOMESTRETCH

in TECHNICOLOR

20th CENTURY-FOX ROMANCE!

with GLENN LANGAN • HELEN WALKER

JAMES GLEASON • HENRY STEPHENSON • MARGARET BANNERMAN • ETHEL GRIFFIES • TOMMY COOK

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE • Produced by ROBERT BASSLER • Original Screen Play by Wanda Tucios
Of late the newspapers have been filled with much weeping for Hollywood. It seems that the critics—those dear old critics—have been bewailing the fact that the English are producing super-super films and that these English films are going to wipe American films off the map.

Ha-ha! Likewise ho-ho! To use elegant language, it just ain’t so. The British may make some mighty good films, but they still can’t hold a box-office candle to our best American films, and you can take our word for it.

Over here on this side of the big water the American public is crowding the box offices of wonderful pictures like “The Best Years of Our Lives,” “The Shocking Miss Pilgrim,” “Suddenly It’s Spring,” and now “Boomerang.”

Over there on the other side the people, long-starved for good entertainment, are standing in line literally all day awaiting their turn to get into the theaters. To see American films, mostly.

In Denmark there was a black market for tickets for “Going My Way.” The price got up to $4 apiece, our money. In France long lines waited patiently to see “Citizen Kane,” “How Green Was My Valley,” “Double Indemnity” and “Laura.” And remember these are “oldies.”

When the new pictures start moving afloat the boats and planes, our hunch is that Europeans will go mad about them. In the meantime, England, send over your best! We’re not worrying.

The Editors
LANA LOVES TY:

Hollywood's Hottest Romance

Ten years ago
they were in love but
somewhere along
the stardust trail
they parted. Fate has
reunited them and
the flame burns anew

On location in Mexico for
"Captain of Castile," Tyrone
welcomed Lana's flying visit.
Romance is flying—and so are rumors (and not a little fur), as this goes to press, over the hottest gossip in Hollywood—the exciting romance between Hollywood’s Queen Of Hearts Lana Turner and her newest Knight, Ty Power.

Actually, when word of this emotional tie-up began to get around, Hollywood people lifted incredulous eyebrows. Hollywood people are notoriously forgetful. For instance, most of them had forgotten an interlude back in 1937 when Lana and Ty were youngsters on the way up. The bewildered little girl with the light brown hair and the wide eyes and the wonderful dimples was being considered for a build-up out at MGM. The slim, tall, dark-haired boy was still excited about being chosen the “greatest find of 1936.”

So it was on the brink of fame that these two paths first crossed, entangled, and for an idyllic while ran parallel. It was the young, starry-eyed, hand-in-hand, romantic kind of first love that momentarily dazzles the participants and warms the hearts of those who see its glory. This wasn’t any front page affair, any bid for publicity. This was simply two kids in love, two kids not too well known:

Then, on the stardust trail, something went wrong. And the paths began to lead apart. Lana, starward bound, started on her series of romances that now are Hollywood history. Lana and Vic Mature, Lana and Greg Bautzer, Lana and Bob Hutton, Lana and Turhan Bey, Lana and Howard Hughes. Lana’s two marriages, to Artie Shaw and to Steve Crane. And her near-marriages to a dozen others of the cream of Hollywood’s bachelor crop.

The song—“You are too beautiful for one man to love”—might have been written for Lana. Some women are made for love, and Lana is one of these. Men can no more help adoring her than they can escape their other destinies. And warm, sensitive to affection and approval as she is, she must necessarily respond, giving her whole heart.

With some women—and I think with Lana—each new love is a first love. A sort of emotional rebirth. A man who loves Lana undoubtedly finds a woman who never has (Continued on page 92)

By

JOAN CRAIG

“The only man I’ve ever really loved,” says Lana of Ty. She continues to date other men.
A long, loud round of applause
to ten Hollywood favorites
whose performances have been superb

* Oscars are just little pint-sized statuettes, but what a furor they create in Hollywood! Officially, of course, they are the annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and they are handed out once a year to an expectant and jittery group of people—all tops in their branches of movie-making. The winners are the most jittery of all, because until the last vote is counted they aren't necessarily sure of their success.

Any actor or actress who can stick an Oscar up on the family mantelpiece is a very happy person indeed. Because earning an Oscar not only stands for a record of hard work, grueling work, endless work, both before the camera and in rehearsals and study. It means possessing a rare talent too—even genius.

This year each of the big studios had at least one powerful contender for the best picture. Most of them had various stars lined up for this, the greatest honor the motion picture industry can give.

MOVIELAND applauds all these stars—for they all have worked unbelievably, they all have brought great gifts to the American screen. This page was necessarily printed before the final votes were counted, but here are brief sketches of some of the favorites:

Joan Crawford—for her portrayal of the neurotic benefactress of John Garfield in “Humoresque.” Beloved by the public, Joan has had one of the most dramatic careers in Hollywood. She was born in 1908 in San Antonio, Texas. She worked her way through Stevens College as a waitress, left school to become a dancer. Her early career found her a chorus girl on Broadway. Then on to Hollywood she went in 1925, where she landed a small-time contract at MGM. From extra work and bit parts she laboriously climbed to her first featured
role of Irene in "Sally, Irene and Mary" which resulted in stardom in 1929, the year she was christened Joan Crawford in a name-finding contest.

Starring in innumerable light comedies, she built and kept a sensational fan following throughout the ensuing 15 years. Then, failing to get the more dramatic roles she felt her mature appearance and talents indicated, she retired from the screen completely for two years. Generally branded as "washed up" by all but her loyal fans, she proved the wisdom of her course by triumphantly emerging from her self-imposed exile last year to win the Academy Award for "Mildred Pierce" and greater popularity than ever. Producers who ignored her as a "has-been" are now clamoring for her.

Olivia deHavilland—for her poignant portrayal of the self-sacrificing mother in "To Each His Own," the Mitchell Leisen masterpiece. It marked Livvy's 10th anniversary in the movies, and was her second try for an "Oscar." She was nominated for the honor the same year her sister, Joan Fontaine, won it for "Rebecca."

Born in 1916 in Tokyo, Japan, where her father was a practising attorney, Livvy was brought to America when she was only two. Her career started in 1935 when a 1000 to one chance permitted her to play the starring role in the Max Reinhardt production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for which she had been the understudy's understudy, in the Hollywood Bowl. So remarkable was her performance, Reinhardt insisted upon her for the screen version, and virtually overnight she became a famous Hollywood name. Progress was rather slow as the leading lady for Joe E. Brown, James Cagney, and Pat O'Brien, but she skyrocketed to full stardom after "Captain Blood" with Errol Flynn. Memorable among her per-
Ian Wyman

MOVIELAND APPLAUDS (CONTINUED)

Larry Parks — for his remarkable and brilliant personification of Al Jolson in "The Jolson Story." Kicked around for several years, Larry has turned the tables by becoming the new white hope of his studio.

Larry was born in Olathe, Kansas, and had every intention of becoming a doctor. Campus dramas at the University of Illinois weaned his interest from medicine, however, and he headed for Broadway and the stage. His long fight for recognition and success was about to be rewarded when the death of his father forced him to return to home and the railroad business. Coaxed to Hollywood by the promise of a big role which failed to materialize, Larry eked out a modest living for several years in an assortment of westerns, thrillers, and animal pictures. He had made 30 pictures, in fact, before he got his first "A" role with Paul Muni in "Counter Attack," which was followed by the super-western, "Renegade."

The name Larry Parks still was unknown, however, when Al Jolson chose him to carry the title role in "The Jolson Story"—a long-shot chance for which Parks secretly had prepared by months of study and practise of Jolson mannerisms and appearance. Proof that it was not a freak performance was attested by the speed and enthusiasm with which Columbia immediately co-starred him with Rita Hayworth in the costly special, "Down To Earth."

Gregory Peck—for his deeply moving char-
Outstanding role of Jane Wyman’s career is part of Ma Baxter in MGM’s production, “The Yearling.”

Characterization of the Florida backwoods father in “The Yearling” which was in such vivid contrast to his hellion-son role in “Duel In the Sun.” Easily one of Hollywood’s most distinguished and versatile actors, Gregory also is famous for the fact that four major studios share in his contract and reserve for him their choicest parts.

Born in LaJolla, California, Greg transferred his interest in athletics to dramatics at the University of California after an injury to his spine. In 1939 he set out to conquer Broadway, and wound up as a Barker at the World’s Fair to keep in eating money. He finally made Broadway in “Morning Star.” The play was a flop, but the critics were lavish in their praise of him, and the net result was his first Hollywood contract. He made his screen debut as a full-fledged star in “Days of Glory” in 1943. Next came “Keys of the Kingdom,” “The Valley of Decision,” and “Spellbound.” “Duel in the Sun” and “The Yearling” were made almost simultaneously, and currently he is starring in “The Short and Happy Life of Frances Macomber.”

Anne Baxter—for her penetrating portrayal of the dipsomaniac, Sophie, in “The Razor’s Edge.” Anne was born in Michigan City, Ind., but moved to New York when she was a child of four. She has been on the stage since she was 12, appearing both on Broadway and in summer stock, and came to Hollywood in 1940. The lead opposite John Barrymore in “The Great Profile” was the first of the 17 pictures she has made since that time, including the highly dramatic “Swamp Water” and the “Magnificent Ambersons,” as well as the suspenseful “Guest In the House.” Considered one of Hollywood’s young intellectuals, Anne is a granddaughter of the famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright, and is married to John Hodiak.

(Continued on page 88)
Bergman's fireworks in public are as rare as dinosaurs on Main Street, but when she reaches the boiling point... LOOK OUT!

By ROBBIN COONS

Star combination: Ingrid and Charles Boyer rehearse scene for "Arch of Triumph."

Between takes, Ingrid shares a chuckle with director Lewis Milestone.

The truth about

Ernest Hemingway and Boyer dine with Miss B. after her performance in Broadway hit, "Joan of Lorraine."
The smart, pretty young woman in the restaurant booth looked up as Ingrid Bergman entered—a tweedy, wind-blown goddess, eyes sparkling, cheeks glowing, her whole person radiant with warmth and vitality.

"Look at her!" whispered the young woman. "Disgusting! No living woman has the right to be so lovely and so sweet. Everybody loves her. Nobody can find a single thing to criticize her for. She's a paragon. I think I shall bribe the waiter to sprinkle arsenic on her salad!"

If this particular expression of admiration seems extreme, it is scarcely more so than the constant hymns of praise, verbal and printed, for this wholesome, thoroughly natural beauty from Sweden.

For obvious reasons, writers usually look to heaven for their Bergman adjectives. She is the "divine Swede." She is the "heavenly Bergman." She is walking the earth by arrangement with a celestial chamber of commerce. Both as actress and person, she is an angel, strictly from heaven.

All of which is quite true—and a little cloying.

The time is ripe for some antidote to such excessive sweetness and light. It is time to point out that there can be and sometimes is rage in the Bergman heaven. This remarkable young actress, who wins devotees by her screen artistry and the hearts of co-workers by her stubborn refusal to behave like a movie star, has her moments of earthly anger.

In fact, the amiable Ingrid, when sufficiently provoked, can get madder than a frustrated hornet. She has a temper. Sometimes, by her own admission, she would like to throw things. She never does, but there are two good reasons for that.

Although Ingrid seldom permits herself the luxury of displaying vexation, her intimates have learned to read the signs and signals. They see a red flag flying when there's that certain set to the Bergman chin, that somber fire in the eyes, that slight tautness in the full, unpainted lips. These auguries, sometimes accompanied by an almost audible silence, are unfailing indications that the lady is displeased.

Anything that she considers an invasion of her privacy is almost certain to produce this effect.

When Ingrid is working, Sunday is the one day she has with her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and her seven-year-old daughter Pia. Their big English country-style home in Beverly Hills (she calls it "the barn" because of its roomy simplicity) is unfenced and the grounds are open to the public gaze. Part of each Sunday Ingrid likes to spend in a swim-suit, sunbathing in the yard.

In Beverly is a bicycle rental shop which dispenses, as extra attraction, guide maps to celebrities' homes. Cyclists began making the Lindstrom house a regular stop, with cameras and autograph books out. Ingrid tried to explain that this was her home and private, but to no avail. Eventually, her only recourse was to retreat into the house. The (Continued on page 98)
Whistles could be heard all over the place when gorgeous Janet Blair arrived at the "Duel" premiere in startling peek-a-boo gown. Rumors are flying since Guy Madison dates pretty Cathy Downs instead of Gail Russell.
It's party-time in Hollywood
and our teen-age newshounds
are on the spot for GOSSIP!

The peak, but the peak, of Hollywood's dream-parties was that wonderful shindig that director Mitch (To Each His Own) Leisen threw. Natch, Joe and I were there, with our eyes wide open to here, things were so out-of-this-worldish. Mitch took over an obscure spot, completely redecorated it, did fairy-tale things with lighting, and had the whole place but dripping with real flowers and a real live band and golly, 'most everybody in town was there! You should have seen the Van Heflins—honestly, they are so much in love! Joe got a picture of them kissing right on the dance floor! Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden were acting like they were just going together, too Absolutely inseparable! Mrs. John Lund looked too sophisticated for mere words. Her lame gown was bare on one shoulder; her long gloves made of the same material. Big surprise of the evening was Guy Madison escorting Cathy Downs—and honestly, Cathy was about the cutest girl there. She had her hair pinned back and wore a beautiful old-fashioned-looking velvet gown with the top completely bare. The little velvet ribbon around her neck made her look soooo demure! Anne Baxter was de-lovely in black satin with gloves that looked like detached sleeves. She also wore her husband, John Hodiak's arm around her waist most of the evening—but romantic!

But the absolutely most dazzling thing around these parts was the Big, Big formal premiere of D. O. Selznick's super-production, "Duel in the Sun."

The Egyptian Theater, right there on Hollywood Boulevard, was all decked out with big lights and 'umpteen-thousand bobby-soxers ogling and whistling and carrying on as the stars arrived.

You could have knocked me over with a tender when that darling Janet Blair arrived. Her dress was shockingly naughty! But so stunning! All white with a high neck and no sleeves, it was trimmed up with little tassels of crystal beads. The part that opened up Joe-Joe's orbs like a couple of moons, was a curved line stretching from Janet's right shoulder down her buzum and across her waist, that looked just like a vacancy in (Continued on page 80)
Not in a thousand years—well, not in ten years, anyway—could you ever guess Greer Garson’s secret ambition. It’s secret, but it’s very real just the same. Some day, her close friends think, she’s just as likely as not to step out and achieve it.

No, it’s not to be a famous scientist, like Madame Curie. It’s not to be a literary genius or a concert pianist or an international spy. It’s not to be Queen of England or Queen of the May or Queen of the Night Clubs. It’s none of these things.

Greer Garson wants to be a circus clown! A clown with a chalk-white face and a big red nose and a painted grinning mouth. She would adore taking a sabbatical year from her screen career and going into the clown business. It would, she says, be a perfect vacation for her. Just to be a clown! And it’s not a quick decision, either!

From her little-girlhood in County Down in the north of Ireland—that was where she was born—she has been fascinated by the circus. It all goes back to a small traveling carnival that she witnessed bug-eyed, when she was just a kid. Even today when any circus hits Los Angeles or one of its neighboring towns Greer religiously goes to the first night's performance. Many other nights too. She is circus-crazy.

In her living room at Bel Air bright-colored circus paintings hang on the walls. Two of these were done by Angna Enters—one, of the famous Red Circus in Paris, having been painted by Miss Enters specially for Greer.

You see, Greer Garson is something more than the First Lady of the screen, winner of countless popularity polls and (Continued on page 112)
By Whitney Williams

Guess

Secret Ambition

Greer loves to dress up. Here she is with hubby Richard Ney at recent costume party.

It’s no secret that Greer is mad about zany hats. Look at this ostrich number!

Can you imagine dignified Greer getting excited about slot machines? She does!

She likes comedy roles but fans want team of Garson and Pidgeon in dramatic movies.
Personality? Kent Smith has gobs of it! Good acting plus charm won hundreds of swoon fans after they saw him in "Spiral Staircase."

Croquet is a favorite sport at the Smith house. Between films, Kent spends spare time building a perfect croquet green in the backyard. 

Pretty Mrs. Smith, former actress Betty Gillette, gave up a career to wed. She doesn't regret it though, for she'd rather spend all time with Kent.
You'll agree that making love to Ann Sheridan wouldn't be hard to take! Ann and Kent are together in the story of "Nora Prentiss."

★

"An actor must be in love with the woman to whom he makes love on the stage or screen," says Kent Smith, Hollywood's newest swoon sire of "Spiral Staircase" and "Nora Prentiss" fame. "It's a lot of baloney to think you can turn love on and off for the camera! Certain actors can't sincerely play opposite certain actresses because they just don't get any reaction. This lack is bound to show in a presumably torrid love scene. In 'The Spiral Staircase', of course, it was a little different. There wasn't supposed to be passion—just tender, sweet affection. In 'Nora Prentiss...', here Kent tugged at his collar, "it's a little... different!"

Kent, you'll remember, did a fine and sensitive bit of love-making in "The Spiral Staircase". But he'll get a far better chance to show off his romantic side in scenes with Ann Sheridan in "Nora Prentiss." And speaking of those love scenes, this fellow has more sensational theories on make-believe love scenes. He believes they (Continued on page 96)

Little Stacy, the Smiths' three-year-old daughter thinks having a cold is lots of fun, providing Daddy is on hand to entertain her with a book.

He loves ALL his leading ladies!

A rugged character—
this fellow Kent Smith—
who makes no bones
about Hollywood love
scenes, and says they're
not all make-believe!

By Alice Craig Greene
Actors like to give autographs when the request is politely made—witness Mr. Mickey Rooney.

Alan Ladd thinks so much of his fans, he let them name his child, and his ranch.

And the answer, straight from a man who works with stars and knows bobby-soxers, is NO!

Without fans there wouldn't be any movies. The fans pay in the dollars that make the pictures, and the pictures pay in the dollars that make the stars and the producers and the directors and the cameramen and everybody else. It's a beautiful arrangement—for the movie people and for the fans too.

All we have to do is make good enough pictures. The fans, who appreciate good pictures, do the rest.

This would be perfectly fine if all fans knew their place, which is sitting on a seat in a darkened theater looking at a movie, or maybe talking about the picture afterwards. If fans would stop there it would be swell. But fans won't stop there. Not by a long shot. Particularly, if I must raise my right hand and swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth—particularly bobby-sox fans.

A few steamed-up bobby-soxers give a bad name to the whole bobby-sox crowd. These few bobby-soxers, both female and male, are moviedom's perpetual headache.

I have just finished making a picture called "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," and it taught me a lot about hep-chicks. Some of it I learned in the picture itself; the rest I learned
on the side. I had to learn that a juke box is not a juke box at all, but a zest chest or a jive hive. Cary Grant was a swoon man, a quiver-giver, or dream dust. Myrna Loy was a prime pigeon. You see, we were pretty well surrounded with 'teen-age advisers.

But that isn’t what I started out to say. When Cary Grant joined Shirley Temple and Myrna Loy in the cast of the film, he had just been blasted from coast to coast for some of the vehement remarks about bobby-soxers he had made while in New York. I sort of deplored his comments. Cary took a lot of abuse from a few of us and from his newspaper and magazine critics, but he stood his ground.

Since I had always known him to go out of his way to please (Continued on page 89)
Have you a "split personality"?
You need one to fit into the modern
day pattern of allure, says this
glamorous Hollywood movie star

by Susan Hayward

Have you a “split personality”? You need one to fit into the modern day pattern of allure, says this glamorous Hollywood movie star

How To Make Men Like You

* Despite the fact that I play a lot of sultry roles on the screen, I’m strictly not in the “glitter girl” class. Even before my marriage I never went in much for that sort of thing. True charm and enchantment—the kind that makes men and women turn around for a second look when a certain person enters a room—is far more than skin deep. It isn’t something that can be put on out of a box.

Many things go to make up beauty—cleanliness, good grooming, good manners, adaptability, your attitude toward life and people, awareness, poise, unselfishness, intelligence, warmth, a hundred other factors. Physical looks, I should say, are the least important. Many beautiful women are apt to be selfish and do not give as much of themselves as they might. They don’t believe they have to.

If I were laying out a course for the achievement of charm, I would suggest that the first thing a girl needs is perfect physical health. Clear eyes, a smile that displays shining teeth, a fresh, well-scrubbed look—these are absolute requisites for feminine allure.

Most men like the fresh outdoor-type girl for daytime display, and yet in the evening they want her to be seductive, a little smoky around the edges, the illusion heightened. This is quit a trick, but with a little extra work, such a change can be effected. It’s gotten so a girl almost has to be a split personality to fit into the modern (Continued on page 104)
A smart woman knows how to cook. Susan suggests a cooking course for those who don't know how.

You can be the outdoor type by day, but evening calls for feminine allure,” declares Susan Hayward, star of "They'll Never Believe It.”

Verve and vitality make women more attractive. Don't let little upsets disturb you; laugh them off!

Men like to be seen with smartly dressed women. Select clothes with care, warns Susan.

Good grooming means hair must be shining. Susan sits in the sun, brushes her tiffon tresses. It's so relaxing, too!
"I can't drive a nail . . ." Even with Margot to help, Dane can't hang pictures.

"I'm a voracious reader . . ." New books thrill Dane, now making "Deep Valley."

IS MYSELF—DANE CLARK

He's a tough guy on the screen but real life finds him a sentimental gentleman with a warm understanding of this funny world.

Dane's creed: "Life should be full of laughter."
"Can't cook, wish I could." The Clarks have lot of fun with their new barbecue. Dane's specialty—steaks. "I'm so tired of jalopies!" Dane yearns for a new car so he'd get places. (Like you have in movies, Mr. Clark?)

"Wish I could play the piano well." When it's practice time at the keyboard, Mrs. C. is on hand. "I like leather jackets . . . And old clothes. Dane hates to throw away favorite things, has closet-full.

★

**MY REAL NAME**

Is Bernard Zanville. It was changed to Dane Clark when I signed my contract with Warner Brothers.

**MY FIRST Hero** was Frank Merriwell. He was the **SUPERMAN** of his day. I thought him wonderful.

Ambition was to be a motorman or a fireman; then I seriously considered becoming an international jewel thief (I was a "RAFFLES" fan at the time), but gave that up in favor of becoming an international spy. . . . Somehow, baseball won out and when I left high school I was signed as a professional in a minor league team.

Sweetheart was a little girl I used to follow home from school. I'm afraid she never knew, as I was too shy to let her see me. I would scurry along, three houses behind her, dodging around trees if she looked back. Years later, I saw her again. She was almost three times as wide, so I ceased regretting that I'd never caught up with her.

**I LIKE**

Chicken pie, when there's plenty of chicken in it; *(Continued on page 84)*
Meet Texas girl, Gale Storm. Real name: Jo Collins. She's a glamorous movie star, happy wife, devoted mother.

By Kate Holliday

Gale Storm and Don DeFore romance in "It Happened on Fifth Avenue" (Mono.).

Gale wed Lee Bonnell after they won a contest. He's now an RKO actor.

Cinderella Girl
There's fun at the Bonnells when Gale and Lee join little Phillip at play. “No more apartments,” say Gale and Lee. They've bought a roomy house, love it. So does three-year old Phillip. Peter, keep Gale Storm busy.

Gale Storm didn’t need a fairy godmother to help her find success—and love

* There once was a girl named Cinderella—oops, beg pardon! Better start over again.

There once was a girl named Jo Cottle, and she lived in Houston, Texas, until she was 17 years old, and then she went into a dramatic talent contest. She won. Now she lives in Hollywood and earns her living in front of a camera, and her name is Gale Storm.

During the contest—or rather in the contest—she met a boy named Everett Lee Bonnell, and they changed his name (for no good reason) to Terry Belmont, and she fell in love with this boy and married him, and now they have two children, and he earns his living in front of cameras too, only he has unchanged his name again to Lee Bonnell.

That’s about the whole story in a nutshell. What couldn’t happen happened—that’s all. Gale and Lee both live in Hollywood under the same roof, and life seems very pleasant to them.

This contest that Jo Cottle entered (to come out Gale Storm) was strictly on the level. It was a thing called “Gateway to Hollywood,” which was dreamed up by Jesse L. Lasky and promoted by RKO. The country was divided into zones and the most attractive and intelligent kids chosen from them for a stretch in Hollywood. There was a radio show connected with the scheme by which the entire nation could help the judges decide which boys and girls should be given a chance at stardom.

The prizes were contracts at RKO, a promise of a featured role in a soon-to-be-made picture and brand new names for everybody—these new names being publicized as the contest progressed.

Jo (who was soon to become Gale) waded into the contest at the urging of her high school dramatic teacher, who thought that the kid was just as talented as many others who made the big time. Jo was a little leary of the whole thing. She didn’t think she was pretty enough. She had had experience only in high school plays. But she went to the auditions. (Continued on page 108)
THE NEXT TIME...

If you were going to have another lifetime, what would you choose to be? We asked your favorite stars this question and got some surprising answers.

Van Johnson is getting in practice here for the life he would live if reincarnated. "I'd like to be an elephant," he told us. And the reason given by the leading man of "The Romance of Rosy Ridge?" "Just think of all the peanuts I could eat and I wouldn't even have to buy them," he added, with a twinkle in his eyes.

A floating cloud is Audrey Totter's idea of the life perfect. "Just let me laze around in a blue sky without an alarm clock within five thousand feet," said Audrey who is such a hit in "Lady in the Lake." (MGM)
We visited Alan Ladd on his wonderful ranch, "Alsulana Acres." Maybe it was because Alan was feeding the horses—his choice for another life would be "a wild horse, free as the wind, to roam the plains and sleep outdoors."

Here's a real friend! Peter Lawford says, if he could have a new life to live, he'd like to be a "good actor—like Keenan Wynn!" Peter's just finished "My Brother Talks to Horses," doing some good acting himself in it. Above: with pal Keenan.

Wouldn't you think Esther Williams would choose to be a mermaid? But no. She's cuddling an Easter chick here; but actually she'd like to be her pet cocker spaniel and "sit in the sun all day just enjoying life."

Here’s a real friend! Peter Lawford says, if he could have a new life to live, he'd like to be a "good actor—like Keenan Wynn!" Peter's just finished "My Brother Talks to Horses," doing some good acting himself in it. Above: with pal Keenan.

Glenn Ford's wish regarding another life is unique: he'd like to be a cornice on New York's old Empire Theater so he could watch theatrical history in the making. Glenn's making movie history in a new, exciting picture, "Framed."

Glenn Ford's wish regarding another life is unique: he'd like to be a cornice on New York's old Empire Theater so he could watch theatrical history in the making. Glenn's making movie history in a new, exciting picture, "Framed."

Pert little Kathryn Grayson insists she would like to be a canary if she were reincarnated. "Then I could sing without ever worrying about lessons, make-up or acting!"
By PAUL MARSH

When Cornel and Pat married, she shelved dreams of a stage career, turned housewife.

It’s Pat’s turn now to try for success. Cornel is personally coaching her for a film debut.

Hollywood parties are fun, but the Wildes like to spend quiet evenings at home much better!

Can Cornel Wilde’s Marriage Survive Success?

“Yes!” says Cornel whose key to real happiness is—Pat

* Cornel Wilde isn’t the kind of guy who dotes on rehashing the tough row he’s had to hoe to hit the big time. He’ll tell you his story for only one reason—because it is the story of the never-say-die spirit of a lovely girl named Patricia Knight.

This blonde girl, beautiful enough to be a movie queen, nests her hand in his at public places. Why not? There have been plenty of times during their marriage when Pat’s firm hand helped Cornel over the really tough spots and now that success is theirs she doesn’t intend to take her hand away.

If it hadn’t been for Pat, Cornel will tell you with serious intensity, everything that makes life worth living could not have been his. Pat’s courage, her faith, her love have gone into the making of a home and a career. Cornel does not mean to lose any part of it now.  

(Continued on page 100)
High on a plateau on the Outpost, overlooking all of Hollywood and the vast panorama of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brinkman sat side by side in their car. This was the site of the home they would build before the year was out; indeed, they were parked exactly where the living room would be, and they were being quietly contented, dreaming a little, talking occasionally.

Paul said, “A top producer at Twentieth told me today that he had just seen "Margie" and that they considered you the most important find since the days of the really great stars, the Garbos and Shearers. That ought to make you feel pretty proud.”

She smiled. “Of course it does—but not as proud as (Continued on page 56)
Marriage ends a career, claims June Haver, who will marry "sometime" but wants a career first.

June Haver held her new compact up for the admiration of her friends at the luncheon table. It was a lovely thing of gold, with her initials—in jewels—splashed across it. "Terrific," said the girl sitting across from her, "but—are those initials a little off center?"

June grinned. "Mother gave it to me," she explained, "and she's by way of being a trifle sentimental these days. They're off center in order to leave room for another one on the right. When I get married. Which," she added quietly, "may not be until at least five years from now."

"Five, darling? You'll be an old woman of twenty-five."

"I'll be a young woman of twenty-five," corrected June, (Continued on page 56)
JEANNE CRAIN

I am to be Mrs. Paul Brinkman."

"But if there were a choice . . ."

"You know what it would be." Her eyes looked into his and her face was very solemn. "If my career should interfere in the slightest degree with my marriage to you, I'd make confetti out of my contract."

She meant that, and still does, with all her heart.

She has her reasons, and her convictions. When she tells you about them her lovely face grows even lovelier, and you think what a break it would be for the men of the world if all women were so stunning and would say things like this:

"Women were created to be wives and mothers. Some women want to have careers and marry too—I'm one of them—and are lucky enough to be able to do it. But there

(Continued on page 86)

JUNE HAVER

"and I'll have ambition out of my system. For the present, I've got too much work to do . . ."

"If a woman is going to have a career at all," she is wont to remark, "she may as well go whole hog. If she wants to get married and run a house and have children, she should do that—and only that—and not complicate it by trying to work as well.

"When I marry—not only because of my convictions but because of my religion—I propose to make it the one marriage in my life. I can't take any chances with anything as important to me as that. There's no use kidding myself. Work is tremendously important to me now, and will continue to be for a long time. If I married tomorrow or next week or even next year, my career would create a conflict that I might

(Continued on page 90)
DON'T MISS THESE PHOTO SCOOPS! JUNE ALLYSON'S COMPLETE WARDROBE . . . MY IDEA OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN BY BOB COBURN . . . RITA HAYWORTH DANCES AGAIN . . . HOLLYWOOD'S EASTER BONNETS.
Wistful and appealing Janet Blair is a favorite among Bob Coburn's camera girls.
MY IDEA OF
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
BY BOB COBURN

Here's a photographer who finds not one but ALL women beautiful!

(Editor's note: Bob Coburn is head of the photographic department of Columbia Pictures. He taught on a camera some thirty-odd years ago and has been photographing screen lovelies ever since he was old enough to choose a camera subject intelligently.)

* Movieland recently asked me for pictures which illustrate my idea of a beautiful woman. For a photographer to pick from among the most luscious lovelies (I often photograph eighteen of them in a matter of weeks) a girl who embodies all feminine charms in one package—well, that's asking too much even from a photographer.

Instead, on the following pages you will find my idea of beautiful women—all of whom have outstanding characteristics of allure and charm. Some of the pictures are prize winners and I'm not being modest when I say you can only do so much with a camera and the rest depends on the subject you pick. Give me a beautiful girl and a cloud and I'll turn out a passable picture. Give me a beautiful girl (without a cloud) who knows how to pose and I'll have a portrait like the one of Rita Hayworth or the languid appealing picture of Janet Blair.

Out of thousands of pictures that I've taken I can truthfully say these on Movieland's pages following are the best pictures I've ever taken of feminine beauty. Look at them and you'll know why no one girl epitomizes my idea of a beautiful woman.

Janis Carter wanted to be an opera singer, chose motion pictures instead. You'll see her next with Glenn Ford in thriller, "Framed." Coburn can't count the pictures he has taken of Rita Hayworth. He thinks she is exciting blend of allure and naturalness.
Evelyn Keyes has a magical personality, according to Coburn. He put her in chiffon and on a swing before making this graceful shot of the Columbia star.

"More depends on the subject than the camera," says Bob. A few beads, an off-shoulder dress and Ann Miller's come-hither look make a provocative picture.

An ex-cover girl, Marguerite Chapman has many...
different, exciting personalities which the camera can discover. Contrast this sultry photo of glamorous Marguerite with the one on page 62.
Right: The lovely subject is Adele Jergens in a photograph which Coburn says is “tantalizing.”

This striking study of dark-haired Marguerite Chapman has won several prizes. “Three Were Thoroughbreds” is her next film.
In Your Easter Bonnet

A charming pink bonnet with chartreuse flowers and black mesh veil is Ann Miller’s selection.

Flattering black straw be-decked with shiny, black satin ribbons, stiff veiling is a Joan Winfield choice for the big Easter parade.

“Keep your curls in place with a stove-pipe hat,” says Leslie Brooks of “Cigarette Girl.” Hers is off-white with wide black ribbon.

Subtly blended shades of gossamer maline draped on a wide brim is June Vincent’s idea of a really dreamy hat.

Exotic Maria Montez likes this coquettish pill-box hat trimmed with a pink satin-striped band and perky bow.

A graceful swirl of flowers on fuchsia felt is the completely feminine choice of Republic’s Vera Hruba Ralston.

Pretty Frances Gifford smiles approval of this whimsical little red hat. Lovely poppies trim a crownless top, cascade down the back. Fetching!
Beautiful Janis Carter embarks on Spring maneuvers in a spun glass hat with large pink roses and velvet band.

Marguerite Chapman knows big hats are flattering, proves it by modeling this soft beige felt framed with red poppies.

High fashion with a gay look is the trademark of this smart chapeau worn by Ann Miller. Its white felt crown and brim are surrounded by rippling white nylon edged in wide black velvet ribbon. Luscious!

Hollywood forecasts hats to match the gayety of Spring.

Sophisticated or tailored, frivolous or demure—take your choice, if you can. You’ll probably want three or more!

A gay trellis of pink roses accents Louise Allbritton’s powder blue breton. She’ll be seen in “The Egg and I.”

Cartwheels are dramatic! Adele Jergens starts the season with a banana yellow milan. The balloon crown and flange brim are new.

Marsha Hunt’s crossed brim adds a new note to her Spring hat of aqua felt trimmed with roses. You’ll see her in “Carnegie Hall.”

Youthful as well as useful is Frances Gifford’s hat of white straw entwined with black roses.
For their first trip to New York, Dick Powell had a hat designed for June, liked it so well he ordered four more. She never wears them.
what Junie loves and keeps in her wonderful dream-closet

* Just about two years ago, June Allyson was living in a small apartment with one closet to house her entire wardrobe. Today, in the Powell-Allyson household, June has an especially-built dressing room, with closets and cupboards filling two complete walls.

Husband Dick Powell conceived and executed this remarkable dressing room as a surprise for June. The idea was born of a flippant bit of conversation while he was courting Junie. One evening they were talking about getting married. “When I have a house, I’m going to have my own dressing room with a separate closet for everything,” said June. “One for shoes, one for suits, one for sweaters—”

Long-memoried Richard had a surprise ready for his bride when they got a house of their own. He flung open a door to a room he had kept secret. There was June’s dream dressing-room. Dick had put one shoe in the shoe closet, one sweater in the sweater drawer, one pair of slacks over the slack rack. Where he had not been able to get the proper clothes (filched from June’s apartment) he had hung up printed signs.

June’s wardrobe, too, is a vast contrast to the days when she was living alone and just starting out on her career. Then her clothes were simple and inexpensive. Today, the clothes are still simple but no longer inexpensive. She is extremely meticulous about their care, detests having anything out of place. Proudest of her suit collection, she loves to wear two special favorites made of a tweed identical with suits in Richard’s wardrobe, and by his tailor.

June doesn’t like hats, never owned one until she and Dick were planning a trip to New York. Richard ordered a hat for June to wear on the train. He liked it so much that he wired John Fredericks: “Send more. Change colors and material.” So for the first four days they were in the Big City, Mrs. Powell received a hat every morning—same style, different color. Which explains why the twinkling star of “High Barbaree” has five chapeaux—and has worn only one!
June's blouse section would be the envy of many shops. She has a variety ranging from very formal blouses to go with cocktail suits to plain shirts.

Below blouses is slack rack. June has her slacks made for her, prefers gabardine or flannel in solid colors.

June is wearing her pet yellow flannel robe, holding up matching bed jacket; she likes to sleep in short, sheer night gowns like one on clothes rack.

This is June's fanciest night gown of white lace and satin. Sheer negligee is beloved but seldom worn.
A cross section of Allyson shoe department: grey suede sling pumps; black lizard pumps; brown suede with tortoise trim, red loafers.

June's shoe racks are lesson in neathness. New shoes are kept on top shelves; seldom worn shoes below. Evening shoes are boxed.

Ingenious bag closet holds June's variety of purses. She prefers shoulder strap type, wants all her bags to be ever so "big and roomy."

Brown alligator bag in center, with pumps to match, is June's choice for suits. She dotes on black suede pouch in foreground.

For more tailored sleeping clothes, June uses drawer space; here she keeps her silk pajamas and gowns in sachet-scented neatness.

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE
June calls this closet section her “Knobby Knit” shop, after Beverly Hills shop. She loves sweaters, is wearing one sent by fan club.

Grey, hard-finished tweed suit matches one of Dick’s. Tan wool lumberjack has collar, slit pocket trim in black, plus black skirt.

Shelves for scarves and handkerchiefs are loaded with large silk squares in gay prints. June treasures her yellow bridal hanky.

“When Dick wears his brown tweed, I wear mine to confuse him!” laughs June. She has on new Adrian creation.
A slack and suit girl, June has few dresses. Here are tan wool with tri-tone jersey midriff; basic black wool; grey alpaca with inset. June's only two wool coats are this orange wool with black trim and black and white check, usually wears bright-colored jackets.

On outsize bed, tiny June surveys her dearest possessions—a mink coat, sable jacket and black Persian caracul, all gifts from Dick.
Phyllis Calvert, a leading lady from England, gets a taste of make-up methods a la Hollywood.
Hollywood Touch

* Hollywood make-up men have no peers when it comes to making a lady lovely to look at. And when the lady is beautiful already, their results are more than noteworthy. Their latest subject, charming Phyllis Calvert, came to Hollywood to make "Time Out of Mind," her first American picture. (U. S. fans had already acclaimed her in such British hits as "Fanny By Gaslight," "Madonna of the Seven Moons" and "They Were Sisters.") Phyllis soon changed English tweeds for California fashions; picked up some U. S. slang. But what excited her most was the job skillful make-up artists did on her hair and face. "It's that Hollywood touch," she told husband Peter Murray-Hill.

British actor Peter Murray-Hill inspects his newly-glamorized wife and her knitting on "Time Out of Mind" set.

A tour of Universal-International studios was a "must" for Miss Calvert upon arriving in Hollywood. Elaborate prop department intrigued her.

Her make-up job completed, Phyllis awaits her camera call while co-worker Leo G. Carroll gets his finishing touches.
Rita Hayworth’s twinkling toes flash through some spectacular routines in Columbia’s lavish musical about a Grecian goddess

* Rita Hayworth fans will be delighted when they see their favorite back in dancing shoes again. In “Down To Earth,” Rita plays the part of Terpsichore, Grecian goddess of the dance, who falls in love with a mortal man on modern Broadway. Indignant at the way showman Larry Parks is rehearsing a musical about classic Greece, Terpsichore leaves Mount Parnassus, comes down to earth and wins the leading lady’s job.

Terpsichore herself couldn’t do better than Rita does as a goddess making an earthly debut. She performs some spectacular dance routines, including classic ballet, jive, an adagio number and even a dance on roller skates. In one charming sequence, she gives the waltz a new, triangular twist by dancing in ¾ time with Larry Parks and Marc Platt. Many of the intricate steps have never been done in front of a camera before.

To perfect her dancing for the Technicolor opus Rita kept busy for eight months. For the film’s most unusual sequence she endured chills as well as tired feet. Supposedly located in “Heaven,” the scene was shot at Westwood Ice Palace. For three weeks, director, producer and technical crew were done to the teeth in mufflers, leather jackets and flannel boots. But Terpsichorean Hayworth was garbed in a tunic of sheer chiffon weighing four and a half ounces!
Fans will gasp when they see intricate steps performed by light-footed Rita, who gained first fame by dancing. She performs a cavalcade of dance steps from classic to modern in "Down-to-Earth."
Leg show by courtesy of "The Body," also known as Marie McDonald. The blonde beauty is now making "Life's For The Loving" for MGM with Gene Kelly.
forces to form a federation of Mason clubs—
with one official headquarters, journal, mem-
bership card, etc. They want to hear from 
all the other "Masonettes," too. The Frank 
Sinatra club, headed by Elsie Ellovitch, has 
adopted a three-year-old French war orphan, 
and they keep her well supplied with food, 
clothing and toys. The Nouvelles de Jean 
Pierre (Aumon) are rooting for him to get 
the part of Francois Villon if and when they 
re-make "It I Were King."

OUT OF THE MAILBAG

Guildegrams, from the Movie and Radio 
Club Guild, was chock full of info, on all 
the clubs—and sported a suitable-for-framing 
cover photo of handsome Dick Travis. Glenn's 
Book, from Eileen McCarthy’s Vernon corner, 
was quite newsy—and watch out for this 
club, 'cause it's really heading upward! The 
as yet un-named Bill Carter book was a real 
treat—and they're staging a bang-up con-
test (just like ours!) to title it. While we're 
on the subject of journals, tho', may we add 
that we do believe that all club books should 
contain an index—after all, don't all big-
time publications?

THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY

Latest reports from the Hollywood Party 
committee (in charge of the stupendous club 
convention this June) is the big raffle news. 
Sometime in May they plan to hold a before-
convention drawing from all the tickets on 
hand—and the lucky winner gets a free 
round-trip to Hollywood for the convention! 
AND, winning the trip doesn't exclude that 
lucky clubber from taking home some of the 
lovely gifts donated by the stars. So how 
'bout it? Have you got your tickets yet? 
Greatest thing about this raffle, tho', is the 
fact that ALL proceeds go to the Cancer Fund!

FLASH!!!

We've always been all for bettering fan 
clubs, so just to keep you on your toes, and 
make sure you're pluggin' away to make your 
club the biggest and the best we're 
starting one of those contests we've done so 
much orating about! It will begin this 
month (April) and will last over a period of 
six months. And the contest is this: Each 
month we'll give fifty points for the best 
journal received (and this will include the 
editing, cover, art work, snapshot layout, 
etc.), ten points for the club cooperating most 
with MOVIELAND (corresponding regularly, 
sending journals promptly, etc.), twenty-five 
points for the most noteworthy contribution 
to a charity, and twenty-five points for the 
individual article we'll pick from one of the 
six journals chosen. Then, at the end of the 
six months, we'll tally up the points—AND, 
because we know that the clubs need public-
ity more than anything else, the winner will 
have the entire "Your Fan Club" column de-
voted to his club. A real feature on you, if 
you're the lucky club proxy. Better still, in 
this feature we'll have pictures of you with 
your honorary proxy, chapter get-togethers, 
and maybe even a pet snap you send 
us. How does that sound to you? Remember 
—this contest starts April 1—so keep those 
journals and letters pouring in!

Don't be uncomfortable "next time"

Tired of "monthly" bother? Had enough of old-
-fashioned belts and pads? Been disappointed in other 
methods? You will certainly welcome Meds perfected 
internal protection—invisible in use!

- Meds have the famous "Safety-Well" for your 
extra protection.
- Meds are made of fine cotton—soft and absorb-
ent for extra comfort.
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ing to individual needs without back pressure.
- Meds applicators are dainty and efficient, firm, 
smooth, completely disposable.

Meds are made in two sizes: De Luxe with super ab-
sorbency; and Slender—the new, easy-to-insert size that 
brings you undreamed-of comfort with the REGULAR
absorbency most mature women need.

Do send today for your introductory package of these 
new Slender Meds—so "next time" you, too, can enjoy 
this wonderful new comfort!

De Luxe MEDS with SUPER absorbency for 
greater need (in dark blue box)

Slender MEDS with REGULAR absorbency and 
extra ease-of-use (in light blue box)

29¢ for 10 in applicators

Martha Steele
Personal Products Corporation
Milltown, New Jersey

Dear Martha Steele: I want to try the new Slender Meds. Please 
send me, in plain wrapper, the introductory package of 3 for which 
I enclose 10¢ in coin to cover mailing cost.

Name
Address
City... State
Here's the latest inside information on what's brisk on the whirling discs

* Frank Sinatra is in the news again, this time on the other end of a rumor that he will return to the Saturday Night Hit Parade program in a few weeks. In the meantime, with Joan Edwards off the show, Dinah Shore, Betty Hutton, Judy Garland and Dick Haymes are slated for guest appearances . . . Buddy Moreno, former vocalist with Dick Jurgens and Harry James, is organizing a band and is set to open at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago the first week in April . . . Marion Hutton has been signed for one of the leads in the new Broadway revue, "The Fourth Little Show" . . . Johnny Desmond has been in Hollywood taking tests for several big studios and may wind up with a movie contract . . . Helen O'Connell and her husband, Clifford Smith, are expecting another addition to their family in the late spring. And all the King Sisters, with the exception of Donna, are on Sir Stork's calling list . . . ditto for Jimmy Saunders and his wife. She was Rita Daigle, famous model and "Miss Rheingold of 1946 . . . Buddy Rich has broken up his band and taken a huge financial loss . . . Frank Sinatra, who helped Rich organize to the tune of $35,000, is also out of his investment money. Buddy plans to tour the country as a featured performer with the Norman Granz Jazz Concerts . . . Mel Torme, who is rapidly becoming a sensation through his fine records, has been signed to headline the next show at New York's Copacabana Club . . . The music world was saddened by the sudden death in New York of Arthur Wright, former vocalist with Sammy Kaye's orchestra. Arthur left the Kaye band several months ago because of ill health . . . Jimmy Dorsey finally signed with (Continued on page 82)
ADVICE TO READERS FOR
BAD SKIN
Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW 'SKIN DOCTOR’S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

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

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

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

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

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

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor’s directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 97, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor’s directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn’t cost you a cent.
Opportunities Greater Than Ever
All fields of authorship are growing and the demand for material is creating great opportunities for new writers.

Have you ever had an urge to write? Have you or friends had interesting experiences? Do you like to study people? All you may need is the technique of expressing your thoughts in an interesting professional manner.

You don't have to have a big name or be a great writer to make good money. Most famous authors were once just ordinary people—with an urge to write. Conrad couldn't even read English at 20. Gertrude Atherton was once a housewife, Conan Doyle a doctor, Jack London a sailor, Vina Delmar, Gertrude Atherton was once a housewife, Conan Doyle a doctor, Jack London a sailor, Vina Delmar, Gertrude Atherton was once a housewife, Conan Doyle a doctor, Jack London a sailor, Vina Delmar, Gertrude Atherton was once a housewife, Conan Doyle a doctor, Jack London a sailor, Vina Delmar, Gertrude Atherton was once a housewife, Conan Doyle a doctor, Jack London a sailor, Vina Delmar, Gertrude Atherton was once a housewife, Conan Doyle a doctor, Jack London a sailor, Vina Delmar, Gertrude Atherton was once a housewife, Conan Doyle a doctor, Jack London a sailor.

Many beginners earn while learning, selling short stories, articles of all kinds, which bring in small but welcome checks of $25, $50, $100 and more. Such material may be turned out quickly once you acquire the proper technique. And now it's easier to learn than you may imagine, through Palmer's unique method of training—for just one field of writing, but for all: Fiction, Article, Radio.

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"The course has already made more than paid for itself in editors' checks. I have not received a single rejection slip as a Palmer student and have more assignments than time to cover." Rev. Donald H. James, Tilton, La.

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ON THE TOWN WITH "JANIE AND JOE" (Continued from page 36)

Ginger Rogers' ermine polo coat had everyone talking! She's with hubby Jack Briggs.

ON THE TOWN WITH "JANIE AND JOE"

Dream-girl Evelyn Keyes was there with John...
Huston, her director-husband, and so was Jennifer Jones, at whom Joe doesn’t mind gazing, either. Lionel Barrymore was a guest, too, and I saw Claude Dauphin and the Pecks, and the Alfred Hitchcocks.

Oh, beans! Honestly, here I am all my life pining away to a shadow of a shadow, for just a look-see at that dream dust known locally as Jerome Courtland (remember what a quiver-giver he was in “Kiss and Tell?”) and then I have to go and lose my head and step right on his foot when I’m being introduced to him at the Atwater Kent party. Oh, I could give me such a hit! Mr. Kent threw this whing-ding for Jerry on account of he (Jerry) is just this minute out of the hospital after being wounded in the war. The party was a real whirler, but I had to stay—or do I mean hen it?—because Joe was nursing the flu. It was a slick party with Shirley Temple and John Agar, Mona Freeman and that absolute pant-pant man Pat Nearney, Elizabeth Taylor and Marshall Thompson. Everybody was with somebody except me, and I just stood around with my tongue hanging out and my ears overlapping until I could sneak out and make tracks for Joe’s bedside. I might add when I got there he was propped up in bed reading a gory whodunit and eating crackers. I ask you!

Our pub-crawling this season had us panting from sheer exhaustion, and we hope you all appreciate our work. My size 5’s are now 5’s and 6’s!

Anyhow, and so forth, we saw that t.d. and h. man, Rory Calhoun, with new actress Raven McBride at Mocambo, and at La Rue: Charles Bickford, the Cornel (beautiful) Wildes, Joan Fontaine and her husband, Bill Dozier, the Arthur Hornblows, violinist Jascha Heifetz, the Peter Lorres, Ann Sothern and her cute man Bob Sterling, and ex-governor Lehman of New York!

The most crushing sight we ever saw was that doll, Tom Drake, stagging it at Mocambo.

Took in a couple of air shows, too, and there was that man again—Mr. P-e-c-k—with Claude Jarman, Jr., and Jane Wyman. They did “The Yearling” for the Screen Guild show. And then, on the Hollywood Players air show, we saw G. Peck again. It may sound monotonous, but honestly, it’s anything but! There’s the first, dream boat ever launched. What a mellow man! Joseph Cotten was there, too, with the new actress Janet Leigh, and Joe-Joe got an awfully cute shot of them. Had fun with Peiie Lawford and Joan Loring at the Academy Award Theatre program. The half-sixers mobbed Peiie, match. Joan got hysterical listening to Peiie tell about his personal appearance tour with Keenan Wynn.

Saw Steve Cochran and that cute Faye MacKenzie at one of the night spots. They told Joe-boy and me that their “honeymoon” cottage on the side of one our hills out here has been finished. Their marriage, we hear, started out full of misunderstanding and unhappiness, but there are lots of stars in their eyes now.

In a state of complete bedazzlement I shall now sign off. Gosh, my memory must be good. Even after a party like Mitch Leisen’s I can remember way back a year ago when my idea of a rip-roaring evening was a session with the platter machine, some cold cokes and a good partner! Ah, well. Live and learn.

In remembrance,

Janie.

---

How much freedom can a career girl enjoy?

Bright young careerists—girls to whom freedom of action means so much—have made a smart discovery for you!

Girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin tested a new, improved napkin, Free-Stride Modess. Object: To see if it gave freedom from chafe.

The answer: 102 out of 127 reported no chafing with Free-Stride Modess!

The secret of chafe-free comfort so many girls found in Free-Stride Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the napkin edges.

Free-Stride Modess has extra cotton on its edges—extra softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

102 out of 127 MODELS, ARTISTS, WRITERS REPORT NO CHAFING WITH FREE-STRIDE MODESS

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Free-Stride Modess has extra cotton on its edges—extra softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture inside the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don’t chafe!

So safe, too! Free-Stride Modess has a triple safety shield and a sealed-in deodorant to keep you confident. On sale everywhere now. Product of Personal Products Corporation.

Walk with comfort! Try the new Free-Stride Modess!
the new M.G.M. record company, as did Sy Oliver... Tommy Dorsey and his wife, Pat Dane, are still together, despite all the rumors that they would separate... and the Stan Kentons are still undecided as to whether to call their marriage off, but their friends are hoping for a permanent reconciliation...

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

VICTOR:

Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra have recorded two of the hit ballads from the new Broadway musical comedy, "Finian's Rainbow,"... "How Are Things In Glocca Morra?" and "When I'm Near The One I Love." Stuart Foster does both vocals.

Also in the ballad department this month are Tex Beneke and the Miller orchestra, with "Speaking of Angels" and "It Might Have Been A Different Story." Gary Stevens does the vocal on the first side and the Mellow-larks lyricize the second.

The Three Suns made their debut on the Victor label with "Goodbye Girls, I'm Through," and "Twilight Time," which is their theme song. This trio, composed of guitar, electric organ and accordion, have become very popular, especially in New York.

Sammy Kaye and his Swing and Swayers offer "I Can't Believe It Was All Made Believe" sung by Mary Marlowe, and "Midnight Masquerade," with a vocal by Don Cornell and the Three Kaydets. "Masquerade" is arranged much the same as Kaye's recent hit, "The Lamplighter."

Freddy Martin has recorded a new song about that romantic spot off the coast of Los Angeles, "Santa Catalina Island." It's a tropical ballad reminiscent of "Avalon." On the reverse side is another new one, "Say So."

For his second record on his new Victor contract, Colant Basie has made a solid jive thing, "Free Eats," and a fast boogie type instrumental, "Bill's Mill."

Phil Harris has two novelties this month, both done in his typical style, "The Preacher and The Bear," and "What Will It Get You In The End?"

Charlie Spivak and his orchestra combine a bouncy instrumental, "Leave Some" with a pretty ballad, "Let's Put Our Dreams Together," sung by Jimmy Saunders. This was the last record Jimmy made with the Spivak band before going out on his own.

Jane Harvey, Desi Arnaz's vocalist, has made a solo record, accompanied by the Page Cavanaugh Trio. She sings "My Number One Dream Came True," and a hillbilly blues ditty called "Foggy River." She does an especially good job on the latter.

Herbie Fields, who has one of the best of the newer bands, comes forth with "Baby Made A Change In Me" and "Mistral." Herbie does the vocal on "Baby" and plays some fine clarinet. "Mistral" was originally written as a piano composition, but Fields has arranged it to feature his soprano and alto sax work.

Perry Como's latest is "Easter Parade" and "Song of Songs." The "Song" side should be as big for Perry as his "Temptation" and "Prisoner of Love."

DECCA:

The Andrews Sisters, with Vic Seehoorn's orchestra, have waxed a patriotic number called "My Dearest Uncle Sam" coupled with the oldie, "Lullaby of Broadway."

Bing Crosby has a reissue of "Easter Parade," with John Scott Trotter's orchestra and a new one with brother Bob's band, "I've Got Plenty To Be Thankful For."

The Gnoaner also has an album of Victor Herbert melodies. There are six sides in all, including the favorites "Ahi Sweet Mystery of Life," "Sweethearts," "When You're Away," "Thine Alone," and two numbers in which he duets with Frances Langford, "I'm Falling In Love With Someone," and "Gypsy Love."

The following releases are all part of the new Decca Collectors' Series, and all are reissues. There's an old Tony Martin two-some "Don't Take Your Love From Me" and "I'm Stepping Out With A Memory Tonight." Connie Boswell's "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Look For The Silver Lining." Count Basie's orchestra doing "John's Ideal" and his famous "One O'Clock Jump," and "Easter Parade" and "Always" by Guy Lombardo and The Royal Canadians.

MUSICRAFT:

Gordon MacRae, with Walter Gross' orchestra sings "Talking Is A Woman" on an "imitation" Calypso, and the popular old standard, "Love Is The Sweetest Thing."

Musicraft has some excellent albums this month. First there's "Duke Ellington At Carnegie Hall," featuring the best of the numbers he introduced at Carnegie Hall last fall. The sides include "Overture To A Jam Session," an impressionistic piece by Billy Strayhorn, featuring the violin, work of Ray Nance; "The Beautiful Indikins," in two parts, His-watha and Minnehaha, spotlighting Kay Davis in one of her vocals without words; "Flippan Flurry," "Golden Feather," "Sultry Sunset," (this one has a wonderful alto sax solo by Johnny Hodges) and "Iam-A-Ditty," also known as "Concerto For Four Jazz Horns." If you're an Ellington fan, don't miss this album.

Then there's a set called "Rumba with Miquelito Valdes." Miquelito has done eight sides of Latin American songs—"Tambobead," "El Cuen" (The Box), "La Comparsa," "Algo Nuevo" (Something New), "Ir Recuerden La Ola Marina," "El Tumbaito," "Ahora" Seremos Felices," and "El Marquero."

Last but not least there's "The Pied Piper of Hamlin," by Artie Shaw and his orchestra with Harry Von Zell as narrator. This is the work which was originally done by Artie on the Columbia Workshop radio series in 1946, and it has been excellently adapted to record. Artie's clarinet is of course featured throughout.

CAPITOL:

Jack Smith smiles his way through "If This"

(Continued on page 83)
Isn't Love" and "I Tipped My Hat And Slowly Rode Away," supported by the Clark Sisters and Earl Sheldon's Orchestra.

One of the newer names on the Capitol label, but one of the best, is Matt Dennis. With Paul Weston's orchestra he sings "Roses In The Rain," and "Linda."

Alvin Rey and his orchestra have waxed, "That's How Much I Love You" and "Why Don't We Say We're Sorry." His vocal group, The Blue Reys, handle the vocal on the first side and also sing behind Jimmy Joyce on the second.

Stan Kenton and his band are in with a new one, a ballad called "After You" and a cute Cuban Calypso entitled "His Feet Too Big For De Bed." Stan's new group of five voices, whom he calls The Pastels, are featured on the ballad, and June Christy, with the group, sings the Calypso.

Capitol is excited about a new singer they have just signed. His name is Joe Alexander and he has an unusual baritone voice. His first record is "I Keep Telling Myself," which he also wrote, and the old ballad, "At Your Command."

COLUMBIA:

Frank Sinatra has something a little different in "That's How Much I Love You," with the Page Cavanaugh Trio. It's a hot western ballad, done up with plenty of bounce. At the end of the record Frank speaks out with, "When I love's ya, honey chile, I leans on it a little bit!" The reverse is "I Got A Gal I Love," with Axel Stordahl's orchestra, a ballad done in the usual Sinatra style.

Dinah Shore is also in a bit of a western mood with "Heartaches, Sadness and Tears," which she sings with Spade Cooley's cowboy band. On the flipover she does "Anniversary Song," from "The Jolson Story."

Woody Herman has a new version of his famous "Woodchopper's Ball" backed up by "Someone New." Both are instrumentals, featuring Flip Phillips on tenor sax and Bill Harris on trombone.

Frankie Carle, who was number one platter seller of them all in 1946, is in with two new ballads—"Roses In The Rain," sung by Marjorie Hughes and "You Are There," with Greg Lawrence on the vocal. Plenty of Carle piano on both.

"They Can't Convince Me" and "Let's Put Our Dreams Together" are given good treatment by Elliot Lawrence and his orchestra. The first tune is from Rita Hayworth's new picture, "Down To Earth." Jack Hunter sings both sides.

The End

What does June Allyson think of Dick Powell? Watch for Movieland's Blue Ribbon Interview with the Powells in the May issue
One glance at the gently rounded end of Fibs and you know insertion's bound to be easy with this tampon. And your first experience proves it's so! Next month, switch to FIBS. 

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**THE FIRST THING I REMEMBER**

I was being terribly frightened. I was walking frantically from room to room. A doctor was operating on my mother after an accident and there was a horrible odor of anaesthetics. I was three years old. Everyone was too busy to notice me, so sometimes I watched the doctor sewing my mother up, sometimes I just ran panic-stricken through the house. I'll never forget it. It left me with a horror of hospitalization which I've never overcome.

**I HAVE NEVER**

Been on a picnic; Learned to play golf; Been fussy about food, if it's good, I like it.

**I ADMIRE**

People who can build things ... I can't drive a nail into a board; People who have the power of self-discipline. Ballet dancers have it; they amaze me with their control over their bodies. I find it exhilarating to watch them, their strength and skill and the perfect rhythm of the dance.

**I WISH I COULD**

Play the piano well; Speak half a dozen languages; Learn to relax; Become a good actor—as good as I think I am.

**I ENJOY**

Practical jokes, but I don't take them very well. I'm always so gullible, it comes as a shock that the joke isn't true. Swimming—I mean, I wish I could swim!

**I CAN'T STAND**

Fussing over details; Prejudiced people; Long telephone conversations.

**I'M A COLLECTOR**

Of old clothes. Every now and then my wife makes me buy something new, but I hate to give up the ones I'm used to, so anything I ever had, I've still got.

**I REMEMBER**

Arriving in Hollywood. Nobody had invited me; I came on my own. For a year I barged into studios and was regularly thrown out. Then one day I was sitting in a drugstore when Eddie Gilbert, whom I'd known in New York, came in. He asked what I was doing; I said "Nothing," and he cried: "I can use you!" I'm doing a short at Warner's. It's a war thing, so there's no money, but you'll have film to show." Then Mark Hellinger and Sam Wood helped me, and soon I was in "ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC." It was too good a part to waste on an outsider, so I got a contract . . . and here I am. The night I met my wife. I was in "STAGE DOOR" on Broadway. She came backstage to see someone, we met and got into an argument ... and we've been arguing ever since.

**I LIKE**

Artichokes, when I can get butter; Walking; I used to take a walk every night in New York, but in Hollywood nobody does it; there seems to be an all-time open season on pedestrians. My last picture "THAT WAY WITH WOMEN," Poker. No. I LOVE poker!

**I DON'T CARE FOR**

Horse racing. I like to take part in sports, and I can't ride the horse I bet on.

**MY FAVORITE**

Meal is steak and salad; Play is "OF MICE AND MEN;" Music is classical—Brahms, for choice—and jazz—anything played by Count Basie; Sport is boxing; Film is "THE INFORMER;" I also like "CASABLANCA;" and Leo McCarey made a gem of a picture once with Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore called, I think, "YEARS ARE SO LONG."

**THE FIRST THING I NOTICE ABOUT A WOMAN**

Well, there are two kinds of women: the ones you whistle at and the ones you don't; I have good friends in both classifications.

**THE FIRST THING I NOTICE ABOUT A MAN**

Is whether he has trouble keeping his weight down. I have to work hard at it, so I hate all streamlined men with broad shoulders and slim hips.

**MY FAVORITE**

People are those who can say "I don't know," who can listen to other points of view, who can discuss any subject without becoming arbitrary. Book changes as I read. I'm a voracious reader; every time I find something new, I'm excited. This week it's Russell Janney's "MIRACLE OF THE BELL;" My long-time favorites are all of Dickens: Joseph Conrad's sea stories, Tolstoy's "WAR AND PEACE." New ones include Albert Maltz' "THE CROSS AND THE ARROW," and that threat to Heming way, James Nabov's "LONG NOVEMBER;"

**I'M MAD ABOUT**

"DEEP VALLEY," my current picture, an (Continued on page 85)
my part in it; Ida Lupino, Hollywood's most wonderful actress, who plays the girl; and the three great actors who are working with us—Fay Bainter, Henry Hull and Wayne Morris.

MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME
Is to be with ten thousand other maniacs, screaming my lungs out, at a good fight.

I'M GUILTY OF
Breaking my diet;
Saying: "Tomorrow I will get around to that!"
Not having that superb self-discipline I so much admire.

I CAN'T
Cook. But one night I invited people over to christen my new barbecue; I threw steaks on the grill, seasoned them and kept turning till they were burned on both sides. Everyone said they were wonderful. It was a total miracle.

I'M FOND OF
Cheek to cheek dancing—it depends on the cheek, though;
Old songs like "I'll Get By," "The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea," and "Ain't Misbehavin'";
A good car—I'm so tired of jalopies; I'd like to know, when I say I'm going somewhere, that I'll get there!
A role that exhausts me... I'd love to be exhausted for that reason all the time!

I'D LIKE TO LIVE OVER
My whole life, if I could improve on it. There's so much bitterness, so much useless struggle in life. It should be full of loveliness and laughter. I missed a lot, as I fought my way along. A second time, I'd take happiness when I saw it, not push it aside thinking: "I haven't time for it now!"

I THINK
The reason pictures seldom stay with you, as fine plays and books do, is because, when they get a strong story, producers are apt to say: "We'd better lighten it up, it's going a little heavy!" Yet the things that stay with you are those where they DID go a little heavy.

MY MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE
Was the time I went back to New York from Hollywood. Every man's dream is to go home a success. When I lived there, I was nobody; when I returned home, I was an individual. People were aware of me; they pointed me out in restaurants; kids asked for autographs; taxi drivers yelled: "Hiya, Dane!" I felt that I mattered—whether or not I did. It all gave me confidence, and a sort of spiritual uplift that's good for everyone.

I BELIEVE IN
Human dignity. There should be enough for everyone in the world. It's wonderful to feel that I am even partially fulfilled, and I wish everyone could have his own fulfillment.

FOR THE FUTURE
I wish I could do important work in an untroubled world... Or just forget my important work and let's have an untroubled world!

The End

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to have bath. However it seems to me there can’t be any choice in the matter. Naturally, if you don’t fall in love or have a husband, there’s no problem at all. But all the money in the world, all the fame, all the enjoyment I could ever have in my work couldn’t have kept me from falling in love with Paul, or from marrying him when he asked me to.

“I once had a girl friend who called me up one evening, and asked if she could come over and talk. We went up to my room, broke out a box of chocolates, turned on the radio so no one else in the house could hear, and we started to talk.”

“Shel’d worked a long time in school taking dramatic and singing lessons because she wanted to be an actress, and she’d had a little success out here in Hollywood. She was in love with a really wonderful boy—tall and handsome, with a sense of humor and a good mind. They were absolutely right together. They liked the same things: swimming, sailing, riding, concerts, books—and both of them adopted children.

“They were planning to be married in the fall. She’d been offered a good part in a play that was opening in New York, but his job was on the Coast. She thought perhaps if she were a success in the play she could get a studio job, and they could be married when she came back. But she knew if she married him now, and turned down the play offer, she might never have another chance.

“And what would I do if I were in her place? I couldn’t tell her, because giving people advice is a thankless business. But to me there just wasn’t any question about it.

“Well, she went to New York. That was three years ago. I saw her briefly a few months ago and she told me she had married a young actor she had met in the play. She was quite happy, except that he had signed with a road company that was to tour the country, and she had a chance in pictures at last.

“That’s all about her, except that I read in a column the other day that she was in Las Vegas, getting a divorce.

“Of course it’s a matter of individual personalities. Maybe I’m not being altogether fair to the girls who have worked and starved at their careers all their lives, who have plugged away in dramatic schools and walked from agent’s office to agent’s office, who have starved themselves to get a good figure and worked at bit parts for years. It didn’t happen that way with me.”

Indeed it did not. If ever there were a natural, born-to-be-actress it was Jeanne Crain, who at 19 had a literally perfect figure and a face like a pert angel; whose voice was low but compelling and full of expression; who carried herself with assurance and grace; who had a natural poise and who was loved by no one.

Her family was in comfortable circumstances and was perfectly well able to put her through the best schools, dress her attractively, and keep her happy until such time as she could make up her mind about whether she wanted an acting career or one as an artist, or perhaps make a selection from the throng of beaux who would inevitably surround her.

Then one night Jeanne went to a little theater to watch a play, and there were three talent scouts in the audience who, during intermission, kept looking at Jeanne and asking questions about her instead of bothering with the cast. The next day Twentieth called her, saying, “How about a screen test?”

They signed her, waited half a year, and gave her the lead in “Home in Indiana.” And that was that!

But at the same time that this effortless, smooth-as-cream success story was happening to her, she met Paul. She had seen him once, briefly, at a brunch party at the Kesters’ ranch but she’d been only fifteen, then, and he was having a try at a movie career at Warner Brothers under the name of Paul Brooks.

Now she was mature and beautiful. Paul was running a small war plant and looked less like an actor and more like a debonair, successful young business man. He came up to her while she was lunching with her mother at the Farmer’s Market and said, “You are the Miss Crain who knows the Kesters, aren’t you?”

“What you sit with us?” asked Mrs. Crain. Before he left, he had asked Jeanne to dine with him the following evening.

That first date was a New Years Eve party, and at midnight, with the lights turned low for a brief moment, he had kissed her and said, simply, “This is the girl I’m going to marry.”

Jeanne was not at all sure of that. “I don’t know that I am ready to be serious and starve just yet,” she told a close studio friend.

The close studio friend, mindful of Jeanne’s career, thought of Lon McCallister and Henry King, Jr., and other Crain escorts and laughingly said that she could certainly wait awhile to make up her mind about any of them.

Wherefore Jeanne saw Paul again, and after that again, and finally she was in love. She was so much in love that one evening, when she was at the Tail O’ the Cock with another boy and saw Paul with another girl, she felt suddenly sick with jealousy.

That evening when she got home the tel... (Continued from page 87)
phone was ringing; it was Paul, in precisely the same mood. They talked for an hour and a half, and when they finally said goodnight it was with the understanding that neither would go anywhere except with each other.

And now studio counsellors, weighing the matter of Jeanne's career against the fact of her age and her first love, found the situation frightening. They said, “Jeanne, you’re so young. Give yourself six months of not seeing Paul at all. Then, if you still feel the way you do now…”

For four months, until VJ day, Jeanne followed that advice. She went places with the boys the studio chose for her, and with Lon when he came home on furlough, and with Henry.

But on the day Japan surrendered Paul phoned her. “This is the greatest moment in our history,” he said. “I couldn’t spend it with anyone but you.”

It was just what she had been waiting for. During the rest of that year they saw each other constantly; and Christmas Eve they decided that they would wait no longer.

They were married the morning of December 31.

When you talk to Jeanne today you hear little about her work, the pictures she is making, what happens to her on the set. You hear about the new house which at last is started on Outpost mountain.

You hear about the four children the Brinkmans plan to have, and how they will be raised and what they may be named.

You hear about the evenings spent at home in which the Brinkmans read aloud to each other. You hear about the little Santa Monica apartment, and the way Jeanne cooks.

And if you did not know that the girl you are talking to is a very great star indeed, with one of the most glowing career futures in the industry, you would almost believe that Jeanne Crain has disappeared, and that only Mrs. Paul Brinkman, housewife, remains.

The End

Jeanne Crain relaxes at home. Her newest picture is “In The Meantime, Darling.”
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MOVIELAND APPLAUDS

(Continued from page 33)

Claude Rains—for his acute performance of the brittle, sophisticated musical conductor in "Deception." Rains was born in England and prior to coming to Hollywood 13 years ago, was a reigning favorite on the London stage and a leading character actor with the Theatre Guild in New York. He launched his career in the Phantom title role of "The Invisible Man," and since then has played an amazing variety of character roles ranging from lovable fathers, dozing lovers, and dolt crackpots to arch fiends and vicious villains. His presence in any cast is an automatic guarantee of an excellent, and thoughtful performance.

Claude Jarman, Jr.—for his enchanting portrayal of the boy, Jody, in "The Yearling." Seldom if ever has Hollywood witnessed such natural charm and unstudied simplicity as young Jarman himself possesses. He magically transferred it to the screen in his debut role, completely without benefit of previous theatrical training. In Hollywood parlance, he's a natural.

Born in Nashville, Tenn. in 1934, Claude is the son of a railroad accountant. He was discovered by Director Clarence Brown in the 5th Grade of the Eakin Elementary school in Nashville. His trip to Hollywood for his screen test was Claude's first time away from his native city. Although he was an avid movie-goer on his own (two or three a week), no thought of becoming an actor ever had entered his mind. His chief ambition had been to play halfback on the Tennessee Vols football team. Since "The Yearling," he has made his second picture, "High Barbaree"—but he still wants to play football with the Vols. Compared to being a movie star, it would be infinitely more important to him.

James Stewart—for his masterfully playing of the lead in the romantic comedy "It's a Wonderful Life." Stewart, who got his dramatic training in Princeton's famed Triangle Club, has been considered a "find" since the beginning.

He was one of the first screen stars to go into the Army, having enlisted in the A.C., in March 1941, before Pearl Harbor. He came out at the end of the war as a Lieutenant-Colonel, with the Air Medal and the Distinguished Flying Cross. He was the leader of a bomber squadron over Germany.


Jane Wyman—for the depth of the mother's role in "The Yearling." Jane is an experienced and sincere star of a dozen years' standing in Hollywood—but she made two false attempts at storming the film capital, one when she was eight years of age (her mother thought she was destined to be the Shirley Temple of her day) and the other when she was 16 (when she did some musical comedy chorus dancing and very little else).

Jane was born in 1914 in St. Joseph, Mo. She was named Sarah Jane Fulke. She studied at the University of Missouri. For a time she was an itinerant radio singer.

In 1934 she hit Hollywood for the third time, and this time she stuck. She got a part in Universal's "My Man Godfrey" with William Powell and Carole Lombard. Then she was signed by Warner Brothers.


Fredric March—for his wonderful, lovable, laughable role of Al Stevenson, the banker-returned Sergeant, in "The Best Years of Our Lives." In all his years in dramatics, and they have been rich ones, both on the stage and screen, March has never done better than as a man bent on seeing that returned veterans get a chance to succeed in civilian life. In his earnestness, he gets into some zany situations and even a stone would laugh at the March flair for comedy. As a young man, March came to New York from his native Racine, Wisconsin to learn the banking business. He soon turned instead to dramatics, made his debut in a Belasco production mob scene. The Theater Guild gave him a chance at a road run in "The Guardsman," and he took it, "fortunately," he says for it was here he met actress Florence Eldridge whom he later married. Spotted in a Los Angeles production of "The Royal Family," March was signed up by film studios and quickly climbed to the top of the movit ladder in such hits as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Design for Living," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Anthony Adverse." Recently he made "Adventures of Mark Twain" and "Tomorrow the World." Between pictures, he has starred in some notable plays—two of the outstanding ones being "Skin of Our Teeth," and "A Bell for Adano."

The End
That is, I was until I went on location with his public and his friends, I was honestly a distinct feeling of terror, remembering the was with him, I was mobbed, too. I had to some over-enthusiastic teen-agers, and I recalled Glenn Ford's almost losing an eye Cary's nose. "Sign this," she demanded shrilly. Grant raised his eyebrows. "What she repeated. "I'm sorry," the star said, "I was admitted to the gal, who growled something unpleasant and disappeared into the crowd. soup course when a young girl streaked up couldn't go around kissing every female who tried to explain his way but. Obviously, he elbowed his way through the dining room racing cars," he blurted. "My what?" asked A few minutes later a brash young man After dinner we went for a walk on the pier to take in the concessions, but after we had to be escorted back to the hotel by the Shore Patrol. Right then I stopped fence-sitting and plunged over onto Cary's side of the Bobby-soxer argument. On the other side of the ledger is the story of the 'teen-age visitor from Oklahoma, who was a guest on the set at the studio. She stayed quietly in the background while we were on the set, but after I had finished filming, she approached him and asked politely if he would believe there is anything basically wrong with bobby-soxers. They become carried away by enthusiasm, perhaps, by the spirit of adventure—that's all. They're good kids. They're just—well, thoughtless. And speaking of youngsters, I feel I should mention again the help we received from three kids on this picture. One of them was Shirley Temple, who, although a star, passed through the Bobbie-sox period the same as any other girl, just a few years ago. Shirley saved Cary Grant from defeat at the hands of a jalopy—"It was a typical teen-ageer's swoon wagon—a hopped-up model A. And Grant was supposed to drive it in the film. He could drive it, all right, but he could never get it started. I'll show you how," said Shirley—and did, expertly. Another help was dancer Bobby Brooks, whose job it was to execute a few routines in the picture. One day on the set she was leading through the script. She stopped at one scene, read it through twice, and let out a groan of dismay. "This," she said, "is definitely icky." I must have looked dumbfounded because Shirley Temple had to translate it for me. "She means it's n. g." We employed the talents of another young lady, Margaret Wise, to teach Cary to jitterbug. Margaret is a secretary on the RKO lot and a rabid Cary Grant fan. But more than that she is a champion jitterbug dancer. She had the patience of Job, because it took her favorite actor three weeks to master the complicated art of cutting a carpet. Because Cary was supposed to progress slowly in the picture, we shot the various stages of his actual terpsichorean progress. Margaret was terribly proud of her pupil. "Personally, I liked working with the kids on the Bachelor of the Bobby-Soxer," I like kids, period. But I do think a word of warning is in order. So listen. If you'd rather be dream dust than fly bait or still life, mind your manners! Take it from an old man—"May I?" "Please," and "Thank you" are really hep talk, no matter how short you wear your socks! The End
A woman, aided by Philo Burt support, writes: '

"aches and pains." A man, invalided by a bad fall, was enabled to walk, ride horseback and

'... to dramatize YOUR WAIST-LINE!' "I'll take the career now. When eventually I marry I'll make a career of that." Young Miss Haver, who at twenty is a movie star, an excellent milliner, an interior decorator, besides being in the real estate business, can't even remember when she hasn't been working at something.

"Mother used to say that I drove her crazy because I always wanted to work. I had to enter every contest there was, and somehow, some way, I had to win it."

There was that oratorical contest, for example. June was fourteen when the United States entered World War II, and she had her oration already written and memorized. It was a dissertation on South American revolutions and pretty good too, she thought; but it occurred to her that, even if it was the last minute, it would be expedient to change her topic so it would have something to do with the war situation.

It cost her a night's sleep but she managed to turn out a speech entitled "Don't Weep, America." It won the contest.

When she was in the first grade a piano teacher came in and asked if any of the children wanted to take special lessons from her. June immediately raised her hand. Her mother got an unexpected bill at the end of the month, but by then June could already play a couple of simple little tunes and showed enough promise to warrant the expense.

As a matter of fact, she was good enough to win Cincinnati's Conservatory of Music Post Music contest, when she was seven, and in consequence made a solo appearance with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Eugene Goossens conducting.

Then she was on her way!

By the time she was ten she had discovered she had a voice and had worked at it until they asked her to solo at the ceremonies opening a school in Rock Island, Illinois. And from there she wangled a spot on a Rock Island radio station, where for the first time she found out what it was like to earn money for her efforts instead of a medal or a be-ribboned piece of paper with...
her name written fancily across it.

About this time, she wanted to help other kids her own age get started. So she organized a children's amateur show at the station, then went to an ice cream manufacturer and talked him into sponsoring it. This meant more money, and plenty of free ice cream. Not bad!

And then there was Hollywood . . .

At fifteen, she had the leading role in her school play, "Ever Since Eve," which did even more.

When she returned the light of battle was in her eye. "They've promised me another test," she announced, "and if I can prove I'm not a baby they'll sign me again. Let's get to work."

With Mrs. Haver, June worked out a sophisticated skit in which she sang a sultry phisticated number, which did even more.

"I just won't have this," she told her mother, "I'll have nothing to do with the little girls' school play, "Ever Since Eve," which did even more.

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With Mrs. Haver, June worked out a sophisticated skit in which she sang a sultry number. Her sister, Dorothy drew a rough sketch of the dress and shoes which she thought would make June look older, gave it to her with all the money she had saved for Christmas gifts, and said, "Get going, baby."

June got going. She found a shop in Beverly Hills whose buyer promised to find that dress, a long-sleeved white crepe dinner gown with a nude chiffon top, beaded, glittering, sophisticated, and just plain sexy. It cost $85, and was worth every cent.

Mrs. Haver, also shopping frantically, found a pair of high-heeled, platform-soled evening sandals that added inches to June's height, and the best hairdresser in town created a pompadour, up-do coffe, for her which did even more.

Thus equipped, she went back to Twentieth and did her best. It was good enough. This time they gave her a long term contract.

But, aside from the usual school and dramatic lessons, the studio didn't give her anything to do. Frantic with boredom, she asked if she might not accept a part in the then new stage revue, "Meet the People," on the plea that the experience would be good for her. She rehearsed that show for five weeks, and did her best. It was good enough. This time they gave her a long term contract.

Darryl F. Zanuck read them the same day and did her best. This time they gave her a long term contract.

June, with her straightforward point of view about love and life and work, is one of the happiest girls in Hollywood today. She works the way most women play, with all the money she had saved for Christmas gifts, and said, "Get going, baby."

"I just won't have this," she told her mother, "I'll have nothing to do with the little girls' school play, "Ever Since Eve," which did even more.

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LANA LOVES TY
(Continued from page 29)

loved before, a wide-eyed, eager girl searching for the first time for a new and wonderful experience.

Meanwhile, on his separate path, Tyrone was working to establish himself as a real actor, trying to live up to the "greatest find" prediction. He went into "Marie Antoinette" opposite Norma Shearer. Norma not only had glamor, but she had poise, charm and a depth of intelligence that appealed to the newcomer. Their names were constantly linked, throughout the picture and for some time thereafter. For Ty, 1938 meant two love affairs. When he went into "Thin Ice," a new heart took over. Vivacious, fun-loving, glittering Sonja Henie and her irresistible laughter helped Ty forget whatever memories put the last dreams behind his dark eyes.

Then, in 1939, Ty made "Suez" with the exciting new French import, Annabella. It began to look as though the young Mr. Power made a practice of falling in love with each new leading lady. He and Annabella began to display much more than professional interest in each other. The third time seemed to be the charm. Ty's other romances were definitely shelved, and he declared his heart belonged to Annabella—complete with ring, bell and book.

For nearly eight years not a breath of scandal ever touched the Power house. Not the slightest rumor suggested that all was not right with their world. They seemed one of Hollywood's most idyllic couples. But there was the war. War does different things to different people. Sometimes it changes them. Again, it merely wakens the old fire had never really gone out. Beneath the high heaped embers, a flame was still flickering—flickering towards a conflagration.

There was a month for the two of them in Hollywood before Ty had to go south to the little town of Morelia outside Mexico City, on location for his new picture "Captain From Castille." The very fact that Lana has been so amazingly reticent about this romance, whereas the others were all daily copy for the columnists, perhaps betrayed a new kind of love for Lana. The fact that when Ty and Lana saw each other it was away from the crowd perhaps speaks for an interest deeper than the usual romantic affair.

When Ty was in South America he picked up a number of beautiful precious stones—diamonds, emeralds, aquamarines. Naturally, the lovely and unusual ring he had made for Lana from one of these stones for Christmas was not an engagement ring. There can be no question of that yet, if ever. The Powers are only separated, not divorced. Lana still is seen everywhere with a glamorous lineup of adoring beau's. In recent weeks, she ran the gamut of glamour guys like Howard Hughes, Pete Shaw, Frank Sinatra, Rory (Continued on page 93)
Lana and Richard Hart give photographer a break; they co-star in "Green Dolphin Street."

Calhoun, Tony Martin and Dick Hart.

But in the middle of the shooting on MGM's "Green Dolphin Street" a girl wearing a smart ensemble, dark glasses and golden-brown hair (that disguised her from many a movie-goer so accustomed to seeing her platinum tresses) climbed aboard a -plane, the day before the New Years holiday, and flew hundreds of miles south to see the one man she wanted to be with New Year's. This was the man who had once been the dark-haired boy of her "first love." This boy, now grown taller, broader, with a tighter look to his jaw, a surer set to his shoulders, a deeper understanding in his eyes, was waiting in Morelia, a little town forty miles outside Mexico City.

Lana was supposed to be back on the set of "Green Dolphin Street" at nine o'clock Thursday morning, the day after New Years. But at 12:00 a phone call came from the "golden girl." Despite high water and MGM's production schedule, she couldn't get back to Hollywood. Something about being unable to catch a plane back. So they say. Three days (and one hundred thousand lost MGM production dollars later) Lana walked onto the set, properly contrite, but with a happier look in those wide-set eyes of hers than anyone could remember seeing for a long time. Lana laughs a lot, but it is laughter like a shield over something she wants to hide. There is an incredible sadness in her face in repose.

Her smile made everyone else smile, and no one had the heart to scold her when she dropped her armload of gifts—something for all the cast and crew of the picture, which she had bought and brought back on the plane with her.

A little while ago when Lana told Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper, "Ty is the only man I've ever really loved"—not a few eyebrows lifted. So, perhaps, to those who doubted, this story will explain that statement.

Yes, romance is definitely flying as we go to press—and so is Lana—clear across a border, half across a country—after it!
DRAB HAIR

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4 Purpose Rinse

LOVALON, simple and quick to use after

a shampoo, does these 4 things to give

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Keep them safe-enjoy them always

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are neat, easy to use for mounting prints, cards,

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FREE Please send me a whole day's

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Hey, Mom! Don’t be a Diaper Drudge!

Dennison Diaper Liners reduce unpleasant¬

ness in changing and washing my diapers. Just

told a Liner inside diaper next to my skin.

When soiled, flush away. No hard scrubbing.

Sanitary. Helps prevent diaper rash. Costs

only a few cents a day. DELUXE: 180 for $1;

CRADLE TIME & DOWNKEEPER: 180 for 65c.

The problem: To kiss or not to kiss on the first date?

ONE SHOT SUE

Dear Mr. Henreid:

The other night I picked up the phone and

got one of those funny connections where

you can hear two people talking and they
don't know you're on the wire. I was

about to hang up when I recognized one of

the voices as belonging to a boy from my

high school. I thought I'd play a joke and
cut in on their conversation. Before I could

think of a good remark, I realized they were
talking about me. The boy I knew was tell¬
ing the other one that it was a waste of time
to ask me to a school dance. He said I was

a one-shot date.

I was so hurt and embarrassed that I hung

up as quietly as I could. On thinking it over

now I'm mad. What did he mean, a one-shot

date?

Susan P.

Dennison, la.

Not being too certain of high school idioms,

I took the precaution of asking some of my

young friends the meaning of one-shot date.

According to them, it describes a girl who is

shallow, superficial, one who will kiss a boy

on a first date, one a boy can get to know

delightfully in half an hour. Ann Blyth tells

me that boys grow fond of girls who grow

on them. The next time you date a boy, let

him carry the ball. And if you're reticent

about kissing on the first date, he'll know

you're pretty particular and he'll return for

a second.

TWO TO A HOME

Dear Mr. Henreid:

Due to the dreadful housing shortage, we

must live with my husband's parents. This

situation has almost forced me to the point

of divorce. My mother-in-law criticizes every¬

thing I do and makes constant references to

the many other girls her son could have

married.

My husband just laughs at her remarks

but I am at the end of my rope. What do

you suggest?

Rita P.

Lexington, Ky.

Yout're not alone with this problem. Two

million other families in this country are

doubling-up with in-laws. That's no consola¬
tion, I know, but it should help. The obvious

solution to your dilemma would be to get a

home of your own, but that's an impossibility

these days. The next best thing is to try and

keep your two families as independent as

possible under one roof. Remember, the

older generation is probably just as uncom¬
fortable as you are. Bear your half of the

expenses, keep to your part of the house, do

your share of the house work, and finally,

get a job, if being out of the house all day

will cause less friction. Above all else, keep

your sense of humor. This can't last for¬
ever—we hope.

OLD YET YOUNG

Dear Mr. Henreid:

I'm only 17 but I look 22 or 23. In my

work, which is fashion modeling, everyone is

older than I am and they treat me like an

equal. But at home I'm still a child. My

parents are very strict and treat me like a
	two-year-old. I can't understand this and I

think it's terribly unfair. Don't you?

Lydia K.

East Bronx, N. Y.

Your parents may not seem fair but they

certainly are wise. Many of our young stars—

Judy Garland, Shirley Temple, Jackie Cooper,

and Deanna Durbin, to name only a few,

began working when they were children.

They, too, were treated like adults at work

but not at home. As a result, they are still

young and enjoying their lives evenly and
GIFTS TO GUYS

Dear Mr. Henreid:

There's a young man who's taken me to many dances and movies many past years. We aren't engaged or even going steady but I'd like to give him a Christmas present. I am thinking of knitting him some socks. Does this seem too forward of me?

Emily K.
Monroe, La.

No. It seems like a very thoughtful gesture. Just enclose a card with your gift, explaining that this is merely thanks for all the fun he's shown you. In that way, he won't feel that you're making a bid for more attention than he wants to give.

TAXI GIRL

Dear Mr. Henreid:

I like my friend very much and we have loads of fun together—except for one thing. I have a car and he doesn't.

Because it was convenient and faster to use my car, we started driving it to the beach. Now, he takes it so much for granted that several times he's asked me to pick him up before a date.

I don't want to sound selfish or mid-Victorian, but do you think it right for a girl to have to call for her date and then take him home?

Zelda L.
Bayside, L. L. N. Y.

You are in rather a dilemma. The young man is both thoughtless and spoiled by your generosity. If this is his only sign of selfish thoughtlessness, then you might use diplomacy. The next time he suggests taking your car, agree, but ask him to come for you and let him drive. Also make it a point to need gas. This should get him out of the habit of regarding you as a taxi service and put your relationship back on a more conventional and polite basis.

BACHELOR-BAIT

Dear Mr. Henreid:

I am a single girl, age 22. I met a fellow, 29, when I was working in Hollywood.

During the transit strike, he drove me home every day. He also took me to movies and to dinner.

We have been going together for six months and I am very much in love with him. Although he shares my feelings, he is dead set against marrying, as he has already had two heartbreaks.

I disagree but how can I make him change his mind?

B. Miles
Compton, Calif.

The best way to make marriage seem attractive to a man is not to seem interested in it, yourself. You are still young—and pretty, I imagine. If you were to treat the young man in question as just another date—be gay and carefree—even say you don't want to be tied down yourself—he might change his mind. Men are perverse creatures. Just let them find a girl who's happy and single and they want to prove to her how much happier she'd be married to them. Try this tactic and see. The End
can't be strictly make-believe to be honest!

According to Kent's theory, he has loved about one hundred women—because he claims he falls in love with every leading lady he plays opposite. Does this complicate Mr. Smith's life a little—having to rush around in love with a flock of ex-leading ladies? Not at all, Kent explains. A screen romance is like a love affair on a holiday excursion boat. It's the greatest, most exciting affair in the world while you're out on the trip. Once the trip ends, however, and you walk back on land, it turns out to be just a nice memory.

Speaking of nice memories, if you've seen Kent Smith you'll remember he's got brown hair, brown eyes, wonderful teeth, and sometimes a mustache. He has the proper number of muscles drooped over a six foot frame, and he's got that 'just stepped out of Esquire' look and manner. And when he walks into a room he makes almost every fe-male worthy of the name, mentally observe, 'I'd like THAT for my collection!' But he's a very keen, very lucky, and by the very Lucky Betty Giillette Smith is his name, and though she's quite an actress on her own, she now prefers to let the Smith named Kent wear the grease paint for the family.

Although he hasn't been before the cam-eras too long, the acting routine isn't new to him. Actually Kent has been taking bows for some time as leading man to such great leading ladies as Helen Hayes, Katherine Cornell, Jane Cowl, Gertrude Lawrence and practically every other queen of the legitimate boards.

As a matter of fact, Kent's theories about love-making were developed on the stage, and date back to the time he was to do a scene with Katherine Cornell. He remembers that as a young actor he respected and admired Miss Cornell, and arrived at a degree that he couldn't think of her as a person.

"I was in awe of Miss Cornell," he grins. "Along with my awe, I was also a trifle wary of lipstick—I didn't know they made it the stuff indelible! Anyway, this remote control stuff went on during rehearsals. Finally, after the dress rehearsal, I saw Guthrie Mc Clintoc—her husband and director—approaching with a definite disapproving eye. I thought, 'Now it comes—now it'll develop! I've held Miss C, too closely, or I haven't shown the proper respect.'"

"Guthrie came up and glared. He said, 'Just when in the devil are you going to kiss Miss Cornell, Mr. Smith?' After that I relaxed and enjoyed myself—to heck with lip rougel I found that when I really put my heart into the work, I gave a much better performance.'

The next question is what Mrs. Smith thinks about all this. "My wife has been a professional, and understands the problems," says Kent. "She even went back to her acting career while I was in the army, and was a stock player at RKO. But when I came back, she dropped it immediately. She's busy to Miss C, and take care of our home and family—our three-year-old daughter—instead of having to fly 1000 miles the other way for an 'opening' when I'm working in another town. That's one of the things that profes-sionals married to each other have to face."

Kent is a Smith who can claim Smithville (Me.) as his birthplace—although he says New York is really his hometown. His name was Frank Kent Smith, and he dropped the "Frank" because he thought Kent was fancier and sophisticated. Acting as a career was always in his mind in school at Phillips Exeter Academy and later at Harvard. He gave athletics a play, but the Harvard Dram-atic Society became his real love. Later he helped form the University Players at West Falmouth, Massachusetts and put in a lot of good practice emoting opposite other young hopefuls like Hank Fonda, Maggie Sullivan, and so on.

There's a streak of "take-it-easy" in this fellow Smith. After the summer stock sea-son the rest of the ambitious crew trekked to New York to bang at casting agents' doors. But Smith held a whispered conference with his alter-ego, decided August was too hot for such strenuous endeavor, and spent his time at a Long Island Country Club playing golf with an agent whom he always trounced. When then later angler but saw no other sporting way to rid himself of this partner who methodically relieved him of small sums at the end of each round, he became desperate.

"So you want to go on the stage?" he asked Kent. "Maybe I have a possibility for you. We'll go see David Belasco."

They went. Mr. Belasco ordered him to turn around twice, and handed him a role as prison guard in "The Blind Window." The play was a failure, but at least the agent had succeeded in shaking Smith.

By now, however, Kent was full of self-confidence. Having been in a real pro-fessional play, he saw no reason why he shouldn't bowl 'em over. And he did! He played opposite Helen Hayes in Suffren in "Antony and Cleopatra." He went into the Goodman Theater in Chicago, and played at Elitch's. When he came home to Broadway to go into "Dodsworth," with Walter Huston and Fay Bainter.

"Dodsworth" was a smash-hit, and brought Kent to the attention of Director Guthrie Mc Clintoc and Katherine Cornell, who cast him opposite that great lady in "Candida." "St. Joan," "Wingless Victory," and "Old Acquaintances" were a few of his follow-up suc-ceseses.

About this time Hollywood stepped in with a contract offer or two. He signed with RKO, came west, and made a couple of sleepers called "Hitler's Children" and "The Cat Peo-ple." They were widely distributed and made a lot of money, but they didn't do much for his career: second billing on a horror pro-gram. He didn't have too much time to worry about the aesthetic failure of his Holly-wood venture right at that time, because the Man with the Whiskers beckoned. And, along with a few hundred thousand other Smiths, the one called Kent accepted the invitation.

Returning to Hollywood in July 1945, he snapped the pulse role of Major Joppolo in the all-vet cast of "A Bell for Adano" at the Ac- tors' Lab. A Warner director, Vincent Sher-man, directed the picture. Kent signed onto a Warners' contract for directing pictures a year. This gives him a dual-contract, incidentally, since he also has agreement for two-a year at RKO. And on
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YOUR MUTUAL STATION

the side, a number of other offers are con¬
stantly coming in for the services of the per¬
sonal Mr. Smith.

Kent didn't like the change from the stage
to Hollywood at first, but now he loves it.
However, he thinks it's more fun to act in
good plays that have been done before be¬
cause it's more interesting from the standpoint
of comparison. For an actor it's better to play
in a known vehicle, since the play already is
set in the minds of the audience and the actor
can be the center of interest. It's not the
theme or the story, but how the actor han¬
dles his part as compared to others who have
done the same role. He wishes movies would
do more classics, and points out that "Henry
V" is enjoying a big success.

This Smith fellow is a type that is slow to
anger, very easy to get along with, posses¬
sed of great patience and tolerance. But
if the lid ever blows—look out! One of Kent's
prime hates is the actor who takes advantage
of the stage love scene situations and be¬
comes obnoxious about the 'whole thing.

"I love a story in which an actress I knew
displayed about as sharp a handling of an
unpleasant situation as I'd ever witnessed.
Here's what happened. There was a scene
where this jerk was supposed to kiss both
sides of the lady's hand. But instead he
travelled clear up the arm to the shoulder—or
wasn't too particular about displaying
good taste. This went on about three per¬
formances.

"Then the fourth night, she took it grace¬
fully, but after he had completed his messy
routine, she leisurely and gracefully reached
over to his handkerchief pocket, pulled out his
handkerchief, and in plain view of the au¬
dience carefully and methodically wiped off
her entire arm, and replaced the handkerchief
before she continued with her lines. Needless
to say, the situation never occurred again.

"It takes a great deal of imagination and
 tact to handle such a problem. If an actress
protests, she's bound to get the worst of the
deal. The fellow will chuckle around back¬
stage that Miss Prima Donna is really get¬
ing egotistical in her old age."

What kind of women attract this Smith who
has loved a hundred lovelies? Well, when
a woman walks in, it's her clothes that are
apt to attract him first—the clothes and the
chemical reaction. If it's there and the
'actress attracts him, then he looks again.
He figures if a woman has imagination and
smartness enough to dress excitingly, she is
probably an interesting woman.

He notices hands. He likes long hair in¬
stead of short and severe hair-styles. He
loathes up-swept coiffures. He likes floppy,
big-brimmed hats. He believes women should
be more feminine. He thinks women don't
pay enough attention to a mild kind of exer¬
cise known as swimming—thinks it's the
greatest body beautifier in the world.

When he and Betty first married, he turned
the finances over to her with the admonition,
"You pay the bills and things and if we're
broke, it'll be your fault." "I guess it's a suc¬
 cessful system," he says. "We're not exactly
flush now, but we're certainly not broke. She
takes care of everything! Women are capa¬
bile of everything that men are—and besides,
they're so beautiful!"

So, says Smith. Sure, there are a million
of them—C. Aubrey, H. Allen, F. Thoren Jr.,
and the one who went to Washington. But
this is a particular Smith. He's the one who
came to Hollywood. And he's a man to watch!

The End

ONE OF THE MOST

EFFECTIVE METHODS

ever discovered for

Intimate Feminine

Hygiene

Easier—Daintier—More Convenient

Greaseless Suppository Gives

Continuous Medication for Hours

Leaves No Tell-Tale Odor!

You can readily see why this higher
type of intimate feminine cleanliness
—Zonitors—has become so widely
used among highly intelligent, and
elegant women. And why you, too,
should bless the day you learned
about this method.

Zonitors are so much easier, daintier,
and convenient—so powerful yet so
ABSOLUTELY SAFE to tissues.

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Zonitors are greaseless, stainless,
heat-point vaginal suppositories.
When inserted, they instantly begin
to release their powerful germicidal
properties and continue to do so for
hours—assuring you hours of contin¬
uous medication. They are positively
non-burning, non-irritating, and
non-poisonous.

Easy To Carry If Away From Home
Zonitors actually destroy offending
odor. Help guard against infection.
They are so effective they immedi¬
ately kill every germ they touch.
You know it's not always possible to
contact all the germs in the tract.
but you can be sure Zonitors kill
every reachable germ and keep them
from multiplying. Any drugstore.

Zonitors are so much easier, daintier,
and convenient—so powerful yet so
ABSOLUTELY SAFE to tissues.
intruders probably didn’t know it, but she was furious. That may have been one occasion on which, retreating even from observation by her own family circle, she slammed a door.

“I slam a mean door when I am alone and angry,” she confessions.

Once, on a visit to New York, a quick visit every moment of which had been planned and scheduled, she received a telephone call at her hotel. Her personal representative, buffer between star and public, took the call in her room as usual.

“I have just returned from Sweden,” a strange man said, “and I have messages from several friends of Miss Bergman. No, I can’t give them to you. My instructions were to deliver them to her in person.”

The buffer consulted Ingrid. The Swedish people the man had mentioned were indeed known to her. At considerable inconvenience, Ingrid squeezed a half hour out of her crowded schedule.

“Ask him for cocktails,” she instructed, “but please explain how little time we have.”

At the appointed hour the man appeared, not alone but with a friend. Then the pair sat, mostly in awed silence, and gaped at the star. In a few moments it became apparent that the messages from Sweden were merely the usual “Tell Ingrid hello for us.”

After ten minutes Ingrid’s lips were taut and her eyes had that somber fire. She stood up: “I am sorry, but if you really have no other message for me, I am very busy and must excuse myself.”

And she strode from the room in icy anger. Probably the witless intruders would have preferred that she throw things. A man can duck an ashtray or a wine-glass, but not a polar freeze.

The Bergman storm signals will appear if any bash newcomer to the circle of set-workers is so misguided as to venture an off-color story in her presence. Ingrid is not prone, and her appreciation for a good story is atrophied, but that kind of story—no! Many such a tale has expired half-told on the teller’s lips, the words frozen by the sudden chill of Ingrid’s look. If the purveyor of slightly masked filth is too dense to take the hint, Ingrid has been known to find urgent reasons for being elsewhere immediately.

During the war no star was more generous and eager in her bond tours and camp visiting. Both in Alaska and in Europe, where she visited the G. I.’s, when things were rough, she gave freely of her efforts and was one of the most popular star visitors to the war theaters.

At one base in Alaska, Bergman burned inwardly. The enlisted men had outdone themselves in decorating the dreary mess hall in her honor, but two officers took her in tow and seated her between them at dinner—at a separate table.

There was “rage in heaven” then, but as usual with Ingrid it was suppressed rage. She took steps. After eating a little with the officers, she quietly excused herself and went down among the men for a “progressive” meal. She had a little soup at one table, a bit of bread at the next, and so on until all the enlisted men had been visited.

That incident illustrates the first of Ingrid’s two reasons for keeping her temper in strict control. She intensely dislikes “scenes.” The way she felt on this occasion was as fraught with explosive possibilities as a good second-act curtain. Her anger was none the less because it was expressed quietly in direct action.

The second reason Bergman fireworks in public are as rare as dinosaurs on Fifth Avenue is her sense of humor. Just at her boiling point, she is likely to be smitten with a sense of the ridiculous.

One day, having only an hour or so to get some shopping done, she was spotted by four small boys with autograph books out. The street was crowded, and Ingrid knew from experience what would happen if she signed one book. Others would appear from nowhere.

Striding along, she begged to be excused. They followed, still importuning. She pleaded, quietly, still trying to be inconspicuous. “If you like me at all, boys, will you let me do my shopping?”

They were persistent. “I am a stubborn person,” Ingrid warned. “I said I would not sign now, and I won’t!”

“Aw, we don’t care. We’re just gonna follow you.”

“But I don’t like being followed. Please!”

They would not be shaken. Ingrid halted and turned on her tormenters. “Now I am mad. I am telling you to go away!”

“Yah-ya-ya!” the boys chorused. “Stuck-up!”

Telling about the incident later, Ingrid was still furious—but she had to laugh. Ingrid is gracious to autograph-seekers even when, in an effort to avoid being conspicuous, she refuses to sign. Autograph-hunters, individually, she does not mind. When they come in swarms, it is another story. And in public places, like the theater, the individual soon becomes a swarm. Ingrid expected to make enemies during her New Year stage sojourn as “Joan of Arc in Maxwell Anderson’s “Joan of Lorraine.” It is a role she has wanted for years, but she dreaded the mobs that invariably besiege stars at stage doors.

On any lot she works, stories spring up of Bergman’s unassuming ways and un-star-like behavior. At Enterprise, where she has been playing Joan Madou to Charles Boyer’s...
Ravic in "Arch of Triumph," they tell of her amazement when solicitous studio chieftains wanted to install a steam cabinet in her dressing room for her exclusive use. Many stars accepted such offerings as no more than their due.

But Ingrid threw up her hands. "This is too much," she protested incredulously. "I cannot stand all this luxury!"

She is one of the most tractable of stars. And yet the sainted Ingrid has a stubborn argumentative streak in matters pertaining to her work. For this work is one of the most important things in her life, and she takes it seriously.

While she was under contract to David O. Selznick, he sometimes actively opposed her desire to keep working steadily. He found most films offered by other lots not "good enough." Two in particular he vetoed her doing. He feared that the role of Clio in "Saratoga Trunk" would imperil her career. He disapproved "The Bells of St. Mary's" because, as a sequel to "Going My Way," it ran the risk of unfavorable comparisons. In both instances Ingrid's determined pleadings—sugar-coated rage-in-heaven—won him over.

Since leaving Selznick's, Ingrid has been free to pick her own scripts. Occasionally in the past she has been unhappy with directors assigned her, but not in recent years. Top-notchers like Alfred Hitchcock, Leo McCarey, Victor Fleming and Lewis Milestone all vie for her. Even Bergman can't do better than the best.

Ingrid's money sense is as ephemeral as cotton candy. She probably could not have told you the exact terms of her contract for "Arch of Triumph." But she could have told you how she thought every scene should be played.

Sometimes she would say to Milestone, "I don't agree with you on that point." She was sweet but firm about it, and Milestone, a reasonable man, would ask, "Why not?"

Then they would go into the disputed scene and tear it apart. There was seldom an impasse. Ingrid can be convinced, and so can her directors. One day Ingrid worked on an emotional scene all morning and into the afternoon, to everyone's satisfaction but her own.

"I must try it again," she said.

Milestone humored her. They made two more takes. The one they selected was the last one made, the one Ingrid felt was "right" at last.

Like most stars, Ingrid finds some of her routine stellar chores irksome. She dislikes wardrobe fittings, and hates spending hours sitting for portraits. But she accepts them all as part of her work, and has never been known to show irritation.

What makes her really long is her own very occasional illness. Usually bounding with the good health that makes her complexion the envy of feminine Hollywood, she still takes a cold now and then. And that makes her sore—at herself. She hates enforced inactivity.

Not long ago she had a lesson in controlling her anger at illness. Bedded with a cold, she fumed and fretted and finally could restrain herself no longer. She would not hold up the picture. She arose, dressed, and appeared at the studio in mid-morning. "The crew had been given the day off," she reports humbly, "and when I showed up they all were called back. I was a 'heavy' that day! I'll know better next time!"

The End
There were times for Pat and Cornel when things couldn’t have been worse.

Once Cornel worked for six weeks in a basement to finish a play. It was truly a story of devotion because in a bedroom two stories above him lay his young wife, recovering from an operation. On another occasion, when Cornel was out of a job, Pat worked ‘in a chorus to earn enough money to keep them eating.

If you have the idea Pat and Cornel will have any trouble sharing the rewards of their success, you’re mistaken. The dross cap that will distinguish your wrong thinking, it takes a bad storm to make you realize the blessings of the sun, and the Cornel Wildes have had their share of experiences with fate’s inclement weather.

“Plenty of times,” said Cornel, “I wondered why I ever had been foolish enough to turn down a career in medicine, but every time I got gloomy about it, Pat changed my way of thinking. And it’s odd how things finally straighten themselves out so that you can maintain the courage of your convictions.

“I met Pat in 1936, and I was in love with her for some time before she even knew I existed. You know how you dream about the certain kind of person who is the fulfillment of everything you’d want in a wife or a husband? Well, I had formed a mind-picture of the kind of girl I hoped to meet some day, and suddenly this dream was walking in front of me on Seventh Avenue. I must have looked foolish, because I remember I stared at her. Then I followed the girl down the street. It didn’t seem like the right thing to do, but I was afraid I’d lose her. I just moved slowly and kept her in sight while I tried to think of the best way to meet her without causing any annoyance.

“Suddenly she stopped in a drug store, and I spoke to her. She glanced at me and whipped out of the store, disappearing out of sight around the corner. The next day luck was with me when, by chance, I met her again, and after that it all began to look a little better.

“I saw her every night for ten months after that, and it wasn’t exactly what you’d call the kind of a courtship that a girl dreams about. I was going through stage-flop after flop, and you don’t make much courting money that way. Most of the time we ate in little out-of-the-way restaurants, and although we were never hungry. However, when we got back, we discovered that the show was scheduled for a series of one-night stands, which would mean that we’d have to spend our honeymoon living from our suitcases. I wanted more than that kind of existence for my new bride. We asked Miss Bankhead for our releases so that we could stay in New York, and she gave them with her blessings.

“Pat believed in me when I didn’t believe in myself. For six months after my option was dropped, I was terrorized, sent for Free Booklet and Picture Sample. (Continued on page 101)
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**Winning Smile**

**JULIA RANSOM MILLER**

*You can admire Ann Richards’ winning smile in Eagle-Lion’s new picture, “Lost Honeymoon.” Although it seems that some people are just lucky in having lovely teeth, the truth is that proper diet is the first step in building strong teeth.*

Many of the stars use caps over their teeth to make them appear even. You can do this too, if you have a serious problem. However, don’t worry too much about minor irregularities. They frequently add piquancy to your smile.

Usually, the screen lovelies go to their dentist more often than twice a year feeling that he can stop any incipient trouble. Help him by brushing your teeth after each meal if possible, or at least every morning and evening. Have a tooth brush with firm bristles but not so strong that it bruises the gums and use an up and down and slightly circular motion. Massaging your gums with a little tooth paste or powder on your fingertips using a rotary motion helps bring the blood to them and keeps them firm. Consistent use of a mouth wash after brushing your teeth keeps your breath fresh and acts as an antiseptic.

If the dentist finds that tartar accumulates on your teeth quickly, occasionally mix a little toilet pumice with your tooth paste or powder when you brush your teeth. If your teeth are inclined to be yellowish, it is wise for you to use a clear red lipstick or one with a blue tone, since the yellow reds will emphasize the yellowish cast in your teeth.
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, (Col.)………… ♦ ½
As the title suggests, this is a take-off on the popular radio program of the same name. Dennis O'Keefe is the bright, young assistant to the District Attorney. Despite great claims to intelligence, Dennis falls in love with a shabby lady, becomes a member of a dangerous gang, finally is involved in murder. It keeps Mr. District Attorney (Adolph Menjou) stepping on his toes. Dennis is an innocent victim of a pretty face—but you won't mind waiting for the inevitable climax. Harrington (Michael O'Shea) is on hand to help solve the case and to cast a gleaming eye at Miss Miller (Jeff O'Donnell). Marguerite Chapman is the femme fatale.

CIGARETTE GIRL (Col.)…………………….. ♦
It's a comedy of errors when Leslie Brooks, cigarette girl in a swank nightclub, tells oil field worker Jimmy Lydon that she's a famous nightclub singer, and he retaliates by claiming to be president of Dunwoody Oil Company. The masquerade might have worked out except that Jimmy, as the alleged president, is arrested for vagrancy. Added to this is another crisis: wife of the nightclub owner suspects Leslie of being in love with her husband. Sound involved? Well, it really isn't once the story starts unfolding.

BLONDIE'S BIG MOMENT (Col.)…………… ♦
The Bumpsteads are at it again! As usual, the comic strip characters get into a mess of complications with Dagwood taking honors as the prize Fall Guy. This has the usual ups and downs but there are a number of very funny sequences that are guaranteed to tickle the family's funny bone. The cast remains the same with Penny Singleton as Blondie, Arthur Lake as Dagwood, Larry Simms and Marjorie Kent as Alexander and Cookie.

LOVE LAUGHS AT ANDY HARDY (MGM)…………… ♦
Andy Hardy's big moment comes—and if you're expecting a big change in the perennial youth, you're in for a surprise. Oh, there's the problem of re-adjustment, of course—but the personable youngster manages to come through with flying colors. This has the usual brightness that goes with an Andy Hardy adventure, and you can sit back, relax and chuckle when the young man finds himself blinded with a 6 ft. beauty of the night of the College Prom. Mickey Rooney is Andy, of course—no one else could be! The Hardy family remains the same: Lewis Stone as Judge Hardy, Fay Holden as Mrs. Hardy and Aunt Milly, the unchanging Sara Haden.

HIGH SCHOOL HERO (Monogram)…………… ♦
This is an unpretentious little film with a football background starring likeable Freddie Stewart and pretty June Preiser. If you're live happy and want to see Bach swing by Jan Savitt and his orchestra you'll get hop to this one.

CUBAN PETE (Universal)…………… ♦
Featuring Desi Arnaz, who has collected a wide following from coast to coast with his rumba band, this is strictly for lovers of Latin music. The four King sisters and organist Ethel Smith contribute to the musical score and Joan Fulton, Jacqueline DeWitt and Beverly Simmons are in the supporting cast.
day pattern of allure, and yet always, basically, her natural self. Some men like heavy makeup and red fingernails. Many will run a mile the other way.

A girl's attitude toward life and people is most important. I've never seen a really charming, exciting woman who was selfish and demanding. A girl who tries to find something likeable about everyone is the girl who will be liked by a lot of people. Others sense this warmth and respond irresistibly to it.

By the same token, awareness—being in love, being terribly interested in someone—imports a quality of beauty and excitement to a woman. Probably that's why we have the phrase "All brides are beautiful." A woman in love is always more attractive to men than she ever was before. When she walks into a room, people see her in a new light.

I think perhaps Ingrid Bergman typifies a truly alluring woman. She always has that fresh, radiant look, a quality of relaxation, the ability to be a good fellow and yet at the same time she has a certain unattainable aloofness. She looks intelligent, as if she could talk well and have something to say... And yet she looks as if she could listen intelligently, too, without wondering if her so-called straightness, which they undoubtedly might be, anyway.

Incidentally, "fixing," after you're out in public—straightening your seams, retouching your mouth and cheeks, combing your hair, adjusting your girdle—detracts from the illusion. Man is a demanding kind of animal who prefers to think of his perfect woman as a product of effortless spontaneity. If he has his attention called to the possibility of imperfections—the necessity of replacing makeup or adjusting beauty aids—he's apt to start looking for more imperfections.

I think one of the most flawlessly groomed women in Hollywood is Claudette Colbert, and she is one of the most beautifully mannered. Good manners are an important part of charm and allure. Not only the "good manners" of knowing the proper fork to use, but of cultivating those little things infrequently found in the world today—kindness to all people, tolerance, sympathy and open-mindedness.

A quality of aliveness and verve, stemming from a wide variety of interests, is a great asset to any girl. I think the ability to be always ready to fall in with adventurous, exciting plans is a wonderful quality. And yet an amazing number of women lack this. They come up with some objection like "I haven't got on the right clothes," or "Going sailing will mess up my hair" or other little wet-blanket remarks.

Paulette Goddard impresses me as a girl who is ready and capable of participating in almost any exciting "fun" plans. Fun to be with, anywhere—sharp on the tennis court, smooth in the night club. Terribly attractive. During without being foolish.

Learning to relax is important. A woman is seldom attractive when she's hurried, hurried or tired. And learning to stop on the lee side of three cocktails is also important. I think that drinking probably detracts as much as anything else from a woman's beauty and charm. I never saw an inebriated woman who looked anything but sloppy and unbecoming—I know from the role I play in "Smash-Up."

Expecting things from life and from people is, I think, a good quality. Naturally, if you expect too much, you're bound to be disappointed. But if you notice, the girl who expects only the ordinary gets the ordinary. I think the ability to be an asset to any girl. I think the ability to be an asset to any girl.

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YMAR STOLE STAN
WHAT'S SHOOTING

(Continued from page 21)

tion run riot with decapitated heads and snakes coming out of skeletons' mouths. Before you fear too much for Rita Hayworth's safety, let us hasten to say, they're just paintings on the wall, done by the great one himself, for the Fun House sequence of the picture. Welles, who does simply everything, was up until three o'clock in the morning before putting the last drop of blood on Samson's decapitated head.

While we were on the set, Rita had a distinguished visitor; namely, Flame, great-grandson of Strongheart, famous movie dog of yesteryear.

Growing weary of watching the electricians set the lights for the next scene of his picture, THE LOVE OF RUSTY in which he stars with Ted Donaldson, Flame went AWOL to Rita's dressing room. Always the perfect hostess, Rita sent out for a dog biscuit for Flame while she drank her afternoon tea.

One of the most exciting pictures being shot right now is "ASSIGNED TO TREASURY." Picture stars Dick Powell as a United States narcotics agent and Signe Hasso. It tells the story of the phenomenal strides made by our Treasury Department in wiping out the International dope ring. Until the Japanese war against China, dope was peddled strictly for money. But when the Japanese went into China, it was used, for the first time in history of narcotics, as a military weapon. The fight against this evillest of all evils is an exciting and breathtaking story you'll not want to miss.

We were on the set of "THE EGG AND I" until 2:00 a. m. one recent chilly morning when the big rainstorm scene was being filmed. Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray were doing a sequence in which they take refuge under the farm's huge water tank. As the tank was set to collapse with Claudette and Fred under it, this was necessarily a one-shot deal, and a very intricate and dangerous one. Knowing this, Claudette and Fred bravely stood their ground when the signal for the collapse of the tank was given—even though the tank listed to one side in the fall and almost fell on top of them. That, my friends, is real trouping.

After that fright didn't think we'd be visiting Universal-International very soon, but when we learned that one of our very favorite people was starting a picture out there, we simply couldn't wait away. The gall Joan Fontaine. She's playing the lead role in "Ivy," the picture her sister Olivia De Havilland, turned down because she's tired of psychological murder mysteries. Joan was eager to do the picture in her place, and the day we visited the set, she was most enthusiastic.

That morning, the scene in which Joan commits murder was shot, and in honor of the occasion, the grip men on the set had placed a skull and crossbones above her door.

After leaving the "Ivy" set we took a turn over to the "TIME OUT OF MIND" soundstage where that lovely English importation, Phyllis Calvert, was swathed in the most divine pink crepe evening gown we've laid eyes on in many a moon. Over it she wore a grey velvet wrap. Had Phyllis walked into Ciro's that evening in the same outfit, she would have been the envy of every woman in the night club for her high-fashioned clothes. In reality, however, the dress and wrap were designed in the style of 1890. Further proof that there's nothing new under the sun.

At RKO we watched the filming of a thrilling NEW EPISODE in the adventures of Dick Tracy, to be entitled "Dick Tracy vs. The Claw." Ralph Byrd has returned from the armed forces to his original casting as Dick Tracy; there is no doubt that his fans will be happy to have him back. The sequence we watched showed Ralph tipping over a flight of rickety stairs in the dead of night. Just before he reached the last step a body hurtled from an upper window and fell at his feet. To find out who had inhabited the body in life and why he chose such a spectacular end you will have to see "Dick Tracy vs. The Claw."

The End

"Ouch, you're biting me," cries Bob Hope to Roland Soo-Hoo, his young co-worker in "My Favorite Brunette." Pretty Jean Wong plays the part of Roland's mother in Bob's latest.
INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(Continued from page 12)

of other actors also, were presented to the
King and Queen.

FINISH:
Jeff Donnell has long since despaired of
creating the mysterious atmosphere essential
for the glamor legend. Anyone, accompa-
nied by Michael Phineas Anderson, would
find it impossible to sustain an elegantly
clothed air. Michael Phineas, usually called
Mickey Finn, is Jeff's four-year-old son.

Not long ago, Jeff took him to the Brown
Derby for luncheon. "May I have a nickel,
please, Mother?" he asked.

Without inquiring into his need, Jeff gave
him the five cent piece. A second later, to
her horror, he hallowed a passing waiter, and
in a tone that would have shaken Gibraltar,
queried, "Hey, where are all the juke boxes
in this joint?"

JITTERBUG DELUXE

Did you know this about Ingrid Bergman:
When she went to Alaska on her first troop-
entertainment tour, she discovered that the
boys were disappointed to learn that she
didn't know how to jitterbug. The instant she
returned to Hollywood, Ingrid and her hus-
band took lessons. Her second camp tour
was a pronounced success. Discussing this
fact on the set of "Arch of Triumph," she
demonstrated some of her more intricate steps
to Charles Boyer and volunteered to teach
him. "But," she said thoughtfully, "I would
be better if you could take lessons from Peter
(his husband). Now there is a jitterbug!"

NIFTY GIFTS:
Because of her bright red hair, Irene Dunne
has been provoking wolf calls on the set of
Warner's "Life With Father," so director Mike
Curtiz gave her a gold whistle—making it
easy for her to answer the pack.

For Sonny Tufts' birthday, Ann Blyth (his
costar in "Swell Guy") gave him 100 pounds
of poultry feed; Ruth Warrick gave him a
sack of cement for the swimming pool he
gave him 100 pounds

demonstrated some of her more intricate steps
to Charles Boyer and volunteered to teach
him. "But," she said thoughtfully, "it would
be better if you could take lessons from Peter
(his husband). Now there is a jitterbug!"

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Attention: Ask for beautiful FREE Catalog.
“I was almost eliminated every time I read for the judges,” says Jo or Gale or whatever her name is. “They all thought I was too young or something. I must have been horrible in the acting part too.”

But she wasn’t eliminated. Much to her surprise she was sent to Hollywood for the final try-outs.

One day at a rehearsal for the radio show she was introduced to a tall youngster named Everett Lee Bonnell. He too had done high school plays in his home town of South Bend, Indiana. He’d been a cinch from the beginning: his plane ticket to Hollywood was assured.

Two kids were to work on each broadcast, and, as it happened, Jo and Lee were paired. They didn’t mind. They had liked each other on sight. One thing they like to recall now— with hysterics—was that once they spent a whole evening in a hall at CBS trying to make Jo say, “I love you,” properly. She was only seventeen, remember. Lee was twenty. And the feeling she put into the words wasn’t right, according to his mature judgment.

“Didn’t you ever go with anyone in school?” he asked, desperately, at last, after Jo had read the line with every nuance she could think of.

“Not that way.” For some reason, Lee brightened. He didn’t know why himself. But he found out later.

Well, they went on the air and they had other tests, and they won. Both of them.

It was the day of New Years Eve, 1940. And there was a celebration, naturally. The producer of the show took them out to a night club and they jubilated all over the place. And, to make the whole thing even more wonderful, they both won New Years Eve prizes at the club. Besides all this, they had found each other. Like kids all over America, they had started going together exclusively—and liking it. They had fun, ate hamburgers, went to movies, worked at the studio when they had signed their new contracts.

By the time a year had passed, they knew they were very much in love and wanted to get married. They were young, yes, but sure of themselves. So, the next Christmas Eve, Everett presented her with an engagement ring and they began to make plans.

In the meantime, however, things had happened to both of them. Jo had duly become Gale Storm, had labored at RKO and had discovered a Hollywood gimmick called “the option.” It comes around every six months, and, if it isn’t taken up, you are out of a job. Hers wasn’t taken up. (And is RKO sorry now?) So she began free-lancing, doing any kind of work she could: Westerns, shorts, soundies, small roles. It was good experience, and at last she wandered over to Monogram, made a quickie there and was given a contract. She’s been their biggest star ever since.

Lee stayed with RKO, options or no. But, after a frightful six months as Terry Belmont, he rebelled. How corny a name could you have? he asked the bosses. Why not let him use his own? He could drop the Everett part (which he’d never liked much anyway) and simply be Lee Bonnell. The bosses thought it wasn’t such a bad thought.

Come then—as it did to millions of engaged couples—the war. And the draft. And a letter to Lee beginning, “Greetings.” This came in July and the two were planning to get married in September. But Lee had to go for a physical. The service didn’t want him—not then, anyway. They took one look at the glasses Lee wears off-screen, and said no. Lee yelped at Gale over a telephone, and she told him to come back and get married fast before the government got any other ideas.

“He almost got away,” she told me, laughing.

They were married September 28, 1941, in
the Methodist Church in Houston that Gale had always attended as Jo Cottle. They moved first into a small Hollywood apartment. A year later Gale discovered she was going to have a baby.

By this time, Lee had thought over the military thing again. They needed men, he kept telling himself. He could do lots of things—eyes or noses. So he enlisted in the Coast Guard. He was one of the luckiest men in uniform; he got home every other night.

After young Phillip arrived, the apartment wasn’t big enough, so they rented a house. And then they discovered they were going to have Peter. Their new house wouldn’t be big enough. So they began hunting for something to buy and, three months before Peter arrived, latched onto the fine, small abode they’re in now, in the San Fernando Valley.

Well, there was still the war, babies or no babies. And while Lee knocked herself out up and down the coast of California, Gale made movies. Dozens of ‘em. So many that she can’t remember them all and can only get to twenty-nine when she tries to count them. She started everything again. Sang. Danced. Emoted. And gradually she began to learn so much about the technical side of pictures that she could forget where the camera was and things like that. She had a training that could not be equalled anywhere, and was grateful for it. And she began to be noticed, not only by the public but by Hollywood itself. Offers began to be made by top-ranking studios for her contract. Big money was talked of by MGM and RKO, and the cry went up around the town that there was a talented little girl over at Monogram who they wanted to watch.

But she didn’t leave the company which had given her her chance. And she wasn’t for at least the three more years her present deal has to run. And now they’re giving her the leads in a new series of really enormous productions they’ve started.

Meanwhile, Lee got his discharge from the Coast Guard and went back to RKO. To his gratification, they put him to work immediately, teaming him with Tom Conway and Martha O’Driscol in “Criminal Court” and with Lawrence Tierney and newcomer Marion Caillou in “Prison Story.” When these were finished—and his RKO contract expired at the same time—Lee decided to free-lance and is now testing for stuff all over town.

They’re proud of one another. Lee sits on Gale’s set when he’s free and swells with happiness when she goes through ten takes without fluffing a line. And Gale, who years ago took one look at Lee at a “Gateway to Hollywood” rehearsal and decided he was going to win without a doubt, tells all and sundry how well Lee does, how good-looking he is, how this, how that.

They’re considerate of each other, too. When one is working, he or she automatically gets the most comfortable chair at night. The other one makes mid-evening coffee and serves it, and tip-toes around if the other one is asleep. And tries to quiet the kids if they wake in the night.

They’re young and attractive and well-bred. There’s decency about theft, and Intelligence, and normalcy and charm. There’s also talent, but that’s second in the running.

The thing they’re both most interested in is that they are Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bonnell, with talent, but that’s second in the running. There’s intelligence, and normalcy and charm. There’s also talent, but that’s second in the running.
INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(Continued from page 107)

Cornel and Pat were afraid that—childlike—she might forget some day. So Cornel busied himself for two weeks teaching Punch (the family French poodle) how to rescue a drowning person. Punch came through with no trouble.
A big, powerful brute, it is possible that even Johnny Weissmuller in an advanced state of swimmer's cramp could rely upon Punch's lifesaving ability.
But all is not joyous. Punch is determined to save anyone who goes into the Wilder pool. Guests or members of the family are unable to maintain their bathing suits before Punch has leapt into the pool and trumpeted them out.

**PRAISE:**
Between shots on the set for "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" June Haver was approached by an extra player who said effusively, "I want you to know that I think you are one of the best little actresses in the business. When I first saw you in pictures, about two years ago, I told myself that you were going to be a star."
June, ingratiated, thanked the man.
"Furthermore," he continued, "I want you to know that many of us think you have shown great skill in managing your personal life. To marry a fine man and to have a beautiful child is a woman's highest attainment, regardless of her career."

June blinked and swallowed. Before she could protest her single status, the man bowed, shook hands solemnly and turned to leave.
"Goodbye, Miss de Haven," he said.

**FAVORITE DISH:**
George Montgomery is about to be voted Mr. Chicken Ranch of 1947 by his grateful co-workers at 20th. Each morning, George has been bringing in a basket of eggs, laid by his energetic poultry the previous day, and these gems of fifty cents per dozen. Director George Brown (who is mugging George's picture, "The Brasher Doubloon") scrutinized Mr. Montgomery in the midst of his egg dealing, and remarked, "Ah—ham and eggs.
George did not pause in his change-making. Over his shoulder he quipped, "Yech—Dinah's favorite dish."

**NEAT SHORTS:**
Poul Brinkman recently bought a gift for his beautiful wife, Jeanne Crain: a female lion puppy. It looks and behaves—as this is written—like an oversized kitten. Purrs, rolls on its back, drinks milk from a bottle, mews. And tentatively flexes its paws. Jeanne swears that she is going to teach Junior how to scratch nice people.

Jack Crawford was having luncheon at the Cock 'n' Bull recently, looking stunning—as usual—in a huge black carwith a hat and an exquisitely tailored black frock. After Joan had left the buffet table, the major domo (a handsome English woman) observed, "Miss Crawford is one of my favorites—she is a great lady."

Vicki James goes to the races with her mother and daddy, borrows their binoculars, and watches the horses go 'round and around, yelling like a true track enthusiast.
Johnny Cassidy was astonished, recently, to learn that his laundry was back in record time. Explanation lay within the package, a fan had done the work and had written him a note of congratulation upon his screen work.

**THAT MAN AGAIN:**
Jackie Cooper inspected his new badinon court one morning only to find that a celebrated sentence had been printed in the fresh cement: "Kilroy Was Here."

**CLICK TRICKS:**
Penny Singleton frames family mementoes such as her husband's Marine discharge papers, the children's birth certificates, report cards, and her favorite fan letters. These varied items are matted on a wall paper which matches that hung in the room in which the completed keepsake is to be placed, then are framed in oval mahogany. Local decorators are copying the idea.

On the set of "The Birds and the Bees," she received a package from Gene Raymond containing two clips: one a bird with a sapphire body and the other a bee with an amethyst body.

For Nancy Guild's twenty-first birthday, one of her swains gave her a gold medallion about the size of a silver dollar, strung on a heavy gold chain.

A little relief on the medal's face is St. Guadalupe, and on the reverse is the Roman Numeral XXXI.

**COLD SHOULDER:**
In case you have written repeated letters to Guy Madison, Johnny Sands, Rory Calhoun—or in fact any of the Selznick stars—and have received no reply whatsoever, don't blame the stars. A blanket order has gone out from a Selznick official's desk that no letters be answered, and no fan clubs are to be encouraged. In case you ask for a picture, you will receive a postcard with a typed signature—nothing more. The stars themselves are worried about this situation, feeling that they may be misunderstood by the hundreds of thousands who annually write letters of encouragement. So please don't be annoyed at the players—they are powerless to alter the edict at present.

**PRECOCIOUS:**
Dan Duryea was mildly flattered when one of the teachers at the elementary school attended by his sons telephoned to ask him to serve as judge for a costume party being given by the children. The teacher explained that his selection had been made at the suggestion of some of his sons' school mates.

On the morning Dan was to serve in official capacity, he explained to the boys that they must not expect to win a prize for their costumes, elaborate as they were. (Mrs. Duryea had devoted a week to the making of each outfit.)

When the ethics of a parent judging a contest in which some of his immediate family were involved had been carefully explained, Dan and the boys went off to school. That evening, at dinner, the older boy murmured thoughtfully, "It's kind of funny, Dad, the way things work out. You remember the kid who won first prize? Well, he told me he thought my costume was better than his. Then he said something odd: he said that clothes and medals were not as important as the children."

The End
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**TEST YOUR HEAD**

Leg your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where "his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me. Soulful, I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me."

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!"

"It wasn't always so."

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it."

"‘Don't do it, John!' she said. ‘Please don't!' For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!"

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world."

"I feel so good it almost scares me. Soulful, I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world."

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"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quiet dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—and gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds."

"What's more, we kept right on putting our extra cash into U. S. Savings Bonds. And the pay-off is making the world a pretty swell place today!"

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this advertisement by MOVIELAND.
Garson’s back, and, oh, how it hurts,” she said.

Before that mishap, she had promised the crew of the picture a barbecue at her nearby Pebble Beach cottage. In response to their oceans of flowers, she sent back the communiqué, “Looking forward to seeing all your funny faces again.” She worried all through her hospitalization about having to postpone Pebble Beach cottage. In response to their feelings, about having to postpone hospitalization, she worries all through her hospitalization about having to postpone Pebble Beach cottage.

There isn’t a man among those who work with her on the set—carpenters, electricians, grips, prop men, laborers, everyone composing what is known as “the crew”—who wouldn’t cheerfully commit mayhem for her. The idea is a pleasure, according to their individual and collective opinions. Her affection for her crew, in turn, is very deep, real and moving.

Most of its members have been with her for years, down through such pictures as “Mrs. Miniver,” “Random Harvest,” “Mme. Curie,” “Mrs. Parkington,” “Valley of Decision.”

To them, Greer isn’t the great dramatic star, untouchable; pedestalled. She’s merely one of them, to confide in. She knows all about them and their most intimate affairs.

Almost daily, while she is working in a picture, poems, composed by members of the crew, are placed on the dressing-table of her portable set bungalow. Possibly not with the wording of a Wadsworth or a Tennyson, but none the less sincere, and generally on the gag side.

To these, Greer responds like a poet to a sitting grouse. Her musical laugh can be heard across the set as she consumes the most delicious chocolate cake. Her musical laugh can be heard across the set as she consumes the most delicious chocolate cake.

This means, that the loser must do whatever the winner demands for a whole day. If you see pictures of Greer, then, photographed with her husband at Ciro’s, the Mocambo or some other Hollywood nightclub, you may know instantly that she is paying off her losing.

Greer is as unpredictable as the weather, her friends point out fondly, and you never know what she’s going to do next. So don’t let Greer Garson fool you, dear readers, with those stately impersonations of hers but none the less sincere, and generally on the gag side.

Greer is a no slouch when it comes to doggerel. Although she is a devotee of good poetry, give her a pad and pencil and she’s off to whipping out wordage apropos of the moment.

The screen has never yet caught the lightness of Greer in its full-blown state, though this hangs over many of her portrayals like an overtone. Her fans and the general public cannot know, of course, the real Greer from watching the ladies of nobility of character she delineates so charmingly and so persuasively.

Imagine the Greer on the screen singing in her shower. Yet, at home she yodels lustily and without any particular regard for tune as the cold water needles down on her, and passes-by have been known to halt while casting an eye around in search of a possible injured bather.

Speaking of dogs, Greer herself takes over the chore of bathing her giant white French poodle, Gogo. For this, as well as the skill of clipping him regularly, she dons one of her many colorful bathing suits. Soon she has almost as much mud on her as does Gogo, her devoted slave, who stands patiently, knowing through past experience and many excursions under beds that he may as well submit to his bath.

Greer and Richard play gin rummy, her favorite card game. By the way, don’t get the winner demands for a whole day. If you see pictures of Greer, then, photographed with her husband at Ciro’s, the Mocambo or some other Hollywood nightclub, you may know instantly that she is paying off her losing.

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Dear Editor:
As long as you are shipping Van John-son to the girls, would you please ship Danny Kaye "Special Delivery" to me.

Wonda Barbett
Olds Park, Calif.

P. S. I'll gladly pay the postage.

Ginger Fan

Dear Editor:
Congratulations on your fine story "Ginger Makes History" and thanks to Ginger Rogers for not being Ginger Rogers—for a change. In all her films, although she is playing prisoner, editor, war wife, working girl or movie actress . . . she's still emerges the same blonde, blue-eyed Ginger. But, in "Magnificent Doll" she surpasses herself. Her performance was one of her best; it had that good quality she possessed in "Kitty Foyle"—and which has been sadly missing in her most recent films.

Cordially,
Charles W. Hughes

Ginger Fan

Dear Editor:
What is Hollywood trying to do to Ginger Rogers? The idea of putting her in a historical extravaganza such as "Magnificent Doll" is preposterous! Why doesn't she stick to her own style?

Mary Lou Higgins
Charlotte, N. C.

U. S. Versus English Films

Dear Editor:
For the last six months "Sincerely Yours" has printed much about superiority of English films over American films. In the February issue, some woman even said that English actors were better than ours and mentioned Peter Lawford and Pat Kirkwood as examples. It seems to me that this writer has forgotten actors like Jimmy Stewart, Tyrone Power, Clark Gable. Tell me just one English actor who can be mentioned in the same breath as Gregory Peck, Claude Rains, Lionel Barrymore, Ray Milland—I could go on and on! In fact, I could name at least a dozen female stars that outshine English actresses in every way. How about child stars? Can you think of any English children to compare with Margaret O'Brien, Connie Marshall, Butch Jenkins?

Seems to me that lots of people don't appreciate what they have at their finger tips. This letter really isn't just from one person—it's from about ten of us who are mighty disgusted with some of our fellow readers.

After all, if English pictures and people in them are so outstanding, why is it that sooner or later (mostly sooner) nearly all of the English stars end up in our "inferior" American films. Most of them stay, too!

Sincerely yours,

Bill Werbung
Huntington Park, Calif.

Smiles

Dear Editor:
Why doesn't Glenn Ford ever show his teeth? I'm convinced he was frightened by a dentist.

Sincerely,
Bob Rosterman
Blair, Nebr.

Ed. Note: 'Tisn't so! Just to prove it, we're printing a picture of Glenn Ford's very nice smile.

Mason Fans

Dear Editor:
I liked Ann Todd as much as I did James Mason in "The Seventh Veil." I'd like to see them re-teamed, in some of Ethel M. Dell's English romances. That is, if Mr. Mason ever settles down to picture making again.

Helen Pahlil
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Editor:
When is James Mason going to settle down to some serious picture making? He isn't the only neurotic pebble on the beach. We've still got George Sanders!

Personally I'll take handsome, wholesome Glenn Langan—or that nice John Sutton.

Bea Bumbershine
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Editor:
I don't know what the dames see in this sour faced guy, Mason. If we acted like he does our girl friends would kick us out! Are the females of today neurotic?

Percy Potts
Glenn Ridge, N. J.

Address all communications to Editor, Movieland, 535 5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
at last...a
HAIR COSMETIC*
to keep your hair-do
pretty as a picture!

*Greaseless. NOT a hair oil

Take a tip from your beautician! Use the amazing new product she recommends and uses to keep hair perfectly in place... without that "artificial" look or any unpleasant stickiness. Just a few drops of smooth, dew-like SUAVE adds lovely sheen... keeps hair soft and natural. Produced by the creators of world-famous Helene Curtis Cold Waves!

HELENE CURTIS
Suave

holds hair perfectly in place
aglow with life... yet soft and natural!
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Add 1¢ per book for packing, handling and mailing, wherever your order may be sent. Order at least 28 books—$1.08 net; or 6 books—36¢ net. Order by printed price only—net only $1.08 and we will carry all charges.
Brooklyn boasts a tree, a ball club, and a flair for butchering the English language.

But that's not all. Now it’s also famous for a wonderful musical film!

M-G-M has turned four of its most talented stars loose somewhere in the area of Brooklyn Bridge . . . and what comes out is sheer enchantment, sure-fire humor, solid entertainment entitled "It Happened In Brooklyn".

Frank Sinatra is cast as the girl-shy hero who thinks that "New York is just a place to see Brooklyn from". And "The Voice" is in rare voice.

Then, to prove that Brooklyn has an eye for beauty and an ear for song, there’s lovely Kathryn Grayson.

As the romantic young blue-blood who doesn’t know that Greenpoint is pronounced “Greenpnt”, Peter Lawford proves he's the screen's new heart-throb.

Brightening "Brooklyn" with songs and quips is Jimmy Durante, who's got a million of them!

Yes, it happened in "Anchors Aweigh"; it happened in "Till The Clouds Roll By"; and it’s happened again.

That now-famous M-G-M "musical romance" touch is TOPS!

The screen play by Isobel Lennart, based on an original story by John McGowan, abounds in happy moments.

Richard Whorf directed and Jack Cummings produced the picture and it’s a happy combination.

"It Happened In Brooklyn" is a wonderful weaving of story and song, a rollicking, easy-going motion picture that simply bubbles over with delight.

It's just about the happiest thing that ever happened!

P. S. Best-sellers make best pictures!

Three great novels are on their way to being M-G-M hits: "The Hucksters", "B. F.'s Daughter", "East River".

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it's the happiest thing that ever happened!!!

FRANK SINATRA
sings 7 romantic songs ... and

KATHRYN GRAYSON
finds love in the arms of handsome

PETER LAWFORD
Hollywood's new heart-throb, and

JIMMY DURANTE
is funnier than ever!

Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART • Based on an Original Story by JOHN McGOWAN
Directed by RICHARD WHORF • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
What's new? Here's the latest gossip about your favorite Hollywood stars.

Hollywood's newest romance, Joan Crawford and Peter Shaw, look romantic while Mocamboing. Her next film is "Possessed."

The George Montgomerys (she's Dinah Shore) seem to be enjoying the "Till the Clouds Roll By" premiere. George is in "The Brasher Doubloon."

Phil Terry, Joan Crawford's ex, is eyeing a Broadway play. He wants to get out of Hollywood, he says.

Eleanor Powell, now that her baby is old enough to progress under a competent nurse, plans to return to pictures. This should be welcome news to her many fans.

With Hollywood divorces receiving scads of publicity we think it's interesting to note that the Warner Baxters are celebrating their 39th wedding anniversary; the Alan Hales, their 34th; the Frank Morgans, their 33rd.

Claude Raines says it's going to take a mighty good role to lure him away from his Bucks County, Penn., farm. Speaking of retiring (or is Claude?) Fred Astaire is refusing to do any more pictures; he feels that his type of dancing is too strenuous for a man of his age. He may accept a role later in which he acts only.

Reason: Teresa Wright dropped from the cast of "The Bishop's Wife" was that she is going to have another baby. She was off the screen for nearly two years as a result of the terrible time her last birth gave her. This time she's taking no chances.

Greer Garson's career worries, it is rumored, have had plenty to do with her marital difficulties. "Adventure" took a panning from critics and on her last, "A Woman of His Own," there will be revisions.

Greer also has a threat to her cinematic career in the person of beauteous Deborah Kerr, who's been signed at Greer's home studio for seven years. Deborah will be getting the same kind of roles which built Greer to stardom. Both, of course, were English screen beauties before coming over here.

Gene Autry, who parlayed a singing voice, a Western costume and a guitar into millions, has just bought himself eight theaters in Dallas, Texas, and two radio stations in Arizona. He's one of the smartest business men we know.

Dropped into Bing Crosby's dressing room over at Paramount where he was recuperating from a scene with Bob Hope in "Road to Rio." The walls are plastered with pictures of his sons and his horses and mounted in position of attack was a giant eagle.

"Gary Cooper," Bing says, explaining where it came from. "Whenever he goes out on location shooting, he begs all the scraps from the company cook, spreads them on top.
A Love as Bold, as Beautiful, as Wild
as the Hills that Hid Their Story!

THE EXCITEMENT THEY COULDN'T DRIVE OUT OF THEIR BLOOD
WILL SURGE IN YOURS... THESE TWO WHO SHARED A SAVAGE
LOVE NOT EVEN THE LAWLESS WEST COULD FORGIVE!

TERESA WRIGHT
ROBERT MITCHUM

"Pursued"

with
Judith Anderson, Dean Jagger, Alan Hale, John Rodney

DIRECTOR: Raoul Walsh
PRODUCER: Milton Silver

Produced by United States Pictures for Warners
Janet Blair digs for candy while hubby Louis Busch looks on. They’re at Don Loper’s show.

One of Hollywood’s handsomest marrieds: Cornel Wilde and his lovely wife Pat Knight.

These beautiful girls had little difficulty selling cigarettes at the Annual Charity Ball in Hollywood. Left to right: Shirley Temple, Marie McDonald, Cyd Charisse.

It looks as if the Honolulu sail boat races this year will be a stellar affair. Besides the Bogarts, George Brent also wants to go. Brent is sailing to Tahiti for a few months after the races. Incidentally, the Bogarts are readying their boat and plans are now for Betty to clipper over to Humphrey—picture commitments preventing their both going over by boat.

We like Joan Lorring—and like her much better for her humble attitude, well illustrated in this story she told us about Bette Davis. When Joan and Bette were playing in “The Corn Is Green,” Bette finished work on Saturday morning at 11 o’clock and was preparing to leave for the day.

Ann Todd and her husband, Nigel Tangye, leave for London but they’ll return to us in Hollywood around the middle of October when Ann will make another picture.

Ann told me how hard it is for English players over here. They are paid in English pounds, deposited to their accounts in England. Then, English players are allowed just enough money for their current living expenses.

“That’s why we can’t buy a home in California,” Ann explained. “Although we’d like nothing better.”

Clark Gable told me that from now on he wants to make only one picture a year.

“I’m 46,” he said, “and want a chance to do a little living.”

By this Clark doesn’t mean any fancy trips. For his pleasure he’ll take a shack on the Rogue River in Oregon (which he hopes to build someday) and from there he will hunt and fish to his heart’s content.

That’s a nice design for living for Clark—but we’d like to see a fine actor like him much more often than once a year.

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The same Glenn Ford who tamed GILDA!

"I didn't ask you to come into my life!"

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Glenn Ford

in

FRAMED

with

Janis CARTER • Barry SULLIVAN
Edgar • Karen • Jim
BUCHANAN • MORLEY • BANNON

Screenplay by Ben Maddow
Directed by RICHARD WALLACE • Produced by JULES SCHERMER
CONTINUED

The Donald O'Connors and the Jackie Coogans at Ciro's for some dining and dancing. Jackie continues his movie career in Monogram's "Kilroy Was Here."

Since the success of their popular radio show, fans now are clamoring for a movie with Phil Harris and his beautiful wife, Alice Faye. Here they are just before starting a broadcast.

Lew says: "If there's a logical reason in the story for drinking; if it's necessary for the character interpretation or the development of the drama, of course I wouldn't object. I simply don't intend to do a drunk scene if there's no sense to the act."

Reason for Howard Hughes' frequent trips to Mexico was Jean Peters, beauteous lady now playing opposite Tyrone Power in "Captain from Castile." Jean was the lucky lady whose first screen role will be of starring stature. She got it just after winning a beauty contest at Ohio State University. Hughes, of course, is the multimillionaire airplane manufacturer and oil magnate.

Ironic note was that Tyrone Power was escorting Hughes' ex-flame, Lana Turner, about the nities all the time Hughes was there. Jean's wearing a pair of diamond-ruby-encrusted earrings to match the ring Hughes gave her for Christmas.

The Humphrey Bogarts cancelled plans for visiting Louis Bromfield, author, at whose home they were married, to compete in a boat race at San Diego. They plan to make the Honolulu races, too. Those busy Bogarts!

"We meet a new type of people while we're on our boat," Bogey said recently. "They don't talk about Academy Awards, casting, who's-going-with-whom. We like it."

They must—like it, that is—for Bogey added they've spent nearly four months, off and on, aboard the boat this year.

Ray Milland tells me that, since "The Lost Weekend," he can't even drink a cup of tea without having some wise-ace ask if there's gin in it.

"I used to drink only one cocktail a day, just before dinner," Ray said, smiling quizically. "And I've even cut that out."

The Ilona Massey-J. B. Kurtz marriage, already postponed, probably will never reach the altar stage. Ilona is becoming more and more retiring.

Feuding is a favorite Hollywood pastime—especially when the feud reaches the "let's say it in print" stage. However, Bela is genuinely pretty angry with her producers, the King Brothers, who have put out some detrimental publicity (at least she feels it's detrimental) about her refusal to play a role in "The Gangster."

The King boys put out a story that she was mad because Barry Sullivan would be billed above her and because her husband had been barred from the set.

Bella counters with the charge that she didn't think the costumes for the picture were in good taste and that, since the story was put out before the picture started shooting, her husband couldn't possibly have been barred.

"Merton of the Movies" is now having some extensive re-taking done on it because the main character was given the wrong interpretation. Star Red Skelton, however, is not to blame, we hear. While the picture was being made, Red told me that he felt the character should be interpreted sympathetically.

Now it is straight comedy and has to be re-shot.

Jennifer Jones tells me that she plans to go in summer stock to gain stage experience so she can go back to Broadway for a play. How every actor or actress yearns to be a darling of the footlights—in Hollywood!

"People think of me as a stage actress," she told me, "but actually I'd be scared stiff to tackle a New York play right now—for really I've had little experience in the theater."

Hedy Lamarr and John Loder are the proud parents of a 7 lb. 14 oz. baby boy. The newcomer has been named Anthony John.

John Loder, incidentally, says he never wants to make another picture in which Hedy has anything to do with production.

"The last one made us both nervous," he explained. "Hedy thought there would be sharp criticism if we didn't live up to our jobs . . . and consequently it made us both on edge.

We think Hedy and John are a much happier couple now that this situation has all been talked out.

Now that Mickey Rooney's second marriage has gone that way, look for the columns to blaze with notes about Milena Miller, singer with a big radio program.

The End
A great big wonderful show!

Great Tunes!
Big Laughs!
Wonderful Romance!

Hit Parade of 1947

Starring
EDDIE ALBERT • CONSTANCE MOORE • JOAN EDWARDS
with GIL LAMB • BILL GOODWIN • WILLIAM FRAWLEY
WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA • and REPUBLIC GUEST STARS
ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER
and BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Songs by JIMMY McHUGH and HAROLD ADAMSON • 
Swing With Woody Herman: Song With Jour Edwards
"Hitch and Harald" to songs by JIMMY McHUGH
and HAROLD ADAMSON
"If I Only Had You"
"Hitch and Harald"
"In a Texas" P
"It Could Happen To Me"
"Chiquita From Santa Ana"
"The Cats Are Gold"
To The Dogs"

Associate Producer and Director — FRANK McDONALD • A REPUBLIC PICTURE
Pity the Spoiled Wife

"Smash-up" tells the story of why some women become alcoholics

Would you want to be a spoiled wife? Would you want to have a load of money, all the clothes you deam of, a flock of servants, a long sleek car? Would you want to have your husband's constant love, adoration and tender attention? What silly questions! What woman wouldn't want just these things?

Well, as a psychologist I can tell you that, if you had them you probably wouldn't esteem them very highly.

You can see this illustrated by going to "Smash-Up," starring Susan Hayward as Angie—just as I did. I took a group of companions with me, because I wanted to test their reactions and pass the lesson they learned from "Smash-Up" to Movieland readers.

"Smash-Up" is the story of Angie, a woman who has everything and has nothing else to strive for. She takes to drink and becomes an alcoholic.

Formerly a nightclub singer she quits her job to promote the career of her husband. She used to take a drink or two before going on the nightclub floor, to dull her fear of failure. When her husband becomes suddenly famous she really goes to town on drinking—to hide from herself her fear of his success. Angie feels inferior.

I have had a number of patients like Angie, women who went to pieces when they found themselves without a goal, lacking purpose in life. A conviction of uselessness is all too often the first station on that path. Not everyone resorts to drink. Any sort of neurotic behavior may be a symptom of this feeling of fear and inferiority.

Why do some persons, like Angie, turn to alcohol as an escape? One reason is that it works very fast. After only a few drinks it seems to them that they have the courage to resolve their difficulties. One must add: They never do, until they abandon the false cure of alcohol.

Much of Angie's difficulty stems from her (Continued on page 103)
IT HAPPENS TO BE 1947'S Happiest HEART-WARMER!!!

IT HAPPENED ON 5TH AVENUE

Allied Artists Productions, Inc presents

DON ANN CHARLIE VICTOR GALE
DeFORE • HARDING • RUGGLES • MOORE • STORM

in ROY DEL RUTH’s

“IT HAPPENED ON 5TH AVENUE”

She proves that love can begin at forty!

With GRANT MITCHELL • EDWARD BROPHY • EDWARD RYAN, Jr.
Produced and Directed by ROY DEL RUTH • Associate Producer, JOE KAUFMAN • Screenplay by EVERETT FREEMAN
Story by HERBERT CLYDE LEWIS & FREDERICK STEPHANI • Musical Score by EDWARD WARD

How can he be so broke and live like the richest man on Fifth Avenue?

How can he be so e-e-e-e-libly rich...and shavely, snow for a living?

Poor Dan! Not a nickel in his jeans, but dreams worth a million...when along came...

Gale, gorgeous girl of anybody’s dreams.

Fifth Avenue will never be the same since this twosome met up with each other’s lips!
High Fashion Shoulder Pads

You too can have the same smartly-accented shoulders that Hollywood stars rely upon to give sleek sophistication to their clothes! Shoulder pads, designed and created by Mardon of Hollywood, will give your dresses, blouses, suits and coats that smooth look of high fashion! Beautifully tailored, light-as-a-feather Mardon of Hollywood Shoulder Fads hold their shape — and preserve the lines of your clothes ... they eliminate sagging or drooping at the neck, waist or hem-line. Keep your clothes as trim and lovely as new — add more glamour and allure to your wardrobe ... order your Mardon of Hollywood Shoulder Pads today!

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Address

City Zone State

Mail your answers to: Hollywood Wants to Know, MovieLand, 535 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Check one

YES NO

1. Do you object to the life of a prominent person being portrayed in the movies while that person is still alive?

2. Do you prefer Rosalind Russell in serious roles, such as SISTER KENNY, or in gay sophisticated pictures?

3. Would you like to see more radio personalities in the movies?

4. Do you pay attention to the background music while watching a movie?

5. Since Nelson Eddy has been working at Republic he has become so fascinated with westerns that he now wants to star in one. Would you like to see him as a singing cowboy?

6. Do you find it difficult to understand the words of foreign actors and actresses—for example Cockney, German?

7. Are you disappointed when you read that certain stars do not participate in Hollywood’s nightlife?

8. Would you like to have pictures of the cast flashed on the screen with their names, before a movie begins, so that you may identify them during their performances?

9. Would you like to see Joan Crawford teamed with Gregory Peck?

10. Do you try to copy the styles in clothes of movie stars?
ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

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

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

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

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

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

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 142, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.
You will look slim—feel trim—in these smartly-styled, man-tailored, quality slacks. A $12.50 value, now yours, direct from the manufacturer for only $6.95.

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**Movieland Applauds**

A Producer, Two Actors and a Film Merit Loud Handclaps

Dore Schary, because of his singular ability to bring to the screen a “message” that is subtly camouflaged by delightful entertainment. “Till the End of Time” was one of them, and beneath its surface dialogue were a great many worthy thoughts important to America today. “The Farmer’s Daughter” is his latest—a sparkling comedy wrapped around the great need for interest in community politics. No one but Schary could present the politics of one small district in such a heartwarming fashion, and, in the process of entertaining, pack a wallop into the laps of the movie audience. With outstanding performances from such stars as Ethel Barrymore, Joseph Cotten and Loretta Young, and the excellent direction of H. C. Potter, Schary has made a film that will be seen by more than the average millions. And perhaps it will instill into the minds of some of those millions the fact that America would be a better place to live if its people shed their lethargic attitude toward voting. Dore Schary has also proved once more that movies can both entertain and enlighten.

**Victor Moore**, for his performance in “It Happened on Fifth Avenue.” As Aloysius T. McKeever, a homeless wanderer who installs himself in the homes of wealthy families visiting around the globe, Moore gives an unforgettable portrayal of a lovable little man who enriches the world by having lived in it. This is one of those rare performances which will live on for years in the hearts of moviegoers who enjoy a bit of whimsy.

William Holden, whose first movie role since his discharge from service shows a marked maturity in both his personality and his acting. After release from service, Bill was idle for many months before landing the lead role in “Dear Ruth.” This performance should cinch our prediction that he will attain great popularity in 1947. And incidentally, a great big hand to Paramount for making “Dear Ruth.” It is a completely charming film.

“**The Late George Apley**,” for being that rare commodity, a perfect motion picture. Ronald Colman, Edna Best, Peggy Cummins, Vanessa Brown and many others contribute their top talents to a flawless script. All too often, movie executives buy a property which has been a best-selling novel or a successful stage play and change it beyond recognition. Twentieth Century-Fox has shown an admirable restraint with “The Late George Apley” and filmed it in a manner that closely parallels the Broadway version. It is chock full of warm humor and realism, and includes scenes that are gems in movie artistry. It is a film that will endear itself even to those who criticize the mediocrity of today’s films and staunchly refuse to attend the movies. If they would break down just once and see “The Late George Apley,” their attitude would most certainly be changed. This one is worth an encore.

The End
Only those who actually try to conceive and bear children, can really understand the difficulties involved. In certain extreme cases, the marriage itself may be wrecked by this cause. If you are one of these, or too busy to have time to worry about the matter any more, read this book. You can have the complete story of the marriage problem in this book. We give you hundreds of plants and suggestions. If you are one of the millions who have tried to conceive, but have not succeeded, this book is for you. We give you the complete story of the marriage problem in this book. We give you hundreds of plants and suggestions for moving into the marriage problem, and for overcoming the obstacles to successful conception and childbirth. This book will prove helpful. Also explains the causes of sterility, how to test fertility of male and female, and what to do in case of sterility. This book is due to minor conditions which can easily be corrected. Indeed, a baby is truly life's greatest truth.

**A Book That Tells You**

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A continuous flow of hand-crafted articles. The first 14 Hobbits are being printed for the moment and the others are to arrive soon. There is a unique enjoyment in making something with your own hands that you can use.

**The Ideal Book for Everybody Who Goes to the Bathroom**

The WORKING PROCEDURE of 14 HANDICRAFTS and Includes OVER 200 Make-It-yourself PROJECTS

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A continuous flow of hand-crafted articles. The first 14 Hobbits are being printed for the moment and the others are to arrive soon. There is a unique enjoyment in making something with your own hands that you can use.

**The New Encyclopedia of MODERN SEWING**

Edited by Sally Dickson and Frances Brand

Everything is here—from clear instructions for making pretty new clothes and bright accessories for the home to precise hints on how to make over and update old things. The beginner is thoroughly shown all the instructions from threading a needle to all the fine points of sewing. The advanced worker is thorough in every home. A necessity in every home.
I WILL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OTHER

Neither will you ever "go back" to those pins and belts and external pads once you have adopted Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. The use of Tampax will be a revelation to you, as it already has been to millions of women. Invented by a physician to be worn internally, Tampax may be called a truly wonderful product, as it relieves a woman's mind of at least five different worries!

No longer need you worry about clothing-wrinkles and bulges caused by belts and external pads. No worry about odor, for Tampax causes none. The same goes for chafing. Also, a month's supply of Tampax slips into your purse so you needn't be conspicuous carrying a box home from the store. And when disposal time comes, Tampax is only one-fifteenth the bulk of older types!

Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax comes in dainty disposable applicators; you can't even feel it when in place. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 different absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
English Deborah Kerr has the lead in this fast-moving, slightly incredible but charming story of an Irish girl who gets involved in a German espionage ring. Another English favorite to be seen in this film is Trevor Howard, who scored so soundly in "Brief Encounter." Miss Kerr interprets Bridie Quilty, daughter of a romantic and garrulous Irishman who has filled her daughter's head with tales of his heroism in the Irish Revolution. When she comes of age, she leaves her village armed with a small inheritance, a fiery patriotism and a shriveling hatred of anything British. Her naiveté takes her right into the heart of a German espionage mission assigned to find out when and where the Allies plan their invasion. A young Englishman, on holiday, complicates Bridie's life by falling in love with her. After much scramble in the last two reels, Bridie ends up happily with her Englishman.

THE GUILT OF JANET AMES
(Columbia) ........................................... ✦

In "The Guilt of Janet Ames," Rosalind Russell turns from the dramatic quietness of "Sister Kenny" to portray a woman who is on the verge of an hysterical collapse by reason of her own mental fixation. Knowing that her husband chose to die because he felt he had no reason to live, she allows her neuroses to grow to a point where she takes to a wheelchair and protests she cannot walk. Melvyn Douglas finally makes her face the truth. By the time he has finished, these two are in love and Janet's complete redemption comes when she turns the tables and pulls from him the distorted belief he has built about himself which is converting him into an alcoholic. The hyper-emotional quality of the story takes the picture over the deep end despite expert performances by Russell and Douglas.

THE BEGINNING OR THE END (MGM) ....... ✦

MGM's story of the atom bomb comes to the screen as a "picture history of the times." Brian Donlevy plays the role of Major General Groves in command of the atom bomb experiment, with Robert Walker as his military aide and Tom Drake as a young scientist. Scenes of the bomb tests are exciting and full of suspense, but there's a good deal of plotting in the piece and the film loses much of its dramatic impact through the manner of telling. The cast boasts the greatest number of present-day leaders ever seen in one film: President Truman, Albert Einstein, Dr. J. Robb Oppenheimer, Groves and other prominent figures of state—with the late President Roosevelt in two historical scenes, but all are overshadowed by the terrifying role of the Atom itself. To assure moviegoers that the advent of the atomic age was not an all-masculine venture, Audrey Totter and Beverly Tyler add pleasant—but unnecessary—romantic interest.

KING OF THE WILD HORSES ............ ✦

The little boys' and girls' guilds everywhere will approve of this story of ten-year-old Tim Taggert who makes friends with King, a beautiful stallion and leader of a herd of wild horses. Billy Sheffield does a nice job as the young boy, Tim, with Preston Foster, Gail Patrick, Guinn (Big Boy) Williams doing their best to add to the pleasant little story.

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DO YOU

By HELEN KING

Robert Taylor received plaudits for his part in "Undercurrent" (MGM), his first postwar film.

★ "Can you tell if we would be happily married?" is a question which comes up frequently in the mail addressed to this department. Thus, it is interesting to see the signatures of two Hollywood personalities, both of whom are individualists, but who have adapted themselves to life.

Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor know how to adjust themselves to new surroundings, new ideas. Both are sincerely sympathetic, and would find it easy to understand another's problem. These traits, in common, may account for many years of happiness.

Miss Stanwyck's writing tells of strong likes and dislikes. She is more conscious of people than her husband is, more anxious to mix in, to "socialize." Mr. Taylor is more likely to confine his social life to a smaller group. Both love people. Both want to have contacts. Both respond to friendships. To find this combination of traits, look at the size and slant of their scripts. Larger writing always indicates a more vital need for associates (that is Miss Stanwyck). Writing which slants to a greater degree (as does Mr. Taylor's) indicates a more demonstrative nature.

Do you notice that both underscore their signatures? This is characteristic of the person who has earned public acclaim, whose personality dominates in some manner. Ordinarily two dominating natures in a home can be disastrous. Miss Stanwyck's unusual signature, plus the underscore, tells that she made good despite hardships, that she has earned her acclaim. Mr. Taylor's signature is more that of the man who selected a vocation and succeeded in it. That curved line, plus two little straight marks, may be found in writings of others who made good in the professional world.

According to their signatures Barbara Stanwyck should respond to color, would like to have much of it in her home, wardrobe, etc.
The who have read previous analyses appearing here may recall that joined letters and words indicate a logical mind; that highly broken words tell of intuition. There are two breaks in "Barbara" and one in the last name. Intuition, having a hunch, judging rapidly—these belong to the lady of the household. The man in the house usually figures things out, wants to be shown. Between the two it should be difficult for anyone to fool them very long.

Miss Stanwyck's writing also tells that she is somewhat impatient for results, that she has a pleasant sense of humor, would be the kind to enjoy a practical joke. She usually knows how to follow through on the desires of her mind and heart, is an altruist, would do more than her share to keep others on a happy plane of existence.

Mr. Taylor's rapid script indicates his move, work, talk quickly. He has much nervous energy, is affectionate and somewhat demonstrative. He has the type of mind which absorbs readily, takes on new studies, likes to keep abreast of current conditions.

According to their writing they could be happily married, for they know how to help each other. Both have learned to "live and let live."

The End

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Unless you want Helen King to tell you what secrets are revealed by your handwriting. If so— if you want a personal handwriting analysis from one of the foremost American graphology experts— send this coupon, together with 25¢ and a sample of your penmanship, to Helen King, care of MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 555 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Incluse a stamped, self-addressed envelope. You will receive a personal analysis—no form letters!

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Try Auburn for a natural glowing red, or Henna for a shining burnished-gold tone!

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Use French Blue to give a flattering aura of pale blue to white or gray hair!

And... try a French Blue Rinse on bleached hair to give a new, thrilling natural blonde look!

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Just fill out the coupon below and mail. When you receive your Tintz Liquid Color Lustre Rinse shade, deposit the price of tax and postage charges with postman and cash with your coupon and we'll pay postage. We know you'll be thoroughly pleased. We guarantee that Tintz Liquid Color Lustre Rinse will arrive within 7 days to us and will refund your money. A special introductory offer!

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* * *

We went to Eagle-Lion studios to watch them roll up a scene in "Repeat Performance." It depicted a Christmas party, and the room was almost filled with a huge Christmas tree, surrounded by packages in holiday wrappings. We learned that, although the packages were supposed to be fake, Louis Hayward had conceived the idea of filling them with real gifts and presenting them to the crew when the picture was.
finished. We thought it was a wonderful idea, and so did Louis, until he found that the set had been changed that same night and a too-efficient prop department had whisked away the packages. Monday morning found Hayward struggling through the prop department trying to pick out his gifts.

We’re looking forward to visiting Eagle-Lion Studios when they start two new mystery pictures. One, with Sylvia Sidney and handsome John Hodiak, is called “LOVE FROM A STRANGER.” The other is a Vera Caspary thriller (she wrote “LAURA” and “BEDELIA”), with George Brent and Virginia Mayo.

There’s a lulu being filmed at Universal-International. It’s called “THE SECRET BEYOND THE DOOR” and stars Michael Redgrave, the sensational English actor, and Joan Bennett. Almost everybody connected with the picture is at wit’s end trying to figure out what will happen next. You see, only director Fritz Lang and the script writer know what the secret beyond the door is. Even the writer of the original story, which appeared in a national magazine, doesn’t know, because his ending has been changed for the movie.

The final scene disclosing the secret won’t be filmed until the very end, and Fritz Lang stands around and smiles impishly while the cast and crew place bets on the solution.

Michael Redgrave, incidentally, is charming Hollywoodians right off the map. He has picked up American slang with amazing speed, and, ten days after his arrival in California, was pointing out spots of interest to the natives.

Mark Hellinger is following up his great success, “THE KILLERS,” with another film starring Burt Lancaster. It’s titled “BRUTE FORCE.” Also a Universal-International production, it is the story of four prison inmates who see in a girl pictured on their wall the composite of the women in their own lives. The four women in the story are played by Ann Blythe, Ella Raines, Yvonne De Carlo and Anita Colby. The four girls, although acting in the same picture, each have one day’s work, and never actually meet on the set.

Just because it’s spring in New York, we wish we could have been with the gang making “MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET” when they were there on location. Particularly to see them filming scenes in Macy’s department store. John Payne and Maureen O’Hara walking around Macy’s nearly caused a riot. When the shooting there was wound up, the director asked the store manager if there was anything he would like. “Yes,” said the manager. “That little whistle that the assistant director blows.”

“All right,” said the director. “But why?”

“It gets more respect from my employees than I’ve ever been able to manage.”

Over at RKO the other day we stopped in to watch the first day’s shooting on “INDIAN SUMMER.” Alexander Knox was supposed to find Ann Sothern herding bees on her farm. It seems that Ann had learned the art of handling bees as a child, and so the bee scene was written into the script without hesitation. As we watched, we could see that Ann was handling them all right, but they took a dislike to everyone else. Knox was stung in the thumb, a makeup man in the eye and somebody else on the mouth.

“That settles it,” yelled the director. “We’ll substitute chickens.”

“But I don’t understand it,” said Ann. “They’re Italian bees and they aren’t supposed to sting in the first place.”

She held out a handful to George Tobias, who went zipping offstage immediately.

Seymour Nebenzal is whipping up a spectacular movie called “ATLANTIS” which is all about the mythical lost continent. This one has it in the center of Africa, and Maria Montez as its Queen. In it Maria wears a wig with bongs, and many spectacular costumes. She has everyone she dislikes “mummified.” This is one picture we have to see, it should certainly take our minds away from our own troubles.

On the set of “THE PARADINE CASE” history was made recently. Alfred Hitchcock utilized not one but four cameras simultaneously in the same scene. Multiple camera photography has been used in other pictures but all the cameras have been trained on the same subject. Hitchcock’s method achieves increased benefits to the players.

The End
Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where 'his feet take him', or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world."

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me."

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!"

"It wasn't always so."

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it."

"Don't do it, John!" she said. "Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would be to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!"

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quitting dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds."

"What's more, we kept right on putting our extra cash into U. S. Savings Bonds. And the pay-off is making the world a pretty swell place today!"

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this advertisement by MOVIELAND

Don't Climb Out of a Window to Keep a Date!

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am a minister's daughter. My parents disapprove of the company I keep. They will not allow me to go out with boys or go to shows or dances. Since the rest of my friends go to these places, I feel that I am old enough to enjoy a few innocent pleasures. I'm seventeen and I have even gone as far as to climb out of my bedroom window to go places. I have asked for advice before but everyone has told me that I should follow my parents' instructions.

I don't want you to think I'm being hard on you, but apparently you're going to seek advice until you get the kind you want. I certainly cannot uphold your climbing out of windows to go on parties. True, your parents may be strict, more strict than they have a right to be in this day and age, but don't forget, you still owe them obedience. It's been my experience that there are some parents a child cannot simply talk to. Yours may fall into this category. I don't know. I do know, however, that if you can't have a heart-to-heart talk with them, you can have a close friend intervene on your behalf. Or better yet, why don't you try writing them a letter? See if you can't pour your heart out in this letter. Some people write much more eloquently than they talk. You may be one of these. But don't go climbing out any windows or doing anything foolish like that. If you're caught, it will only lead to endless recrimination.

TIRED OF THE KITCHEN

Dear Miss Crawford:

A year ago I happily left a very fine position to be married and run a home. I tried to be a good housewife, but after a year of routine cooking and cleaning I hate it more each day. Now I want to go back to work. My husband won't hear of this, however. He says he likes to have me at home rested and waiting when he gets through work.

It's not that we need the money. It's just that I'm afraid I'll lose my mind if I don't get out of the kitchen soon. How can I make him see this?

Clare R.
Lexington, Ky.

There are a lot of men in this world like your husband, unnecessarily dominant, and while I can appreciate their feelings, I know full well that they're wrong. The best course of action for you to pursue is to engage your husband in a serious conversation. Try and make him see how if you return to work you will become much fresher mentally, physically and spiritually. If anything, you will become a better wife with more things to talk about, more views, more alertness, more worldliness. Appeal to his reasonableness and ask for an opportunity to prove your contention. Let me know how it works out.

"CHEAP" CHARLEY

Dear Miss Crawford:

I'm a girl of twenty-two and have been dating for years. I thought I "hit" men, but I guess I don't know as much as I thought. Six months ago one of the fellows in our office, named Charley, started taking me out. He seemed about perfect in every way—good-looking, intelligent and ambitious. Then a few weeks ago another girl, who works with us, pointed out that he's a "cigarette bum." That is, he's always borrowing cigarettes and never paying back.

I started thinking about this petty fault and other small things. He never has toll money, change for tips or the right amount for a pay telephone and he borrows from me or someone else. These points seem to make him look like a penny pincher, yet he never talks about money and always takes me to nice places. Do you suppose he is a cheapskate? And should I continue to date him?

Rosemary J.
Here's what I think. Your friend Charley isn't a cheapskate. In fact, he may be anything but. You say in your letter that he takes you to nice places and never talks about money. Somebody has to pay the bills.

Dear Miss Crawford:

You have two questions you want answered (1) whether the separation in your teeth might prove a hindrance to the successful attainment of that career and (2) whether the other Don Juans, you continue to keep them at arm's length. It's been my experience that nothing attracts a man so much as a girl who's hard to get. You stay the way you are, and you'll find that you'll have more boy friends than the "free and easy" girls do.

HOW TO GET A DATE

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am a senior in high school and about six months ago I took a position in a dry goods store. Within a few months my employer's son returned from service. Almost immediately we became friendly and in a few weeks he asked me out. A few weeks later he took me out again and on these dates he kissed me goodnight.

I see him every day and his attentions to me are the same as before. I am led to believe he still likes me, but he hasn't taken me out again. I really like this boy and would like to know how there can be more dates?

Marie S.
Rutherford, N. J.

I think there should be more dates, but obviously you are going to have to inspire them. This is always difficult because no girl wants to seem as if she's chasing after a man. Women have their ways, however, and here are a few you can try. You can invite this young man to your home for dinner. You can tell him that you have two tickets for a show and subtly suggest that he might like to go alone. You can have a girl friend throw a party and see if it that you and the employer's son are paired off. If he likes athletic events, you can also see if it that you have a pair of tickets available on his free night. In other words, the next move is up to you. But you must move cautiously, subtly, and graciously. If none of these devices work, then the best thing for you to do is to give up this young man and set your cap for someone else.

WHAT ABOUT NECKING?

Dear Miss Crawford:

I have a question that has been on my mind since I was 13. (I am 18 now.) It is what the younger set calls "necking.

I have never approved of it and I still don't, but so many boys and girls are always asking, "Why didn't you let Dick kiss you?" I have a regular boy friend and I let him kiss me occasionally but when I date others I refuse to let them kiss me or hold my hand. When I turn them down they seem to be angry with me. One boy even asked me when I was going to grow up.

Now what I want to know is this: Is it all right to let a boy kiss you occasionally, or should you refuse them?

Awena C.
Durham, N. C.

You're a high-minded, intelligent, discriminating and idealistic girl and, no matter what your friends say, I want you to know that you're doing the right thing. Kissing and necking with boys indiscriminately will lead only to trouble and a bad reputation. Apparently, you're not a narrow-minded girl because you do let your regular boy friend kiss you goodnight. That's as it should be.

As for the other Don Juans, you continue to keep them at arm's length. It's been my experience that nothing attracts a man so much as a girl who's hard to get. You stay the way you are, and you'll find that you'll have more boy friends than the "free and easy" girls do.

BACHELOR BAIT

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am a single girl, age 22. I met a fellow of 20 when I was working in Hollywood. During the transit strike he drove me home every day. He also took me to movies and to dinner.

We have been going together for six months and I am very much in love with him. Although he shares my feelings, he is dead set against marrying, as he already has had two heartbreaks. He says he knows it wouldn't work out and I would be hurt and it would be his fault.

I disagree, but how can I make him change his mind?

Doris M.
San Diego, Cal.

The best way to make marriage seem attractive to a man is to not seem interested in it yourself. You are still young and pretty, I imagine. And if you were to treat the young man in question just as another date—be gay and carefree—even say you don't want to be tied down yourself— it might change his mind. Men are perverse creatures. Just let them find a girl who's happier single and they want to prove how much happier she'd be if she were married. Try this tactic and let me know what sort of progress you make.

Do you have a problem that's bothering you? Write to Joan Crawford, c/o Movie- land, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y., and if she thinks your letter is of general interest to our readers, you will see it answered in Movieland.
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with a haunting kiss...

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The Ghost and Mrs. Muir

with EDNA BEST • Vanessa Brown • Anna Lee • Robert Coote • Natalie Wood • Isobel Elsom • Victoria Horne

Directed by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ • Produced by FRED KOHLMAR • Screen Play by Philip Dunne From the Novel by R. A. Dick
So Van Johnson is married—and now what?

He is married, of course, to the charming and lovely Evie Wynn. Van is just as swell a fellow as he ever was. But what Hollywood is asking itself is whether or not his marriage will affect his career.

On this there are three trains of thought in the film capital. First are those who say that Van's marriage will trip up his popularity. Second are those who solemnly predict it will have no effect on Van's career whatsoever. Third are those who contend it will skyrocket him into even greater prominence. After all, people in Hollywood do grow up. They eventually get married. Their fans love them just the same.

Out at MGM there were some worried faces when the news of Van's marriage came through. There were predictions of calamity. People began watching the effect of Van's personal appearances at parties, premieres, clubs.

Three days after his wedding, Van appeared as guest star on a radio show. Maybe he was trying to test out the crowd; anyway he said that he figured that perhaps the gang didn't want his autograph any more. A howl of protest went up. He was, as usual, nearly mobbed.

We remember the Van Johnson of 1943, a big, red-haired, freckle-faced guy bursting with unbridled, genuine enthusiasm. He wanted more than anything else to be a good actor.

Then came the torrent of fan-mail from articulate teen-agers which catapulted Van to the peak of popularity—perhaps before he was ready. He never had any control after that in the inexorable process which made him a national movie figure.

As for 1947, it's going to be interesting to see which way Van will go, up or down. Movieland believes he will go up, given the right kind of pictures, and the kind of roles for which he has been trained. What do you think?
Clark Gable settled back on the couch in his portable dressing room and conceded, somewhat cautiously, that *The Hucksters* was "going along fine."

"I don't say it'll be good," he hedged. "Can't tell about that yet. I just say it's going along all right and it can be good."

The big guy was back on a movie set for the first time in eighteen months. He was happier, obviously, than he had been the last time he faced a camera. Then, winding up *Adventure*, he was already convinced that the film would be a dud—and nothing that has happened since has changed that conviction.

The golden flood of box-office coin that greeted the picture didn't change it, certainly. The reassurances of many fans who were happy because "Gable's back and Garson's got him" didn't change it.

By his own standards, *Adventure* was a flop. It was his first movie in four years, and he didn't like it. That is putting it mildly, which Gable doesn't:

"You ask if it's really so tough for them to find pictures for me? Look, I'm gone three years and in all that time all they can find for me is that jewel. Yeah, it must be tough."

He rates *Adventure* along with *Parnell*, his 1937 error. *Parnell* was the epic in which the bosses tried to subordinate Gable to a "character," forgetting that their prize boy brings in those shekels not by acting (which he can surely do) but primarily by being Gable.
All of this suggests that, when M-G-M proceeds with its quest for future Gable vehicles, the perfect Gable role is right in front of the studio’s collective nose: “The Life of Clark Gable.” There’s a story that has everything: poverty to riches, adventure, adversity, humor, romance, tragedy, courage—and most of all, that essential ingredient of any good story, a richly human character.

There’s a hitch to this, of course. And it’s Gable himself. For if by some improbable chance Clark ever consented to a movie based on his life, he would immediately stop being himself, go “out of character.” One of the remarkable things about the man is that—through sixteen years of stardom, through ten years as one of the screen’s “top ten” attractions—he has always been Gable true to Gable, Gable “in character.”

When we broached the idea for such a picture to Clark, his reaction was instant—mildly startled, tolerantly amused and definitely “No.”

“I’m not a writer of memoirs,” he chuckled, “and I certainly hope, even after I’m gone, I’ll never be dramatized. And as for playing in such a picture—nunh-unh!”

This reaction, easily predictable, was in character for many reasons. One is that the fellow has always been constitutionally unable to take things, including himself, “big.”

Even if he tried, he’d have little success in achieving that state of self-absorption and self-glorification which proclaims the ham. (Continued on page 89)
Over a cup of tea, Esther Williams, Movieland's Alyce Canfield and the Soundmirror recording machine (center), begin their interview.

Here's one interview where every word counts. Movieland is the first to quiz a star via recording machine!
* You may not know it, Esther Williams, but you are the first movie star to be interviewed with a recording machine taking down every word. You'd better think before you speak. We aren't going to delete a word.

Go ahead, Alyce Canfield, scare me to death!

It won't be scary—that's a promise. All we want is to help your fans know you better. We're not going to say, "Esther Williams is like this." We're going to let them judge for themselves.

Heaven help me!

I don't think you have to worry, because, although you've come a long way since the first time I interviewed you after you started at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, you haven't changed.

That's pretty nice, if true.

You're still as exuberant and friendly and down-to-earth as you were then.

Three years ago I asked you what you felt was the most valuable thing you had gained as the result of being a movie star. You said, "Poise." Is your answer the same today?

No, I guess it isn't. The most valuable thing I have is that I can not only live a very rich and full life myself, but I can give my family a wonderful life, too. Knowing I can take care of my family is a most heart-warming and satisfying thing.

I know what you mean. Everyone of us would like to be able to have that sort of a feeling.

I know if my mother and father ever need me, or if my brother could use a little help on a business deal, or anything ever comes up where they need someone to lean on ... that I have the wherewithal to help them because I'm saving

Their is a cheery, comfortable home on the side of a hill, but Ben Gage and Esther Williams love to discuss "dream house" plans.
"Angie" doesn't miss a step her pretty mistress takes. Whether Esther is busy doing her own housework or out sunning herself by the pool, the brown and white, cocker spaniel is right at hand.

Esther Williams CONTINUED

my money. This is the most important thing pictures have given me. Of course, pictures have given me a knowledge of my own poise, which is very reassuring. I can stand before a group of people and not be embarrassed or self-conscious. You see, Alyce, motion pictures are a lot like a finishing school. You learn how to walk, to sing and dance, to think on your feet. This is wonderfully helpful.

I can imagine it would be. It has probably influenced your life greatly. Speaking of influencing you, who do you regard as the most important romance in your life?

There's only one, and that's my husband, Ben Gago. We're so happy. He's the important romance, and the only romance.

He's such a love, and so handsome, too!

Alyce! I think you're in love with my husband!

Well, you must admit you have a wonderful guy. I know there's nothing wrong with Ben in your eyes, but are there any things about men in general you don't like?

Well, in men and women both the thing I dislike the most is artificiality. The thing that makes you say one thing and mean another. Hypocrisy. You know? Fooling people to put over an effect of some sort.

Who are your closest friends?

Our closest friends are Lou and Janet Busch (Janet Blair); Ben's brother and his wife; Mel and Kenny McEldowney; and, oh—let me think—Dick Fitzpatrick, who is Gail Patrick's brother, and his wife. And then, of course, my family.

We were speaking a little while ago about what you like best about being a movie star. What other things are a satisfaction to you as a result of your fame?

One of the greatest joys of my life is going through (Continued on page 98)
"Ben did the remodeling; he's a wonder!" And Esther provided gay touches like apothecary jar in foreground. While Ben goes over accounts, Esther reads. The Gages are always busy, seldom relax. Ben's a radio announcer and Esther has just finished "Fiesta" for M-G-M.

Naturally, the Gages love to swim. Their front yard pool is unpretentious. "All we need is water enough to play in," they say.
"Swimming and eating are things I like best," says Pete. He's 6 feet tall.
He wanted to be a concert pianist, but fate had other plans for this talented young Englishman.

I LIKE
Malted milk; ukuleles; swimming; cameras; girls; and, of course, all good things to eat.

I DISLIKE
Turnips; pretentious people; too much shop talk; barbecues; formal dances.

MY FAVORITE
Reading is psychological mystery stories; Food is roast lamb, roast potatoes and mint sauce; Sport is tennis; Film is *Night Must Fall*; Music is that played by Duke Ellington and Count Basie; their music is full of such wonderful tempo and rhythm.

THE FIRST THING I REMEMBER
Happened when I was four. My father, mother and I were living in a hotel in Paris, France. Our room (Continued on page 100)
In her latest film, "Mother Wore Tights," Betty does some of the best singing and dancing of her career, wears eye-filling costumes and hairdos.
You can depend on Betty Grable to do her best every time. That is her key to success

Betty at her Best

By ROBERT SCOTT

* It was just a passing remark Betty Grable made, sitting in the den at the James's Coldwater Canyon home, but it rang a bell.

"When you're in anything," she said, "naturally you want to do the best you can."

I had heard that somewhere before, heard Betty Grable saying it. It all came back . . .

There was a chap pounding away at the piano in the rehearsal hall, and a girl in blue slacks and white silk blouse was dancing in front of a mirror. Trick steps, fast steps, tap-tap-tap-tap-tap.

"This way, Nick?" she asked the dancing man beside her.

"Right, Betty," said Nick Castle, who was teaching her a routine. "Now let's give it a little of this—tap-huh-tap-huh-tap . . ."

The piano tinkled on, interminably, and the dancing feet tattooed the hardwood floor in rhythm.

"Take ten, Betty?" panted Nick at last.

"Right!" gasped Betty. "Could use!"

She stretched her neat figure full-length on a divan, called for a glass of water and a fresh pair of slippers.

Having watched the performance for an hour, with no breaks to "take ten" or even five, I began to suspect that dancing might be hard work no matter how smooth and easy it looked on the (Continued on page 84)
Everyone has a rule for happiness.

For Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan

it's just being together always

"Get the most out of life," say Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. They've been happily married for seven years.
Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman have been married for seven years. They are happy—gloriously happy—simply because they are still in love. Both of them say that staying in love is not hard at all if you follow two rules.

The first is to enjoy life. That’s all. Just enjoy it—and together. The second is to use common sense in looking at your marriage and at all the things pertaining to it.

I had been seeing and hearing a lot about the happy Reagans, so I drove out to their beautiful Beverly Hills home to get a first-hand account of the secret behind their seven-year honeymoon.

For two people who have hit fame’s jack-pot (Jane with The Yearling and The Lost Weekend, and Ronnie with Stallion Road) there is a remarkable simplicity about their way of life. The two of them make you feel welcome and comfortable with their easy courtesy, their conversational interest in everything and everybody.

Ronnie, as personable off screen as on, was relaxing beside his swimming pool, sun-bathing in the hot California sun, when I arrived. He looked very unlike the rip-roaring hunk of man I’d pictured who had burned the pages of a local paper with his championing of the “little guy.” He is a big fellow in more than one way. All six feet, all 175 pounds of the man combine into one big, soft heart. His friendly, democratic spirit is the first thing you notice when you meet him. Then you start paying attention to his grey-eyed directness and his personable, smiling face.

Ronnie thinks that his interest in the affairs of the world and the state of the union arises from the fact that he can never forget that he was a “little guy” once himself, coming up the hard way.

His full concentration right now is on a subject near and dear to that large Irish heart of his—the veterans.

“The first thing I did in pictures when I got out of the Army,” Ronnie recalled earnestly, “was a trailer on the veterans’ housing situation. It was a plea for the homeless (Continued on page 93)
"He's handsome, dreamy, a killer," sighs our author after an interview with the newcomer whose personality hit Hollywood like a thunderbolt.

"I want six kids, and all of them mean!" Burt tells Peg as she snaps his picture with fan.

"This business is a pleasure," says author Bennion as she starts out on an interview—sightseeing tour with star Burt Lancaster.

"This business is a pleasure," says author Bennion as she starts out on an interview—sightseeing tour with star Burt Lancaster.

**Burt Lancaster**

* He is an exciting human equation. He has the rough appeal of a football player, the smooth appeal of a man-in-the-know, the challenging appeal of an individualist. His strong masculinity makes you constantly aware that you're a woman, and he has a masterly air which indicates that he understands women very well.

  You know he's not to be trifled with. There's something just a little frightening about him, though nothing you can reach out and touch. His manner is almost casual. But there's a feeling of suspense behind this casualness, of strength and will coiled like an iron spring.

  This, in short, is Burt Lancaster. The Burt Lancaster who hit Hollywood like a bombshell, and who put such power into the role of Swede in *The Killers*. He is very much a man.

  I took him out driving to show him Hollywood, which in ten months of living...
there, he’d been too busy to see. That is, theoretically I took him out. Actually we drove in his new Ford convertible. The idea of the trip was that it would give him a chance to get acquainted with Los Angeles and give me a chance to get acquainted with him. We started out for Chinatown, and on the way we did quite a bit of talking.

I found that he likes the Hollywood climate, particularly when it’s sunny and warm, which it is most of the time. He likes to be able to walk out on the street in his shirtsleeves in the dead of winter.

He told me that he had a hot temper, that he was stubborn, temperamental, moody. “I was raised in a rough neighborhood,” he said, “where you let yourself go. As a matter of fact, I was raised in an Italian section of New York that produced some of the most famous gangsters the country has ever known. There were gun fights on the streets. The kids carried knives, fought with fists all the time.”

“You certainly used your fists well in “The Killers,”” I said. “Where did you get your prize-fighting experience?”

“I didn’t,” he (Continued on page 86)
Are Hollywood Pictures Infantile?

Do producers really know what the public wants?

Precious casting is bad.

Why all the emphasis on office trends?

Most movies fail to mirror life.

Can film-makers afford to ignore original authors?

Star talent is grossly misused.

Why distort best-sellers?

Jay Richard Kennedy (seated), Signe Hasso, Producer Sidney Buchman and Dick Powell confer about Kennedy’s exciting script, “Assigned to Treasury.” (Col.)
This picture-maker says most movies cheat the public. Do you agree?

*Is Hollywood cheating the public?

Daring to voice openly what he privately believes to be true, Jay Richard Kennedy, himself a motion picture producer, says that Hollywood is cheating the movie-going public in 90 per cent of the pictures seen on the screen today.

"Everyone in Hollywood who is honest about it admits that most movies are on an infantile level," he said. "The problem is to analyze why. In the answer we will find why the public is being cheated. We will find how the motion picture business is cheating itself." Kennedy well realizes the charge he makes is a serious one. But he believes it must be met and solved if the present popularity of the movies is to continue.

Short of stature and slight of build, with a shock of black hair and intense blue eyes, Kennedy is a dynamic personality who deceptively seems mild and easy-going upon first meeting. Articulate in the extreme, he is a rapid-fire talker. Born only 42 years ago in the slums of Chicago’s South Side, he was orphaned at the age of three, turned hobo at 14, then became a bricklayer and a longshoreman. Although his formal education ended when he was only 10, he pursued a ravenous quest for further learning through history, philosophy, economics, and literature.

At the outbreak of the war Kennedy bought a bankrupt precision tool plant, and because he was unfamiliar with the business, not only spent long days and nights in the shops, but paid one of the former owners a flat $80,000 to tutor him in engineering and plant operation. By 1942 he was the biggest builder of contour bullet dies in the country and earned a government citation for his contribution to the war effort.

Less than a year ago, he arrived in Hollywood with a script tucked under his arm. Four major studios began frantic bidding. It was his story, "Assigned To Treasury." Not only did it deal with heretofore hush-hush activities of the Treasury Department in connection with its fight against the narcotic rings of the world, but miraculously carried the department’s full approval.

Equally miraculously, Kennedy succeeded in breaking the Johnson office taboo against any movie dealing with dope.

He sold the story to Columbia for $100,000 plus 25 per cent of the profits. His deal also specified that he was to write the screen play and, as associate producer with Sidney Buchman, have his say-so over every phase of the picture’s making from beginning to end. On that last point he was adamant. Only with those safeguards, he felt, would the authenticity of his story be preserved and his bargain with the Treasury Department kept.

This, then, is the unorthodox fighter who charges that the movies are cheating the public. When you telephone him, by the way, you don’t have to fight your way through a barricade of secretaries and assistants. He answers the phone himself. That’s rank heresy out here.

"First let me say this. It is wrong to argue that the public is cheating itself because it has freedom of choice," Kennedy says, "There is no freedom of choice today. Unlike other industries, where the buyer preserves the harsh right of choice in product, and the style and quality of product are determined by the buyer’s reaction, the movie-goer must take what Hollywood elects to put on the screen. He may not like it, but he must take it—or go entirely without.

"Choice of product actually is controlled by (Continued on page 81)

Would you ever guess? It's Gloria DeHaven in her new black-banged tresses with hubby John Payne. Her newest film is "Summer Holiday."

Joan Crawford and Dana Andrews are tickled with "most cooperative" awards from Women's Press Club.

While attendants Ann Rutherford and Don Castle look on, Jack Wrather and his lovely bride, Bonita Granville, slice into their wedding cake.

On the town with
Your nimble-footed reporter and her camera-clicking pal have lots of Hollywood excitement to tell you about this month—including TWO dreamy weddings!

It’s Major and Mrs. Robin Olds now. Gorgeous Ella Raines married her best beau recently. She wore powder blue satin with a cunning veil.

Janie and Joe

Honestly, what with all the places we’ve been going, I just don’t understand how I can still cast a shadow. But Joe, the camera carrier, rudely reminds me of my appetite, which more than makes up for all the exercise I get. That man can be so crude!

For instance, there we were just being shoved around in the crowd at Ella Raines’ wedding to Major Robin Olds, and even when some onlooker rammed her heel into my tender instep, Joe kept on babying the camera instead of me. Chivalry dropped dead, as far as that boy is concerned, simply months ago.

Ella darted into the church by a side door. Joe and I managed to slither through the mob and into the church in time for the ceremony, which was real emotion-making.

Ella wore powder blue, and a hat of the same color with a little veil hitched onto it. The dress was of heavy satin with trapunto work or quilting or some-such in the shape of flowers all down the front. The groom wore his Air Corps uniform, which was tailored down to a gnat’s eye and had all the gals hanging onto the pews in sheer rapture. His chest was hung with all sorts of impressive ribbons and medals and stuff.

After the ceremony, Ella and Robin posed for pictures inside the church (it was the Westwood Community Church), posed for simply hours and hours. Then it happened—that guy called Joe went and stepped back dramatically to get a good shot, and down went a wreath, and then that wreath knocked down another one and it kept on and on embarrassingly. Major Olds was real darling and gallant and helped Joe pick up the debris.

We trekked on out to the Beverly Hills Hotel and went to the reception, which was strictly formal, black ties and all. It was a huge party that didn’t break up until after ten, when Ella and her man got off on their honeymoon.

Honestly, if (Continued on page 77)
He knew what he wanted

It took time to convince Hollywood that he could be a tough guy but Dick Powell proved his point

* Dick Powell calls himself a “frustrated salesman.”

“My father was a selling man,” he says, “and I come from a family that just likes to add things up.”

The affable Dick—full name Richard Ewing Powell—is noted around Hollywood as one of the colony’s most successful business men and promoters. Even-tempered and relaxed, without any great fuss of frantic activity or high-pressure zeal, he is able to turn an honest dollar entirely apart from his pleasant acting income. When he’s on a deal he believes in—and he believes in it before he’s on it—he can convince the coldest of skeptics.

And yet the toughest selling job he ever did, with a “product” in

The roles Dick used to seek are seeking him now: in “Johnny O’Clock,” he’s big-time gambler.
which he had limitless faith because he knew it better than anybody else, was the job of selling Hollywood a "new" Dick Powell.

He made the sale and today Powell, already happy in his marriage to June Allyson, is happier than ever before.

With a career set to his liking, he has time, too, to do more flying, his favorite relaxation.

"If I hadn't sold myself," he grins, "I'd have been a dead Joe, running people out of theaters."

This is exaggeration. But Powell, if not box-office poison in those days before "Murder, My Sweet," was scarcely a sensational drawing card. He had been around a long time. He sang well. When producers had a musical to cast, they thought of him. To Dick's way of thinking, that was the trouble. The years, he knew, have a way of dealing with crooners—unless their name is Crosby. Actors, on the other hand, can laugh at (Continued on page 56)
So you think you know Joan Fontaine! Well, you don’t. For Joan is a new Joan, a reborn Joan, an exquisite and beautiful woman who has at last begun to find her true place in life.

She recognizes this herself, is in fact very happy about it. “Within the past few months,” she says, “everything has changed. Perhaps I’m in some sort of cycle that is bringing me everything I want. Isn’t it amazing that in these months I’ve had a new husband, a new home—and a new career?”

Joan and I were sitting across a table from each other at Lucey’s. She’s just come from the set at Paramount where she’d been making The Emperor Waltz in Technicolor with Bing Crosby. She wore, atop an enormous and vastly becoming pompadour, a sparkling diamond crown. Ropes of pearls circled her white neck. But there the elegance ended. For she’d shed the voluminous satin grandeur of her gown and wore—most sensibly on a scorching hot day—a bare-shouldered print play-suit that ended well above the knee. Socks and canvas wedgies made sport of the diadem.

“I myself am a dozen people,” she went on as she caught the amused glances her little-girl clothes brought. “One night I may decide to dress up in silks and satins and be the belle of the ball. The next day I may be in pigtailis and blue-jeans sawing wood. But whatever I do, I must do terrifically, with fullest concentration. And I must be doing something all the time. There must always be some activity, some accomplishment in my life for me to be happy.”

That she is happy now no one can doubt. She didn’t have to say so. When she mentioned her new husband her whole expression softened.

The new husband, of course, is brilliant William Dozier, until recently an executive at RKO Studios. The new home is a dream-house in Brentwood, set in three (Continued on page 102)
Lovely Joan has never looked more enchanting than in turn-of-the-century costumes for film, "Ivy.

On Paramount set, Joan, dressed as Austrian countess for "The Emperor Waltz," chats with Marlene Dietrich, a gypsy in "Golden Earrings."

WITH EXCITING RESULTS
are you the girl for VICTOR MATURE

Athletic Vic likes to keep his healthy tan, goes swimming or sunbathing whenever possible.
By ALYCE CANFIELD

Beautiful Linda Darnell is the girl Vic Mature loves in "My Darling Clementine." "Let me straighten your tie," says cute June Haver to Vic. He likes very feminine girls.

Movieland's Alyce Canfield went out with Vic to get this story, reported a wonderful time.

Going on a date with Vic is like having a ringside table at the best show on earth.

Take this test to see if you're the girl for Vic

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<th>Check one</th>
<th>Yes</th>
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<tr>
<td>1. Do you have a happy, gay disposition?</td>
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<td>2. Can you be a good &quot;audience&quot;?</td>
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<td>3. Do you like parties?</td>
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<td>4. Do you have a bubbling, zany sense of humor?</td>
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<td>5. Are you adaptable?</td>
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<td>6. Do you have a chameleon quality?</td>
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<td>7. Do you like to live on a high key?</td>
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<td>8. Do you love life?</td>
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<td>9. Are you the formal type?</td>
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<td>10. Do you fuss with your hair, etc., when others are talking?</td>
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<td>11. Can you see below surface mannerisms and distinguish the real Vic?</td>
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<td>12. Do you like a man who pays you little attentions?</td>
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<td>13. Would you like his best friends?</td>
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<td>14. Would you like to be alone with him?</td>
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<td>15. Would you mind being in the background?</td>
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<td>16. Do you like a big, two-fisted man?</td>
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<td>17. Do you have to know where you stand with a man?</td>
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<td>18. Would you try to mold him to a pattern?</td>
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<td>19. Do you realize Vic is a very good actor?</td>
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<td>20. Do you dream of romance?</td>
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You're the girl for Vic if your answers are the same as those on page 83.

* Are you the girl for Victor Mature? If you are, you're lucky; for your life will be embroidered with excitement and adventure. No circumstance, shared with Vic, can be boring; no routine, ordinary. Vic is imaginative, entertaining, gay. He could charm the spots off a leopard: he's that magnetic.

Vic dominates every gathering. No matter where you would go, he would be the center of attraction. Naturally kind-hearted, he would do his best to draw you into the limelight, too. But it just wouldn't work. No one notices whom Vic is with. They notice only Vic.

If you were Vic's girl, you'd have to get used to this. But you wouldn't mind. Because, if you were Vic's girl, it would be like having a ringside table at the best show on earth. No one can be more entertaining. You would. (Continued on page 82)
"I hate glamor girls!" Ella Raines exploded with flashing eyes. "I detest artificiality of any kind, and when I see the members of my own sex parading around made up to the hilt in garish costumes under the mistaken belief that they're irresistible, I really want to blow my top. Why do they do it? Why can't they be themselves?"

We were lunching in one of those elegant Hollywood restaurants which bears a name that is famous around the world wherever smart people congregate. The prices on the menu are staggering when you consider that, after all, it's only food. Yet this is one spot where Hollywood's glamor girls love to promenade.

Ella and I watched these girls as they made their entrances, halting slightly as though they had just stepped onto a lighted stage. While they checked their effect upon the house, they glanced haughtily over the room. They were swathed in elaborate, expensive costumes.

"These are my sisters under the skin," said (Continued on page 104)
He Comes Up Smiling

Nothing stops Larry Parks—not even trouble!

* He is full of steam. He sings in his shower. His favorite sport is a thing called cow-trailing, which he does with a gang of friends at night on motorcycles. More about cow-trailing in a minute.

You know him as Larry Parks, the guy who played Al Jolson in The Jolson Story. You, of course, remember his tribulations over that part. He tested out for it more than two years ago, after having been at Columbia more than five years and after having worked in over thirty pictures of every possible degree of mediocrity. Fourteen months after that initial test—after every available actor in Hollywood had been tested and often retested—Larry tried again. This time he was awarded the job that whizzed (Continued on page 96)
What did Junie write about me?” Dick Powell asks Robbin Coons. Dick won’t see her handwritten comments on Blue Ribbon Interview until he gets May Movieland.

MOVIELAND’S BLUE RIBBON INTERVIEW

(Continued from page 47)

time for a while. Dick decided the shrewd approach was to prove that he could act.

Blow his little pointed head!!

That, oddly, is almost as hard for a musical star as it is for the newest extra. Dick’s name was tied to musicals and light comedies. For anything heavier, sterner, or rougher, he simply wasn’t considered the type. That was his answer at Warner Bros., and later it was the same at Paramount. Dick, amiably doing musicals like “Happy Go Lucky” and “Riding High,” used to go to Buddy DeSylva, then production chief, with his arguments in favor of a change of pace for Powell.

DeSylva was friendly, but a production boss has other people to please, people like producers and directors. When Paramount was planning “Double Indemnity,” Dick made his sales talk by heart, re-buffed and quit to take himself and his idea on the open market.

“You’re wrong in your idea,” said DeSylva in parting, “but you’ve got a heck of a job cut out for you.”

The executive was right. To studio after studio, producer after producer, Dick tried to peddle his pet “product”—his idea of Powell in a tough, straight acting role. None could see it, although they gave him some good “typical Powell parts.”

Charlie Koerner at RKO was practically Dick’s last hope. Dick must have known his sales-talk by heart by that time. He went in to Koerner and talked about type-casting, and what he wanted to do, and why he could do it. It was one of Koerner’s best decisions, before his death, to give the guy his chance. He handed Dick that rough and scrappy piece of Raymond Chandler’s, “Farewell, My Lovely.” Hollywood, when it read the news of this casting, choked over its morning coffee. “A mistake, surely,” was the almost unanimous reaction, “not Dick Powell for that slugging part, not Dick Powell for a Bogart role!”

Ever since the first preview of that film, re-titled “Murder, My Sweet,” Hollywood has recognized a genuinely “new Dick Powell”—the one Dick had been talking about. The roles he used to seek in vain now are seeking him. Since “Cornered” he has done “Johnny O’Clock” and the big adventure piece, “Assigned to Treasury.” Next on his schedule is “The Pitfall,” and somewhere ahead lie a couple of choice vehicles called “Stations West” and “Mr. Miracle.”

The latter is by his friend Milton Holmes, who wrote “Mr. Lucky,” and the pair of them are planning to produce it independently—Dick’s first venture in the business end of pictures.

All this success, gratifying as it would be to any actor, is especially so to Powell. He’s a stubborn fellow, actually, and when he sets his mind to a job he likes to see it done. He’s now Hollywood’s most distinguished ex-crooner, and he still has his voice. He’ll use it, too—when a song fits into a story. At 41, he’s happy to be independent of the musicals.

The Powell-Allyson marriage, two years old next August, is very much a mutual admiration society. June thinks Dick is the most wonderful male that ever happened, and Dick— (Continued on page 94)
PICTURE STORIES YOU MUSTN'T MISS! EVERYTHING DIANA LYNN WEARS . . . MOVIELAND VISITS RAY MILLAND . . . A NEW GAME: MATCH MATES . . . MY IDEA OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IS INGRID BERGMAN.
Trying on new hats is pixie-faced Diana Lynn’s pet occupation, next to her beloved piano playing. The star of Easy Come, Easy Go patronizes such well-known designers as John Fredericks, Hattie Carnegie, Lilly Dache, for hats like this felt and plaid taffeta.
You'll find evening gowns, furs and more hats than you can count in merry young Diana's wardrobe.

As one of Hollywood's most popular young stars, Diana Lynn needs an extensive wardrobe. Since she never misses a premiere or party and is a frequent visitor at night spots, evening clothes form a major part of her collection. She has three fur coats, plus a platina fox evening stole. Yet, despite the fact that at 20 she has been in 12 motion pictures and is being groomed by Paramount for bigger and better roles, Di's clothes reflect her little-girl tastes. Next to her rows of satin evening slippers are fuzzy pink scuffs, and when she slips off her elegant white satin gold brocade evening gown, it's replaced by simple flannel pajamas. She has little jewelry, dotes on a jangling charm bracelet ex-fiancé Henry Wilson gave her.

An only daughter, Diana lives with her parents in a Southern-Colonial-style home. She has half of the upstairs; planned its decor herself. A talented pianist, she often spends five hours a day at the keyboard of her small, white piano. Recently, she recorded an album of light music called "Diana Lynn Piano Portraits." It was her skill at the piano that brought movies and Diana together. In 1940 she was auditioned for Paramount's "There's Magic in Music," a film about juvenile musicians. Diana played so well she got a solo part, proved such a distinct screen personality that she was signed to a long-term contract.

Diana's bag and belt collection is fabulous. Here is a red leather shoulder bag, matching gold-trimmed red belt.

Double strand of pearls and pearl earrings surrounded by rhinestones are jewels Diana wears most frequently.

Diana prefers high-heeled pumps or sandals in blacks, browns or whites. She says she "dances her shoes out."

Cartwheels look pretty on Diana. Above are black milan, a leghorn with lace edging and leghorn with brown band.
A round little beaver hat tops off this smartly-draped wool dress in brilliant blue. Tiny gold footprints were a gift from admirer.

Diana seldom wears sports clothes but when she does they’re sophisticated, like this pale yellow bare-shoulder garbardine sun dress.

Diana Lynn continued

Like her playclothes, Diana's casual footwear is limited but colorful. Her footsize is mere six and a half, narrow in width.

For sunbathing, two-piece striped cotton is blonde star's choice. Matching skirt is spread out for a blanket when not worn.
Diana's mother gave her white pigeon hat and muff for black satin suit.

Diana loves unique touches like sequin-trimmed hat and gloves to wear with gray sheer wool suit.

Paramount's Edith Head designed this brown wool sharkskin suit. Note boxy leather bag.
Diana’s first mink coat—with it she wears small brown satin hat and bag.

White ermine wrap for big night. She broke engagement to Henry Wilson, still dates him.

Brown sheared beaver is Diana’s standby. Born Dolly Loehr, she planned to be concert pianist.

Clever Di designed this black taffeta gown herself. Red roses are detachable. Close friend Gail Russell gave her gold lace purse.

Tea rose satin brocade negligee and satin slippers to match are typical of Lynn lingerie. She likes things “nice but not fussy.”
Cary Grant

Cary Grant Gets Hep!

In "Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" versatile Cary becomes a jitterbug for leading lady Shirley Temple

* Cary Grant has never been funnier than in his latest effort for RKO, a rollicking comedy called "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer." When adolescent Shirley Temple falls in love with him, Cary promises her staid older sister, Myrna Loy, to date her till she is over her crush. The sequence, pictured on these pages in actual film blow-ups, is hilarious. Paying a call on Shirley, Cary proves sharp as a tack in jitterbug technique.
8. For farewell, Cary breaks into an adept jitterbug routine.


10. "Let's go, dream-boat!" Still dancing, he doffs porkpie.

11. Shirley and Cary truck out together, leaving family aghast.
Married 15 years, the Millands live quietly in a handsome English-styled manor. Ray's latest is "Imperfect Lady."

One of the screen's most popular—and busiest—actors has little time to enact his favorite role of man-about-the-house.

* Few stars in Hollywood have the love of home life that Ray Milland has. When you visit him in his handsome English-styled manor, everywhere are touches that tell the story of Ray Milland, enthusiastic sportsman, hobbyist, family man.

Considered one of Hollywood's conservative-intellectual group, Ray seldom takes part in filmland's social whirl, prefers to entertain his friends at home. He has had the same friends for years; the Fred MacMurrays, the Joel McCreas, Loretta Young, Ann Sothern, Bob Sterling.

Recently Ray and his pretty wife, Mai, returned from Europe where they attended the Command Performance for the King of England. During this visit Milland received the Motion Picture World Festival Award for his outstanding acting in "The Lost Weekend," the film for which he won last year's Academy Award.

Ray has definite tastes in everything from his wife's clothes (she rates as one of Hollywood's best-dressed) to the art of cabinet-making—a talent he has put to good use by making furniture now in his son Danny's room.
A sportsman, Milland takes excellent care of his expensive, complete fishing gear. Just back from Sun Valley vacation, he inspects ski equipment before storing it.

Ray was champion rifle marksman while in the British Army in 1928. Tennis rates among Ray's preferred sports. He likes to take plenty of exercise to "rest my nerves."

Right: Two reasons why Ray likes home life: silver-haired Mrs. Milland and their 6-year-old son Danny.
Here's a test on the matrimonial scene in Hollywood. Can you pick the right Missus for the five famous Misters on this page?
If you’re like most people, you consider yourself a pretty shrewd judge of character. No doubt you often say to yourself: “Why, I can tell just by looking at a man what kind of wife he has!”

Here, on this page, is an opportunity to test your powers of character analysis. The six actors whose photos appear at the left are all well known to you. However, their wives are not. See how many pairs you can correctly match. If your score is one hundred percent, consider yourself a hep movie fan. If you go below fifty percent, our advice to you is to keep up with the news by reading Movieland regularly!

Gregory Peck ( ) A
Zachary Scott ( ) B
Red Skelton ( ) C
Gary Cooper ( ) D
Mickey Rooney ( ) E
Sonny Tufts ( ) F

The correct answers are: Peck A, Scott B, Skelton C, Cooper D, Rooney E, Tufts F.
John Engstead photograph of Ingrid Bergman brings out luminous, spiritual quality so much a part of her rare beauty.
MY IDEA OF
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
IS INGRID BERGMAN

Editor's Note: No single photographer is the author of this month's feature. When we looked around for a cameraman whose ideal of beauty was Miss Bergman, we found, not one, but eight enthusiastic admirers.

* Bergman the Beautiful, they call her, because it is impossible to make her look anything but beautiful. No matter what the pose, the setting, the costume or hair style, she is always lovely to look at.

Every photographer in Hollywood has sought for a chance to take her portrait. Many topnotch cameramen have done so—each one capturing her rare beauty in a different manner, as the pictures on these six pages show. They were taken by photographers John Engstead, Andre de Dienes, Jack Woods, Madison Lacy, Ernest Bachrach, John Miehle, D. B. Graybill and Scotty Welborne. When interviewed about their favorite, they grew lyrical.

"It is impossible to make a bad picture of Miss Bergman," said one. "She looks wonderful in any light." "She's a camera fiend herself and realizes a cameraman's problems," said another. One man raved about her marvelous complexion and clear eyes. One spoke of her cooperative spirit. "No actress could be more helpful—she'll work day and night; nothing is too much for her."

John Engstead summed up the secret of Bergman photogenic perfection: "A woman's thoughts as well as her features show up in the camera lens. Miss Bergman's intelligence comes shining through in her pictures; she has a mind and uses it!"

She has superlative features, sparkling natural charm and an inward loveliness. That's why eight leading Hollywood photographers choose Ingrid Bergman as their ideal camera subject.

PHOTOGRAPHER Andre de Dienes chose bright sunlight and a haystack to achieve this engaging portrait of Miss Bergman in play clothes. He says she is his favorite subject—and woman, because she is so utterly natural.
NATURAL: “Bergman is a real natural beauty,” states Jack Woods of Warner Brothers. “She doesn’t have to resort to artificial, excessive make-up but has inward loveliness.”

TRUSTING: “When Ingrid comes to the studio, she places her trust in her photographer, never tries to sway him,” says RKO’s Ernest Bachrach. He admires her vibrant health.

ANY ANGLE: “An easy subject from any angle,” according to photographer Madison Lacy. He says Ingrid dislikes glamor sittings and wants them over in a hurry. Her hands are extremely expressive.

ANY MOOD: John Miehle of Selznick International finds that, no matter what mood is wanted, Bergman can strike it immediately. His was job of bringing out her saintly quality for The Bells of St. Mary’s.
GLAMOROUS: D. B. Graybill photographs Ingrid in glamorous pose for *Arch of Triumph*. He praises the symmetry of her face, her vivid blue eyes and the fluidity of her expression.

PROVOCATIVE: Enterprise photographer Scotty Welborne won a prize for this picture of Miss Bergman—the “most provocative motion picture still,” from new film *Arch of Triumph*. 
WHOLESALE: Another Andre de Dienes out-of-doors pose reveals Ingrid's wholesome simplicity. She was Sweden's favorite actress; since coming to Hollywood, has made eight pictures.

PERFECT FIGURE: Miss Bergman's perfect figure is revealed in costume worn for Gaslight. Weighing 128 pounds, she is 5', 8½" tall, has a 35" bust; 26" waist and 36" hip measure.
PASSION: For dramatic Ingrid, no emotion is too difficult. "She can change her mood from sadness to gaiety like turning on a gas jet," says one photographer. "She succeeds in portraying the deepest emotions because she does it with her mind; she thinks her mood." For role with Gary Cooper (above) in Saratoga Trunk, Ingrid had to think of herself as a dark-haired, sultry Creole beauty.
Something new has been added! The sword looks familiar but the long, black wig came to Cornel Wilde along with role of Lord Bruce Carlton in *Forever Amber*. Gene Kornman of Twentieth Century-Fox made this special shot for Movieland.
I didn't love all you readers like sisters and brothers, I would sit back and have a real good gloat. You know what I did? I had dinner with Burt Lancaster in that nice dark and gloomy Beachcomber's. There I sat right across from that quiver giver, staring deep into his eyes and trying to forget that his wife, Norma, was there, too. Norma is such a wonderful gal, and pretty, too.

Anyhow, the three of us sat and simply gorged on that outrageously vowt Chinese food and discussed ballet (me, who wouldn't know an entrechat if I fell over it) and chatted with the Lee Bowmans, who stopped by. Then we took in the Original Ballet Russe. I simply sat and drooled—at the dancers, Markova and Dolin—but mostly because Burt sat right next to me and how would you feel?

Between ballets, we swapped shop talk with Bob Stack and Yvonne de Carlo (I think they live at the ballet; they're always there) and Hurd Hatfield, Douglas Dick and Rod Cameron, and we kept watching Charles Chaplin, who didn't look a bit like his new film character M. Verdoux. Oona, his wife, was with him, and they acted just as if they were out on a date, which I guess they kind of were.

After the ballet we stopped in for coffee at the Brown Derby, and Burt described all the tortures he has to go through in his new picture "Desert Fury" and how he has to have his head shaved, practically clear to the bone. Frankly, I think he was kidding. No producer in his right mind would do anything so drastic to that wonderful tousled head.

I almost forgot to tell about Bonita Granville's wedding. She married Jack Wrather, a Texas oil man who is out here to produce pictures. Guess who'll star in them? Bun-Bun's wedding was awfully nice. Ann Ruthertord was matron of honor. The bride wore a flesh-colored wool suit and hat to match, with cocoa brown accessories. She carried an old-fashioned bouquet of white orchids. The reception at the Bel-Air Hotel was for 150 people, all friends. No one was invited because he was a big immortal name. Only real pals were asked. It was awfully nice.

We did some pub-crawling this month, but not too much, and because it is easier to scribble it all down here by places, I'm going to do it. I know you won't mind, because you're all so dear and understanding. We trotted over to Mocambo's Crillon Room's birthday party. Seven years old! People just simply milled all over. We saw June Haver and Dave Rose together, and dream man Herbert Marshall with Boots Mallory and the Donald Nelsons.

At Mocambo another night we saw Lana Turner and Robert Karl, and Charles Boyer and his wife Pat Paterson. They told Joe and me they're going to Paris after the "Arch of Triumph" opening here. At Sportsmen's Lodge we ran into Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea and the Bob Mitchums (Oh, that darling man, and, Oh, my aching heart, if you know what I mean!). At the opening of Remer's we saw Janice Paige and Dennis Day and Jimmy columnist-writer Starr.

The silliest goings-on go on out here in the (Continued on page 79)
Tune in here for the latest news about popular music-makers and their doings in the world of discs.

**WORDS OF MUSIC**

*All the talk that the band business is slipping certainly hasn’t been true in the case of Tex Beneke and the Glen Miller orchestra. They have been breaking records everywhere and the band is booked solid through 1947. In May it opens the summer season at Glen Island Casino, famous ballroom in New Rochelle, N. Y. This spot, now operated by the former bandleader Shep Fields, is the place where Glen Miller first made a hit. . . . Kathryn Grayson and Frank Sinatra will be a screen team again for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s “The Kissing Bandit,” the picture Tony Martin originally was supposed to do. Kathryn and Johnnie Johnston will be a real-life team ‘long about September. . . . Stuart Foster didn’t go out on his own after all. He’s still on Tommy Dorsey’s payroll, though Tommy hasn’t as yet reorganized his band. T.D. finally bought a forty-foot cruiser for his Florida fishing trip. . . . Kitty Kallen was such a hit at the Copacabana in New York that her option was picked up for an additional six weeks. She was also signed to understudy Ella Logan in (Continued on page 80)
What a puzzled young wife asked her doctor...

Ignorance of These
INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS Has Wrecked
Many a Happy Marriage!

This pitiful young wife was puzzled. Her husband was growing so indifferent—almost as if he didn't care any more.

Fortunately, her Doctor explained to her how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and marriage happiness—how important douching is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems. And wives should certainly know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—zonite! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as zonite.

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous Surgeon and Chemist

What a comfort it is for women to know about zonite. Wise women no longer use weak, homemade or dangerous products for the douche. These do not and cannot give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of zonite.

The zonite principle is truly a miracle! The first antiseptic-germicide principle in the world that was so powerful yet positively non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous. You can use zonite as directed as often as necessary without risk of injury.

What Zonite Does...

Zonite actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so powerfully effective no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that zonite will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure zonite immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Buy zonite today. All drugstores.

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening new booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. M-97, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Zonite FOR NEWER feminine hygiene

Name
Address
City State

Interested in decorating tips?
Read how Lauren Bacall decorated the new Bogart-Bacall house in June Movieland
WHAT girl doesn't want quick curls these days! Especially when that favorite fella gives you a call at the last minute. With New Wildroot Hair Set you can set that favorite hairdo in less time. It's absolutely tops for quick good grooming that's so important these days. New Wildroot Hair Set contains processed Lanolin. Leaves any texture of hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Grants processed Lanolin. 

NUTRITIOUSLY TOPS FOR QUICK GOOD GROOMING. 

WILLIAM H. MCKINLEY, President.

WORDS OF MUSIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

RAY MCKINLEY. This set contains the famous corn plaster numbers that made the Bradley-McKinley crew famous back in 1940. So long for now—see you all next month.

GIRLS! WANT quick curls?

NEW WILDRooT HAIR SET

CORN BAD?

FEEL SAD?

GET GLAD!

BLUE-JAY

with Nupercaine

RELIEVES 3 WAYS:

Stops shoe pressure—its soft Dura-felt pad relieves pain instantly! Curbs surface pain, thanks to Blue-Jay's exclusive analgesic Nupercaine. Leaves hair soft, natural-looking, and at its lovely best. Replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Contains processed Lanolin.

NEW WILDRooT HAIR SET IS ABSOLUTELY TOPS FOR QUICK GOOD GROOMING.

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WORDS OF MUSIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

RAY MCKINLEY. This set contains the famous corn plaster numbers that made the Bradley-McKinley crew famous back in 1940. So long for now—see you all next month.
small group of men within the industry. They proclaim, 'The public wants this,' and 'The public will not understand that,' basing their verdicts solely on the gross return at the box offices of the world. And that, settles it. Bread may have too much salt in it to be palatable, but if it is the only bread to be bought, you go on eating bread with too much salt. Thus it is with the infantile subject matter of 90 per cent of the movies today, or of the infantile treatment of adult themes and problems.

"A current and classic example of a movie which does not cheat the public is 'The Best Years of Our Lives.' It takes the real emotional experiences of millions of Americans and faithfully mirrors them. Lest anyone conclude that I am a long-hair, I hasten to cite the gay little picture, 'Margie,' as another example of a movie which does not cheat. Here is a simple story which shows us ourselves with our nostalgias and our simple problems. It takes the most stylized theatrical form—a musical—and gives us production numbers so subtly that we are not aware of having seen them. This is done by making the story the prime purpose for bringing you into the theater. In the melodrama category, 'The Maltese Falcon' is an outstanding example of a good movie.

"Whatever the category—the so-called escape story, the so-called significant, the romance, comedy, musical or melodrama—so long as a story is faithful to its theme and holds an honest mirror to life, the audience

in the confident belief that he will see the story that has interested him. As a rule, says Kennedy, he gets either a flagrant distortion of the original story or a hodge-podge of compromise which bears only a faint resemblance to the original. "Yet screen versions of best-sellers can be faithful to the original and successful too," Kennedy adds.

"How Green Was My Valley,' 'The Informer' and 'The Lost Weekend,' for example, were all the direct opposite of what the public is supposed to want, yet each was phenomenally successful."

Further cheating of the public is accomplished when the movie-makers deny themselves the available help and counsel of the original creator of the story, or when they ignore such efforts as the author may try to make in behalf of his material, Kennedy declares.

"The writer of a play or a book knows the subtle meanings of his subject," he declares. "The success of his work constitutes his credentials. Yet Hollywood buys his story and his silence. He is banished from any contact with the making of the picture, and the producer, director and even the actors—how often they say, 'I don't like this line; or This scene doesn't feel right,' with resultant changes—thereupon do as they will with his creation. They neither seek nor want the benefit of the inspiration, research and knowledge that went into the writing of the original story.

Kennedy is the kind of person who doesn't speak up unless he is pretty sure. And he feels quite sure that most Hollywood movie productions are, as he phrases it, infantile.

What do you think of his opinion?

The End
How to Make Your Hair Lovelier

GOLDEN GLINT will bring out the true color beauty of your hair without changing the shade by adding a "tiny tint" of contrasting color which overcomes dullness and yet doesn't show. It brings out the full, rich beauty of your natural shade just as a touch of bluing makes dingy linen snowy white.

Your choice of 12 shades, one of which should be just right to emphasize the sparkling highlights and colorful undertones in your individual shade. Golden Glint makes your hair silky, easier to comb—easier to keep in place and frees it of soap and colorful undertones in your individual shade. Just as a touch of bluing makes dingy linen snowy white, Golden Glint makes your hair silky, easier to comb.

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If you were Vic's girl, there would be something very reassuring about this attitude. Little worries and fears you may have had would suddenly revert to normal perspective. They wouldn't seem so gosh awful important. To Vic, right is right; and wrong is wrong.

If you were Vic's girl, you couldn't be the formal type. Vic likes to be comfortable. On the other hand, Vic likes to shed his coat, loosen his tie and relax. He will keep you in your shoes with his stories and anecdotes. He's not the type to relate an event quietly. He acts everything out. If the man in the story goes to the door, Vic leaps up and actually goes to the door, talking and gesturing on his way. The only time he sits still is when he is listening to someone else. He may have been dating intelligently aware of people, situations, life, he has a rare talent for seeing straight. Presented with a problem, he can get to the crux of the matter immediately. His thinking isn't messed up with a lot of complicated reasoning. To Vic, right is right; and wrong is wrong.

If you were Vic's girl, life would hold many wonderful surprises for you, foremost of which would be the man, himself. His clowning, his extrovert mannerisms, his way of making a party "go" might fool you at first. But although these things give Vic the tremendous impact he possesses, they also dim the eyes of the casual observer to the kind of person he is deep down inside. As Vic's girl, you'd soon know that under the massive exterior is also a heart, as big as a mountain. He is gentle, tender, considerate. He notices it, much more readily than most, if some chance remark has hurt you. He utilizes all his charm, and that's considerable, to make you seem important.

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fight and die for it is these two buddies of over it, because if there is one thing Vic will think nothing is too good for them. He's intensely loyal. Once he's your friend, it's for life.

If you were Vic's girl, you would never try to mould him to a pattern. If you were the type who wanted dinner at six, come hell or high water, he just wouldn't be for you. Vic eats less, and sleeps less, than anyone else you have ever known. Sometimes he's in the mood for a really knockout dinner. On the other hand, he can go for days on a couple of hamburgers. He's apt to eat spaghetti for breakfast and scrambled eggs at three in the morning. But one thing you can count on: he never eats breakfast in the morning, lunch at noon or dinner during the dinner hour. Not that he wouldn't want you to have a wonderful dinner with him. It's just that you should be prepared for the fact that you'd probably eat alone while Vic consumed quantities of coffee.

But never let these superficial lights and shadows of his many-faceted personality blind you to the very real fact that Vic is an extraordinary fine actor. You may remember "My Gal Sal," in which he was co-starred with Rita Hayworth, but no picture has ever done Victor Mature justice. Except, perhaps, his latest—"My Darling Clementine." Vic plays a heavy in it with such appeal that you won't forget it once you've seen it.

This, then, should be your final tipoff. First and foremost, before anything else on earth, Vic is an actor, a very fine one. He's an actor: versatile, adaptable, magnetic, vital. And it's only natural that these qualities should be his identifying traits in real life, as well.

As Vic's girl, you'd realize that he is instinctively good, instinctively kind. It is evident in many ways. He's a person who loves the "small fry" of the studios, who never judges a man for what he possesses but for what he is. Because of this he is beloved by every person on the lot. He's an actor, yes. But he couldn't achieve those delicate shadings of emotion on the screen if he didn't have understanding and greatness in his heart. He couldn't be a big star if he weren't a big person.

If you were Vic's dream girl, you could really dream. And one thing's for sure: your romance with Vic would make all others dull by comparison. Come to think of it, that's a pretty exciting prospect, isn't it?

The End

ANSWERS to Quiz on Page 51

1—Yes; 2—Yes; 3—Yes; 4—Yes; 5—Yes; 6—Yes; 7—Yes; 8—Yes; 9—No; 10—No; 11—Yes; 12—Yes; 13—Yes; 14—Yes; 15—No; 16—Yes; 17—No; 18—No; 19—Yes; 20—Yes.

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BETTY GRABLE AT HER BEST
(Continued from page 371)

screen. I said as much to Betty. 

"Hard work? Sure," she said, "but when you’re in anything, naturally you want to do the best you can."

That had been seven years ago, when Betty Grable was preparing for that first 20th Century-Fox film of hers, "Down Argentin Way." The Grable "best" had been good enough to bring stardom, and eventually a spot (which she has held for five years now) among the screen’s "top ten."

And here she was saying it again—and why not?

Whether she’s talking about her career, or her family, or the James ranch or the James racing stable, the words sum up the Grable point of view: "Do the best you can."

She was talking now about her career.

Her little Vicki, golden-curlcd, blue-eyed, beautiful and three, played around the roomy davenport as Betty talked, and the grey French poodle Punkin cocked attentive ears from the rug at her feet. Punkin is a solemn pooch, with a face as full of character as Barry Fitzgerald’s.

"I’m hoping," Betty was saying, "that both the pictures will be released this year. Then I’ll stand to make a better showing in the 1947 box-office poll. As I said, when you’re in a business you want to do the best you can."

Betty was Number One star in 1943 in that poll. She still placed fourth in 1945, in spite of taking eighteen months away from work in order to present Harry James with duchess Victoria Elizabeth. And in 1946 she rated ninth, a remarkable achievement under the circumstances.

The yearly poll covers the period from one October to the next, and Betty’s only entry (if you discount straggling returns from late local shows) was "Billy Rose’s Diamond Horseshoe"

"The Dolly Sisters." The number of pictures a star has on view has a direct effect on the box-office rating. Ingrid Bergman, for instance, had four new films and placed second.

All this explains why Betty, with her penchant for fishing, would like to see her latest film, "Mother Wore Tights," follow "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim" into general release in time to be counted.

"Mother Wore Tights" is the kind of picture Betty really likes. "It has a good story, with a good reason for songs and dances," she explained. "I haven’t seen it, but it must be all right. Mr. (Darryl) Zanuck seldom calls me up about a picture, but on this one he did. And for the first time the leading man is a song-and-dance man as well as an actor—Dan Dailey—and he’s wonderful. He’s going to be a star."

It’s a funny thing about Betty. While millions flock to see her pictures, while her singing and dancing and other charms enthral the multitudes, she is the first to claim that her singing voice is nothing special, that her dancing is not the world’s greatest and that her acting ability has its limitations. She is probably the only girl in pictures who has no secret dream about coping an Oscar. Lately, she has been rejecting studio overtures concerning dramatic roles. She wants to keep on doing the best she can in musicals.

Her next project, incidentally, will intrigue record-fanciers. She’s going to make an album with Harry James, featuring songs from her various pictures. "Some of the fans suggested it," she said.

None of Betty’s comments sounded like those of a star who planned to retire from the screen. The rumors, you know, have had Betty saying goodbye to pictures. She was tired of it all, the rumors said.

"I’m retiring, yes," she laughed, "but only temporarily—for the more important reason than being tired of it all. Two months after the new baby comes, I’ll be ready to work again. But those rumors! I wish they’d check them with me. You know I’ll always answer a telephone call if I’m at home. The other day I read in a column that I had fainted on the set of ‘I Wonder Who’s Kissing Her Now.’ I’m not in that picture, I wasn’t on the set and I didn’t faint—anywhere!"

Then, more seriously: ’I’ve always said, and I still say it, that I’m going to keep my career as long as it doesn’t interfere with my marriage. So far things have worked out fine. Of course, Harry and I haven’t had as much time off together as we’d like, but we still have our week-ends at the ranch and some day—well, why not?—we’ll plan for a real vacation together will pan out."

They almost made it last year. Harry, with his orchestra and tours, always has had to plan his work a year in advance. Betty’s schedule was arranged accordingly. She would finish her picture just as Harry concluded his season’s work. And what happened? The starting date of "Mother Wore Tights" was postponed, and Betty worked straight through the middle of January, straight through Harry’s vacation.

But now Harry is through with tours for a while, and is sticking close to Hollywood for pictures, radio and recordings. Even when he toured, Betty always went along when she could, taking Vicki. Marriage and her home, obviously, are the most important things in her life.

"They’re the things I’ll have all my days," she said. "As for pictures, I’ll stay as long as they want me in musicals. I’ve no desire to keep on in them as a character woman." Betty is proud that Harry has gained sixty-five pounds since their marriage nearly four years ago. Sometimes, kiddingly, she even calls him "Fatty" because of the contrast with the tall, too thin guy he used to be. Not that Betty gives the credit to any cooking of hers, for she freely admits that cooking is not her long suit.

"I’m just that home life agrees with him," she said.

The Jameses, when they’re both working, are great home folks, especially now when they’re awaiting the new addition. Both Betty and Harry plot their schedules so as to spend the maximum time with Vicki. Almost every evening the three of them dine informally at a little table in the den. When Betty is working, she arranges to have her hairdresser come to the house in the morning, giving her that much extra time with Vicki and Harry.

Especially where children are concerned, Betty believes in doing a "best" job. She’s not a fanatic mama nor a faddist, but she’s a good earnest mother.

"Vicki is so good," she observed, "and is never any trouble. Both Harry and I agree that we mustn’t let her be spoiled, and she..."
hasn't. We wouldn't stand for it a minute if she did."

Studio people found Vicki irresistible. They tried to talk Betty into letting her daughter play a small role in "Mother Wore Tights." Her answer was a firm "No."

"If she wants to be in pictures when she grows up, that'll be different," she explained. "We don't want to plan her life for her."

Betty is sure that Vicki has never heard of Betty Grable. She refers to her dad as "Harry James—all one word and very fast—because she hears it that way on the radio. When someone points to Betty and says "What's her name?" Vicki says "Betty James" just as fast. At the name Grable, Vicki looks blank. Betty gets a kick out of that, and out of the fact that Vicki's fan following now rivals her own.

"She gets presents from the fans, too," she reported. "One of them was the cutest pair of shoes from a man in Binghamton, N. Y., who makes fancy shoes as a hobby. These were wonderful leather, handtooled with remarkable workmanship. And he has kept on sending others as she grows older. I wrote and asked if I couldn't pay for them, but he refused. Just wanted an autographed picture of Vicki and me."

In preparation for the new sister or brother, Vicki is giving up the nursery and moving into her first "grown-up" bedroom. She likes the prospect of a larger family.

And so, emphatically, does Betty.

"I think it's good to have your children close together so that they can enjoy each other," she said. "I know my own sister was always a little too 'grown-up' for me, and so we missed some of the companionship we might have had."

And Betty and Harry don't care, really, whether it's to be a brother or a sister for Vicki. "It would be nice to have a boy, since we have a girl," she said. "But then, as Harry says, we'll settle for another girl just as happily because we like the one we have so well!"

If a boy, it'll be Harry Haag James, Jr. "It would be fun, but too corny, to name him Jesse," laughed Betty. "But if it's a girl she'll be Jessica—and a girl Jesse James would be cute!"

Right now, because the big event is scheduled for late June or early July, Betty is curtailling her usual energetic activities. She goes to their Baby-J ranch, sixty-three acres out near Calabasas, to watch Harry ride one of their matched pair of black-and-white paints, and to see Vicki ride her pony.

Eventually, Betty and Harry will turn the ranch into a breeding farm for thoroughbreds—the best possible breeding farm, of course. They're both crazy over horses, about as crazy as they are over music and baseball, their other wild obsessions. It was Betty who originally was the racehorse fan, but now Harry is as dead-set on "bests" in the thoroughbred line as she is.

All during the Santa Anita season, as soon as Betty's picture was finished, she and Harry could be found in the grandstand every racing day. Sometimes their own horses ran, and once or twice a jockey in the red-and-white silks of the Jameses went into the winner's circle.

"I wanted to get down there in the circle with the horse," Betty laughed, "and I was so excited I couldn't find my way.

"But win or lose, it's the horses themselves that get me—they're all so beautiful, so beautiful!"
A woman, aided by Philo Burt support, writes: "Now, I can walk, run, dance, ride without aches and pains. I think I’ll start in on my circus days." Philo said with a grin. "Contraptions like that Take-Your-Own-Picture thing always remind me of the circus. After I quit college in my sophomore year I got a job under the big tent. I started out as a daring young man on the flying trapeze, believe it or not. I had plenty of gym experience; it wasn’t hard. The only thing that jolted me was my own vertigo. Once more he grinned.

"I was standing in the tunnel leading to the arena, talking to a midget. Suddenly the midget looked past me, gasped something, and fainted dead away. I wheeled around, and there was Samgar, the most vicious beast in the circus. The only catch was that he looked exactly like me. I gasped. I didn’t interest him at all. In fact he had plenty of gym experience; it wasn’t hard. The only thing that jolted me was my own vertigo. Once more he grinned.

"Quite a difference from Grand Central Station, one of the most beautiful and unusual stations in the country, as any unbiased Los Angeles resident will tell you. People are moseying along the flower-bordered paths, chatting together on the benches and dozing under the shade of the feathered pepper trees."

Our next stop was the Union Station, one of the most beautiful and unusual stations in the country, as any unbiased Los Angeles resident will tell you. People were moseying along the flower-bordered paths, chatting together on the benches and dozing under the shade of the feathered pepper trees.

"Quite a difference from Grand Central Station in New York," Burt commented. "There it’s just one big boiling pot of hurrying humanity day and night."

"Don’t you like crowds?" I asked him.

"Yes," he replied. "But only very large crowds or very small ones. I like the feeling of loneliness you get in a vast crowd when you don’t know a soul, and I like the feeling of comfort you get in a small crowd when you know everyone. But I always feel ill at ease in the average cocktail party crowd. You have to start conversations with people you’ve never seen before. You have to act as if you were very interested in them when you’re not in the least." He paused, then added:

"The only time I think conversation is worth while is when two people have something definite to talk about, or when they know and like each other well enough so they’re interested in each other. It doesn’t matter to me what a person’s age, social background or education is as long as there’s something that pulls us together."

Not far from the station, we stopped to visit the first church founded in Los Angeles, The Church of the Plaza. At the far end of a square court, replete with pigeons and atmosphere, we found the wall telling about how the church was founded by the Clarenzins Fathers in 1814. Burt told me he had visited the original order of this church when he was with the army in Italy. He was a sergeant then.

We wandered around and gazed at the statuesque in the niches. Then we peered inside the church where people were kneeling in front of a candle altar. I exclaimed how thrilling it would have been to have lived in the days when the first padre settled here.

"I looked at me spectaculously from under a raised eyebrow. "Indians, hand carts, spinning wheels, massacres every morning for breakfast," he reminded me. "No beauty contests, no elections, no air conditioning, no underwater parking lot.

"You’re death to romance," I accused.

"The truth of the matter is, I’m very romantic," he declared. "In fact, I’m a quixotic. When I was younger, I read books, joined the circus and traveled with vaudeville shows just looking for romance. Now I can out walk through an old tenement section all alone at dusk and find it. I believe real romance is in everyday life—in realism."

The conversation continued in a philosophical vein as we went on our way and I discovered that Burt is quite a thinker, and a talker. He has a keen mind, a deft command of words and a forceful, vehement way of speaking that could be used to talk a kettle into boiling. He is a talker. He has a keen mind, a deft command of words and a forceful, vehement way of speaking that could be used to talk a kettle into boiling.

Famous Olvera Street was next on our list. It’s a living remnant of the days when California belonged to Mexico. Blocked off from traffic and preserved in all its original native color, it’s like coming across a page of Spanish in an English book. On every side you are bazaars bulging with pottery, brilliant shawls, beaded skirts, hammered silver—every kind of native ware. Senoritas in gay costumes stand in open booths rolling tortillas, caballeros serenade you with nos¬

A little black-eyed Mexican boy was sitting on the steps of the oldest house in Los Angeles and Burt stopped to talk to him. What a picture! I reached for my camera. I now have what is probably the only shot of Mr. Lancaster looking like a politician.

A little black-eyed Mexican boy was sitting on the steps of the oldest house in Los Angeles and Burt stopped to talk to him. What a picture! I reached for my camera. I now have what is probably the only shot of Mr. Lancaster looking like a politician. "I love kids!" he said. "I want at least a half a dozen little—oh, what’s the word?"

It was in the middle of some tables stacked high with huaraches that I discovered something odd about him concerning clothes. See if you can figure out this. He loves fine clothes and he loves to get all dressed up in them—silk shirts and hand-painted ties and jeweled cuff links. But after he’s all decked out, he doesn’t like to wear them. He likes
to change back into his comfortable clothes again before he goes out.

At his suggestion, he tried a pair of panties on me but they were too small and the next size was too big. So we moved on to another booth and tried on sombreros. I looked up to see Burt towering above me with a handsome black one pulled dangerously over one eye. Said he, "Well—maybe I can wear one of these convincingly in 'Desert Fury' after all. I have to ride a horse before in my life."

"That's the way it's been with every shot I've ever done. Gosh, I was once even a singing waiter." He laughed again.

"What qualities do you look for in a girl?"

"Personal integrity above everything else," he replied. "I don't care what type she is—it doesn't matter as long as she's interesting for me. That's the way it's been with everything I've ever done. Gosh, I was even once a singing waiter." He laughed again.

"What are you wishing for?"

"The thing I always wish for. The capacity for happiness."

"Sometimes I am. But I tire of things so quickly, I get all excited over them at first and then, after a while, they lose their interest for me."

"What made you decide to become an actor?"

"Fate butted in. I've quit show business twice in my life now, and both times I've been drafted and assigned me to a special service division. Then when I was discharged from the Army, and was just about to take the same job again, a theatrical producer saw me in an elevator in New York and asked me if I'd like a part in the new play he was producing, 'A Sound of Hunting.'"

Of course he skipped the part about how sensational he was as the tough sergeant in "A Sound of Hunting." About how Hal Wallis went back stage after seeing him and offered him a contract. About how Mark Hellinger took one look at his first screen tests and borrowed him to play the coveted role of Swede in "The Killers," later sharing his contract with Wallis. About how women all over the country took one look at his first love scenes and signed him to a long term box office engagement. That's the kind of guy Burt Lancaster is—real.

The End
88

FAN-FUN

Before we start off on this month’s club doin’s let us put in a word for that extra-special contest we’re staging for all the clubs to enter. Whether you have one member or one thousand, we want to hear from you. Remember, it’s 50 points for the best journal received each month for six months, 25 points for the club cooperating most with MOVIELAND, 25 points for the most noteworthy contributio to a charity and on extra 25 points for the best article picked from one of those six best journals.

When we tally up the points the lucky winner will have this whole column devoted to his club—with three or four pics, to boot! So how ‘bout pitchin’ in and doin’ your best to win for your club? The contest starts April 10 and lasts through October 10—and that gives you plenty of time—so let’s go!

Trekked out to Barbie (Hale) and Bill Williams’ place for the super “coke” party they threw for a local group of Bill’s club mems. The club has recently staged a big membership drive—and the party was the prize for the nearby clubbers who brought in the most new recruits. The drive was a big success—and Bill’s club is on its way to becoming one of the largest in the country. Needless to say, the mms were pleased-as-punch at meeting their two favorite people, who fed them hot dogs and de-lirious French pastry all afternoon.

But back to the fun fun—the Riveting Russells (for that certain crooner) donated fifteen dollars to the Orphan Asylum of City Brooklyn, and we’d like to say that we think it’s great how these club members work together for such worthy causes as well as for their favorite stars. Lots Comahan’s Barbara Hale club is offering free memberships to the first two lucky readers from each state who write in about the club after seeing this announcement. It could be you! Louise Warner’s Richard Jacek club holds a “Miss Jacek Times” (it’s the name of their club news) contest each year—and the winner is chosen by her picture, and by Dick, no less. This year, tho’, Dick couldn’t make up his mind, so drafted two of his best pals to do the judging. They picked Miss Marie Vranicar of Joliet, Ill., whose pic will adorn the next issue of the “Times.” The Victor Jory club prex, Helen Milton, is anxiously awaiting her gift from the Australian branch of the club—a live Koala bear. Could that be the Victor Jory club mascot, no?

WHAT’S NEW

There’s Joan Fuller’s brand new group for tall, dark and swooners Bob Scott (of “Gilda” fame), Jess Hooqin’s John Ireland organization, Beverly Hamilton’s lively bunch of Vivian Blaine boosters and Lorraine Wright’s l.c. for up-and-coming Steve Brodie. Beverly Renn has disbanded the Lloyd Bridges club (doctor’s orders) and Lee Garber has given up her organization in honor of Kenny Bowers.

THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY

’Tis gettin’ closer to club convention time—for this is the month that some lucky raffle ticket holder will win a FREE trip (by plane!) to California for the Hollywood Party. Plans are still in the making—and each day the committee adds something else to make it more fun for the thousands of clubbers attending. They’re taking over radio shows, touring the studios (lots of ‘em), chartering busses for trips all over the city, having meetings especially for you clubbers to meet your favorite stars, and, best of all, they’re having a huge tea at one of Hollywood’s swankiest hotels, and ‘tis there that the raffle will be held. Hope you’re all coming—for it’s surely the most exciting thing that ever happened to fan clubs.

OUT OF THE MAILBAG

Please, won’t everyone heed our cry for a table of contents? It really adds to the enjoyment of your Journal—plus making it look like a really pro job. But speaking of professional looking books, Simpatico Andy was a big surprise, for it’s a printed book—something new in the way of journals. Shirley’s Scoops (from the Temple f.c.) was a delightful publication—which is only appropriate, we think. Shirl takes a big interest, and prexy Mary Susan Leonard is all-out for making her club nothing less than the best. Vickers Varieties (for Martha, natch!) carries three swell snaps of the lovely starlet, the Vincent Price Journal, for that other man you love to hate, is adorned by a marvelous portrait of Mr. P.—and the material content is equally marvelous.

That’s about all for now—but we’ll be back again next month.
Love That Gable!
(Continued from page 29)

He said it at the beginning, when the adulation and fanatical acclaim he received could have lifted an average Joe's feet off the ground: "I'm Joe Lucky." He says it now, when his popularity is ever more firmly established: "I'm still Joe Lucky."

Another reason is that, for all the efforts that have been made to lionize him as a hero, war or otherwise, Clark Gable isn't having any. Like Jimmy Stewart, Robert Montgomery, Wayne Morris, all the other Hollywood men who dared and did in combat, Gable looks on his war exploits as a closed chapter, not to be capitalized. He saw a job to do and he did it, like ten million other guys. But a film about Gable's life would necessarily include the war.

Good dramatic construction, indeed, would make his departure from Hollywood the climax of the story. The hero Gable, would quietly finish his movie work, pack up and leave to enlist in the air forces. He would dedicate himself to action in a cause. And the final scene, doubtless, would show the Gable spirit triumphant—Gable manning the final scene, doubtless, would show the Gable role.

Today, on the set of "The Hucksters," he is the same old Gable. His thick black hair is as little grey about the temples; his only make-up is a natural tan; he is tall, broad-shouldered, and his tummy is as flat as a horse's stomach. That have been made to lionize him as a star, but his popularity is ever more firmly established: "I'm Joe Lucky." He says it now, when his popularity is ever more firmly established: "I'm still Joe Lucky."

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(Continued from page 89)
"You stick around, kid, you'll get places."
And the ears took care of themselves."
Gable laughs. "One day, in a scene with
Garbo for Susan Lenox, the tape snapped
loose and one ear slapped in the breeze.
That was the end of taping."

On his dressing room wall the main decora-
tion is a caricature of Gable—largely ears.
As a good business man-actor, Clark in-
sisted that the character of Vic Norman, the
ad agency "hero" of The Hucksters, be re-
vamped from Vic about neckties. In the story,
Vic has only $50 to his name and he's on
his way to apply for a job. He splurges
$35 on a necktie—a "sincere" necktie, as he
calls it. M-G-M found a "sincere" necktie
for Clark to wear, a hand-painted number
 costing $27.50.

"I didn't know you could buy ties like
that," muttered Gable in amazement. "I
never paid more than $2.50 for a tie in my
life."

Despite this discovery, fancy neckwear
isn't being added to Gable's brief list of pet
extravagances. He goes for handmade shoes,
smart and expensive traveling bags and
streamlined cars (he's an inveterate mechanic
and tinkerer) but he'll be skipping "sincere"
neckties.

Gable continues to live simply on his
twenty-acre ranch in the valley. His eight-
room white house is virtually as the late
Carole Lombard decorated it, with warm
bright colors and big stone fireplaces, and his
gun room is still the informal gathering place
for friends when he entertains. He dabbles
at farming—a few chickens, one cow, a little
citrus—but doesn't expect to make money on
it. He has a couple from Iowa taking care
of things.

He gave up his horses when he went to war,
and he hasn't replaced them.

"Cost too much now—they're asking all kinds
of prices even for broken-down old nags," he
says.

He is still a great one for hunting and
fishing. It was probably by virtue of these
periodic outdoor jaunts that he shed twenty
pounds before reporting for "The Hucksters."

"Didn't plan it that way," he grins, "and
I surely didn't do any dieting." His appetite
—for steak, potatoes and all he-manish
dishes—is unflagging.

Once there was talk that Gable was think-
ing of retiring from pictures. "No," he says,
"I'm not. I've said I'd like to do just one
picture a year. My contract gives me four
months off between pictures now, and that
should work out to about one film a year.

The stage? No...I've got no great message
for the world. This (pictures) is what brings
in the groceries, and that (the theater) is
work. Sure, this is work too, but it's broken-
up. You get a day off now and then. You
get time between. If a stage show's a hit
it. He explains, "but he'll get a little sympathy
vamped in the scripting. "Vic is still a heel,
without paying one cent.

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shorts. Shows styles and fab-
tics to friends, neighbors, and
family—send in only 3 orders
of a straight dose of it."

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work. Sure, this is work too, but it's broken-
up. You get a day off now and then. You
get time between. If a stage show's a hit
you're in for the duration. Not for me,
brother!"

He is in almost every scene of The Huck-
sters and hasn't had a day off, but he still
hasn't decided what he'll do with his next
vacation. He'd like to go to England but—
"I want to wait and see how things are.
for a scene, he has to stoop down to be
able to feed when things are tight over there—

Actually, he is a fit man, full of spring and

"That," says Clark, "was my knees creak¬

"What's that?" asks Conway. "You girls and women who suffer so
to lack of blood-iron. So try Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets are oneof the great¬

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"I've looked for that test," Clark says, "but it's disappeared. It would be something
now—good for a lot of laughs."

He has come a long way from his first association with The Bird of Paradise. That
was even before the test. It was the play he saw, while a laborer in an Akron rubber
plant, that turned him toward the stage. He had never seen a show before. It gave him
the acting fever, and sent him on the long

"No."

As for those future pictures of his, Gable is
in the mood for modern stuff. He doesn't want to look backward, even impersonally.
"I want modern talk," he says, "in pictures showing how people actually live and think
do."

His next picture is already in preparation.

It's Angel's Flight, from a novel by Edward
Holstius. He'll play a Los Angeles gangster
and do."

"That," says Clark, "was my knees creak¬

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"That," says Clark, "was my knees creak¬
Summer Beachtime is Near
You Can Get in the Swim
If Your Midriff is Spare

By JULIA RANSOM MILLER

To get the most benefit from this exercise, you should keep your back straight as you touch your right hand to your left toe and your left hand to your right toe. This exercise should be done at least ten times.

Miss Storm does a stretching exercise that not only will take inches off the waistline but will strengthen back muscles. Try it yourself. With your legs together and your back straight, touch your hands to toes.

Currently appearing in the Allied Artists' new picture, "It Happened on Fifth Avenue," Gale Storm stands on tiptoes and stretches tall through the middle to tone her waist muscles and help her posture.

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NOT STICKY OR GREASY

Here is a limbering up exercise: Keep your back straight, take a good stance, put your hands on your hips and bend from the waist to either side. This will help slim the waist and add to your grace.
guys who helped save the United States. The American Veterans Committee, which I
helped organize, sponsored that trailer. AVC is doing a good job. We don't want
any special privileges for the vet, but we believe he should be given a chance to
catch up with the more fortunate fellows who were left behind. We believe he
shouldn't be penalized for the years of serv-
ience he gave the country."

Ronnie's voice softened as he explained
his wife's attitude toward his off-screen
activities. "Jane's with me right down the
line," he said. "The day I wrote that scorch-
ing letter to our local publisher, Jane typed
it out for me while I dictated."

As if on cue, Mrs. Reagan drove up the
private roadway at that very moment. She
was wearing riding breeches as she got out
of the car. As she approached us, Ronnie
explained that Jane was just "breaking in"

The ribbing continued until Jane excused
herself long enough to get her swimsuit on.
It was easy to see from their light-hearted
reporter that there were two people who
really enjoyed each other's company.

Ronnie said aloud what I was thinking.
"The most important thing is to enjoy life," he
observed lightly. "We don't want to knock
ourselves out with big plans.

"Politicians have asked me to run for
Congress," he continued, almost boy-like in
his grinning satisfaction. "Heck, I couldn't do
that. If I did, I'd be the subject of criticism
for it. So I did, I'd be the subject of criticism
as a politician. I couldn't go around making
speeches without feeling I was doing it for
self glorification. No, I don't want to have
any ax to grind. Making good pictures is
enjoyment enough for me. I'm not really
happy acting, I'd do something I really en-
joyed, success or no success.""Yes," he added. "I must admit I do enjoy
being a ham."

"Don't be so modest, darling," Jane called
as she dashed from the house to the pool.
Her words, "Ronnie's always saying that,"
came back through the door.

"How do you feel about you and Jane
combining your careers, after your individual
successes?" I asked Ronnie.

"No, thanks," was Ronnie's reply. "At
least not in the near future."

If they should team together as a husband-
wife combination it would be nothing new
for these two. Ronnie met Jane during the
filming of Brother Rat, after which they made
one more film together. "That other one was
Tugboat Annie Sails Again, for which we both
humbly apologize," Ronnie said.

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profile—see Lauren Bacall,
Ann Sheridan, Shirley Tem-
ple, Peter Lawford, Maureen
O'Hara in brilliant color.

Exciting features and off-
guard photos make Screen
Guide a must for filmgoers.

(Continued on page 95)

A HOLLYWOOD STAR MARRIES
Here's the complete photo-
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can tell it. Follow Ella
Raines through each step of
bridal preparations, from
trousseau to rehearsal to
wedding day and reception.

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be used after each WONDER BATH.

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Use the WONDER BATH method for 10 days at our
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of weight. If you don't look and feel better—return the
remaining contents and your money will be re-

(Continued from page 39)
“June is the same at home as she is on the screen—that has that same cute, honest quality,” he says. “She’s wonderful.” Furthermore, he’s sure that soon she’ll be one of the screen’s greatest stars.

Oh, I don’t know.

He’d like to co-star with her in a picture if it could be arranged with M-G-M, June’s studio.

The Powells live in a small English country house in Brentwood. “Smallest actor’s home in Hollywood,” claims Dick. He could well be right. There are a combination living-dining room, and two bedrooms, a kitchen, a maid’s room and that’s all. No pool, no court and no fussy formality. The decor is simple, warmly colorful, bright and gay. They had the same decorator as Ingrid Bergman—"because I always liked her house,” says Dick, “but our house looks just like June."

Well—she always wanted to look like an English country house in Brentwood—and we’ve got just yet.

We’re always doing something to it. When we can get materials, I’m going to turn the garage into a den, remodel the kitchen and build another garage."

As his own business manager, Dick is a stickler for order and system in handling his affairs. June, too, has a passion for neatness and good housekeeping but her great disinterest in signing checks and keeping up her correspondence has called forth some of Dick’s harshest tutelage.

“She’s improving,” he reports happily.

June’s slight inefficiencies seem to amuse Dick rather than otherwise. “After all,” he says, “if a woman becomes too efficient and business-like, she’s likely to lose some of her charm.

Dick’s principal sideline business now is a distribution company for trailers, stoves and other small equipment. His野心 is to turn her into a flier. "On one flight we took,” he relates, "a perfectly smooth ride all the way, June was perfectly smooth all the way."

June liked the Santana, according to Dick, as long as they stayed inside the bay, but on the open sea...well, they’ve sold the vessel to the Bogarts.

And that left the way open to aviation. First Dick got an Ercoupe, and now he has a single-engined, four-passenger Navion. June doesn’t like flying, but she conquers her jitters and goes along, with Dick with a great show of bravado.

It is plain that Dick appreciates this, and he has hopes that he’ll yet turn her into a flier. “On one flight we took,” he relates, “a perfectly smooth ride all the way, June was calm until we landed. But I know it had been a strain, because then—and only then—she became violently ill.”

Dick is talking about a flying trip to South America late this year or early in 1948, a project about which his Junie is almost certain to take a dim but gallant view. And the chances are, with the “new Dick Powell” or the old, she’ll go along.
People are talking about

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The almost incredible true story of six Russian girls who parachuted behind the German lines. A chapter from the forthcoming book by Sergei Malakhov

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THE ARTIST GOES TO A PARTY

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ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

(Continued from page 93)

Michael, the second child, is a healthy two year old baby boy. Ronnie laughingly admits that they named him with the names of movie stars in mind. It wouldn't bother him a bit if both children adopted acting as their professions, he confessed.

The Reagans are avid movie fans, just like most other people. Ronnie gets a big boot out of sneaking into a neighborhood theater uncovered, to watch the fans' reactions to his films.

And speaking of fans, Ronnie's were intensely loyal to him during his four years of service. In fact, his fan mail reached its greatest volume after he went into the Army. He had been in the U. S. Cavalry Reserve for many years, receiving a second lieutenant's commission away back in 1937. So, early in 1942, he was put on active duty.

Some petty critics have tried to make meat of the fact that Reagan didn't go overseas. The plain truth is Ronnie feels he was fortunate in being accepted by the Army at all. Being extremely nearsighted, he's almost lost without his glasses.

Ironically, Ronnie's three biggest films, Kings Row, Jule Girl and Desperate Journey, that catapulted him to stardom, all came out after his entrance into the Army. Jane continued her ascendancy in the motion picture business while Ronnie was in khaki. I asked him if he felt that career-marriages suffered when one person forged ahead of the other.

"It seems to me," he answered, "that one key to a happy marriage is common sense. The wife or the husband has to make up her or his mind which is more important, pictures or the marriage. I can see where it might conceivably cause a rift if the wife, say, became tremendously popular while the husband logged far behind—but again, it's up to the persons involved. It depends on how much common sense they exercise."

It puzzled me how Jane and Ronnie managed when they're both making pictures. Jane was working on Cheyenne while Reagan was doing Stallion Road.

"We've learned to take things easy, that's all," Ronnie divulged. "At the end of a day, we both come home—none of that back-breaking stuff for us. Of course, if we're on location, shooting somewhere out in Arizona or Nevada, we can't do much about it. But James and I both pass on our scripts before we do them now, and make sure it's what we want."

The two like to have a good time, but they're not night-spot devotees. They entertain their friends—the Gregory Pecks; Burns and Allen; Norman Krasna (the producer and writer); the Ned Bergens (she's the scintillating comedienne Eve Arden) Kappe Kaplan, clothing manufacturer, and his wife, Betty. Both Ronnie and Jane like to have them over to the house where they can talk and relax.

Everyone should enjoy life to the fullest. That's Reagan's code.

"I've often thought of asking a man, fifteen minutes after he died, what he would have done if he had the chance to do it over again. Many of us don't get all we should out of life, until it's too late. Right, darling?" he turned to Jane who had just returned from her swim, with Maureen and Mike.

"Right, darling," Jane answered and her eyes showed she meant it.

The End

How do you KNOW you can't WRITE?

Have you ever tried? Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance? Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I am a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably never will write. Lawyers must be interns. We all know that, in our time, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why the mail of authors and writers springs up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering the relevant data, then what to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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him to stardom. He is still breathless!
This couldn’t happen to anybody—but it did. It was, if you like, either sheer merit or sheer luck that won him the job, or a combination of both. Larry likes to say it was luck.

No wonder he sings in his shower! You would sing in your shower too, you think, if you were as lucky as he is. But Larry’s life hasn’t all been good luck; much of the time his luck has been very bad. That is why he tries to work off his emotional crises with strenuous physical activity. He has found that it helps tremendously. That is why he started out on the sport (if you can call it a sport) of cow-trailing—to keep himself busy. Cow-trailing by now, of course, has become an integral part of Larry’s night life.

For cow-trailing you buy one motorcycle and learn to ride it. Then you gather together a gang of friends, also with motorcycles. Then you go out at night in the wild hills back of Hollywood and try to follow the cow trails, all at upwards of sixty miles an hour.

“I think it’s very dangerous,” Larry says. “We always fall off a few times, and some of us have had some bad spills. But somehow we never get injured. You learn how to fall, you see—and if you can’t fall far.” Cow-trailing expeditions last until the weird hours of the morning. The members of the club shatter the night with their Unleashed Harness; the party sounds like the warming-up of a dozen airplane motors at Burbank airport. The gang comes home tired, and happy.

Whether it is relaxing or not, activity like this certainly takes your mind off yourself. And there have been many times in Larry’s life when he didn’t want to have his mind occupied. After plugging and plugging away at some very ham pictures, he finally got a chance at a Song to Remember. He was carefully tested—and Cornel Wilde got the part. Then he was told he would do the role of Robin Hood in Bandit of Sherwood Forest. He had costume fittings. He took Again Cornel Wilde got the part. It was, to say the least, a little disappointing. It was in fact pretty close to being a kick in the face. Then—presto!—came the Jolson role. It didn’t come too soon.

Larry’s bad luck, which has almost outbalanced his good luck, has followed him into his private life. Something less than three years ago, while he was working in Counter Attack, he ran into blonde and lovely Betty Garrett, whom he had known while he was working with the Group Theater in New York. He thought it would be a good idea to marry her, considering that he had little money. But at last the tide turned. Betty was so good in the stage hit that she was given a long-term contract by M-G-M; it brought her to Hollywood. Both Betty and Larry hope she’s now in Hollywood for good. But as Larry says, “I have my fingers crossed.”

When Betty was in New York Larry got ready for her ultimate arrival in Hollywood by buying a little house in Nichols Canyon. There his mother came to visit him. She was just out of the hospital, was very ill. Ultimately she died, but at least she lived to see Betty join Larry, and she lived to see his triumph in The Jolson Story. Larry carried her to a studio projection room to see the picture. This was the silver lining to the cloud, but the cloud itself was a heavy one. When you think of Larry as a lucky guy well, his life hasn’t all been roses.

His coming-home present for Betty was, truthfully, an over-sized dog house. The Call Me Miser cast had presented her with a large Irish setter, named (oddly enough) Miser, and Larry had spent many impatient days constructing a house large enough to accommodate a pair of midjets. Over the doorway he had painted Mr. Mister. He did all the work with his own hands.

Larry had great luck with his own house from the first. He bought it furnished from an obliging woman who left everything...
practically intact and in its place—down to ink and penwipers in the desk and a truly wonderful array of hard-to-get cooking gadgets neatly arranged in the kitchen. The house has a New England atmosphere, with early American maple furniture, softly shaded rug, pastel walls and crisp curtains at the wide windows.

It has a history, too, since the former owner bought the lot just before the great financial crash and had it flooded. One morning she found a piece of ice floating down her land, waiting to be enlarged. She could never learn who had owned it, so it became the nucleus of what is now the Parks residence. Larry broods about it sometimes, wondering what he would say if a stranger should knock on the door and cry, "Hey! That's my living room you're sitting in!"

Larry and Betty have looked forward to doing some modern, contemporary decorating so that they are together in their own home. They both love parties, any kind of parties—large, small, formal or the sit-on-the-floor variety. For that matter, they love any kind of fun that they can have together, these two who have been together so briefly. They like to dance, to ride, to love all kinds of sports and games. Betty is only because want to bowl, ski, skate, play bridge—everything. Betty even contemplates riding on the back of Larry's motorcycle during cow-trailling expeditions. Or so she says.

But their greatest passion is surf bathing and basking on California beaches in any sort of weather. "I knew I was a Californian before I had been in the state five minutes," Larry avers. "And so did Betty. We're both beach boys at heart."

Betty is blonde and dainty and so intensely animated that you expect blue sparks to fly out of her. She has an artistic bent and paints well enough to please discriminating critics, although she considers it an amateur hobby. She designs most of her own clothes and can sew. Larry likes to see her in slacks or evening clothes. "She is so slim and lovely," he says. "It's a shame to waste her in indeterminate, in-between clothes."

His favorite color is red and he likes to see it on Betty, on himself, on his motorcycle, in his house and even in his food. He likes tomatoes, red peppers and all sorts of rosy condiments. Also red meat.

He both like to cook and maintain a lively interest in food. Larry thinks he excels at roast beef and green salads, with a robust French dressing of his own invention. Sometimes this contains crumbled Roquefort cheese. Sometimes there are other surprising ingredients. But always there is plenty—but plenty—of garlic. The only food he definitely does not like is gefilte fish and that is only because want to eat it a lot of for "Jolson." He thinks you will learn to hate anything you have to eat. He is contemptuous of all superstitions as well as, one suspects, superstitious people. They seem pretty unintelligent to him. He has no pet extravagancies because he can't have any; he employs an attorney who keeps him on an allowance.

He is level-headed, and whenever he has a short time off from pictures he works his hand off on various committees—Motion Picture Relief, Screen Actors' Guild, Actors' Lab and so on. Now that Betty is with him, perhaps he will be able to relax, though occasionally he will still follow his beloved cow-trails on a motorcycle at night.

The End.
me starred in a swimming picture and that swimming looked so easy and beautiful they wanted to learn. Too. I suppose the same sort of things happens when Sonja Henie skates, or Gene Kelly dances. I suppose when any of the athletes are in a picture, it starts a surge of interest in the sport. But it gives me a great feeling of happiness to be told these kids started swimming because they saw me in a movie.

Do you answer fan letters all by yourself or does someone help you?

My mother, who is a psychologist, helps me. She's really a blessing, because, with her assistance, I don't feel I'm so apt to give unsound advice. Answering fan letters is a great responsibility. If some little boy writes and says, "I love you, Esther, and I want to marry you," or some little girl writes, "I'm going to come out and live with you," Mom knows just how to answer. We try to write kind letters. To the letters which say, "I want to learn how to swim but I'm afraid of the water," we answer with almost an instruction book. We say, "Don't go where the water is deep, or where people will splash you. Get your feet firmly on the bottom of the pool so you can feel the buoyancy of your body in the water. And don't try to swim until you have confidence in that buoyancy. That is very important!"

What is this Inspirational Trophy you present at the swimming meets, Esther?

It's a trophy which is given, not to the winner, but to the swimmer who makes the greatest effort, the one who tries the hardest but who may come in second, or third, or fourth.

They'll be trying to lose just to get the trophy from Esther Williams!

Oh, no. It has to be given to the one who really wants to get along with men. The ability not always to dominate the scene. The ability to sit back and let a man talk. A feminine creature is someone who allows herself to be subordinated, who doesn't want to run things all the time, who defers to a man's opinions. If a woman sits back and lets a man be the big shot, if she learns to be a very good listener, she wins up winning in the long run. I think this is a wise rule for all women to follow if they really want to get along with men.

You don't mean a clinging vine?

Oh, no! In fact, I think the clinging vine type of woman isn't feminine at all. Helplessness isn't femininity. You can be an efficient woman doctor or a calm nurse—and be feminine. I think femininity and womanhood go together.

I read that your pictures have oil been among the top five money-making pictures in the country. Metro did some bright soothsaying when you were officially made a star before your first picture was ever released.

It nearly frightened me to death at the time. Most people work for years and years before they have star billing. I was really afraid of it because it meant I had so much to live up to, and I didn't know that I could. And, this is a secret: I still don't know if I can. I was terribly relieved when I found that Fiesta, the next one to be released, wasn't going to have my name above the title. I don't want to carry the weight of a picture yet.

Not many people are that modest. They're more apt to worry about the importance of their billing and what position they have. It's pretty grim and cut-throatish.

Don't mean a clinging vine?
people, destroys their balance. Of course, there are wonderful exceptions; people who have taken such action but have never been equalized with great deal of balance—emotional balance, I mean. But then there's the other side of the ledger. Names don't need to be mentioned—everyone knows who they are—people who are so busy, so tied up with their own affairs, their own careers, they even lose touch with their families.

I know what you mean. It always hurts me to see nice kids come and change, overnight, into kids who aren't so nice.

You know, it must be awfully sad for you—you people who watch them come, hit that peak, and see them change, or start to slip. It must hurt a little because you get fond of them. It does.

But there's another side of Hollywood I love. Here, it doesn't come here whether you come from a fine old socially prominent family or are discovered in a drive-in. If you have talent, you can succeed. Talent bestows itself on anyone. It doesn't matter whether your ancestors came over in the Mayflower. It's what you are that counts. I wonder if so many people lose their perspective here because they had nothing yesterday and everything today?

No, I think it's because this is a Narcissus town. People shouldn't be allowed to get so fond of themselves, no matter how many compliments they get, nor how important other people make them feel. They should remain honest with themselves. That's pretty important. And, speaking of importance, what project is dearest to your heart?

There are so many it's difficult to choose. For instance, I think it's a shame that now the war is over the hospitals are being forgotten. Those boys are suffering just as much as when the bombs were dropping. Maybe more, because now the drama is over. Ben and I want to go on a hospital tour. What would you like to do on that tour?

Well, I don't want just to walk through the wards, like they tell you is enough. I don't believe it is. I'd like to give swimming exhibitions, and do shows, and then visit the wards. All this has been a dream in the back of my mind. The other day Ben said, "Do you want to be in pictures all your life?" And I said, "I most certainly do not!" There are too many other things I want to do. The fact I am happily married and have found the guy I have always wanted, the fact that we both want children and a life together, makes me know pictures, by themselves, won't even be enough to make me happy. But I'm certainly grateful for the opportunity and for the salary they pay me.

What do you think about motion picture salaries? I think they're wonderful—wonderful! How'd you know? I'd love to drop in on one of the Southern Pacific Islands one day. You know? Take an airplane and drop in for a swim with the service men who are stationed there. I'd have the water roped off and some swimming exhibitions. I hate to think of those lonely guys stuck out there all by themselves.

Esther Williams on a desert island! That does it! I think we can sign off on our recorded conversation now and just let our imaginations take over!

The End
was on the first floor, a double bedroom with an alcove in which I slept. There was a balcony outside, and we had French windows and heavy shutters. We left them open and one night a burglar came in. My mother woke, saw his dim outline, coughed and turned her pillow, thinking to scare him away, but he crept closer to the night table where my father’s watch and wallet lay. She switched on the lights. That woke me. I saw a man with a sharp, evil face, carrying a weighted stick, and cried out. He, almost as frightened as I, ducked out through the window and over the balcony. I was so shocked that I must have been eleven before I could bear to sleep alone.

WHEN I WAS SEVEN

My mother and I toured a studio in England, visiting a set where Monty Banks was directing Old Bill. He was having trouble with a small boy actor, and when he saw me, he cried: “The boy!” He asked my mother to let me play the role, and after consulting his family, she agreed. I enjoyed it, but at the time I had no ambition to act.

BEFORE I WAS SIXTEEN

I had been twice around the world.

I REMEMBER

Monte Carlo chiefly because I wasn’t permitted in the famous gambling rooms of the casino. Under twenty-one, I could watch the floor show, but the game rooms were prohibited. I used to stand outside, the glimpses I caught as doors opened and closed making it all seem exciting, gay and glamorous. Some day I’m going back and see if it’s really so.

Tobii as a dream spot. We had a place right by the ocean; I lived in shorts, had my own canoe and swam from dawn to dusk.

Sydney, Australia, where we spent three months, because it seemed a wild place after living in London and Paris. The great beaches were thronged; we thought them the most beautiful in the world, but at the time I had no ambition to act. I adopted it as our own, swam there regularly and thought ourselves very lucky until, just as we were leaving Sydney, we confided our secret to a native. “Good heavens!” he cried. “That’s the worst shark-infested water on the earth!” Moscow turned away, busy to get away with all our arms and legs.

Bombay because it was so dirty. We were there only two days, and I may have missed its brighter side, but to me it recalls all the less attractive sights and smells of the Orient.

Ceylon as fascinating. We visited tea and rubber plantations, saw every process from seed to completed tire, in the second, and from seed to tea-drinking, in the first, and from seed to completed tire, in the second. Honolulu as the place I learned to surfboard. The surf-boards tip up, if you’re not careful, and one day mine tipped, hit me over the head and knocked me out.

Nassau as a wonderful spot where I played tennis and swam. I want to go back there soon.

MY FIRST

Hero was Carl Randall, a dancer with Ziegfeld, whom I met in Monte Carlo when I was about twelve. Up to that time, I’d had a new hero every few weeks, but Carl, who taught me to dance, was the first real one.

Ambition was to be tennis champion. I used to play with both hands; then, one day when I was playing cops and robbers, I fell through a window, cut my arm above the elbow and couldn’t use my right hand for a long time. I’m a southpaw now.

Adventure was leaving home alone at the age of seventeen. I went to visit my father’s friends on Long Island, traveled alone, wandered around New York on my own and had a wonderful time.

Sweetheart was a girl I knew in Florida. She was seventeen; I was sixteen. She was the daughter of a wealthy man; my family’s fortunes were at their lowest ebb. We went around together and I thought: “This is it!” Summer came, she moved north with her family, and we parted. By the time she returned, I had gone north. We met again, four months ago. I still think she’s very sweet, but this time there was no magic for either of us.

I ENJOY

Playing gin-rummy. Riding.

Going to night clubs; sometimes I go three times a week; again I may not go for months. Going to movies; I have spells of seeing one every night; then I won’t see a picture for weeks.

WHEN I WAS FIFTEEN

We were in Hollywood, where I was recovering from my accident. Ruth Collier, an agent, told my mother that MGM wanted an English boy for a role in Lord Jeff, and my parents decided to let me try it. I worked with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney, had a lot of fun and for the first time realized that acting was what I wanted.

IN 1939

The outbreak of war cut off our British income. We went from New York to Florida, where living was cheaper, and I took a job as auto park attendant.

MY KEENEST RECOLLECTIONS INCLUDE

My mother’s first efforts at cooking. When we lost our income, she decided to cook, though she couldn’t find her way around a kitchen. “Chicken,” she said. “Everyone likes chicken. I’ll have that.” I think she...
must have boiled it; it was like rubber, it bounced—but we ate it. Most of her other dishes were pretty black, but we ate those, too.

Stopping one day at the Derby House in Colton, on my way back from Palm Springs, the man in the next booth had ordered soup, when his waitress brought it, she saw me, dropped the bowl and screamed. I guess seeing a movie star was too much for her. Dripping with soup, her customer began tearing off his shirt, she began to cry and I ran out of the place fast.

The short pants and long white socks I wore when I first came to this country. All French boys wore them and I'd been living in Paris. American boys hooted at me and made life miserable, but I had a hard time making my mother see that I must dress as American boys did—or die.

I'M GUILTY OF
Being lazy;
Hating to get up early;
Being late. I'm late for the strangest reasons:
I start out with the best intentions, but I stop to make a telephone call, to look in a window, or somebody hails me and we talk, and the next thing I know I'm two hours late;
Table hopping.

I'M EXTRAVAGANT ABOUT
Clothes.

MY GREATEST DISAPPOINTMENT
Is not being able to play the piano. I meant to be a concert pianist.

I CAN'T STAND
A girl with a vacuous expression;
Okra;
Sloppy Joe sweaters;
Obvious make-up.

IN ANOTHER TEN YEARS
I'll probably wish I could live over some days in my life. Right now the past doesn't interest me. My eyes are on the future.

I'D NEVER WANT
To pioneer;
To be the first man to reach the moon; I'll wait till they open a good hotel before I buy my ticket;
To be completely idle; there are too many interesting things to do.

I'D LIKE TO
To play the sort of roles Bob Montgomery plays;
To get married—but not now. I want to travel—China, Jamaica, Nassau, New York and all Europe—make pictures in England and France. After that—a wedding!

I LIKED VERY MUCH
Working in It Happened In Brooklyn.
Frank Sinatra is a great friend of mine, and we had fun together.

I BELIEVE
God has planned our lives.
If we are meant to do something, the way will be made open, or we'll be so equipped that we can do it. Try as we may to avoid it, if we are to be at a certain place at a certain time, we will be there.
and a half acres of woodland and stream, orchards and gardens. And the new career is the just-organized Rampart Productions, with Dozier at the head and Joan the most beautiful vice-president ever to star in a company’s product.

“If I hope the first Rampart production will be a baby,” Joan laughed—but wouldn’t say more on that score. Instead, she went on more seriously, “To go back to a woman finding her real self, take this as an example. I talked with one of Paramount’s young leading women just this morning, and when the conversation was over I realized the girl had spoken in three separate and distinct accents! Of course it was funny! But actually she was only trying to find herself. Young girls ask what they are or what they want to be!”

Joan next gave an autograph to a small girl in pijotis who had stood silent, regarding the adored one owlishly through big glasses. “Then you take the wonderfully successful case of Joan Crawford. Think of the changes she’s made to reach today’s perfection. And each change shows exhaustive thought and hard work. Each change has kept her career alive and growing, from Our Dancing Daughters to Mildred Pierce. She got the Academy Award for that—and now she’s gone on to the character-maturity of Humoresque."

It was when Joan herself gave her Academy Award performance in Rebecca that her mother, the exuberant and outspoken Mrs. Lillian Fontaine, made her classic remark about her opinion of her child’s ability. "You must be very proud of your daughter," was a friend’s obvious conclusion after the preview.

“Yes. Yes, I am,” Mrs. Fontaine replied considering. Then she added in a rush of candor, “You know, I’ve always thought Joan ratherphony in actual life, but on the screen she seems quite real!”

That Joan can tell this on herself with a burst of laughter shows how far indeed she is from being aphony. "But the truth is, I was no good on the screen until I stopped being myself,” she confessed. “It was George Cukor in his direction of The Women who opened the door for me. Up to then I’d never concentrated on business. There’s none of that in Humoresque."

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The curtain really rose last year with her marriage to Dozier. It is a union of minds as well as hearts.

"It is the perfect marriage!” Her lovely eyes glistened with happiness and intelligence. “Our interests are the same. We’re in the same business; we talk studio all the time. Our friends are people in the business who talk the same language we do. They understand us and we understand them.”

Both Joan and Bill have the quality of throwing themselves completely into everything they do. “And Bill’s so kind to people,” says Joan. "He has such a wonderful sense of humor. And he’s so thorough. Whether it’s his job at the studio or fixing a leak in the drain, he does everything well. I call him twice a day and our conversation is always concentrated on business. There’s none of this ‘How are you, dear? What are you doing?’ When we talk, it’s a discussion of my business, his business or maybe the house. We’re completely together on everything.”

Bill says he’s just organized a new club, the HOSU, and Joan inquires what on earth that may be. "Oh, that’s the Husbands of Stars. United,” Bill replies blithely and names some of the members, with the husbands of Loretta Young, Betty Hutton and Dorothy Lamour among them.

When Joan and Brian Aherne were divorced, she set out to make a whole new circle of friends. "But it was when Christmas came that I realized that I was really very lonely," she said.

Christmas is indeed an empty time without a family, and Bill Dozier was lonely, too. Though he and Joan had met on the RKO lot and had had many business discussions there, neither realized they had actually fallen in love until the following February when Bill came down to the hospital to discuss another picture Joan was to do for the studio. It was the second time within three months that Bill was ill enough to be sent to a hospital. The first time in New York it had been very seriously, with virus pneumonia. This time in Hollywood, it was with influenza, dangerous now in her weakened condition.

Dozier stood looking down at the frail girl lying on the pillows. Her hair was in pigtail and her face, so familiar, was changed. I thought you need someone to take care of you,” he decided firmly.

She smiled up at him. “Who, for instance?”

“Me, for instance,” he announced. “I want to marry you.”

So that’s the way it was. The End.
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SPOILED WIFE

(Continued from page 12)

husband's ideas about marriage — ideas which are dangerously common in America. Ken wants Angie to be a pretty creature to be loved, spoiled and admired by him. Ken yearns to be the strong man, the benefactor, the protector. To give Angie everything makes him proud and happy, but in achieving this satisfaction he ignores one of the most fundamental requirements of a happy marriage — that it be a partnership in which both share burdens and responsibilities as well as rewards.

This second lesson may be overlooked by many who see "Smash-Up." I found that some of my test audience missed this point entirely. A number of the women afterward said that they would like their husbands to give them the kind of life Ken imposed on Angie. They really would not tell if they would sicken of it as she did.

The blame for this faulty view lies in their education, which often portrays the happy woman as one showered with masculine attention. We should learn, and should teach our children, that such "love" may undermine a woman's belief in herself and encourage her weaknesses.

The basic lesson, then, that we can take from this movie is that, in marriage, husband and wife should be full partners. The second is that alcohol is no shield against feelings of fear and inferiority. The only way to combat such feelings is to face them and understand their origin.

A third lesson we can learn from "Smash-Up" is that the alcoholic is often much like anyone else. He or she may be a likeable, sympathetic, "nice" person. My test audience liked Angie. They rooted for her. They understood that she was like themselves. As one girl put it: "I can understand her very well. I feel that way too, sometimes." This girl spoke truly, and what she said should put us all on guard.

The End
Ella sarcastically. "And notice how the glamour girls are trying to live up to their conception of great charm. They cover their faces with pancake, and wear false eyelashes a half-inch long that create a breeze whenever they flutter them. Don't you wonder what they're really like under all that paint and powdery? What sort of expressions do they have when they aren't coated with all that base?"

The high tones of their voices mingled with the clink of glasses and the sharp ring of silverware. "Listen to them babble," Ella observed. "They're saying all the smart things that a glamour girl should say, and they're rehearsing all the chi-chi gossip that's told them in the last 24 hours. Meanwhile, they're competing in the room, and mentally noting some new effect they might try tomorrow."

"These glamour girls spend all their lives trying to look beautiful, and they don't do a thing about developing their minds or improving their voices. Listen to the over-all tones they create—it's a chatter that doesn't even sound human."

Just then a foreign film star entered. She paused momentarily on the upper level and surveyed the small sea of faces below her. It was obvious that she had spent considerable time in preparation for this appearance, because her make-up and costume were splendid indeed.

"That," said Ella, "is what I mean by a glamour girl. She makes a profession of it. All her great beauty comes from tubes and jars. Don't get me wrong," she added quickly. "I don't condemn girls for trying to improve their looks, but why must they overdoo it? Why can't they understand that a girl is most attractive when she is her natural self?"

Ella has argued the point pro and con with friends. Her inevitable conclusion is that phony glamour girls cause too much harm, and their influence is too widespread to be ignored. Too often these girls are accepted as the standard of fashion, Ella believes, and women all over the nation struggle to emulate them. As a result, every community has its own glamour girl, and they're scrutinizing all the time their compete."

If you take a look at Ella's own career before the movie cameras, you'll see that she has been doing a good job of practicing what she preaches. She's famous for her well-groomed, well-scrubbed natural beauty on the screen. She is just as beautiful offscreen. She describes herself as a girl with stores energy, who is persistent and therefore

Ella fiercely defends her right to do as she pleases, and there are times when she wishes she were in another business of a less demanding nature. This mood soon passes, though, because acting is the thing she likes best. Ella has some rules about personal beauty...
Wayne Morris, star of "Deep Valley," watches his three-year-old, Pam, mug for the camera and pose she'd like to pass on to her younger readers. She says: "Scrub your face with soap. Don't use cold creams constantly. Don't smear on a powder base. Don't over-paint your lips." She keeps her complexion ruddy by participating in daily sets of tennis, followed by a swim in a pool. Good health, she points out, is the fundamental basis for beauty and an adorable personality.

"Leave perfume alone, except in very small quantities, and use a scent that doesn't assault people. Use very little jewelry, especially if you're young, and don't make the cheap mistake of glittering like a Christmas tree.

"Don't slump or slouch when you walk, and learn to move easily and naturally. Plenty of exercises and outdoor sports will give you the muscular coordination necessary for this.

"Remember that a pleasant voice is an important part of your charm. Practice by reading aloud to improve your diction, if it isn't all you'd like it to be. Learn to relax in company, and don't force conversation. There are times when silence can be very attractive.

"Here's one final observation," Ella concludes. "If a girl has a desire to try for a career in the movies, she should keep her youthful freshness and natural beauty. Hollywood is full of phony glamor girls who will never get to first base. The moment a real, sincere beauty arrives in town, she is given a royal reception. She's different, like a cool breeze on a hot day, and she wins attention without trying. People are very tired of pseudo-glamor queens.

"In the long run, naturalness pays high dividends. You don't have to spend hours primping and fussing, and men like women whose personalities and feminine charms aren't built at each day's downtown gathering. They're people are very tired of pseudo-glamor queens.

"The End"
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Sincerely
B. Baggs
New York, N.Y.

Dear Editor:
Here's a few lines to express my hopes of things that should and shouldn't happen! 1. This star is by far a most natural one and has done many lovely performances. His acting has already proven him an outstanding and so distinguished star. He should be given an award—Claude Rains. 2. One of my favorite actresses, has also done splendid performances, but mostly small parts. She has dynamic personality. She should be given bigger and better roles—Geraldine Fitzgerald.

3. A beautifully done picture, gets my vote as the best of the year 1946. The stars, even though not well known, were magnificent and the story was tops. It should be chosen as one of the ten best—"The Last Chance."

4. This young star has a fine personality, and his acting is tops. He will some day be a great dramatic star. He should be given a big chance to prove what he really can do—Richard Long.

5. This picture has a poor story, but outstanding stars—Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cot¬ten, and Gregory Peck. It's a pity to see such a magnificent trimming wasted. Holly¬wood shouldn't spend it's time making this type picture. "Duel in the Sun."

Richard Magnelli
Pueblo, Colorado

Crocodile Problem
Dear Editor:
In that Technicolor production "Wake Up and Dream," starring John Payne, tell me how that big crocodile got into the Southern swamps of our own United States? Or did the producers know that those monsters might be at home on the Nile but have little identity with the alligators of the regions where picture takes place—and were just trying to scare audiences?

San Francisco, Calif.

Poor Excuses
Dear Editor:
Your recent article "Why Hollywood Divorces," by Kay Daynes, was really something to laugh at. There were all kinds of poor excuses given why these people were divorced. At the end of it Miss Daynes mentioned the happily married couples of long standing, such as Pat O'Brien, Bing Crosby, Alan Ladd, John Garfield. If you compare these families with the others, who do you find as the one who brings home the check? The men! Also these actors haven't got wives who want to steal the limelight from them.

This writer is not as it seems an old-fashioned "grandma" but a seventeen year old girl, who believes once you get married you should stay that way.

Eileen Shannon
Milwaukee 8, Wis.

Address all communications to Editor, Movieland.
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Edited by Sally Dickson and Frances Blondin

Everything is here—from clear instructions for making pretty new fashions and bright accessories to the home to precise hints on how to make pretty new fashions and bright accessories to the home to precise hints on how to make

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Another little book with much the same scope and qualities with which nine other little books have been published. The story of a woman who has been living with a man for years and then finds herself pregnant with his child. A story of love and marriage—of the joys and heartaches of married life—of the triumphs and tragedies of domestic bliss.

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by J. H. BREWERST

After two of three worried love affairs, Ann Carey was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, but suddenly she found herself engrossed in another lover, who was not what he seemed. She was forced to leave her old life behind, and she found herself in New York City, where she was able to make a fresh start. A story of love and marriage—of the joys and heartaches of married life—of the triumphs and tragedies of domestic bliss.

LOVE ON THE RUN

by Perry Lindsey

Carey Winston told herself she would remain a virgin, but she was forced to accept a marriage proposal from a man whose intentions were honorable. The story of a woman who has been living with a man for years and then finds herself pregnant with his child. A story of love and marriage—of the joys and heartaches of married life—of the triumphs and tragedies of domestic bliss.

MEN ARE MOLEHILLS

by RUTH S. LIVINGSTON

Janet Hammond is looking for an ideal love match. She becomes engaged to Wayne Anderson, a man whose intentions were honorable. The story of a woman who has been living with a man for years and then finds herself pregnant with his child. A story of love and marriage—of the joys and heartaches of married life—of the triumphs and tragedies of domestic bliss.

CAREERS FOR MODERN WOMEN

by Perry Lindsey

A book full of ideas for girls who want to make money. It covers the time from the time you finish school, to the time you are ready to go out into the world and start your own business. It contains hints on how to get a job, how to make a living, and how to make your own business successful. A book that will help you get started in the world of business, and a book that will help you stay in the world of business.

CIVIL SERVICE HANDBOOK

by William Brooks

A book of information on how to go about getting a job. It offers advice on how to prepare for the job interview, how to prepare for the job test, and how to make the best use of your time on the job. It contains hints on how to get a job, how to make a living, and how to make your own business successful. A book that will help you get started in the world of business, and a book that will help you stay in the world of business.
“High Barbarie” hits a new high in adventure. “High Barbarie” hits a new high in romance.

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, who wrote the famous “Mutiny on the Bounty,” have penned a new modern story with equal fascination.

As a Cosmopolitan magazine story, as a popular novel, it won millions of readers for its tale both taut and tense, its love story tender and touching.

Van Johnson’s role is completely different from anything he’s done in the past. Tough and dramatic, suave and civilized, it’s a characterization that will absorb you. June Allyson, with stars in her eyes, is the girl he loves. But there’s another girl in his life—Marilyn Maxwell.

Thomas Mitchell adds the tang of salty humor with his part. Claude Jarman, Jr., flaxen-haired star of “The Yearling”, and Henry Hull, one of the stage’s finest actors, head a perfect supporting cast.

Produced with consummate skill by Everett Ristin, dramatically directed by Jack Conway, from the screenplay by Anne Monroe Chapin, Whitfield Cook and Cyril Hume. “High Barbarie” has a new high in entertainment.

For spring enchantment, come aloof to the isle of High Barbarie... that poetic paradise of which all lovers dream.

“High Barbarie” lives up to all the grandiloquence that its title contains. You’ll have a good time at “High Barbarie”.

Louella Parsons has just given it Cosmopolitan Magazine’s Citation as the Picture of the Month.

To see is to agree!

—Leo

P.S.—What a Scoop!

—“The Hucksters”, “B.F.’s Daughter”, “East River”—the three top best-sellers — will all become M-G-M hits!

MOVIELAND STORIES

IT’S JUNE AND JIMMY NOW (June Haver) by Marcia Daughtrey...

KELLY’S THE NAME (Gene Kelly) by Mickie Novak...

TOO BEAUTIFUL (Janis Carter) by Kay Proctor...

BRINGING UP BABY (Bette Hutton) by Fredda Dudley...

VAN JOHNSON TALKS TO HIS FANS by Kate Holdiday...

THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE IN MICKEY ROONEY by Gloria DeHaven...

THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE IN GLORIA DEHAVEN by Mickey Rooney...

STRICTLY T H T (Bob Mitchum) by David C. McClure...

ALL ABOARD THE RAMROD SPECIAL by Peggy Bennaon...

HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGES ARE SUCCESSFUL by Elspeth Campbell...

MR. TYPICAL AMERICAN (Bill Holden) by David R. Moss...

JUST A HOME GIRL (Lauren Bacall) by Paul Marsh...

ALAN LADD’S RANCH PARTY...

MOVIELAND APPLAUDS...

LESSONS IN LIVING by Ernest Dichter, Ph.D...

YOUR HOLLYWOOD by the Editors...

THIS IS MYSELF: David Niven...

ON THE TOWN WITH JANNIE AND JOE...

MOVIELAND PROFILE

THE IDEA OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (Veronica Lake)...

LET’S GO SKIING (Nancy Guild and Frank Latimore)...

SCENE OF THE MONTH from “They Won’t Believe Me”...

EVERYTHING OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND WEARS...

PRIZE PICTURE OF THE MONTH (Rita Hayworth)...

MOVIELAND DEPARTMENTS

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD by Ann Dauggett...

YOUR FAN CLUB by Carol Wheelchel...

THE REVIEWER’S BOX...

CAN I HELP YOU by Joan Crawford...

WHAT’S SHOOTING...

TWENTY-FOUR DOLLAR QUESTION ON GREGORY PECK...

DO YOU WRITE LIKE PAUL HENREID? by Helen King...

CROSSWORD PUZZLE...

WORDS OF MUSIC by Jill Warren...

FEET FIRST by Julia Ronson...

SINCERELY YOURS...

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Van Johnson • June Allyson
(In a NEW and DIFFERENT role... with the screen's most lovable girl)

A spectacular adventure-romance
by the authors of
"Mutiny On The Bounty"

THRILL to the crash at sea!
THRILL to the tornado!
THRILL to the water-tower rescue!

Jack Conway

Claude Jarman, Jr.
Cyril Hume
Harman Hall

Directed by Jack Conway
Some familiar faces and some brand new ones win plaudits for their achievements in the bright world of screen entertainment.

Allene Roberts, grave-eyed, lovely ingenue who plays the lead in “The Red House” and holds her own against such finished performers as Edward G. Robinson, Judith Anderson and Lon McCallister. Allene, who is eighteen, came to Hollywood as the winner of the New York Daily Mirror “America’s Most Charming Child” contest and, after having had a screen test by a major studio, found herself, in company with all other contest winners, the forgotten woman (only this time, it was the forgotten child). So, while she grew up, Allene went to Hollywood High, studied music and acting and had a few parts in televised plays. It was at a local television theater that Sol Lesser spotted her—and the rest is history. Allene has the gift of complete naturalness and we are captivated by her sincerity and intelligence. We applaud Sol Lesser for covering her and will make book on future success.

Bob Hope, because he is always ready and happy to lend his talents to any worthy cause, regardless of his studio and recording commitments. His masterful M-Cing of the Damon Runyan Memorial Fund show at the Downtown Paramount Theater warmed the hearts of all who heard him. No more whole-hearted and more sincere good works. Accolades, too, to the line-up who helped swell the fund. We are proud to list their names: Jimmy Durante, Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly, Jack Benny, Bergen, Burns and Allen, Eddie Cantor, Grant, Benny Goodman, Betty Hutton, Johnson, Al Jolson, Danny Kaye, Lamour, Dinah Shore, Red Skelton and Victor Young orchestra.

All the musicians and artists in that magnificent picture, “Carnegie Hall,” which was produced and photographed by Walter Damrosch, the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, Lily Pons, Gregor Piatigorsky, Rise Stevens, Artur Rodzinski, Artur Rubinstein, Jan Peerce, Ezio Pinza, Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra, Jascha Heifetz, Fritz Reiner, Leopold Stokowski and Harry James.

A special laurel wreath for Billy Rose, whom we all remember, who produced the fine entertainment.
They're back and they're better in the grand reunion the whole world has been waiting for ... a story that's funnier and more heart-warming than their immortal triumph, "Going My Way"!

Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman • Adaptation by Arthur Sheekman and N. Richard Nash • Story by Frank Butler

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Oscar winners Harold Russell and Claude Jarman express delight to Shirley Temple.

Anne Baxter shows Lionel Barrymore Oscar she won for her “Razor’s Edge” portrayal.

Olivia de Havilland never looked lovelier or happier than on Academy Award night when last year’s winner Ray Milland presented her with the Oscar for her role in “To Each His Own.”

Inside Hollywood

The excitement of Academy Awards still hangs over Hollywood—as party gossip proves!

By ANN DAGGETT

At five o'clock in the morning of the 19th annual presentation of the Academy Oscars, fans began filling the bleachers outside Los Angeles’ mammoth Shrine Auditorium—and not in vain!

While the competition for the little gold statuettes was hidden well beneath polite greetings and hearty salutations, the stars openly rivaled one another for the crowd’s adulation.

Loud speakers carried the names of all Hollywood’s great for blocks around and police held tight to ropes and chains to keep surging hundreds back from the giant lobby.

While the people outside went wild over their favorites who arrived late, the orchestra inside played the melodies of all past Academy-honored song hits. The feeling of nostalgia was kept throughout the evening with a cavalcade of pictures which at one time had won the coveted golden prize, and a brief appearance by such personalities as Luise Rainer, James Cagney, Mary Pickford and Richard Dix.

Ann Sheridan’s tunic of solid sequins over long black net caught the spotlights with dazzling effect. Joan Fontaine’s chartreuse box-jacketed, bustled evening gown brought gasps from the audience.

Most charming of all was the winner of the evening, Olivia de Havilland. Olivia’s victory over Jennifer Jones, Rosalind Russell, Celia Johnson and Jane Wyman was for her performance in “To Each His Own.” Her acceptance of the award was with modesty and humbleness.

Her triumph was marred, however, when her sister Joan Fontaine, twice Academy Award winner, stopped her in the hallway to congratulate her upon her victory. Olivia and Joan have not spoken for months and the occasion for speaking was not that moment. Olivia turned away from her sister, and holding her Oscar with pride, marched into the room where the photographers were waiting to picture her with the other winners.

Singular triumph of the evening was that of Harold Russell, handless veteran who stole acting honors in “The Best Years of Our Lives.” After receiving a special award from the Academy Board of Directors, he received the Oscar for the best supporting player of the year.

Little Cathy O’Donnell accepted the award in Fredric March’s absence from Hollywood. March has been twice honored by the Academy, years before for his performance in “Dr.
Thrill after Thrill after Thrill after Thrill!

Violent!

Violent Love!

HUMPHREY BOGART

BARBARA STANWYCK

ALEXIS SMITH

"The Two Mrs. Carrolls"

WARNERS made it from the 2-year stage hit that hit Broadway between the eyes!

Screen Play by Thomas Job • From the Stage Play by MARTIN VALE • Music by Franz Waxman

DIRECTED BY: NIGEL BRUCE • PETER GODFREY • MARK HELLINGER

PRODUCED BY: MARK HELLINGER
CONTINUED

In New York Fredric March looks at a copy of the Oscar Hollywood awarded him.

From Bob Montgomery Deborah Kerr accepted best original story award for Clemence Dane.

Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” and now again for his acting in “The Best Years of Our Lives.”

Many felt that the March award was one of sentiment. He won over such contenders as Larry Parks, Gregory Peck, Laurence Olivier and James Stewart.

Anne Baxter clutched hard at John Hodiak’s arm when the envelope was opened and her name read as giving the best performance in a supporting role. The Oscar was her’s for “Sophie” in “The Razor’s Edge.”

Highlight of the evening for the public (they paid $10 a seat to get in) was the appearance of Lana Turner and Van Johnson, neither of whom were nominated for awards but who appeared in the presentation ceremonies. Lana was stunning in a white brocaded satin evening gown, which was literally covered with shimmering rhinestones.

Hoagy Carmichael sang “Buttermilk Sky.” He was called Hugo later in the evening by Samuel Goldwyn who was slightly nervous over winning both the Irving Thalberg award and the Oscar for the best picture of the year “The Best Years of Our Lives.” (Who wouldn’t forget names at that point!)

Wonderful to see was Shirley Temple, grown tall in black net and white lace, presenting the child’s Oscar to Claude Jarman, for his exquisite performance in “The Yearling.” Claude, only twelve, towered over diminutive Shirley.

It was a wonderful evening! We felt with the fan who sat next to us and said:

“I feel like I’ve had a peek into fairy land.”

* * *

Look at those Oscars gleam! Winners are Olivia de Havilland, Harold Russell, Cathy O’Donnell (she accepted for Fredric March), Anne Baxter.
Miss Glamorous AND Mr. Amorous

... IN A GAY ELOPEMENT ADVENTURE THAT MAKES MEXICO CITY BLUSH!

The Guy you loved in "Till the End of Time!"

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
FRANCHOT TONE • GUY MADISON

in

Honeymoon

A WILLIAM KEIGLEY PICTURE

with
LINA ROMAY • GENE LOCKHART
CORINNA MURA • GRANT MITCHELL

Produced by WARED DUFF • Directed by WILLIAM KEIGLEY
Screen Play by MICHAEL KAHN • Based on a Story by VICKI FAURO
Pretty Peggy Cummins talks enthusiastically with British Actor Ronald Miller. Meanwhile he keeps a wary eye on the breadstick she's wielding. They're dining at the Chanticleer.

We finally got a glimpse of Eleanor Parker's first-wedding-anniversary gift from her husband, Bert Friedlob. It's a beautiful wide, gold bracelet on which are gold stars with rubies at the points. Engraved on the stars are the names of Eleanor's pictures, the last one being "The Woman in White." The next will be "The Voice Of The Turtle," which Eleanor is doing with Ronnie Reagan.

Ever since Danny Kaye suffered severe and painful injuries when a fan tried to take his picture and a flash-bulb exploded in his face, he has been extremely leery—and understandably so—toward all admirers who point cameras in his direction. And incidentally, Danny should find himself with a lot more fans after his new picture, "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" is released. It's supposed to be wonderful!

When Robert Cummings and his wife were flying back to Hollywood after their brief Florida vacation, they were grounded in Dallas, Texas, where they were unable to find a hotel room. And so Bob and his wife spent the night in a hotel lobby—and Bob was kept busy signing autographs until morning!

Jeanne Crain, Lon McCallister and June Haver, who scored such a hit in "Home In Indiana," are trying to talk their bosses into letting them do another picture together. We're all for it.

This fall, you can look forward to seeing and hearing Nelson Eddy in person. Nelson, who'll soon be seen with Ilona Massey in Republic's "End of the Rainbow," is planning his first concert tour since before the war, and hopes to cover the major U. S. cities.

With all the divorce talk clouding the air, we're always happy to hear news of some of the successful Hollywood marriages. The Robert Youngs have been happily married in Hollywood for more than fourteen years. According to Betty, Bob's wife, this is their recipe for successful marriage: "Share everything together." And she does just that. Even when Bob has to go on locations with his pictures, Betty accompanies him.

Recently, Bob took up flying. Result: Betty has started taking lessons.

Bob and Betty recently bought themselves a ranch near Carmel, California, which is where they honeymooned fourteen years ago. They plan on living up there in the summer, and in Beverly Hills in the winter, commuting by plane (they recently bought an airplane, too) when necessary.

(Continued on page 105)
AT 12 O'CLOCK ... A LADY WITH A FUTURE!

AT 12:05 ... A WOMAN WITH A PAST!

5 MINUTES after the curtain went up sophisticated New Yorkers realized they were witnessing the frankest, most fearless-ly outspoken stage play they had ever seen. Now it comes to the screen with all its electrifying impact!

HUNT STROMBERG presents
HEDY LAMARR in
Dishonored Lady
co-starring
DENNIS O'KEEFE • JOHN LODER

with
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • MORRIS CARNOVSKY • PAUL CAVANAGH • NATALIE SCHAFER

Produced by JACK CHERTOK
Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON • EDMUND H. NORTH
A HUNT STROMBERG Production
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
A Lesson in Living from the Movies

Are you the sort of Sad Sal who's always poking and plucking at her hair? It's not a pretty habit—and it's definitely not necessary if you use DeLong Bob Pins. Just slip two or three in strategic spots, and then forget your hair-do in public, concentrate on charm.

DeLong Bob Pins, you see, have a

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They simply can't slip out because they're made of high carbon steel. That does the trick. Introduce yourself to DeLong Bob Pins for a lifetime lease on poise . . .

A psychologist
looks beyond
the slapstick
routine of
"The Egg and I"

discovers
rules for a
happy marriage

How's Your Sense of Humor?

Can you take it? And how much can you take? Would you be a happier person if daily life didn't get you down too easily?

To the last question, the honest answer for virtually all of us is: "Yes. Life does get me down too often, and I would be better off if I could learn how to meet frustration with a smile."

"With a smile!" That phrase, almost by itself, tells us how to meet trouble. In "The Egg and I," Betty MacDonald—played by Claudette Colbert—does just that. Betty is a well-to-do city girl who has never used her hands for anything more strenuous than playing the piano.

On her wedding night Fred MacMurray, her broker-bridegroom, announces that he has quit the brokerage business and bought a mountain ranch on which to raise chickens. Betty accepts the startling prospect of life in the wilderness with a trusting smile. After a rough ride up a mountain—a cow, pig, goat, lamb and chickens in the truck behind them—Betty discovers that the idealized farm is a ramshackle wreck without plumbing, paint or decent roof. She learns—in time and with amusing misadventures—to hammer, saw, paint, scrub, scour, and even fight a forest fire. She meets each frustration with a smile—rueful, resigned, gay, bitter or bewildered. But she meets it.

If it had not been for Betty's sense of humor—her ability to find the smile in almost any adventure Bob's singlemindedness led them into—her marriage scarcely could have lasted a month. Certainly, without it, she never could have learned to become a wife and a pioneer, simultaneously.

And so long as her sense of humor could take it, Betty remained in control of situations which, otherwise, would have been completely beyond her. Keeping your sense of humor means, in a psychological sense, that you do not allow yourself to be subdued, or dictated to or controlled by outside fate. Instead, you are able to say: "I refuse to let this thing get me down."

Three other lessons, each actually more important than the first but emphasized far less, can be taken home from "The Egg and
"One is the psychological truth that a person, who secretly wants to be, is easily conquered; that the person who is set against defeat cannot be whipped. Betty has complied with Bob's determination to be a chicken farmer. Actually she has worked, at times, harder at it than he does. But, in her heart of hearts, she wants to go back to the city. She wants to be beaten by the wilderness and, when a forest fire burns everything they own, she is happy to accept defeat.

The second lesson, which may be missed if one does not watch for it, is that compliance with a mate's acts or aims is not true marital partnership. When Betty sees Bob poking through the ruins of the fire, she suddenly realizes what a tragedy return to the city would be for him. Then, for the first time, she becomes not a passive, compliant wife but truly a partner of her husband. At her urging, Bob abandons despair and determines to rebuild his ranch.

The third lesson is: The only sound base for a successful marriage is complete openness and honesty between the partners. Betty not only lost her sense of humor when she saw Bob with their beautiful, divorcee neighbor, Harriet. She did something even more foolish. She attempted to run her marriage on a basis of suspicion rather than trust.

The marriage rule says—when you are inclined to suspect your mate—speak out, ask about it. At least, in some fashion, check your suspicion against fact. Betty violated that rule. Without a word to him or other investigation, she gave way to jealousy and decided that Bob was intimate with Harriet. Only her final determination to speak her mind to Bob saves her marriage.

The End

This is the second in a series of articles in which Dr. Dichter takes a current movie apart to find out how it can help audiences to live fuller, happier lives.

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray are "Betty" and "Bob," amateur poultry ranchers, in the hilarious "Egg and I."

Completely new this black and white checked Jumper with black trim, made of fine quality all-season material. Sizes 12 to 20. $7.98 plus postage. • Bow blouse made of fine Rayon, white only, sizes 32 to 40. $3.98 plus postage.

10-DAY TRIAL
... Wear this lovely Check-A-Dear Jumper and blouse at MY RISK. If in 10 days you are not completely satisfied, return for refund.

SEND NO MONEY
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Order 2 Jumpers for only $14.50 plus postage

Bonnie Gaye

Famous California Styles

The Check-A-Dear

$7.98
A last-minute report on fan clubbers—with exciting news about Bob Scott, Allan Jones, Vivian Blaine, Peter Lawford and James Mason.

Dorothy McGough, prexy Jane Cook, Carol Whelchel tell John Lund about their fan plans for him.

Bob Scott records a message for his fans while Helen Stevens, Bobby Scott-ers pres, looks on.

Your Fan Club

Our contest is off to a fine start—and it's obvious that we're in for a tough time when it comes to making a final decision. Keep up the good work, tho'—cause every improvement of your fan club is another stride toward making fan clubs a recognized institution.

Remember, we're awarding 50 points for the best journals to hit our desk each month till October; 25 points for the very finest article to be found from among those six "best"; 25 points for the most noteworthy contrib to a charity; and 25 for the club cooperating most with MOVIELAND—and that includes sending in any suggestions you've got for improving "Your Fan Club."

We think you clubbers are pretty clever—so hop to it and show us how right we are. The GRAND PRIZE is still a whole column devoted to the winning group—with plenty of pics and the kind of publicity we know you club proxies need.

FAN-FUN
The Vivian Blaine i.c., prexed by Bev Ham...
Want a Vivian Blaine Photo? See “Your Fan Club” column for details. Here the star obliges with autographs while her husband-manager, Manny Frank, looks on.

The Bob Scott group is all out for an extensive membership, too, and should succeed, since Bob is now free-lancing and is in line for some choice roles. ‘N’ if it’s cooperation you like in your honorary proxies—the Scott club is the one to join, ‘cause the guy can’t do enough for his bunch . . . The Victor Jory club held a backstage party in NY where Vic is appearing in “Androcles and the Lion.” They had such a fun-filled afternoon that they’re planning a similar get-together at his next play . . . ‘N’ when Allan Jones was appearing in Detroit in “The Firefly” he had all the local clubbers attending as his guests—ditto for when he appeared at the 509 Club—he had ringside tables for the group.

A phone call from Eleanor Cohan the other day informed us that the inactive Peter Lawford “P.L.’s” will be up-and-at-’em again soon. Pete and Eleanor have been planning scads of new ideas for the club—so we’re expecting big things of them. Incidentally, all Marcy Mitchell’s “Lassies” are invited to join, since Marcy disbanded the group sometime ago . . . Bev Montalbano, of the Majestic Masons (for James, natch!), is out to reach an all-time high in club memberships—which should be easy in her case. They guarantee a lively, enthusiastic group—and if Bev’s letter is a sample, we’ll guarantee it, too. It should be fun to watch these “Masonettes” compete with Leona Rosenthal’s and Mimi Straussberg’s groups—’n’ remember, competition always makes for a better organization!

CLUB CHATTER

Since we are having this bang-up contest, and because we’d like every single clubber to keep up with their club’s progress in it, how about putting Listed with Movieland on the index page of your journals. That way your mems will know that your club is apt to be mentioned in “Your Fan Club.” How ‘bout it?

‘Nother thing—if there’s any help you need, like where to get negatives for snaps; autographs on your star; material for the journals—just drop us a line, cause that’s what we’re here for, ‘n’ besides, we love it!

THE END

Are you in the know?

How would you refuse a date?
- Brush him off
- Invent an excuse
- Say you'll be busy

Ever trip yourself up on your own tall story, after turning down a bid? When refusing a date no fancy excuses needed.

Does this make sense on certain days?
- No
- Yes
- Could be

Does in-the-know take certain days in stride, but—“fierce fun” doesn’t make sense. Why jolt your innards? (There’s always the merry-go-round!) Choosing milder diversions is playing safe. Like choosing Kotex. You see, you get extra protection from that exclusive safety center of Kotex. And that comfortable Kotex Wonderform Belt lets you bend freely because it’s elastic—snug-fitting—non-binding. For confidence that’s positively supersafe, try Kotex and Kotex Belts!

For a too-broad nose, better—
- Clamp a clothespin on it
- Eye-shadow the sides
- Widen your brows

If you guessed this one, you’re up on your grooming! And on difficult days, score yourself a plus if you never need guess about sanitary protection. For that means you depend on Kotex—knowing there’s a Kotex napkin exactly suited to your own special needs. Yes, only Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. Three smart ways to improve your confidence. (Smart as widening your brows to improve that too-broad nose!)

More women choose
KOTEX * than all other
sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST
THE REVIEWER'S BOX

HIGH BARBAREE (M-G-M) ... \*
As Naval Aviator Van Johnson drifts helplessly in the Pacific in his disabled plane, he recounts the story of his life. By means of flashback, he tells of his childhood, his uncle’s tales of a mystic island, High Barbaree; the girl next door, his desire to be a doctor, his hopes of someday finding High Barbaree. When the girl next door moves away, Van seems to lose his idealism, forgets about a medical career.

After an emotional conflict, Van and the girl next door—June Allyson—realize their ideals and find High Barbaree together.

This is a charming story, well written and acted, and a good vehicle for the Van Johnson-June Allyson combination. The whole family should find this movie a delightful experience.

CALCUTTA (Paramount) ...

Alan Ladd and William Bendix portray a couple of American aviators who fly "The Hump" between India and China. When a buddy of theirs is found mysteriously murdered in Calcutta, the two proceed with their own private investigation... in the course of which Ladd meets and becomes infatuated with Gail Russell. Despite several close calls and much intrigue, the mystery finally is solved, after a very surprising—but equally logical—bit of detecting. Ladd and Bendix play their usual fine roles; Gail Russell is capably beautiful and innocent; and June Duprez does a good bit. A neat story of tough guys and murder and smuggling—all with a very acceptable India-flavor.

WELCOME STRANGER (Paramount) ...

Bing Crosby has done it again! Here is a picture to warm your heart. Barry Fitzgerald was never more lovable, not even in "Going My Way." We wanted this picture never to end.

Bing plays a doctor, hired, unseen, by Barry Fitzgerald to take over his practice while the old man goes on a long-overdue vacation. Barry Fitzgerald doesn’t like him. But after Bing performs a skillful appendectomy on Barry, the old man changes his tune.

Joan Caulfield plays the heroine with natural warmth and there are wonderful bits by Elizabeth Patterson as a typical New England housekeeper and Percy Kilbride as a laconic taxi driver.

CARNEGIE HALL (United Artists Release-Federal Films Production) ...

While pleasantly contrived and capably presented, the story of "Carnegie Hall" (featuring Marsha Hunt, William Prince, Frank McHugh and Martha O'Driscoll) is relatively unimportant, for the musical artists who appear in the picture tower far above any possible plot. In the order of their appearance, the performers include: Walter Damrosch; the New York Philharmonic Quintette; Bruno Walter; the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York; Lily Pons; Grego Piatigorsky; Rise Stevens; Artur Rodzinski; Artur Rubinstein; Ian Peerce; Ezio Pinza; Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra; Jascha Heifetz; Fritz Reiner; Leopold Stokowski; and Harry James, make this a super musical film.
THE OTHER LOVE (Enterprise)............. ♦ ♦ ♦
In their second release, Enterprise Productions has teamed Barbara Stanwyck and David Niven in a new psychological drama which, while only fair in story value, provides Miss Stanwyck with a role of Academy Award proportions. As a young concert pianist suffering from a complete neurotic collapse, Miss Stanwyck is torn between the calm, peaceful love for her doctor, excellently portrayed by David Niven, and her infatuation for a dashing young playboy, ably played by Richard Conte. The resolution of her conflict becomes a life-and-death struggle, which finally is decided— if not too satisfactorily. Outstanding performance by the supporting players, including Gilbert Roland and Joan Loring, plus Miss Stanwyck's wonderful portrayal, make this a must picture.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS
(Warner Bros.)............................. ♦
Mongeepers who like their suspense thick and a bit on the frightening side will enjoy this story of an insane artist who first points and then destroys the woman he loves. The audience knows all about the mad artist and his schemes almost from the first reel, but Barbara Stanwyck, as the second Mrs. Carroll, has to wait until almost the last reel to discover that her bizarre personality is the man she loves. Humphrey Bogart is the mad artist who builds his character with amazing restraint. We defy any audience to sit through the hair-raising climax without a prickly feeling up the spine and a scream that matches in terror the one that comes from the Stanwyck throat at that tense moment.

Alex Smith, as the potential successor to the second Mrs. Carroll, is beautiful and convincing in her role. The whole picture is paced slowly by Director Peter Godfrey but audiences that can overcome moments of restlessness will enjoy the suspenseful tale.

TARZAN AND THE HUNTRESS
(RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.).............. ♦ ♦
The perennial Tarzan is here again to delight the millions of Edgar Rice Burroughs fans. The plot of this one can be disposed of briefly: Tarzan outwits a party of hunters, led by Patricia Morison, who come to the jungle to restock zoos and animal training acts, defeated by the war.

Chita, the Chimp, who plays herself, steals the show. As a matter of fact, she should come up for an Academy Award for her performance. Because she is enamored of Patricia Morison's compact and lipstick, the Chimp comes up for an Academy Award for her performance. Because she is enamored of Patricia Morison's compact and lipstick, the one-track-minded monkey betrays Tarzan and his family—consisting of Brenda Joyce who plays his wife and Johnny Sheffield, who plays Boy.

Everything comes out all right when Tarzan gives out with his animal call and the elephants come trumpeting to his aid. A happy note at the end is that Chita gets the compact and lipstick.

IT HAPPENED ON 5TH AVENUE
(Monogram Release—Roy Del Ruth Production).................... ♦ ♦ ♦
Whenever Charles Ruggles, "the second richest man in the world," goes to his palatial Virginia estate for the winter, Victor Moore, an itinerant tramp, lives in Ruggles' grand New York mansion; when Ruggles moves to New York in the spring, Moore becomes the unknown, unwanted guest in Virginia. With this delightful situation established, Victor Moore is found in a ramshackle house, preparing for a peaceful solitary winter. Through a series of charming circumstances, he soon is joined by a young homeless veteran (Don DeFore); two more veterans and their families; Ruggles' beautiful young daughter, masquerading as a poor working girl (Gale Storm); Ruggles' estranged wife, disguised as a jobless cook (Ann Harding); and Ruggles himself, pretending to be a broken-down tramp. By the time the story is finished, Director-Producer Roy Del Ruth has presented a delightful motion picture, well-stocked with goodness and light and humor, and guaranteed to entertain even the most cynical.

LOVE AND LEARN (Warner's).............. ♦
This is all about Martha Vickers, an heiress, who goes slumming in Dreamland Dance Hall and meets Jack Carson and Robert Hutton, ambitious song-writers who are broke and about to split up. Hutton, who is convinced Martha is a kept woman, sets out to reform her and, of course, falls in love with her. Otto Kruger, who plays Martha's father, is mistaken for her sugar daddy and this misunderstanding persists to the end—although it is obvious to everyone except the principals. Jack Carson is swell as usual although the script is pretty ordinary. Martha Vickers reminds you of Bette Davis in everything except her acting. Janis Paige is a fine foil for Jack Carson as his dumb but adoring girl friend.

There are a couple of catchy songs, sung ingratiatingly by Jack Carson, but the picture is nothing to get excited about, and the load of the whole picture is almost too much for Jack.

HIGH CONQUEST (Monogram).............. ♦
There is chilling excitement in Monogram's capably cast picture, whose exteriors were photographed in Switzerland. The story tells of a young American who comes to visit his father's grave in a little town at the foot of Matterhorn. His father had been killed climbing the mountain. Son, played by Warren Douglas, falls in love with Anna Lee. His rival for her affection, is Swiss Guide, Gilbert Roland, whose father was killed in the same climb as Warren's. Goaded by Roland, Douglas climbs the mountain, against his will, in one of the most breathtaking, spine-chilling ascent ever captured by the camera. If you like suspense, this is for you.

TIME OUT OF MIND (Universal-Inter.)..... ♦
With everything in its favor to make it an outstanding production—beautiful photography, fine cast, a distinguished novel and an able director—we regret to report that "Time Out of Mind" is a dull picture.

It starts out well with the brooding, suspenseful atmosphere of the stormy Maine coast, which creeps into the mansion of iron-willed Captain Fortune, played by Leo G. Carroll. The Captain is forcing his talented son, Robert Hutton, to go to sea (the year is 1890) when the boy really wants to go to Paris to study music. The housekeeper's daughter, played by Phyllis Calvert, the distinguished English actress, and Ella Raines as Robert's sister, defy the old tyrant, raise some money and off to Paris go Robert and Ella. There he marries the wrong girl; begins drinking and a downhill skid, but is saved by Miss Calvert whose love is selfless and steadfast.

Probably the picture falls flat because of its slow pace and lack of dramatic build-up for big scenes. The musical sequences are disappointing too.

The End

Smart girls say... "McKay Lingerie!"

The versatility of the "undie-world" is proven time and again by McKay. Clever styling to please every type—from the petite to the statuesque.

Now with summer coming on, women everywhere request them—because they're so trim... so free... so cool... so easy to wash!

Made in an attractive variety of luxurious rayons that make them your favorite budget buy!

To be found at S. S. Kresse Co., S. H. Kress & Co., and Sears Roebuck and Co.

Next time say, "McKay Lingerie!"
L. H. CARTER CORPORATION (Dept. H-6TB)
36 East 22nd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me of your All-Purpose Brunch Coats at $3.98 each, postage paid.

Size 12-14-16-18-20 (circle size wanted). I enclose check or money order. (DO NOT MAIL CASH.)

Name ________________________________
Address ______________________________

WRAP-AROUND ALL-PURPOSE Brunch Coat

You will always be comfortable and smart in this clever wrap-around dress because it has BOTH inside and outside tie strings and is carefully made of beautiful printed cotton material. Instantly adjustable to the figure. No annoying buttons or snaps.

The stylish revers front is most becoming.
Full cut, roomy and colorful, this attractive brunch coat is made of fast-color, fine quality, printed cotton—the dress for all-around wear at home, or at the beach.

Sold by mail only. Your money back if not completely satisfied. No C.O.D.’s.

$3.98 each

Tell me your problem,” says lovely Joan.

Have Heart-to-Heart Talk With Jealous Man

By Joan Crawford

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am a girl of twenty-one and I’ve been married for three years and I have a son two years old. My husband is extremely jealous of me although I’ve been a true and faithful wife. He resents my girlfriend, my acquaintances and practically all of my activities which I’ve given up for him. Now I discover that he’s very jealous of my occupation. I am a waitress and he wants me to quit my job. He says there are too many men who like to flirt with me.

What I want to know is, should I live the rest of my life with my husband, being constantly accused of things I never did or should I let him go his way and I mine?

Henrietta K.
Mansion, Wis.

I think first off, you must ask yourself this question: “Have I ever given my husband just cause to doubt my good faith?” If you haven’t, then you should go to him and ask him that very same question. Ask him why he’s jealous. Ask him what, if anything, you’ve done to arouse his suspicions. Now, it may be that your husband is considerably older than you are and he is fearful of your leaving him for a younger man. It may be that his jealousy is a constitutional or mental weakness about which he can do nothing. There are some men who will not, and cannot listen to reason. If your husband is that type of man: if you can forsee a future with him only of agony and quarrels and heartache, then in the final analysis, it may be best for you to go your own way. A heart-to-heart talk with him, however, is the very first essential.

G. I. PROBLEM

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am a veteran going to school under the G. I. Bill of Rights. When the war began, I quit school and joined the Navy.

Now I want to pick up where I left off and finish my schooling. But I’ve met a nice girl and she wants to get married. I told her to wait until I finish school. Then, as I figure it, we can be married and I can get a well-paid job to support a wife. She advises me to quit school now and marry her. She says education is not important.

Which do you think I should do—finish school or marry her?

Harry B.
Emporia, Kan.

Your girlfriend is quite wrong in saying that education is not important. It decidedly is; but too, we are free and marriage. The Veterans Administration sees to it that you receive an allowance for a wife while you’re in college, and if you really love this girl and hope to marry her in the future, I’m inclined to believe that you might as well marry her now. There are thousands of married veterans going to college at the moment, and while the going may be a little rough, they’re still seeing it through.

Mind you, I’m not advocating your quitting school. Not at all. But you have the alternative of a happy medium. You can have your cake and eat it, too. You can marry this girl, get your allowance from the Veterans Administration and still enjoy all the advantages of an education. If this girl truly loves you, she won’t mind spending a year or two on some campus with you.

RETURN ROUTINE

Dear Miss Crawford:

My problem is how can a girl get a fellow to date her more often.

I met a young fellow at a New Year’s party and we took to each other at this first meeting. I had a date with him the following Friday night, and we got along fine together. Then another week went by and he called again and we went out and had a wonderful time. He seemed to think a lot of me just by his actions and the things he said. He’s one of the nicest fellows I’ve ever met. Since that
date, however, I haven't heard from him. I would appreciate any advice you could offer me in regard to this. I don't want it to appear that I'm throwing myself at him or running after him either.

Anxiously,
Corrine W.
Wadesboro, N. C.

How to get a return date has long been one of the most vexing of all female problems. There are several methods, however, which any girl may pursue. The easiest is to have a friend arrange a-party and to make certain that the man you want to see is paired off with you. Other methods include phoning the gentleman and subtly letting drop the hint that you have a pair of theatre tickets available. A third way is simply to phone the man and tell him that you enjoy his company.

So much depends on the type of person this gentleman is, that it's very difficult for me to advise you. Ordinarily, however, if a man doesn't get in touch with you for another date, it's a good idea to forget about him. If he's really interested, he'll do the pursuing.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am twenty years old and have always been very careful to choose a nice class of people for my friends.

Recently I started keeping company with the wrong crowd. Actually I didn't do anything wrong, although I must've given that impression by my late hours and my night life spent going from one night club to another.

I was introduced one night to a fellow six years my senior. I knew from the beginning that he was married and yet I went out with him, too.

I realize now that I have ruined my whole life. My reputation is destroyed and I have nothing more to live for. I am afraid to go out with any fellows now because I am afraid of the impression someone has probably already given about me.

Please help me, as I have no one to turn to.
Jeanne B.
Syracuse, N. Y.

It seems to me that you are being unnecessarily dramatic. Merely because you once went out with a married man and for a short time got involved with a disreputable group of people, is no reason why you should think your life is over.

As regards your reputation, I doubt very much that you have lost it. Syracuse is a rather large city, and just because you dated a married man doesn't mean that everyone you know happened to see you.

My advice to you is to forget about this interlude in your past. Try not to think about it, because the more you do, the more of a mess you may be in.

DEAR MISS CRAWFORD:

My sister and I have a great problem. Because I'm getting married before my sister, the problem falls on me first.

Our mother and father are separated. As much as we would want to get married in a church, it doesn't seem possible. Mother says she won't come to the church to see us or even come to the wedding at all if father gives us away. Father says if mother is present, he'll stay away entirely.

R. L.
Schenectady, N. Y.

I am romantic enough to believe that you can solve your problem rather easily. A bit of danger is involved, but if I were you, I'd take that gamble. When the time comes for you to get married, invite both of your parents to the ceremony and tell each of them that the other will not be there.

Once the ceremony starts and your father gives you away, I'm certain that your mother won't race out of the church. If anything you may even effect a reconciliation.

Do you have a problem that's bothering you? Write to Joan Crawford, c/o Movie-land, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and if she thinks your letter is of general interest to our readers, you will see it answered in Movieland.

YOU CAN'T DODGE THE FACTS about Tampax

Do you have an uneasy feeling that you may be missing something by not using Tampax? You know that millions of other women with monthly sanitary problems have switched from the older ways to this Tampax method. Then why not you? To help you decide, here are ten facts about Tampax and they are hard facts to ignore!

"Worn internally"
"No pins or belts"
"Quick to change"
"Odor can't form"
"So neat and dainty"
"No bulges to show"
"Handy to carry"
"Can wear in shower"
"Easy disposal"
"Only 1/15 the bulk"

Perfected by a physician, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, compressed in dainty applicators for quick, easy insertion. Your hands needn't touch the Tampax—and you can't feel it when in place. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Also, look for Tampax Vendor in rest-rooms throughout the United States...

ACCEPTED FOR ADVERTISING
BY THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
WHAT'S SHOOTING

Hollywood is busy these days turning out star-studded pictures on some of the most elaborate, expensive and life-like sets ever made

Over at Universal-International, your studio reporter saw one of the largest sets in motion picture history, which Producer Mark Hellinger had erected for "BRUTE FORCE." Two sound stages have been converted into an entire prison exterior, complete with 40-foot high walls, catwalks and even a moat around the entire structure. In the prison-break sequence, we watched star Burt Lancaster fight with a prison guard in a thrilling sequence atop the "prison" walls, while more than 300 extras went through their prison-break riots.

Now that Ella Raines, Ann Blythe, Yvonne De Carlo and抗 Colby have finished their brief—but important—roles in the picture, it is being filmed around an all-male cast, and more than one of the players has been heard to speak of becoming "star-crazy" without any women on the sets.

In Fritz Lang's "THE SECRET BEYOND THE DOOR," English star Michael Redgrave plays the role of an architect whose hobby is reconstructing the rooms in which famous murders have been committed. The set designers have come through with a stage of subtly horrifying rooms to represent Redgrave's avocation—down to the last blood spot! In Columbia's "THE MAN FROM COLORADO," starring Glenn Ford and William Holden, an entire post-World War Colorado mining town was built on location at Corrigan's Ranch, about forty miles from Hollywood. The main street of the town was built to run right up against a sharp mountainside, so that during a fire sequence certain players would not be able to escape— as demanded by the script. The only thing wrong with the Corrigan Ranch location was that the 1,500-foot mountain there sloped up one-third of a mountain. The only thing demanded by the script was that the 1,500-foot mountain there sloped up one-third of a mountain.

Enterprise Productions' fourth picture, "BODY AND SOUL," co-starring John Garfield and Lilli Palmer, was shooting over at the studio's largest sound stage, which was converted into an almost exact replica of New York’s Madison Square Garden, even to the advertisements on the back walls. For the prize-fighting sequences, 325 extras were called for ten days' shooting, during which Garfield was filmed in all of the different attitudes of being beaten to a pulp. Rather than use inexperienced personnel, Enterprise obtained the services of 35 professionals, to portray themselves as fighters, trainers and managers. Bill Conrad, incidentally, who received raves for his performance in "THE KILLERS" (Bill was the killer with the moustache—remember?), plays the part of Garfield's fight manager and promises to gain additional applause for this role.

The old tradition that the bridesmaid who catches the bridal bouquet will be the next to be married was recently enacted on the set at RKO-Radio's "INDIAN SUMMER" (which co-stars Ann Sothern and Alexander Knox). We watched them shooting the wedding scene, in which Martha Hyer, RKO's lovely young contract player, played the bride.

Exactly a year ago, Martha portrayed the role of a bridesmaid—and caught the bouquet—in Lorraine Day's wedding scenes in "THE LOCKET." In "INDIAN SUMMER," Martha walked down the same stairway on the same set as that used in the earlier picture, but this time she was the bride.

RKO is rushing its production of "CROSS-FIRE," to permit Director Edward Dmytryk to take off for Europe to do "THE WHITE TOWER." "CROSS-FIRE" is the screen version of the best-seller, "THE BRICK FOXL@@E"," and stars Robert Young, Robert Mitchum and Robert Ryan. The other night the three Bobs spent the entire night—until five in the morning—shooting several of the exciting night sequences out at RKO's Culver City Ranch... which is still another example of the "easy life" of a motion picture star.

We saw one of the most authentic sets ever erected in Hollywood at Selznick Studio—the court-room being used in "THE PARADINE CASE." Modeled after London's Central Criminal Court, world renowned as "Old Bailey," the set was completed at a cost of $80,000 after 85 days of construction. During a four-months' visit to England, Director Alfred Hitchcock and Production Executive Fred Ahern compiled the many sketches, detailed drawings and blueprints which were followed to achieve the remarkably accurate replica of the British court.

Authentic even to the carpeting and the scratches on the tables, the "Old Bailey" set represented the work of 17,000 hours in all crafts. Over 5,000 feet of lumber were used to make the court-room benches alone. They were all hand-tooled and painted to simulate age. Even one corner of the court-room was constructed of cement, to simulate that used in the earlier picture, but this time she was the bride.

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24 DOLLAR QUESTIONS

GREGORY PECK?

Send us the question you’d ask Gregory Peck if you had the opportunity to interview him. Movieland will select twenty-four questions from the inquiries received about the star of “Duel in the Sun” and forward them to him. If they are suitable for answering, Greg will give you his own frank answer.

And don’t forget! Movieland will pay one dollar ($1) for each question accepted for publication. Each contestant should ask ONE question only.

1. Direct your question (preferably printed or typewritten) to the MOVIELAND QUESTION BOX. Naturally we’ll eliminate such obvious, easy things as questions concerning his height, his weight, the color of his eyes, etc. Such statistical information will be contributed by the editor, and published with each set of questions and answers.

2. Selection of the 24 best questions will be made by the QUESTION BOX judges, and with a view to contributing interesting or important information about the star who’s being question-interviewed. Alternates will be offered Gregory, however, if there are questions submitted which he would prefer not to answer.

3. Each question submitted by a reader must be accompanied by the QUESTION BOX coupon giving name and address.

4. If you’ve a candidate in mind for the next 24 DOLLAR QUESTIONS “witness,” signify your nomination in the space provided on the coupon.

5. Official closing date for the Gregory Peck QUESTION BOX will be midnight, June 10, 1947. Entries received with a postmark later than June 10 will not qualify. All questions submitted will become the property of Movieland.

Movieland,
535 Fifth Ave.
New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City
Next Witness

MOVIELAND’S QUESTION BOX

And FIBS have rounded ends... And that means insertion can be really comfortable — with Fibs. Try Fibs next month, and you’ll agree — it’s the easy-to-use tampon.

Quilted for comfort!

You’ll scarcely know you’re wearing Fibs — because quilting makes this tampon really comfortable. That’s because quilting keeps Fibs from fluffing up too much... to an uncomfortable size which could cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

Quilted for safety!

Quilting is a safety feature, too, because it helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues. See how safe, secure you feel with Fibs.

Greg and his little son Jonathan have fun playing with kitten.
NEW OUTLOOK ON LIFE
since I learned about
THIS HIGHER TYPE
Intimate Feminine
Hygiene

Easier—Daintier—More Convenient

Greaseless Suppository Gives
Continuous Medication For Hours
Stainless—Leaves No Odor!

There has long been an urgent need
of a higher type method for intimate
feminine cleanliness. One that would
be effective yet absolutely safe to
tissues, easier and daintier to use and
not offensive to a woman’s delicate
feelings.

Thanks to Zonitors—you’ve got it!
And here’s why Zonitors are being so
enthusiastically used among Amer¬
ica’s more intelligent and higher type
women:

Positively Non-Irritating; Non-Smarting
Zonitors are greaseless, stainless,
snow-white vaginal suppositories.
When inserted, they instantly begin
to release their powerful germicidal
properties and continue to do so for
hours—assuring you hours of con¬
tinuous medication. Positively non-burn¬
ing, non-irritating, non-poisonous.

Easy To Carry If Away From Home
Zonitors actually destroy offending
odor. Help guard against infection.
They are so effective they immedi¬
ately kill every germ they touch. You
know it’s not always possible to con¬
tact all the germs in the tract, but
you can be sure Zonitors kill every
reachable germ and keep them from
multiplying. Any drugstore.

FREE: Mail this coupon today for
free booklet sent in plain wrap¬
er. Reveals frank intimate facts.
Zonitors, Dept. ZM-67, 370 Lexing¬
ton Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

DO YOU WRITE LIKE

PAUL HENREID?

By HELEN KING

Is your handwriting inclined to taper off
as you write? Does it get smaller at the en¬
d of each word? If so you’re a diplomat. You
know how to cultivate others like you, to feel
at ease and to take your refusal with a
smile. For a good example of tapering’ writ¬
ing take a look at Paul Henreid’s script.
Notice how many of the final letters in the
words taper off. The “n” in “learn” is prac¬
tically non-existent. Other good examples are
seen in the words “in,” “an,” “analysis.”

Is the body of your average note smaller
than your signature? You’re more Concen¬
trative than one might think. You’re given to
analyzing, research, and to figuring things
out. Your interests are more likely to be
along mental lines.

Paul Henreid’s writing is interesting for
that very thing. The signature is larger show¬
ing that Paul, the picture star, is pleasant,
personable, dynamic—in a subtle manner.

If you have a rapid, nearly small style of
writing, you too have a speedy mind, one
given to accuracy. You’re meticulous in your
actions, and likely to develop into a perfec¬
tionist.

If your i-dot looks more like a comma than
a tiny dot, your humor is one of your charms.
It bubbles over and can be seen in almost
everything you do. Note the dots in “King,”
“in,” and “writing.” Paul may have been
raised in another country but he has picked
up American humor most rapidly.

Do you separate many of the letters in a
word? That is the sign of intuition, of the
elusive trait which is more rapid than logic,
but just as accurate. It is the trait which
allows so many to act on “hunches.” You
will know that Paul has it in many of the
words shown here. “Analysis” is written in
four separate sections!

A tent, in ordinary language, is a small
shield which conceals an individual. A tent,
in graphological language, is a letter which
is tent-shaped. Look for it in the final “t” of
the word “interest.” Look for it in the “i” of
“in,” the “d” in “hand,” and the “t” in
“most.” The more often this appears the
stronger is the characteristic of being able
to respect a confidence, keep a secret. You
may tell Paul Henreid your life secrets and
know he will lock them away in the recesses
of his brain.

DON’T CLIP THIS COUPON!

Unless you want Helen King to tell you what
secrets are revealed by your handwriting. If so—
if you want a personal handwriting analysis
from one of the foremost American graphology experts
—and this coupon, together with 25c and a sam¬
pal of your penmanship, to Helen King, care of
MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 555 Fifth Ave.,
New York 17, N. Y. Return a stamped, self-addressed
envelope. You will receive a
personal analysis—
no form letters!

NAME:
ADDRESS:
CITY:...
STATE:...
The story of love that flowered like the Moss Rose... out of the ashes of death and violence!
*"Hollywood can do a tremendous job in helping to arrest juvenile delinquency." These words were spoken by Senator Harley Kilgore of West Virginia and we agree wholeheartedly. The full possibilities of Hollywood as an influence for good never have been wholly exploited.

It is heartwarming to hear a United States Senator commend Hollywood for a change. It has been subjected to too many false charges by publicity-minded solons who realize that the surest way to turn the spotlight on themselves is to attack Hollywood.

Senator Kilgore, however, is more interested in a new bill to set up a Federal Youth Authority than in glorifying himself, and he believes that the motion picture industry could be valuable in helping.

We don't mean that Hollywood should do a "preachy" picture. On the contrary; to be effective, a picture must be exciting, dramatic, realistic—anything but preachy! There is no better medium to reach the American public than the movies and we believe an honest, courageous picture will do more to curb juvenile crime than a thousand preachments.

Senator Kilgore makes a good point, we think, when he says that Hollywood should direct the picture not only at young people but at their parents.

And if you think Hollywood isn't responsive to every suggestion to promote good citizenship, we are pleased to report that Eagle-Lion already has announced that it has purchased the film rights to "Catch Me Before I Kill," an article on juvenile delinquency, and will film it.

We feel strongly that other studios will follow suit when you, the public, say at the box-office that this is one kind of drama you are eager to see.

The Editors
It's a world full of smiles for happy June Haver and Jimmy Zito, who fell in love a long time ago and just couldn't forget each other.

It's June and Jimmy Now

By MARCIA DAUGTREY
June Haver—the girl who said that she wasn't going to get married for years and years, because it would interfere with her career—well, June has gone and done it. She didn't even bother to have a wedding dress made up out of that bolt of white satin she was saving. Instead she bolted for Las Vegas, Nevada, in a hastily-assembled outfit.

She is now Mrs. Jimmy Zito, and it might have been a wedding in the biggest church in the world, because that's how June felt. A little dizzy, a little delirious. June did it thoroughly; she was married twice. First there was a justice-of-the-peace ceremony in Las Vegas. Two weeks later there followed the traditional religious ceremony in June's parish church.

June's and Jimmy's love story began when she was not quite 15, and he just past 19. They both were working with Ted Fio-Rito's band at the Meadowbrook Country Club in St. Louis.

The Meadowbrook provided cottages for members of the band, so June and her mother were idling away the afternoon in a swing on their porch when they were spied by the band's star trumpet player, Mr. Zito. Nodding toward the laughing duet in the swing, Jimmy said, "Cute, huh. Who are they?"

"One of them is the new singer. Ted's giving her a tryout," he was told.

Jimmy concluded that Mrs. Haver was the singer, and that June was her kid sister. Referring to Mrs. Haver he said, "Ted really signed a goodie this time. She's cute." It took a long time to live that one down. His method was to make friends of the Havers and to ask for the right to call Mrs. Haver "Mom," a title he intended, even then, to make come true.

Jimmy and June went horseback riding every morning and played tennis every afternoon. As they remember it, their conversation was expansive. Each was trying to impress the other with worldly knowledge. June thought Jimmy was nice—as mere boys go—but her idea of swoony stuff was Tyrone Power or Charles Boyer.

When the band moved to a theater engagement at Davenport, June's name went up in lights on the theater marquee. June's younger sister, Evelyn, had joined the Havers by that time; she sat in the front row at that evening's performance, (Continued on page 102)
Gene's always on his toes; whether he's dancing or working on one of the civic problems so close to his heart.

Gene Kelly is one of the most vital people in Hollywood. It seems as if, literally, he is always on his toes. After being with him for only a few minutes you go away with the feeling that he has the resiliency of a well-tempered watch spring.

He is a restless soul. He has no idea of ever retiring from his active life.

"I don't seem to be able to relax," he grins, "even when I'm supposed to be loafing between pictures. I keep fit by playing ball. But I always manage to find time between ball games for my civic obligations, which I take just as seriously as I do my personal and professional responsibilities. I believe in doing anything I can to better the lot of my family—and the other guy's family. This country is my country, and I intend to keep my mind and my eyes open, and my voice loud, to help make it run smoothly, efficiently and democratically."

Strange talk for an actor-dancer? No.

There was a time when the average actor would no more have gone out on a limb to endorse a political candidate or to campaign for legislative measures than he would have twisted his pet Charvet tie around his expensive neck and hung himself from the nearest tree. Today most thespians agree that, some public opinion notwithstanding, they have as much right to add their resonant tones to the collective voice of the people as other Americans.

One whose voice is frequently heard—most recently in the cause of World War II veterans—is Gene Kelly, and his reason makes sense. "I don't think being an actor excepts you from being a citizen. As far as I am concerned, being a good citizen holds as many responsibilities as being a good father or being a good husband."

Out of the Navy but a few months, veteran Kelly already has found time to make seven record albums, to locate, buy, move into and remodel a house, and report to M-G-M for his first picture in more than two years, "Life's for the Loving." He also has devoted weeks on end to campaigns for legislative solutions to veterans' problems.
Gene had a two-year service period, as lieutenant, junior grade, with the Navy Photographic Section. He catalogued and edited film made by combat crews, had a well-trained hand in the production of educational films for Navy personnel, War Bond drive subjects and public information films. His job was no more rugged than anyone else's service assignment, and a lot less risky than most.

At the outset of his service he confesses having given free reign to his dramatic bent, and ranted about shooting Japs. But after the first nine-month stint in his particular naval niche, he realized he had been properly pegged and was contributing the best way he could to the advancement of the war.

Boot camp was no picnic, but it was easier on him than a lot of Navy boots because he was used to the discipline of the dance and of acting (don't think directors can't (Continued on page 95)
Too beautiful!

No newcomer to the Hollywood scene is Columbia's Janis Carter who made so many budget pictures that she was called "Queen of the B's."
By FREDDA DUDLEY

The lucky parents! Camera manufacturer Ted Briskin and vivacious Betty Hutton.

* When Betty Hutton's baby daughter was very new indeed, her nurse took her first day off. The nurse, who had been with little Lindsay Diane Hutton since the beginning, was pretty tired; if she didn't rate a day off, nobody did.

Betty was entirely happy about the prospect. Now at last she would have the baby to herself for 24 whole hours. She would begin to school her in the only way in which babies really should be schooled, with a mother's loving care.

She waved the nurse off to the bus.

Little Lindsay Diane wasn’t giving much of a whoop at the moment. It was noon, and she was sleeping. But at 2 o’clock, promptly on time for her first afternoon feeding, Lindsay Diane woke up. She did this sleepily, with much rubbing of her eyes; then suddenly she remembered. Food!

So she looked around her. Food meant the provider of food, in other words, her nurse. She kept looking around her. No nurse at all. Only that pretty woman who smiled at her every now and then, and smothered her with kisses, and made strange sounds like uckums-duckums, or their equivalent. (Continued on page 100)

Introducing Lindsay Diane Briskin, born November 23, 1946, at 8:22 A.M.

Betty Hutton has a brand new audience—a wide-eyed, independent young lady who likes her mother to entertain her day and night
Van helps his new leading lady, Janet Leigh, rehearse her lines for "The Missouri Story" (MGM). The film is Janet's first movie.

Are movie stars entitled to their private lives?
Here's what Van Johnson has to say about the controversial subject.
There is no one in Hollywood more sincerely grateful to his fans than Van Johnson. He realizes that their devotion did much towards making him a star, and keeping him one.

Van was a movie fan himself before he was an actor. All during his youth, he went to his neighborhood theater in Newport, Rhode Island, and gaped at what he saw on the screen. He wrote letters to film personalities, asked them for pictures, joined—and still belongs to—a Joan Crawford fan club. Later, in New York, he stood in front of the expensive restaurants frequented by cinema luminaries, waiting for a glimpse of some star he had long admired.

As a fan, he has sympathy with the fans, with their wish to touch, to see, to get autographs from the stars. Yet, as a star, he knows what it feels like to be on the receiving end of such attentions. He knows the things fans do which stars enjoy thoroughly, and also the things which upset screen people.

It is because Van realizes that many of these things are done without the intention of being annoying—indeed without (Continued on page 96)
On set Mickey Rooney clowns, plays the piano, but when cameras roll he's serious.

THERE'S BEEN

says GLORIA DeHAVEN

in MICKEY ROONEY

* Late one afternoon, while Mick and I were filming "Summer Holiday," I ordered some tea from the commissary to be sent to my dressing room on the set. To my amazement it was delivered not by the usual waiter but by Mickey himself. Balancing an unnecessarily large tray on which were only the tea pot, a water jug, cup and saucer, he stepped into my room, tripped, fell and the trayload scattered all over the floor.

I yelped, quite naturally, and fussed a little until I realized that the pots and dishes were empty, that Mick's fall had been a planned rib and no damage had been done. A minute later director Rouben Mamoulian called Mick on the set for one of the most emotional scenes in the picture, and Mick did it perfectly on the first take.

Mick is like that. He seems to have two completely different personalities. One is the high-spirited boy, with his Andy Hardy bounce and devil-may-care exterior; the other is a serious young man, a hard worker, an amazingly gifted actor.

I would say it was his two years in service (Continued on page 88)
A CHANGE

says MICKEY ROONEY
in GLORIA DeHAVEN

The Hollywood glamor life doesn't appeal to Gloria DeHaven when books are around.

If I were asked to single out the one girl in Hollywood who has changed the most in the last three years, without any hesitation I'd say Gloria DeHaven. The change is all for the good. Before, she was a somewhat giddy child and now she is a poised, charming young woman.

I can be this frank because Gloria and I are friends of such long standing, having known each other since we were kids. When we started going out together a few years back and the gossip columnists began buzzing about a romance, we had a big laugh because ours was a very brother-sister relationship.

She was pretty and fun and a good dancer and we had many laughs together. She also was a "good shoulder," so I was always confiding my troubles to her and she'd listen. But, with all that, she was giddy.

She was overly concerned about her appearance. I know that's important to any girl and especially to an actress, but not at the expense of another person's patience. I remember one of our first dates. (Continued on page 90)
Bob Mitchum and his lovely wife, Dorothy, step out for the evening. They've been married seven years.

Movie veteran Ricardo Cortez (right) shares a bit of Hollywood news with Bob on the RKO studio set.

Bob made his film debut in a horse opera. Now he stars in "Out of the Past" (above), with Jane Greer.

By DAVID McCLURE

* When I was told to do an intimate interview with Bob Mitchum; I asked a close friend of Bob's if he could give me a tip-off on Bob's personality. The reply was, "It's a cinch. The word is unpredictable; and you can put it in italics!"

This sounded interesting, but I'm not one for half-measures, so I dialed a well-known correspondent who had interviewed Mitchum, and asked his opinion of the actor. "Bob is strictly T.N.T.," he said. "Studio publicists were sweating for a week fearing I'd write up some of the yarns he told me."

I then called Dorothy Mitchum, Bob's wife, and asked, "Does your husband have any odd characteristics?"

"Odd?" she said. "Living with that man, you lose your perspective on what's odd and what's even. I think he's perfectly normal until I meet perfectly normal people. He definitely does not jibe with them. For instance, he likes nothing better than to take off his shoes, lie flat on the floor and listen to his record player for hours at a time. Would you consider that normal?"

"It's nothing that a few tacks scattered strategically wouldn't cure." I replied. (Continued on page 104)
He says what he thinks—frankly and with determination. But his eyes smile and his heart is kind, so the haymakers don't hurt.

A slow grin, quizzical look, cocked eyebrow are Bob Mitchum trademarks.
Movieland reporter Peggy Bennion and Don DeFore strike a farewell pose aboard the "Ramrod" special en route to Salt Lake City preem.

All Aboard the "Ramrod" Special!

"Imagine being interviewed aboard a train!" said Peg when mike confronted her and Don.

Peggy took notes about DeFore screen career whenever a chance came during trip.

Preston Foster and Don DeFore open mouths wide during songfest in "Ramrod" club car.
The long, sleek train stood in the Los Angeles station, its engine panting to go. The cars were filled with movie stars, with magazine people, with newspaper and radio men and women. The conductor eyed his watch, finally yelled, "All aboard!" The train began to move, bound for Salt Lake City and the world premiere of "Ramrod."

I was excited about so many things that I was just a network of throbbing pulses—my first-world premiere!—being staged in my own home town!—and me going to be escorted to it by Don DeFore! How's that for going home in grand style? It was like a dream come true.

I made for the club car right away to see what was going on, and found it filled with celebrities—Sonny Tufts, Preston Foster, Bill DeWolfe, Jackie Cooper, Richard Ney, Jane Withers, Richard Conte, June Preisser—and there he was, practically at my elbow, Don DeFore. He was as big as life, which in Don's case is well over six feet. And I'll be darned if he doesn't have freckles, which add to his hearty, buoyant look. I found him breezy and talkative, easy to kid around with.

"I can hardly wait to see you in 'Ramrod,'" I said to him after we had rftet. "My spies tell me you play a cowboy."

"Yes, in this picture I straddle a horse instead of a cocktail stool," he replied with that slightly-slanted smile. "I hope you'll recognize me with my long hair and growth of beard."

"How can I miss you?" I said, sneaking admiring glances at his broad (Continued on page 56)
Youthful Shirley Temple has just started wedded life with John Agar, but already she has formulated a sound philosophy of marriage. "Develop a good sense of humor, be sincere, live simply," she says.
"Never let the first glow of marriage fade," says Irene Dunne, happily wed to Dr. Francis Griffin.

There's always publicity when a movie marriage goes on the rocks. Here Movieland turns the spotlight on three leading ladies who prove that you can be married and happy in cinema town, despite all rumors to the contrary!

Rosalind Russell puts her marriage to Fred Brisson before all else; jokes with him about her movie love scenes.

★ "Of course it's not impossible to stay married in Hollywood," Dr. Paul Popenoe, Founder of the American Institute of Marriage Relations, told Movieland. "It is, I grant you, definitely more difficult than in the average small town. A film-star has all sorts of occupational hazards to contend with: lurking columnists anxious for copy, scandalmongers eager to spread word of the smallest tiff. Jealousy is likely to rear its ugly head, and there's the baleful light of publicity beating over all.

"Nevertheless, just remember that there are thousands of happily married Hollywood couples whose private affairs you never read about. They're the ones who form the sene and sturdy backbone of the industry. Go and get some pointers from these successful ones on what it takes to make marriage work here!"

Movieland did just that. We picked out three feminine stars, each of them in a different stage of their first and only venture into matrimony, and asked them to divulge their formulas for success.

Rosalind Russell has been married for five years to Freddie Brisson; Shirley Temple is just starting married life with Jack Agar: they wed barely 18 months ago; Irene Dunne—Mrs. Francis Griffin—is a veteran wife-and mother.

Here's what they say:

SHIRLEY TEMPLE:
The pitfalls of married life in Hollywood are plain to Shirley Temple, who has grown up in movieland. Young as she is, she's wise in Hollywood ways and it's not likely that she will be troubled by any of the usual marital difficulties. She says:

"The worst thing, I suppose, is that anyone of any importance in this town is so highly publicised that it's difficult to have any private life.

"Jack and I have laid down certain rules to take care of that situation. For one thing, we never let photos—(Continued on page 98)
THIS IS MYSELF-

"I like practical jokes," admits star David Niven.
THE FIRST THING I REMEMBER
Is riding a tricycle in Kirriemuir, Scotland, where I was born. I was three and a half. Nothing much happened, as I recall, but I suppose I must have felt the stirring of a spirit of adventure as I rode... or why should I remember?

I LIKE
Steak and kidney pie;
Jumping-horse races;
Dogs;
Skiing;
California wildflowers;
Stories about the sea.

I DON'T LIKE
Cocoanut;
Exotic blooms such as orchids, which seem to me rather cold;
Dull people;
Doing things because everybody else does them.
I don't.
Spoil my sons; on the contrary!
Like hats, any color, any kind; I'm a woman's-crowning-glory man;
Smoke. In "The Other Love," I smoke a cigarette. I meant to trick it, as I usually do, but Andre DeToth, the director, stuck a lighted fag in my mouth by surprise and I puffed before I knew it. I think I can truthfully say, though, that I don't smoke and never have.

MY FIRST AMBITION
Was to be a sailor. I tried to enter Dartmouth, our Naval Academy, at the age of twelve and a half, but since I achieved the outstanding score of 8 out of 300 in mathematics, I went into the Army instead.

(Continued on page 82)

Actor Niven teams with Barbara Stanwyck (above) in "The Other Love," a romantic story of an M.D. and a pianist. David gave up soldiering for acting, doesn't regret the change a bit! Here Ginger Rogers straightens his tie.

DAVID NIVEN
Who says Englishmen are reserved? Here's one who doesn't hesitate to talk frankly about some matters very close to his heart.
On the town with Janie and Joe

Movieland's scoop-happy junior reporters cover Holly-

*Everybody, but everybody, has been dressing up to the teeth and appearing about in all the night clubs and such-like all over town for simply months and months. Joe and I wore our feet right down to the arches making the big trek just for you. I must say it was worth it on account of all the immortals we saw, even if Joe stared just a bit more than is usual for a gentleman.

At Mocambo it was simply devastating. Peter Shaw and Joan Crawford just danced all over the place. Joan has become kind of a dancing daughter again. She just goes from one party to another, laughs dazzlingly, keeps the men in a whirl, and looks good enough to eat with a dessert spoon.

Joan, this time, had on a divinely simple black dress with a high, round neck and long sleeves. Pinned on it was an enormous gold heart pierced with a jewelled arrow. Joan's hat was a bonnet kind of thing with about forty pounds of flowers on it, and she looked like swoon-bait in it.

John Sutton escorted his wife to Mocambo, too. He looked real sinister and suave in sideburns and a goatee. He's a beautiful man without all the trimmings, we must admit. And in case you didn't know it, the current Mrs. S. is the former Mrs. Jimmie Fidler.

The hunk of man, Mature, was showing Mocambo guests his gal Dorothy Merrick. She's awfully nice.

Everywhere Joe and I chased this month we ran into Keenan Wynn and Constance Dowling. And the most exciting thing happened—William Powell drove all the way from Palm Springs (where he's been
wood nightlife in a great big way

living) with his wife, Diana Lewis, just to spend an evening at Mocambo! Those two have more fun together. Honestly, it made me all dewy-eyed from sheer emotion. Powell calls his whistle-bait wife "Mousie" of all things!

We saw lots more immortals at Mocambo, like Ann Miller and Greg Bautzer (a couple of nights later we fell over her in the dark at The Beachcomber with Philip Reed!), Peggy Cummins and Collier Young; Myrna Dell and that divine new actor Michael North; singer Jo Stafford and Paul Weston, and Charles Russell and Nancy Guild dancing like crazy and looking real, real friendly.

Let’s see—who else did we see? Ah—Evie and Van, Sylvia Sidney and new bridegroom Carleton Alsop and Diana Lynn with Loren (Continued on page 81)
He's got a new title and a new start in films, all because he's the same Bill Holden with that special brand of charm.

Mr. Typical American

Mr. and Mrs. Holden (she’s Brenda Marshall) share an enthusiastic love for water sports.

By DAVID R. MOSS

* Not long ago some beautiful New York models dug up a handsomely-jeweled crown from somewhere and put it on Bill Holden’s head. They held a ceremony, crowning Bill “Mr. Typical American.” Photographers snapped their shutters and another publicity gag was on its way into history.

The pay-off is that Bill is probably much more typical than even his press agent realized. He is so typical that you forget he’s a movie actor. Yet it is with Bill as a movie actor that this story necessarily begins.

The first complete showing of “Dear Ruth,” Bill Holden’s comeback picture for Paramount, was over, and the projection room lights went on. There was that tense moment that follows the initial glimpse of any new film. Then one smiling executive turned to another.

“Wait till they get a load of the guy! If he isn’t this year’s bobby sox king, then the kids are really slipping!”

“I guess,” agreed the other, in an equally exalted mood, “there’s no doubt that ‘Holden Boy’ (Continued on page 102)
Lauren Bacall never knew how much fun trouble could be till she became a housewife!

* You wind along the Benedict Canyon road until you come to an almost hidden wooded lane which veers off sharply to the left. Then you shift into low and start the steep incline up to the house. The next turn in the road brings into view a long, low rambling farmhouse, with peaked roofs at either end.

This is the home of the Humphrey Bogarts—Betty and Bogey—far up in the hills. Betty, of course, is Lauren Bacall. Betty, who is so excited about the purchase that she rides roughshod over major items and elaborates on details which fascinate her, eagerly explains how she is furnishing the rooms, what is to be done with the yard, what the swimming pool is like, and how it felt to have a coop filled with chickens and ducks in the backyard. Then Bogey chimes in with the fact that Betty is a natural born designer and an inherently excellent housewife who can size up a bargain when she sees one and knows what to do about it.

"It's really a dreamy place," Betty says, in that habit of hers which describes everything with her choice stock of meaningful adjectives. All the while she purrs along in that pleasant throaty voice that has helped to make her screen presentations so memorable. When you leave the theater after you've seen Lauren on the screen, you may forget a number of things about her, but the sound of her low, suggestive voice is indelibly impressed upon you.

Aside from a brief venture with another place (Continued on page 92)
Host Alan Ladd was up bright and early the day of the party. After the chores were done, there still was time for a ride on one of his beloved thoroughbreds before the guests arrived for day.

Dudes for the day, Catherine Craig (Mrs. Robert Preston) and Tay Garnett wear colorful ranch clothes for the occasion. Tay is the director of "Wild Harvest," which co-stars Ladd and Lamour.

Alan Ladd’s

There’s fun for all when the Ladds entertain at beautiful Alsulana Acres

First arrivals Bob Preston and his wife, Catherine Craig, made a bee-line for the horses. Alan (center) smiles understandingly as Catherine snuggles up while Bob pats the horse—with caution!
"Bring on that barbecue!" yell Catherine, Alan, Sue Carol (Mrs. Ladd) and Dorothy Lamour. After riding, everyone wants food.

Ranch Party

* To celebrate the finish of his new Paramount picture, "Wild Harvest," screen star Alan Ladd and his charming wife, Sue Carol, decided to have a party. Not the ordinary kind of Hollywood party, but a real outdoor shindig, at their 25-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley.

Dude ranchers-for-the-day were Alan’s co-star Dorothy Lamour and her husband John Howard; Robert Preston and his wife, Catherine Craig, a Paramount actress; Tay Garnett, the director of "Wild Harvest," and other close friends of the Ladds.

Guests arrived at 11 A.M., stayed for the rest of the day to ride the Ladds’ thoroughbred horses over the San Fernando Valley trails. Later, when the Ladds and their guests gathered around the delicious barbecue dinner, everyone agreed it had been a perfect day.
shoulders. "Are you any good as a rider?"

"Well, I hadn't been on a horse since I was a kid, so I had to take riding lessons. I got my most realistic training, however, from the natives of southern Utah where the picture was made. You should have seen the way they looked at me when I got off the train wearing a bow tie! Nobody said a word. Just exchanged sidelong glances and shifted their pipes. You could almost scent their thoughts. "I talked them into letting me ride around with them so I could learn their style before we shot any riding scenes. Boy, they certainly took me over. I managed to stick with them by sheer staying power, though, until they quit calling me a dude."

At this point, Sonny Tufts cut in, asked who I was. Then somebody struck up some music on the piano; Preston Foster brought out his guitar; and everyone began to sing. It was a hilarious evening, with all that expensive talent giving out for free, and everyone in the groove.

Billy DeWolfe had us all in stitches with his imitations and Russian dances. June Preisser and Macdonald Carey put on a jitterbug exhibition that would take a silver cup at any contest. Jane Withers sang a few special numbers in her rootin' tootin' way. Don provided some sweet bass harmony for the community singing. Later he told me he and his brothers used to have a quartet called "The Four Mosquitoes."

The next morning I bumped into Don DeFore in the corridor as we were both heading for the diner. We sat down at the only available table, and Don began ordering breakfast and I began ordering lunch.

"Isn't travel broadening?" he laughed. "You can learn more about the habits of people on one train trip than in a month of courtship: Solves a lot of problems, too. What people like to do, what they think about—stuff like that."

"Are you trying to solve any problems now?"

"No . . . but I've shuttled across the country with plenty on my mind in the old days. Every time a studio would drop my option, I'd go back to New York to do a play and, every time a play would flop, I'd come back to Hollywood. Those were times when I couldn't have pawned my future for ten cents. But that's show business. It's long, hard plugging—one step forward and two steps (Continued on page 84)
Twenty Pages of Picture Stories!... My Idea of a Beautiful Woman is Veronica Lake... Let's Go Skiing... Movie Scene of the Month... Everything Olivia de Havilland Wears
Small but seductive—that's Veronica Lake, currently starring in Paramount's "Saigon."
Even candid photos find Veronica beautiful. Here she and husband Andre DeToth try out their new plane.

MY IDEA OF

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

By A. L. "WHITEY" SCHAFER

Actress Veronica Lake is petite but she wins camera honors for her natural blondeness, her chiselled features, her perfect figure, her glamor

* "The trouble with many Hollywood beauties is that they look alike," says A. L. "Whitey" Schafer, Paramount's ace portrait photographer. "But Veronica Lake is a type all her own. Because of her distinctive loveliness, she is my idea of a really beautiful woman.

"Veronica is unlike many actresses because all her natural attributes are in her favor. For example: She is a natural blonde. This means that her hair presents no lighting problems to the photographer. Although she is a small woman—5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighing 98 pounds—her figure is excellently proportioned. Her lovely throat, shoulders and bosom are perfect for glamor poses.

"Miss Lake's beauty offers no problems for photographers to overcome for there is no need to highlight some of her features at the expense of others. To make the cameraman completely happy, she has a definite sense of rhythm of line. Her inherent ability to assume just the right pose easily and gracefully makes her a truly delightful subject to photograph."

(Continued on next page)
LEGS: Although she is short (5' 2"), Miss Lake's legs are long, slim, beautifully proportioned.

PROFILE: "Classic features make her one of Hollywood's most photogenic stars," says "Whitey."
EYES: "Veronica knows how to use her eyes," avers cameraman Schafer. "They are large, dark, very expressive."

LIPS: Miss Lake doesn't have to elaborate her natural cupid's bow lips. A little lipstick for accent is enough for her.

HAIR: Natural blonde tresses are Veronica's screen trademark. Although she reached stardom by wearing her locks long and over one eye, off-screen she dresses her hair in a simple style. In her Enterprise film, "Ramrod", she wears an upswept hair-do.
"Hold that snowball," cries merry Nancy Guild. She's just twenty and headed for stardom.
An expert skier, Frank had already tried out the hill when Nancy arrived at the top after a thrilling ride on the ski lift.

“Oooh, I’m losing my balance,” shrieked Nancy before she had gone an inch. Frank liked her red cap and fancy sweater.

It was a warm languid California day when Frank Latimore wound up his work in “13 Rue Madeleine.” Calling Nancy Guild on the phone, he said: “How would you like to come throw snowballs with me in an hour?” “That sounds like fun,” answered Nancy, “if you’ll teach me how to ski.”

So off to snow-covered Mount Waterman they went, with Movieland right behind them to record their adventures. It turned out to be a glorious treat for Nancy who had never been skiing before.

“It’s like being in movies,” she decided. “I wasn’t sure I’d like that either, till I tried it.” Nancy was a student at the University of Arizona when her picture appeared in a national magazine. Twentieth Century-Fox wasted no time in dangling a contract before her pretty eyes. After making “Somewhere in the Night,” with John Hodiak and “The Brasher Doubloon” with George Montgomery, she decided movies were definitely her dish.

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE
"It's easy," said Frank, but a moment later Nancy was a tangle of skis. She's really an outdoor girl, won several swim awards.

No day in the snow is complete without a snowball fight. Nancy and Frank had a battle royal in which Frank was the victor.

The end of a perfect day. Nancy
Plenty of hamburgers, plus all the trimmings, put the stars back in Nancy's eyes and made Frank ready for another try at the 2200 foot ski slide.

**snoozes, Frank reminisces as they drive back to Hollywood at dusk. No broken bones, no skinned shins, just a wonderful time was had by all!**
In “They Won’t Believe Me,”
Robert Young and Susan Hayward
pay the price for stolen love

Robert Young, long Hollywood's personification of the breezy, sophisticated man-about-town, kicks over the traces and plays the role of a Number One heel in RKO's "They Won't Believe Me." His co-star, Susan Hayward, as the unscrupulous Verna, is even more provocative than she was in her alcoholic role in "Smash-Up." The two conspire to steal money from Young's wife, then elope. After several stormy scenes, they realize their great love for each other, kiss passionately and resolve to abandon their plot. The fiery climax to their decision is shown in the pictures on these pages, taken directly from the film.
2. On their way to Reno, the two lovers stop for a swim.


6. Realizing that true love must be honest, Verna and Larry embrace, decide to give up their plot and begin life anew.
11. They are helpless. The truck forces them off the road.

12. Their careening station wagon is hurled against a pole.

END OF A KISS CONTINUED

9. Oncoming truck is out of control. They are going to hit.

10. There is a crash of glass, metal, as the two cars meet.

13. Gasoline ignites in a second. The car is a roaring inferno.

14. Larry is saved by truckmen, but Verna burns to death.
Chic Olivia DeHavilland always has at least one black suit in her wardrobe which she varies with a frequent change of accessories.
From tailored suits to romantic hats, Livvy’s wardrobe shows the quiet good taste that typifies everything she does.

* Feminine, sentimental and sensible are the three words that best describe Olivia DeHavilland and her wardrobe. She is feminine in that her favorite clothes are evening gowns because “they make me feel so dressed up.” Sentimental because she treasures forever small gadgets given her by special friends. Sensible in that she purchases conservative clothes of high quality.

Olivia also is a romanticist. The story of her engagement ring best describes this quality of her character. When she became engaged to writer Marcus Goodrich, she asked that the ring he put on her third left finger be the ring of a happy woman. Mr. Goodrich searched the city of New York until he found two heart-shaped amethysts set between two small diamonds. The owner, a widow, had passed on but Olivia feels that she was happily married since she cherished the ring till her death.

The star of “The Dark Mirror” likes pearls, has an extensive collection of them which she frequently combines with rhinestones.

Gold jewelry is neatly kept in velvet case with drawer for gold-banded combs. Clips in foreground have jade lobsters upon them.
"This is my only peasant dress," say Olivia. "But now that I know how nice they are, I'm going to order more."

A black and white silk print with a flattering bustle edged with black net is Olivia's favorite afternoon dress because hubby Marcus likes it.

Lou, Olivia's maid, helps her with her mink coat. In background are broadtail, beaver, ermine jacket.

Bags are neatly stacked in a special closet in Olivia's bedroom. She prefers over-the-shoulder type because "there's no worry about losing them."
Romantic hats are Olivia's weakness. Her clothes are usually the tailored type, but hats must be fluffy, flowered, very feminine.

Olivia likes belts because "they make my wardrobe seem bigger." Her collection is extensive, includes belts of fur, leather and metal.

These expensive brown alligator sling pumps with medium heel are typical of Olivia's shoe wardrobe. She seldom varies from the style.
Wearing her “studio uniform”—black and white tie silk blouse with black slacks, Olivia displays two of her best-liked prints.

A trio of evening favorites: Pink and blue net gown, black silk print with red flowers and black taffeta with green satin panels.

Olivia de Havilland (continued)

Because Olivia reads scripts, listens to the radio and often breakfasts in bed, bedjackets are an important part of her wardrobe.

They range from luxurious quilted satin to sheer chiffon numbers. Most of them have delicate, handmade lace touches on them.
Olivia buys quality clothes that wear well. Pure silk print is five years old; cocktail dress has net top.

On Academy Award night, when Olivia received the Oscar for her role in "To Each His Own," she wore gown of blue marquisette with sequin flowers.

Conservative Livvy feels that suits meet any occasion. Here are Glen plaid, gray wool, blue and black wool.

On Academy Award night, when Olivia received the Oscar for her role in "To Each His Own," she wore gown of blue marquisette with sequin flowers.
When Rita Hayworth plays mermaid in Columbia's "Down to Earth," she is as practical as she is curvaceous. Her glittering gold bathing suit won't tarnish in water!
Office girls test new napkin—
82 out of 103 report no chafing
with new Free-Stride Modess!

East, West, North, South — the bright girls
who smooth the path of business have made a
smooth discovery for you!

It all started when stenographers, typists,
clerks — girls who had suffered chafing with their
regular napkin — were asked to test a new, im¬
proved napkin, Free-Stride Modess.

The girls weren't told the brand or name.
They were simply asked to see if it gave them
freedom from chafe.

Here are the astonishing results: 82 out of 103
girls reported no chafing with new Free-Stride
Modess!

The secret of the chafe-free comfort which
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Free-Stride Modess has extra cotton — extra
softness on its edges — right where the cause of
chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain
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dry and smooth longer. (And dry, smooth edges
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Walk with comfort!
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Try the new Free-Stride Modess!
June is busting out all over with terrific tunes and news about your favorite disc stars

* Hi, everybody! There's lots of news this month about the music-making population.

Bing Crosby will make his next picture, as yet untitled, for his producer-director pal, Leo McCarey. For support he will have his four young sons. Bing has always fought against their having a career, but McCarey talked The Groaner into it for this one movie. The Crosby Kids' earnings will be put in trust for their college education . . . Twentieth Century-Fox is re-issuing one of its past musical hits, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," which starred Tyrone Power and Alice Faye . . . Murray Arnold, Freddy Martin's fine pianist, plans to follow in the footsteps of Martin's former keyboard man, Jack Fina, and organize his own band. Incidentally, Freddy and his wife, from whom he was divorced last year, recently re-married . . . The Tommy Dorseys are back together again, their divorce plans a thing of the past. They are enjoying a second honeymoon on Tommy's new cruiser . . . Horace Heidt and his new orchestra may be set for a radio show by the time you read this . . . Mel Torme, who has had a rapid rise the past few months, has been signed to a long term contract by M.G.M. His first film chore on that lot is the lead in "Good News," with June Allyson. Mel will come to New York in June to star at the Copacabana Club . . . Jane Russell is now a permanent member of "Kay Kyser's College of Music and Knowledge," and will record regularly with the Kyser crew . . . Dick Haymes is mapping out a personal appearance tour for the summer months . . . Sometime this summer the Andrews Sisters are slated to go to London to sing at the Palladium and Ciro's.
They may make a movie, too... The Bartenders' Union of New York City took a recent poll to pick the top ten juke box records. They're the boys who really hear the coin machines more than anyone else, and their results are interesting. Their choices are: "The Anniversary Song," by Tex Beneke and the Miller orchestra; "I Want To Thank Your Folks," by The King Cole Trio; Vaughn Monroe's "There, I've Said It Again"; "Hoodly Addle," by The Modernaires; Buddy Clark's "Glocca Morra"; Ted Weems' old disc of "Heartaches"; "A Gal Named Nettie," by Cab Calloway; Guy Lombardo's "Managua Nicaragua"; Margaret Whiting's "Guilty" and "September Song" by The Dardanelle Trio. The lads say that the one record which will drive them to drink is "Open the Door, Richard"—by anybody! (Especially when a customer drops in a quarter to play it five times in a row.)

WHAT'S BRISCON THE DISC:

MUSICRAFT:

Phil Brito revives two old favorites on his new release, "Sweet Lorraine" and "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea." Walter Gross provides the arrangements and accompaniment.

Duke Ellington combines a pretty ballad, "It Shouldn't Happen To A Dream," with something called "Trumpet No End." "It Shouldn't" features an Al Hibbler vocal and the "Trumpet" side, which sounds like "Blue Skies," is an instrumental, with emphasis on the brass section.

Mel Torme has another goodie in "I Believe" and "It's the Same Old Dream," which he sings with Artie Shaw's orchestra. Both tunes are from the Sinatra picture, "It Happened In Brooklyn."

"Time After Time," also from the "Brooklyn" film, is done by Sarah Vaughan, with Teddy Wilson's fine quartet. On the reverse side, Teddy and the group do an instrumental version of "Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed," from the New York show, "Street Scene."

VICTOR:

Vaughn Monroe has two new ballads which should do well by him, "You Can't Hide Your Heart Behind a Kiss" and "Dreams Are a Dime a Dozen." Vaughn does both vocals with the assistance of The Moon Maids.

"There Is No Greater Love," the old song which is being revived, has been waxed by Charlie Spivak, combined with another tune from way back, "Born To Be Blue." Tommy Mercer sings both, aided by The Star-dreamers on the "Blue" side. And there's some excellent Spivak trumpet on "No Greater Love."

Phil Harris jumps in with a new twosome, "Papa, Don't Preach To Me," and "Necessity." "Papa" is a novelty number from the new Betty Hutton picture, "Perils of Pauline," and "Necessity" comes from the smash musical, "Finian's Rainbow."

Robert Merrill on the RCA Victor Program! Sundays, 2 p.m., EDT, NBC.

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Naturally... on RCA Victor Records!


Hear Robert Merrill on the RCA Victor Program! Sundays, 2 p.m., EDT, NBC.
**COLUMBIA:**

Frank Sinatra is in a ballad groove this month with two numbers from his "Brooklyn" movie, "Time After Time" and "I Believe." Axel Stordahl is in his regular corner with arrangements and orchestra.

Harry James and his orchestra render two ballads in dance tempo, "What Am I Gonna Do About You?" and "I Can't Get Up The Nerve to Kiss You." Art Lund, ex-Benny Goodman vocalist, is in the lyric spotlight on both sides.

Buddy Clark, whose vocal stock is rising higher and higher these days, does a good job on "If I Had My Life to Live Over," which he does in waltz time, and "It Might Have Been a Different Story," with Mitchell Ayres' orchestra.

Columbia has some goodies in the album department. First there's a set called "A Date With Dinah," with Marvin Stoloff's orchestra and chorus. Dinah sings eight tunes, all oldies: "I've Got You Under My Skin," "Dixie," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," "The Merry Dancer," "The Thrill Is Gone," "After I Say I'm Sorry," "There'll Be Some Changes Made" and "They Didn't Believe Me."

Then there's "New Orleans Jazz," with Kid Ory and his Creole Jazz Band, which hot jazz lovers should go for in a big way. Eight sides, including: "Bucket Got a Hole In It," "Battle Of Jericho," "Billy Bailey," "Creole Bo Bo," "The World's Jazz Crazy" and "Farewell to Storyville."

Last but not least—"Songs by Sinatra—Volume II," with Axel Stordahl's orchestra. This is an album of eight old favorites which Frank does in his best ballad mood and includes: "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," "I Concentrate On You," "How Deep Is The Ocean?" "That Old Black Magic," "Over the Rainbow," "All the Things You Are," and "Embraceable You." The End

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**WORDS OF MUSIC**

Continued from page 791

**CAPITOL:**

For Benny Goodman's second appearance for his new platter bosses, he uses his quintet on two standards, "Fine and Dandy" and "Lonesome Road." The unusual thing about this record is that Benny features a young accordionist, Ernie Filice, which marks the first time Benny has ever recorded with an accordionist in his twenty years of disc-making.

The Pied Pipers do "The Sam Old Dream" and "Mam'selle." This latter tune is based on an instrumental theme which was used in the picture, "The Razor's Edge."

Capitol has two unusual "team" records this time. First there are Bob Hope and his celluloid girl friend, Dorothy Lamour, with two numbers from their new picture, "My Favorite Brunette." The title song, and "Beside You." Paul Weston is the baton man.

Both sides are good fun, especially when Hope mentions his sidekick, Crosby. Then there's a platter featuring Andy and Della Russel, with Weston's orchestra again, on a ballad, "Unless It Can Happen To You." This is the first time Andy's wife has ever recorded with her famous husband. On the reverse Andy goes it alone on "Dreams Are Dime A Dozen."

Martha Tilton has a pleasing twosome with "That's My Desire" and "I Wonder, I Wonder, I Wonder," accompanied by Dean Elliott's orchestra and a vocal group.

The King Cole Trio comes forth with two cute novelty ballads, "You Don't Learn That In School" and "Meet Me At No Special Place." Nat Cole does his usual wonderful job on the vocals.

**DECCA:**

Bing Crosby sings with the Les Paul trio again, choosing "What Am I Gonna Do About You?" and "Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love."

The Ink Spots have waxed two ballads which are right up their alley; "I Want to Thank Your Folks" and "I Wasn't Meant for Love."

Bob Allen makes his first wax appearance with Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra, doing the vocals on "It's Dreamtime" and "Midnight Masquerade." Cavallaro's piano is present, as usual, though featured a bit more on "Masquerade."

The Andrews Sisters' new one should be a smash hit for the girls. It combines the Calypso, "His Feet's Too Big for De Bed" and the song which has been the rhumba sensation of New York, "Jack, Jack, Jack."

Dick Haymes, with Gordon Jenkins' orchestra, sings "Mam'selle" and the Victor Young composition, "Stella by Starlight."

Hoagy Carmichael is spotlighted on a re-issue of his "Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief," which he wrote, and a new novelty which is just his style, "Sh—The Old Man's Sleepin'."
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I REMEMBER

Being assigned to my father's old regiment, the Highland Light Infantry, and how proud I was to don the kilts he had worn, in World War I. He was killed in action. Becoming bored with army life, in particular with lectures on machine guns, and resigning my lieutenantcy some years later.

How those boring lectures became useful shortly afterwards when I was in Cuba, and broke: I recalled enough of them to teach machine-gunning to a group of revolutionists. The revolution was smashed and I departed, in a hurry.

MY FAVORITE

Book is "Lord Jim" by Conrad;
Film is "Mutiny on the Bounty";
it's been my special favorite ever since I came to Hollywood. I must confess that today that great picture "The Best Years of Our Lives" is running practically neck and neck.

Paintings are floral water colors by Jacob Epstein, the sculptor, who does them as relaxation, I believe he has painted six, and I have two of them.

Style of architecture is Queen Anne, for England; Monterey, for California. I think each country should stick to the one that fits its particular landscapes.

Music—Couldn't say. I am one who loves good music, but I never know what this side of heaven I'm listening to! In "The Other Love," Barbara Stanwyck, a concert pianist, plays Liszt, Rubinstein and Schumann. I heard and enjoyed every number, but if my life depended on it, I couldn't say if she was playing something in D-flat major or a concerto in E-minor, nor the name of the man who composed it.

MY IDEA OF

A good way to spend an evening is to have a fabulously good dinner. I'm by way of being a glutton, I suppose. I like a choice wine; in fact, I select the wine, then the food. Then to eat it with five people who really know what to talk about, and you have a perfect evening.

Food is French food. I like some of the things they do with veal, and if there is a crepe suzette thrown in, I won't murmur an objection. I like blinis, too, with caviar and sour cream on top. . . . It's understood, I hope, that somebody else will pay a hospital bill.

I'M GUILTY OF

Playing practical jokes; my most recent was blowing the rubber gloves provided for my film role of doctor into balloons; the gloves stretched, greatly annoying the prop man. I regret this trait, but I fear I shall continue to play jokes.

Putting things off; always have, always will. Yielding to impulse: the day the war ended, I celebrated by burning every piece of army equipment I owned. At least, I shall never use those items again.

ONCE I WAS

A lumberjack in Ontario, Canada, at sixteen cents an hour; A writer of articles on fox-hunting, in order to pay a hospital bill;

New York representative of a London wine-house, until a hijacker made off with fifty cases of champagne; that ended my career as a salesman;

Promoter of an indoor horse-racing track in Atlantic City;

An involuntary stowaway on H.M.S. Norfolk, when she paused at Santa Barbara on a world cruise; I boarded her to renew old acquaintances I'd made in Malta. During the ensuing party, the ship lifted her anchor and steamed away, and I suppose I should have wound up somewhere in the far Pacific if we hadn't stopped for a rendezvous with the good ship Bounty, which took me on to Hollywood.

I'LL NEVER FORGET

The dinner party where I met Sam Goldwyn. I had just landed after my somewhat bizarre adventures, was in high spirits, and talked my way through several courses, encouraged by much flattering laughter. Before the evening ended, Mr. Goldwyn offered me a screen contract.

I DON'T REMEMBER

Any small girl sweetheart. I didn't look at the opposite sex until I was seventeen, and then there were so many girls they all merge into a sort of wonderful blur.

I ENJOY

Any kind of reading;
Golf;
Informal get-togethers;
Traveling;

I DON'T CARE FOR

Bridge;
Picnics;
Mathematics;
Gambling;
Best-dressed-man titles;
Sleeping late;

MY PET EXTRA VAGANCE

Is collecting furniture. I'm always buying Regency pieces.

I LIKE

Circuses, but

I HATE

Zoos and night clubs.

IF I COULD HAVE LIVED IN ANOTHER CENTURY

I'd choose the time of Robin Hood; I'd like to have been Robin Hood, or one of his chums.

I WOULDN'T

Care to live over any part of my life; and I doubt if I'd like to come back in another hundred years to see what goes on; it all depends on where we go from here.

THE MOST INTERESTING PERSON I'VE MET

Is Winston Churchill. We stayed at the same house on a week-end, and I found him more than remarkable.
MY MOST THRILLING MOMENTS
Came during the war, which was filled with such moments—but we don't talk about that!

I THINK
Women are women all over the world; perhaps they have different characteristics, but you can't weigh them against one another. In every country there are charming, captivating, clever, lovely and lovable women.

English films have some advantages over Hollywood's. Over there, pictures haven't our censorship problems; they aren't based on a star system. Here we say: "Let's find a story for Joe Fuzzbuss—he's under contract, we're paying him a lot of money and he'd better be earning it."

But over there, they say: "Here's a fine story—let's find some actors."

I'M ATTRACTED TO
Gay people; Dogs with personality.

I'M BORED BY
Swing; Other people's ulcers; Psychiatrists.

I'M FOND OF
Sea chanties; plum pudding, on the second day, when leftover bits are fried and served hot; brown ale; bull sessions, depending on the bulls, but even so, presently I move to join the ladies.

I'M NOT GOOD AT
Long farewells; being funny before breakfast; cooking—though I boil a sensational egg.

I PLAN TO
Travel in South America;
Learn to speak Spanish and Russian;
Make my next picture, "The Bishop's Wife" (I play the Bishop), at Sam Goldwyn's, where I'm under contract; then go to England for "Bonnie Prince Charlie"; then back to Goldwyn again.

THE SUPERNATURAL
Still eludes me; I've slept in many haunted houses, but though at times chills crept along my spine and I persuaded myself my hair was rising, I saw no ghost.

I HAVE FUN
At all sports—tennis, swimming, riding, fishing. Name it, I like it!

Writing—I'm doing a novel now, though I'm not very far along.

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backward, while you hope and pray and work like a fiend for the break. In my case, the break was a long time coming.

Don's eyes clouded with memories and the mischievous, lopsided grin was wiped off his face.

Abruptly he changed his mood. "I've never enjoyed making a picture as much as I did 'Ramrod.' We worked hard but we had a lot of fun, too. Kid stuff, maybe, but I think that's what people enjoy themselves the most—when they let themselves go."

"Tell me about yourself as a kid," I urged. "Is your mother still alive?"

"Yes, she is, God bless her. She's had a hard life raising my older brother, Cliff, and me. I remember we used to read the 'Katzennamen' together. We worked our way west working on the railroad every week and then play the same tricks on my grandfather. And then, away from home, we'd cross my mother up by behaving like perfect angels. She'd say to the neighbors, 'I just don't know what I'm going to do with Don and Cliff. I've tried everything, but they're regular little imps.' And, they'd look at her as if she were crazy and say, 'Why, Mrs. DeFore, I think they're exceptionally well-behaved children.' The neighbors found out the truth eventually because one Christmas some misguided relative bought us a machine gun with toy bullets. That was a year the town still remembers."

Don's father was an engineer on the railroad and Don grew up in a family of seven in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. When he wasn't stirring up dust with his brother, he was adding some sparkle to a church play or doing daredevil tricks for the girls.

Don was telling me about his early ventures in acting when we noticed that the train was stopping and, looking out of the window, saw, of all things, a mob of booby soxers, flocked around the station of the tiny desert town. When they saw Don, they started up a howl. He got off with the rest of the stars and signed autographs. He signs them "Don D4." Says it's quicker.

Back on the train again, we looked out of the window at the bleak desert landscape. "Lonely roads like these wandering over the plains intrigue me," said Don. "I was always following them back in Iowa in my Model-T Ford to see where they led to—and always ending up lost. Once in my meanderings I came across the most beautiful little oasis. Ideal spot for a picnic. So the next Sunday, my fiancée Marion and I and this couple we always double-dated with packed a lunch and set out for the dessert leading the way. Well, I hunted for hours and the sun was getting hotter and hotter, and the gang were getting madder and madder and I was feeling dumber and dumber. This was before Marion and I were married and I was trying to impress her with my capabilities. But I never did find that spot again and Marion still insists it is there."

Then he told me how he and Marion met and fell in love when he was playing in "The Male Animal" in Chicago and he visited the night club where she was singing with Art Linkletter. He recalls his early years with fondness and says he has never lost his love for the movies, and that he enjoys making a picture as much as he did "Ramrod." "I never did find that spot again and Marion still insists it is there."

About this time, we arrived in a town just this side of Salt Lake where Governor Maw and I boarded the train with Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake and Andre DeToth, who had flown up to Salt Lake the day before. Everyone gathered in the club car to greet them. Joel boarded the train with a whole stack of pink special editions from the Salt Lake papers under his arm. Sonny Tufts grabbed them and began making like a newsboy, yelling, "Extra, extra, read all about it. Joel McCrea breaks leg while mounting horse on ladder."

I managed to get hold of a paper, at the risk of all my fingers, and read the story. The whole front page was devoted to welcoming us. There were big pictures of the cast telling how Utah had chosen "Ramrod" as its Centennial picture; how Joel McCrea had been unanimously elected co-governor by the state legislature, and how the mayor had issued an official proclamation changing the name of Salt Lake City to Veronica Lake City for the filming of the movie. Cowboy hats were passed out to everyone with "Ramrod" printed on the bands, and then a special broadcast was made from the train to all the Salt Lake City stations and all of us said a few words. When the Mike was thrust under my nose, I told all my friends that Don DeFore, the guy we dubbed school three times to see in "The Affairs of Susan," was standing right beside me and would probably be there looking for a job. They did—plus practically all the rest of the population of Salt Lake City. There was a band and a big western parade waiting for us, and the stars rode through the streets in brightly decorated cars. From then on, the schedule of events was so dizzying it was like being on a merry-go-round. Because of my state of carbonated excitement, I only remember the highlights:

... At the premiere that night, climbing out of a big sleek limousine and walking beside Don between rows of acclaiming fans. Flash bulbs were bursting on the right of us, flash bulbs bursting on the left of us, smiles flashing all around us, music playing. I swear there were even a few pink clouds floating by, although this maybe a by-product of my bedazzlement.

... Then standing on the bandstand in front of the theater, where Art Linkletter interviewed the stars on his "People Are Funny" show. I found myself trying to pass autograph books back and forth between Don and the clamoring crowd below, while at the same time I tried to get a better look at Veronica's lovely white wool sequined dress; tried to balance Donald Crisp's huge sheepskin coat on my arm while he took his turn at the mike (the thought Salt Lake was in the arctic zone, maybe) and tried to hear what everyone was saying over the air. I tried to remember what my name was in case someone should ask me for an autograph.

... Entering the theater with Don, going right down front. Having a spotlight thrown on us and hearing everyone in the theater scream, "Don DeFore!" Watching him smile as the audience clapped and cheered and cried out for autographs.

... Leaving the theater after the picture at the Aviation Club, where a buffet supper was served; agreeing with everybody that this picture would be a big turning point in Don's career. You'll also see Veronica Lake in it in a new role as a scheming, determined, ranch owner. Joel McCrea, of course, is her usual terrific self.

The next morning, we all piled into buses and headed for Alta, the famous ski resort.
Everyone was excited about seeing the snow and we all had thrown on everything we could get hold of to keep warm. June Preisser looked like a little teddy bear in a pair of Jackie Cooper's pants. Jane Withers was wearing three scarfs. Richard Ney even brought along a pair of skis.

I asked Don if he had ever been skiing and he gave me a typical DeFore answer.

"Just once," he said. "I was warned to start out on a low hill. I couldn't see why. It looked very easy so I went to the top of the highest hill I could find. I might add I have never been skiing again."

When we arrived at Alta, everyone made holiday in the snow—ducking each other in drifts, sliding down banks, riding on the ski lift and throwing snowballs in every direction. Someone at the lodge rounded up some warm clothes for Don, and when Sonny saw him bundled up in fur-lined jacket, woolen cap pulled down over his ears and heavy boots, he clapped him on the shoulder and said, "Why Admiral Byrd, fancy meeting you here."

I asked Don if he had been one of those obnoxious kids who washed girls faces with snow. He didn't answer but his hand filled with snow descended in my face.

Inside the lodge, we found a hot turkey lunch waiting for us. While we gorged, Don told me how his little four-year-old daughter, Penny, is always reprimanding him for humming at the table.

"Do your kids take after you?" I asked. (He also has a year and a half old son.)

"Um," he answered, with a full mouth. "You can't do a thing with them."

Don and his happy brood are about to move into a new home. It certainly sounds like a unique place. It's built around the kitchen because, every time they have a party, everyone always ends up in the kitchen anyway. The kitchen is equipped with a large fireplace, a hewn table and lots of chairs. There are no square rooms in the house. They just sort of all flow into one another. Don has a den upstairs, but there are no stairs leading to it. The only way you can get into it is by climbing up a rope ladder and entering through a trap door in the floor. This is so Don can pull the ladder up after him while he reads and rehearses scripts.

All the furniture had to be taken into the room via a pulley from the roof of the garage to the window because, after it was all built, he discovered the only thing he could get through the trap door was a footstool.

"The home that personality built," I thought. The whole thing sounded just like Don—scruffy in a lovable sort of way, chummy, nonchalant, unconcerned with keeping up with the Joneses, designed (as he's designed) for happy, energetic living.

That evening we were guests at a banquet given by the Salt Lake Motion Picture Association. During the floor show, I asked Don his age.

"Thirty-two!" I exclaimed when he told me. "What's the secret of the way you look?"

"I like life," he answered simply.

At 10:15 everyone was back on the train. As we waved good by to Salt Lake, I said, "Well, there won't be another celebration like that for another hundred years."

"Which will just about give us all enough time to recuperate from this one," Don agreed.

The End
restaurant, for which she was paid her dinner. The "Met" audition was a flop (her voice was immature and she was nervous) and she turned to writing radio shows for an advertising agency in the hope of getting into radio as a singer. "Gangbusters" and "We, The People" used her as a junior writer and researcher.

"Bluffed my way into that on the strength of a college degree in English," Janis admits. Instead of radio, she landed on Broadway in "Du Barry Was a Lady." From there she went into "Panama Hattie," where she was spotted by Darryl Zanuck and signed to a 20th-Fox contract. With typical urgency she was told to cancel all pending engagements and rush to Hollywood. In Hollywood she sat for the next eight months. Just plain sat and didn’t do a single thing.

"I never had my picture taken, never made a test, never was consulted by anyone about anything," Janis says. "Once a week I would get greetings from the studio in the form of a salary check, but aside from that, no one apparently knew I was even alive."

The idleness drove her crazy. She knew no one in the whole town, she didn’t drive a car and the weather was rainy for weeks on end. So she sat, did needlework by the yard and cried for hours in lonely despair and frustration. Then she got mad, had some photographs made with a Hollywood glamour angle and wangled a role in "I Married An Angel" at M-G-M.

"That kicked up some action," she recalls. "Zanuck himself called me in for an interview and I made seven pictures in a hurry."

They were all B’s, and in each she played the menace or the other woman. So she asked to be released from her contract, and in 1944 signed a new one with Columbia. Within three days she started her first movie for them. In her initial scene she got a pie thrown in her face! In the ensuing months she made 17 pictures, in 12 of which, all B’s, she played the lead.

Each time it seemed that she was about to get a real break, some complication would arise. Promised roles would fade into limbo, or she would be told she was too beautiful, too blonde, too tall or just not the type.

"It’s a weary road to travel, that B one," Janis says. "At first I felt hopelessly frustrated, but then I grew philosophic about it all. I saw the quick success of others fade just as quickly, and decided the slow way was the better after all. From every picture I decided to learn something about myself or about technique which would help me the next time. My one idea was for a long-time career, and I made up my mind I would build slowly but so well that each step up the ladder would be a firm one with no going back."

The decision took patience and courage but it paid off for Janis Carter when the lead in "Framed" finally came her way. So right was she considered for the part, incidentally, that she wasn’t even tested. The first thing she knew about it was when she read the news of the casting in the papers. Yet she had wanted it so badly, she said, that she would have dyed her naturally reddish brown hair a brilliant green if need be to get it.

Janis has blue-gray eyes, wears a 6½ quadruple-A shoe and has the perfect models’
figure (always hard to fit) of size 16 shoulders, 12 waist and 14 everywhere else. She's not particularly conscious of her height, which is five feet seven, because she grew up in a tall family. She carries herself with great poise and dignity, because of her childhood training by a grandmother who made her walk with a yardstick through the shoulders of her dress to keep her from slumping.

Markedly stubborn, she will give in only after a sound argument convinces her she is wrong about an idea. She also is a champion worrier, mostly about things which never happen, and is so supersensitive that she cannot work successfully with anyone who, she feels, does not like her.

On the other hand, she'll knock herself out for anyone who has faith in her. Usually she starts to sing before she's out of bed (she wants to wait until she is established as an actress before singing in pictures), and sometimes talks so rapidly that she leaves whole words out of sentences.

Sports frankly bore her, especially baseball, and she hates telephones and people who honk automobile horns. Her ambition demands that she make progress in some field each year, and her philosophy dictates that she must give something to life as well as gain something from it. Her taste in clothes runs to tailored things in neutral shades, and she abhors jingly jewelry. Any woman can be well dressed, she says, if her wardrobe contains one good suit.

Married to Carl Prager, an ex-flier now in the musical end of radio, Janis lives in a six-room apartment in Beverly Hills. Most of their friends are aviation people to whom night-clubbing spells anything but fun; they'd much rather hop in a plane and fly to some distant spot because it happens to be a beautiful night with a beautiful moon.

A lover of all animals, Janis has precipitated many a violent sidewalk row with strangers she has seen mistreating horses or dogs. She is forever bringing home stray cats and dogs she has found in distress. The fact she cannot keep them in her apartment never deters her. She simply hunts up good homes for them among her friends.

"You'd be surprised how many friends I lose that way," she laughs.

The End

On "Christmas Eve" set are baby-tenders Randy Scott, Doug Dumbrille, Dolores Moran.
which really molded the serious side of Mick. Even Mick admits he's changed. I've known him since we were children, but I discovered a new Mickey Rooney when we worked together in "Summer Holiday."

I remember when we met on Charlie Chaplin's tennis court, about eleven years ago. My father was working with Chaplin then and took me to his house for a visit. I was a typical schoolgirl in every respect except pigtails, and there was Mickey, already a picture star, and, to my way of thinking, Terribly Important. As usual, he was bounding around with his limitless energy. When we were introduced he was so friendly I thought he was wonderful. He found out I was attending the professional school where he had studied earlier, and that seemed an immediate bond of friendship. As kids we saw each other often after that and it was always lots of fun to talk to him.

Later, after I started in pictures at M-G-M and we had both "grown up," we used to go out together, but it was never on a serious date basis. He used to confide his troubles to me, and he loved to come and visit and talk by the hour to my mother. I was like his little sister. He even called me long-distance from Georgia to tell me he was going to be married.

We did a few tests together at the studio before he went in service. I recall that one was for "Yank at Eton," and he was so helpful. Then we tested for "Summer Holiday." He said he wanted me to get the girl's role and did everything possible in that test so that I would get it. Oddly enough, this is the first pictures we have made together. I hope we do many more for it is a pleasure to work with him.

Acting, to Mick, is a very serious business. Mind you, he's still the gay enthusiastic Mick, ready with a quip or a gag or a practical joke. He still clown's and kids, but he turns off the nonsense in a second and becomes serious when it's time to concentrate and deliver.

He's the only actor I know who can do slapstick routine off-set until the director says "Roll 'em," then go directly into a scene and cry, or give some equally emotional performance.

Other actors need time to compose themselves, to get into the mood. Mick has developed an uncanny ability for quick concentration. In addition he always knows his lines and he never delays production. Five minutes before shooting time in the morning he may not have appeared on the set. Then he comes bounding in, somehow manages to get into costume and makeup and be ready when the whistle blows. Miraculously, he's never late.

He has me constantly in awe of his acting ability. Others may slack down, he's always on his toes. Mick develops things in a scene that no one else thinks of. Even directors accept his suggestions. Mick plans to direct pictures and I have a feeling he will do just that before very long, and brilliantly, too.

Although I never worked with Mick before, I often watched him on the set before his G.I. days, and I always saw his pictures. I hope he won't mind my saying this, because I'm being very sincere, but I feel he is a much more sympathetic actor now than he was a

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A REPLY TO SOME CURRENT "SCARE STORIES"
few years back. He has more patience with
others and more restraint in his per¬
formances. In short, I feel he understands
people much better for having been in the
Army.
ousy. He doesn't know the meaning of the
never has developed any professional jeal¬
throw a scene to an actor playing with him
He'll even turn his back to the camera and
if he feels it belongs to the other player.
interested in little Butch Jenkins and was
be good.
tangibles as well as in material things. He
in doing a good job himself. When he works,
is kind to others and also intensely interested
come vitally important to him.
name. Rooney, Inc. does everything. Mick
and Sam Stiefel are partners, but there are
lots of other people working in the two-story
building on the Sunset Strip which houses the
project. They have a top-notch agency.
Among their clients are Andy Russell and
Peter Lorre; they sell packaged radio shows,
motion picture scripts and songs; in addition
they handle all of Mick's affairs, which are
complex.
Mick, you see, has written four original
screen stories, now being offered to studios.
He's also done about twenty songs, half of
which have already been placed. Now he's
working on a musical comedy, "Day Before
Caesar," with Leon Pober. Mick's personal
office every day when not before the cam¬

Another side of the mature Mickey which
developed in the last few years is his
interest in children. After the making of the
"Summer Holiday" he talked constantly of his little son Mickey Junior, and I guess I
matched him chattering about my own baby.
We were always comparing pictures of our
respective offspring (my Kathy is a year old;
Mickey Junior about six months older), dis¬
cussing how many teeth they had, what they
had learned to do. Mr. M. would call us for a scene by saying "Let's break up this family stuff and get to work."

Mickey has a way with children. They
love him. I took little Kathy to the set one
day and Mick was as gentle and tender with
her as her own father. Frankly, I was afraid
that, being used to his own rugged little boy,
he might throw her in the air, clown and
he bounced her on his
knee. Then he began telling her stories and
she cradled her head on his shoulder. She
fell for him so completely that she went
through her bag of tricks without any coaxing.

My family, you see, is strictly for Mickey.
I am, too, for underneath the exterior of a
carefree lad, kidding his way through life,
is a thoughtful, generous, serious young man.
People who don't know Mickey personally,
and quite well, know nothing of this side of
Solid Citizen Rooney. It's well worth know¬
ing.

The End
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I told her I'd call for her at 7 and was there at that hour. I waited until 8 before she was ready. By that time I was bored because I'm not exactly a patient guy. I told her that in the future I'd never wait more than ten minutes.

On our next date I waited the ten minutes, she wasn't ready and I started to leave, because I was sure she was stalling and not actually late because of work or any other legitimate excuse. Before I was down the front steps she was out the front door—

and ready!

Gloria wouldn't dream of delaying any¬
one an hour now without good reason. She's grown up and has more regard for people around her now.

Another of her habits that made for a giddy

effect was her eternal custom of pulling out her compact, looking at herself, fixing her makeup, combing her hair (as so many girls of sixteen do, I discovered) at a party or dinner or wherever. It drove me nuts, and I know other males agree on this score. Gloria knows better now. She has matured, doesn't resort to tricks like that which are fundamentally kid stuff; a manifestation of not being quite sure of one's self. Gloria, addi
tionally, has even persuaded the studio to let her stop bleaching her hair and has it back to its own warm, dark brown shade which is so much more becoming. She's learned that natural beauty is much more desirable, even in Hollywood.

Gloria has also learned to take kidding gracefully, and to dish it out. Actors seem to be notorious for their fondness for gags and practical jokes. (I know I love 'em.) All during the four months' production of "Summer Holiday," the first picture Gloria and I ever made together, I was playing tricks on her and she took them in good grace, which I know she didn't always do a few years ago.

During the last two weeks, when all our heavy emotional sequences were finished, Gloria started retaliating on gags. She had been tending strictly to business before that and she did very well paying back one M. Rooney.

One day I tied a dead fish to her dressing table chair. Later she locked me in my own portable dressing room and splashed water, so gently but so persistently, through the ventilators. Another time she took three cards out of a deck we were using for gin, which a gag now and then helps to lighten. What a set, we are under a certain emotional stress which a gag now and then helps to lighten. Giddiness, I would say, is a state of mind; being able to take ribbing and give it back demands a good Joe or Josephine. Gloria had to learn that and has.

Gloria developed mental maturity and poise at a younger age than many girls. This was partly because of her acting experience, her marriage when she was still very young to John Payne and motherhood. Basically she always loved a home, but she had lived in apartments most of her life. When she acquired her own with John, she deliberately set to work to become thor-

GLORIA DE HAVEN
(Continued from page 39)
oghly efficient not only as a homemaker but as a hostess.

Of course she has domestic help, but she knows how to direct the running of the house, and she was only 19 when she learned! She plans all the meals, instead of entrusting the menus to the cook. She does all the marketing, in person, not by phone. She has even learned how to cook and takes over on the maid's night out.

Her first big party after her marriage was a surprise affair for John's birthday. It was a rather formal dinner, not just a drop-in, casual meal, and I so well remember what Van Johnson said of Gloria after that party, which wasn't exactly simple for an inexperienced hostess.

"In such a short time Gloria has become such a gracious hostess! She's sure of herself, at ease, not nervous or flighty like many hostesses with years more experience," Van told me with some surprise and considerable admiration.

Gloria also has a born instinct with children, and she is a marvelous mother. John's daughter by a previous marriage, six-year-old Judy, adores her and it was not exactly an easy assignment for one as young as Gloria was at the time of her marriage to step into the mother role with a child of Julie's formative years. Gloria always manages to keep Julie amused and happy; she has a wonderful quality of never "talking down" to the child. She's also wise in not breaking promises, which is so important to youngsters. Even shortly before she had her own baby and wasn't feeling well, she never broke her word if she had said she would take Julie to a party or to a movie.

On the other hand, she has a definite firmness, demands good behavior and respect and gets them, without ever raising her voice. She is using the same technique, tempering loving understanding with discipline, with her own baby, year-old Kathleen. Kathy is a doll. I fell in love with her when Gloria brought her on the set. I wonder if my own Mickey Junior and Kathy will be friends when they grow up, as Gloria and I have been? We used to kid about that between scenes and swap pictures of our sprouts and say maybe some day we could fix up a romance for them.

But to go back. Gloria really is a marvelous mother in my opinion, and I've heard the same from many of her girl friends who have been with her much more than I.

She is very smart in adapting herself to the things that her husband likes. Gloria was not the athletic type—she hated walking. Not many Southern Californians are much at cars, but John liked to hike. Now Gloria, who always liked to be dressed up like something out of a fashion plate, has her South Cotton shirt and flat shoes and hiking up and down the hills back of Brentwood on a Sunday.

Gloria, as you must realize by now, has changed.

All I can add is, "Good girl, Glor!" The End.
In Hollywood, this is actually the first real home that Betty's ever had. She trips over herself in her enthusiasm of describing it. In New York she was strictly an apartment house dweller.

"You should have heard Betty describe the place when she found it," says Bogey with a chuckle. "She came home after a jaunt with the real estate man and said, 'Boogey, I've found a dream place—one that even you'll like. You go through a door and turn to the right into a dreamy kitchen where there's a little coffee grinder.'" How do you like that for a description of a house—a door, a kitchen and a coffee grinder?

As you know, the Bogarts are one of the happiest and most bucolic couples in Hollywood, with an understanding between them that should be a model for marital perfection. They've never been separated for even one day since their marriage, and their kidding and constant joking show a tremendous zest for living as they like it. They've been married two years.

The Bogart place nestles high on a knoll overlooking the valley, which you approach from the city of Beverly Hills. The drive cuts off from the canyon road and swings around to the rear of the lot where the main entry is located. On the little lawn is an ordinary-sized swimming pool. A low white picket fence encloses the lawn, and also serves to keep the family pooch within bounds.

Most of the interior planning was done by Betty herself, with the aid of decorator Bill Yates. The rooms are done in Dutch, early American and French provincial furniture, and it's a place that looks livable from the moment you step into it.

Altogether there are eight rooms, two of which are not yet used. To the left of the oval-shaped entry are the living room, dining room, den, kitchen, a guest room and, in a separate wing, the nursery. On the right is the master bedroom and a forbidden area for living as they like it.

The kitchen, which Betty refers to as the dream of Bogart's Mad Rumpus, is Betty's particular pride, not only because it is planned for efficiency's sake, but also because of the variety of colors that are found there. The sink is situated on a large red plaid design, and the heavy antique maple table with six matching chairs, and the covering of deep beige chintz is used both on the bed and the corner chaise lounge.

The walls are walnut-panelled, and a beautiful hand-carved fireplace which was brought from England is built into the wall opposite the divan. At each side of the hearth is a colorful wing chair, and directly to the right of the fireplace is a double door which leads into the den.

The den, which already has that very lived-in look, consists of a built-in bar, a phonograph, a corner fireplace with a copper hood, tables, chair and an oversized love seat. From the bay window there is an excellent view of the swimming pool.

Next to the living room is the dining room, where the Bogarts are stay-at-homers these days when there is company. The chairs are designed by Billyteal, which Betty refers to as the dream of Bogart's Mad Rumpus, is Betty's particular pride. She has a right to be, because the rooms are planned for relaxation, and Betty's choice of the furniture is artful. Against the window, across from the kitchen, is a double door leading into the den.

The kitchen is Betty's particular pride, not only because it is planned for efficiency's sake, but also because of the variety of colors that are found there. The sink is tilted in brilliant yellow; on the cupboards are multi-hued Tyrolean figures and patterns.

Beyond this is the quest room, and through a passageway is the unfinished nursery. The last item won't stay that way always, Betty will tell you, because they have long-term plans which definitely call for the use of that part of the house.

Naturally Betty is intensely proud of her achievements as an interior decorator, and she has a right to be, because the rooms are done with a maximum of charm and yet with a very practical touch. It's the kind of home where you can loiter at ease, where you can forget your workday troubles, and it's a perfect background for two very likeable people.

Back in the living room, Betty introduces you to Harvey, the boxer pup who was given to the Bogarts by Louis Bromfield, their good friend, at whose famed Malabar Farm they were married on May 21, 1945. Sharp-eyed
At the end of many a rainbow—

If you go to the end of a rainbow, so the fairy tales say, you'll find a pot of gold. Of course no grownup believes this. But it's surprising how many people believe what amounts to the same thing.

That is, many of us have a dreamy notion that somewhere, sometime, we'll come upon a good deal of money. We don't say exactly how this might happen—but we go along from day to day, spending nearly all we make, and believing that somehow our financial future will take care of itself.

Unfortunately, this sort of rainbow-chasing is much more apt to make you wind up behind the eight ball than with a pot of gold.

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—The End
Feet First

There's More to Foot Care Than Cleanliness

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★ Your feet really get their full share of attention when you're in a bathing suit, so you'll want them to look their best.

When you go to bed at night rub rich lubricating cream or lanolin into any place on your foot that is apt to have corns and also on the soles and heels of your feet where the epidermis is especially thick. This will keep the skin soft and discourage the formation of callouses.

If you have a coca-cola bottle, put it on the floor and roll your arch over it. It's wonderful muscular exercise for your arches—they don't get much chance at developing confined in shoes.

Stimulating the circulation eases tired feet. Grasp marbles or balls of paper between the toes. Also good for strengthening arches.

Bathe the feet in a soapy foot bath with Epsom salts and tepid water. Dry vigorously and pat on rubbing alcohol or a similar balm.

Use an emery board on callouses before bathing and pumice stone during bath. Don't rub too hard. Remove corns with special aids.

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Use an emery board on callouses before bathing and pumice stone during bath. Don't rub too hard. Remove corns with special aids.
KELLY'S THE NAME
(Continued from page 31)
give orders—they definitely can!"
"As a matter of fact," he says, "boot camp freed me from all responsibility. I had only to do what I was told to do without any initiative on my part. It was almost like being in school again, and I feel it was really a mental refresher."

The usual feeling of restlessness that fits most veterans like their first civilian suit had no chance to overcome quick-stepping Mr. Kelly. He plunged into work immediately upon his discharge, leaving no time for the usual readjustment worries. "It was like taking a cold bath," he explains. "After the first quick shock, the transition period had passed."

In New York, where he was discharged, he promptly reported to the nearest gymnasium to work off the twenty pounds he has gained in service—what he lovingly refers to as "the Tony Galento look." In between push-ups he began boxing on the national scene. His conclusions agreed with those of many other veterans, who were both alarmed and disgusted with certain locks in legislation that led to the critical state of housing for veterans, among other unsatisfactory conditions. He felt that the blame for most of the middle was traceable to the apathy of ordinary U. S. citizens.

Gene was chairman of a meeting on veterans' housing at Madison Square Garden before his Navy uniform was packed away in mothballs. This meeting was sponsored by the American Legion, the American Veterans Committee, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. It was followed by a rally at which approximately 16,000 veterans listened to speeches by representatives of every one of New York's congressional districts.

"This meeting was a success in every respect," says Gene. "Every veteran present had the opportunity of speaking face to face with his elected representative. Every district had its own jeep, which served as a platform for the congressman concerned, and veteran members of each district spoke their personal pieces to each congressman about vet problems."

It was inspirational to Gene to find all the veterans' groups working together toward a common goal.

While he was still in Manhattan, he recorded seven albums for children. Although the selection of an actor-dancer as a recording artist for small fry may cause some eyebrow elevation, Gene was the most logical candidate for the job. The success of his first disc, "The Little King Who Couldn't Dance," an transcription of the dream sequence from "Anchors Aweigh," was so instantaneous that the first 300,000 copies sold out almost immediately and the album has gone on to sell over a million in just 4 months. The way he has made the most of his voice . . .

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(Continued from page 97)
thought—that he consented to talk to me on the subject of how fans should act. I think, when you have read what he has to say, you will agree that he, or any other star, has much on his side which ought to be respected.

Van, as I cannot repeat too often, loves and is grateful to his fans. He knows that, if and when they stop asking for autographs and mobbing him, he will have to begin to worry about his career. Yet, he feels that many times their attentions have prevented him from giving them his best on the screen and from living his own private life. You, his admirers, go to see him in pictures and want to see him at his best. But, some of you, by robbing him of sleep, by interrupting him at meals, by telephoning him at all hours, make it impossible for him to give the kind of performances he wants to give. And some of you, by forgetting that he, too, is entitled both to privacy and to do what he wishes with his time when he is not working, have trespassed where no one should trespass.

Let's hear what Van says:

"There are so many nice things that fans have done for me," he begins, earnestly. "Constructive things. Thoughtful things. Kind things. And those I remember—well, with a very special warmth.

"One of the nicest fan-and-star stories I've heard recently happened in San Francisco to Olivia de Havilland. A delegation called her at her hotel, asked if she could meet some of her admirers at a certain time in a room off the lobby. She assented, of course. When she went downstairs, the boys and girls had a table set up for her, a chair ready and sharpened pencils there for her to write with. They filed past, shook hands with her, spoke a few words and got their autographs. There was no riot, no mauling or shoving. And both Olivia and the kids had a wonderful time.

"Van paused. I looked up from my note-taking to watch his face. His blue eyes were serious.

"'Go on,' I requested. 'Is there more?'

"'Yes. One more thing. It's the business of not letting an actor have a life of his own. You know," he went on, 'no man can be at the beck and call of his public constantly. It just isn't physically possible. Yet there is a minority of fans who believe that they have a right to see, to talk with, ask favors of a star, no matter when it is or how he feels at that moment.

"'There are two incidents along this line I remember vividly. The first was when I was on my way to a hospital to see a friend who was very ill. Naturally, I was worried and upset. I ran into some fans who asked for an autograph. Ordinarily, I would have stopped. That day I couldn't. And one of the kids tore up a picture of me he had and threw it in my face. That hurt.

"'The second incident occurred the day of 'Rags' Roegland's funeral. 'Rags' was one of my best friends. I loved him. And of course I wanted to pay my last respects to him.

"'I got the directions mixed on where the funeral was to be. I thought it was at a little chapel on a street near M-G-M. When I found that closed, I drove to a gas station and asked what the score was. While I was discovering that the services were ten miles away, that I was bound to be late, a bunch of kids spotted me, tore across the street and demanded that I sign their books.

"'Sorry,' I said. 'I haven't got time today.'

"'I heard one of the kids—who, incidentally, had gotten my signature at least ten times and whom I knew by sight—call after me as I drove away, "Aw, you stinker."'"

The postscript to the story is that Van was too late to bid his friend goodbye. After another reflective pause, Van straightened up and smiled.

"But there are a lot of swell things," he repeated. "A tremendous lot of them! And a lot of swell people I'll never forget.'

"Tell me about them," I said.

"There's a wonderful old lady in Canada who makes me socks. There are the people all over the world who take the time to address a card to me at Christmas or Easter or my birthday. There is 'Mom' McAnn in San Diego, who bakes the most marvelous lemon pies I ever ate and ships them to me, who once knitted me a white cable-stitch sweater and some socks to match when she read I was going to Sun Valley to ski. That took hours and hours of precious time, I know. I wore the set with enormous pride. There is a group of kids at the Roxy Theater in New York who 'discovered' me long before anybody else cared. We still write and send little things to one another and I feel they are more than usually swell gang. They're what you call friends of a lifetime. I'll never forget them; they mean a lot to me.

"'There's Dorothy Warren, the daughter of California's governor, who somehow manages to send me a carton of gum a month because she read that I like gum. There's the Vagnoni family of Berryman's Lane, somewhere in Maryland, who knock themselves out to dream up sweet and funny little presents. At Easter once they sent a basket of colored eggs. One had my name on it; the others had the names of every picture I'd been in. And there are the many people who mailed St. Christopher medals to me when I was in the hospital, who wrote to say they were pulling for me to get well. I have a special place in my heart for them.

"'These things touch me. It isn't the fact that it's a gift of any sort, for the nice letters and cards hit the same warm spot. It's the fact that someone has taken the time to think of me at all, and has shown his loyalty in such a well-bred manner.

"'I may have sounded tough, talking about these things," Van remarked, suddenly. 'I didn't mean to. Honestly! For, as I said before, I was a fan first myself, and I still am.' He grinned again. 'I just sent in my check to that Joan Crawford club for 10 more years!'"

Then his face grew serious again and he spoke in earnest tones.

"I only hope my fans are as loyal as Joan's have been," he went on. "But I hope, too, that what I did as a fan when she was in New York years ago did not intrude on her personal life. I hope, instead, that I was the sort of fan she will remember with affection and gratitude, as I will always remember the hundreds of people who have been truly kind to me. They were and are, after all, the ones who gave me my stardom."

The End
Once back in Hollywood Gene came face to face with the crisis he had been stamping against in the East; a veteran's housing problem all his own. After he joined the Navy, his wife gave up the family home in Hollywood, little reckoning with the critical housing shortage to come. But with typical Kelly thoroughness, Gene now ferreted out a likely middle-aged house in Beverly Hills, into which the couple promptly moved, along with Kerry, three beds and a piano.

Betsy started on a furniture hunt, while Gene, to toll the nail shortage, tore down a workshop on the property and salvaged every nail with the exception of the protruberant. To start the remodeling process, the old roof was removed and a new shingle job put on, while Kerry sat quietly in a corner of the yard and sorted out the good used nails from the bad.

Gene begged, borrowed and wheedled enough lumber to build some cabinets and shelves, and he prides himself on the fact that he falls gracefully into that bracket commonly known as the helpful husband type. He's a wizard with fixtures, plumbing and odd jobs.

His modesty is a little overwhelming. He deprecates the fact that his brother, a successful dance director in his own right, is constantly referred to as Gene Kelly's brother. He says he could work from noon until Judgment Day and not be able to touch Fred Astaire's terpsichorean heights, although the Gene Kelly fan club would be happy to argue the point with him.

His modesty comes to a halt, however, on the subject of Betsy, of whom he is extremely proud. "She's a wonderful actress," he tells you, "and I want her to continue her career, as long as she can manage her family along with it." Betsy became a star in her first dramatic venture on Broadway, in the Saroyan piece, "The Beautiful People." Gene hopes she'll turn to the screen, so they can work together.

One of Gene's favorite people is director Gregory La Cava, who has "all the charm in the world." The fact that La Cava is at the helm of his current picture intimidates Gene a little, since it is La Cava's habit to shoot fright before every day's shooting and particularly before every dance number, even though he may have boned up on the routine for a couple of months.

While Gene enjoys acting, and is aiming for a director's berth in Hollywood, dancing remains his most constant love. "The only trouble with professional dancing," he says, "is that, by the time you reach the point of knowing all about it, you're getting too old really to do it justice. Besides that, it is constant work. And it gets harder with every year. Ask any prizefighter. He'll know what I mean."

The End

Don't Miss
A Date With
Lon McCallister
in July Movieland

(Continued from page 59)
Another important thing to steer clear of is extravagance, Shirley insists—a difficult thing for a star to do in Hollywood, where everyone knows what sort of salary you are getting and expects you to live on a comparable scale.

"I keep a very careful household budget. I think that's a good thing for everyone to do, particularly for movie people. I don't think film stars should let the amount of money they make change their way of living too much, and my father always taught me to stay within my allowance."

Jack, too, is an actor, or rather studying to be one (Shirley thinks it important that both partners to a Hollywood marriage be in the same profession "so that you have something to talk about"), but obviously his salary is not on the same scale as his young wife's. Nevertheless, she manages the house on his income. Her father still acts as her business manager, and sees that she keeps well within her own allowance, which takes care of her clothes and personal expenses.

"A lot of people laugh at me and say I'm tight, and Jack gets embarrassed sometimes. But honestly it works fine: I run the house and Jack pays the bills. I have a Scottish maid, Margaret to help me (I do need help when I work), and I taught Margaret to cook."

"I think good food and a well-run household are important in any marriage if you want your husband to be satisfied."

Shirley finds another thing to avoid too much night-clubbing.

"Some people here go out night after night, even when they're working—in fact, I've seen some stars dancing and drinking right up to the time their baby was due. I think that's awful.

"Jack and I go to Ciro's or some place like that perhaps once a month. I put on evening dress and we make a big date of it. That way we never get bored, as lots of the film crowd do."

The essentials for a happy marriage between two stars, Shirley believes, are the same as for any successful partnership. You must develop a good sense of humor. You must like each other's friends and relatives. You must be sincere, and—if you want to avoid an awful lot of trouble—you must never tell even the smallest fib.

"I'm extremely, and hope more important in Hollywood, is a similarity of tastes and interests between husband and wife. Both Agar enjoys books and music and going to the movies."

"I find you have to learn to do lots of things you've never done before, though, if you want to make the most of your marriage," Shirley says. "I've never cared for football, for instance, but Jack is mad about it. And I go to so many parties with him I'm gradually becoming a fan myself. I'm taking golf lessons, too, to keep up with Jack, who's really a good player. But he's learning to like baseball, which I adore, so that makes us even. You see, it's very important for husbands and wives to share everything possible."

**Hollywood Marriages are Successful**

(Continued from page 45)

**Irene Dunne:**

Irene Dunne, one of the most beautiful and best-liked stars of all time (she is first on Elsa Maxwell's list of the world's ten great ladies), has been married to Dr. Francis Griffin—"and married most happily, I might add"—for many years. Her views on domestic bliss for a Hollywood star are therefore as sound as anyone's in filmdom.

"I think it's tremendously important never to let the first glow of marriage fade," she says. "You see, too often people fall in love and begin to take each other for granted."

"Which was the most difficult period of my marriage—the first five years, the middle or later part? Well, I'm probably a most fortunate person, but there just haven't been any difficult periods for me at all."

"You see, it's considered a great hazard by many people for a couple to be separated. We don't feel that way about it; that's why I say we're lucky. If we brooded over each other's absence it would be a difficult situation, but luckily we are both highly interested in our careers. Certainly it's sad for us to be separated, but think of the fun it is when we get together again! I think that helps to keep the romance and interest in our marriage always fresh."

"I fully agree with the columnist who suggested that working hours be rearranged so that movie people arrive at the studios at noon and work straight through to 7:30, lunching from a buffet on the set. In that way you'd be able to see something of your family in the evenings, sleep late and have an hour or so free to spend with them before leaving for work in the morning. A great many broken marriages would be saved that way. I know one actress who complains that she practically has to be reintroduced to her daughter after every picture, she sees so little of her."

"As to the husband of a feminine film-star, he must, above all else, have complete confidence in his wife. Without that there can be no harmony. He mustn't interfere with his wife's way of running her own life, and he should forbear from criticizing unless he's specifically asked for advice. Then it should be good; constructive, and intelligent. After all, his wife would hardly begin telling him how to run his business, and if she didn't know better she wouldn't be a star. "I know how ill-considered and spiteful criticism has wrecked many a promising Hollywood marriage," Miss Dunne says.

"Also I think it's essential for the husband to have his own full-time interests in some business, preferably one completely removed from the stage or screen world. He can't be a bookworm, no matter how much she loves him—sooner or later his wife will lose respect for him."

Scandal is admittedly a bad handicap in Hollywood, but Irene has her own rule for dealing with that.

"Don't ever gossip yourself! That automatically eliminates ninety percent of your troubles; at least, that's my own experience. There's no subject of backbiting if you're never heard to say anything nasty about anyone."

"For the other ten percent: well, anyone in public life, and particularly in show business, has to expect some talk—or else they're on the way to being forgotten. But if what people say about you isn't so, how can it
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This woman was all right enough as a decoration, but what Lindsay Diane wanted was her nurse. Lindsay Diane opened her mouth. She began to yell for her nurse. She yelled good and loud. Tears ran down her cheeks. This was the first time in her life she had ever been without that nurse; she didn't like it. She made that plain.

Bette Hutton was in for a dandy twenty-four hours, but she didn't realize it yet. She had thought she was nurse to school her baby in the way that she should go. She didn't know that the baby was going to school her—and plenty. When the nurse left, Bette had said easily, “Have a wonderful time and don’t worry. This mother business is second nature to me. Buttercup and I will have a swell day. Besides, she sleeps all the time.”

That’s what Bette thought.

Buttercup wouldn't take her 2 o’clock feeding. She just wouldn’t—that’s all. She punched it away with her fists; she kicked it away with her feet. When Bette finally got the bottle in her mouth, Lindsay Diane refused to swallow the formula; in fact she sent most of it down her chin and onto her bib.

Finally Betty gave up. She studied the baby for signs of sleepiness. There weren't any.

Bette walked her through the house, introducing her daughter to points of interest. The only point of interest that intrigued Lindsay Diane was the nurse, who wasn’t there. She began to cry once more. Bette stung the baby in the bassinet, an act which provoked such a howl that Bette snatched her up again. The baby had won that round.

At six o’clock—four hours later—Bette was still entertaining her daughter, who had remained awake in oblivious hope of another floor show. Being stronger, Bette had managed to give her a bath but that was all. After her six o’clock bath, Lindsay Diane reluctantly dozed off. By that time Betty was a nervous wreck.

At eight-thirty Bette tried to nap, but it was hopeless. She kept hearing things. Was the baby coughing? Had she kicked off her blankets? Was she dry? Bette made fitty tip-toeing trips to the nursery.

She tried to read, but she couldn't follow the text. She tried to listen to the radio, but she couldn’t enjoy it because its sound might cover a cry from Lindsay. At eleven, the baby was supposed to have another feeding but it took a good deal of tickling her feet and rubbing a finger on her cheek to entice her from her engraving dreams. She took two ounces, and went off into sleep deep enough for herself and her mammas, too.

But at four A.M. she rejected a yowl that Bette brought, sand-eyed, from the nurse’s room. Lindsay had decided she was hungry, so the bottle had to be sterilized and heated, along with the formula. That chore finished, Lindsay went back to sleep while Betty, on guard, stood on the nursery window sill and watched the moon and the stars, sure the baby sky blew down.

When the nurse returned on Thursday afternoon, Betty went to bed and slept for twenty hours.

“Talk about the ‘Perils of Pauline,’” she told Ted afterward. “Nothing in the world can scare a mother as much as the sound of a slight change in the tempo of her child’s breathing! The things I’m learning!”

“Perils of Pauline” was the last picture Bette made before temporarily retiring for motherhood. As you probably know, it consists of a story within a story, telling the true story about Pearl White—yesteryear’s serial queen—while showing some of the cliff-hanging sequences from early pictures. Paramount officials are excited about it because the story’s unique and Bette is so good in it.

It is safe to assume that no girl in the world ever wanted a baby more than Bette Hutton Briskin wanted her brown-eyed daughter.

When she first knew she was going to have a baby, she pretended to want a son, simply because she thought Ted wanted a boy so badly. However, just two weeks before Betty went to the hospital, she slipped into Saks one afternoon to pick up two handmade dresses that she had ordered. One was quite long, made with a tucked yoke and a delicate lacey frill of lace. The other, shorter, was pleated and garnished with a knotted roseate of pink satin ribbon. Any male citizen who had allowed himself to be photographed in such gowns would have been forced to demonstrate, without further ado, grade school days or carry a pair of brass knuckles. Since Bette knew this—as anyone of her penetration certainly would—her secret hope for a daughter was revealed by the purchase.

In the hospital, as she was goggly coming out of the sedative, she asked the nurse, "Does Ted know that our baby is a girl? Did he seem to be disappointed?"

At the very moment later Betty was wheeled out of the delivery room and onto the elevator, bound for her own quarters. Ted was allowed to go along. Tenderly he bent down to kiss his wife and to thank her for Lindsay Diane. "Don't be disappointed, Teddy," Bette said haughtily. "We'll have another baby right away, and the next time it will be a boy!"

Friendly, Mr. Ted Briskin had told Bette the secret hope that there are no babies in the world except daughters. He and his daughter awakened at approximately the same terrifying hour of dawn. Betty squinches her eyes closed and clings to sleep with determination, but Ted hurries into the nursery to collect Lindsay Diane for a morning romp.

She was barely seven weeks old when Ted marched into the bedroom to awaken Betty with the exciting announcement, "The baby is talking. Listen to her.” Then to his chubby daughter he said, "Go on. Talk. Say the things you were discussing with me in the nursery.”

In a small, soft voice, Miss Briskin obeyed by cheping, "Phlig mloop kosq mimph.”

"That’s her away until she learns to speak English," muttered Bette.

The nursery windows look out upon a further fairyland. Betty Hutton Briskin’s home is in what many people consider to be the most desirable section of the Brentwood area. The house sits high on a bluff overlooking the Riviera polo field, and reaches the towering hills which overlook the Coastal Range.

"I’m practically the only household in the area who can tell you exactly how those hills look at every hour of the night," said Betty when the nurse returned late in the afternoon of the first 24-hour period during which Betty had taken full charge of her young daughter.

The End
MR. TYPICAL AMERICAN

(Continued from page 51)

has returned! And he's very welcome!"

Since that day, several months ago, the picture has been seen by a great many other Paramount employees, both high and low, and it's been "sneak previewed" in both Pasadena and Glendale. Always the reaction has been the same: "It's Bill Holden's show from start to finish."

This new success of 1939's "Golden Boy" will come as good news not only to Bill's legion of fans, but also to every GI Joe who worried, while wearing khaki, that his job wouldn't be waiting for him.

Actually, Bill doesn't resent those four years away from the camera, despite the fact that when he enlisted on April 17, 1942, he was rated as one of the finest young actors on the screen, with a long string of successes, among them "Our Town" and "I Wanted Wings," behind him.

He was only twenty, with two years of junior college to his credit, when Milt Lewis, the Paramount talent scout, spotted him at the Pasadena Playhouse, portraying a 70-year-old man in a play called "Manya." He was signed to a stock contract. It was just six months later that "Hollywood Variety," commemorating the fact that producer Harry Cohn's young wonder was practically a local boy, having lived in California since he was three, penned this historic bit of verse:

Columbia searched for their Golden Boy From Maine to Argentina, And then they found their Holden Boy, Right here in Pasadena.

"There are only a certain number of good roles open to an actor that young—unless, of course, he's content with juvenile leads, and I wasn't," Bill says. "I wanted meatier parts, things that would make people sit up and notice me. When Columbia sent me into "Arizona," opposite Jean Arthur, I had to grow a beard to conceal the fact that I was only twenty-two.

"You may click in your early twenties, but it isn't until 35 or 40 that you really hit your stride as an actor. Look at Fredric March. He's no younger, but he's a bigger star now than 15 years ago. He's learned technique and craftsmanship, and knows his trade from all angles, so that, no matter what the type, there's no role too difficult for him.

"That's the kind of career I want to have. I don't care whether I play a Western badman, a lanky juvenile or a psychopathic killer, just so the part is good and they don't try to type me. In Hollywood, as in anything else, you can't find a substitute for experience."

Actually, Bill needn't worry about falling into a rut, for, since completing "Dear Ruth," he's done "Blaze of Noon," a highly technical film, and knows his trade far better than most of the younger "pros" who are out, audiences will have three entirely different views of the Holden ability.

Not is it in his career alone that Bill Holden gives evidence of his maturity, for although it's nearly six years since he and film actress Brenda Marshall were married, they are, in his own words, "happier than ever."

(Continued from page 109)
IT'S JUNE AND JIMMY NOW  
(Continued from page 29)

s turround ed by her fellow Bobby soxers.

After the first band number, Evelyn came
backstage on tiptoe, her eyes enormous, her
breathing uneven. Pointing to Jimmy as he
stood in the wings, she gasped, "Junie, who
is that dazzling man? Oh, he's so wonderful!
We're all crazy about the way he plays
trumpet, and about him."

June started to say, "Don't be silly. That's
only Jimmy Zito, a very nice boy." Then she
looked again. briskly she told her sister,
"Jimmy Zito is one of the best trumpet players
in the business, but don't get a crush on him.
After all, he's years too old for you."

The band moved on to the Metropolitan
Theater in Houston, Texas, to do six shows
every week day, and seven on Sunday. This
tight schedule made the usual horseback
riding and tennis impossible, so Jimmy and
June saw the picture playing the theater
that week, which happened to be, appropri-
ately enough, "Orchestra Wives."

"Serenade In Blue" became their theme
song. After they had seen the picture for the
tenth time, Jimmy murmured, "Being an
orchestra wife isn't such a bad life. You see
a lot of country, you hear a lot of music,
you get to meet your friends are people in the same business who speak your
language. How'd you like to be an
orchestra wife, Junie?"

Junie said she thought it would be won-
derful when each had established a head-
line career. And when they were a little
older.

Then the band was booked into the Trianon
in Los Angeles. The Havers, discussing their
future, decided to move to California. June,
Evelyn and Dorothy, with Mr. and Mrs.
Haver, packed up and started westward in
their car, only thirty minutes ahead of the
convertible driven by Jimmy. Across two
thousand miles of prairie, mountain and
desert, Jimmy drove like Ben Hur, without
once catching sight of the Haver car.

The Havers, having settled in Los Angeles,
decided to send June to school. Jimmy con-
tinued the tour with the band. Theirs was not
a tearful parting, because June was so taken
up with California, catching sight of celebri-
ties on the street and making plans for
school. However, after three or four days
of moping around the house, she said to her
mother, "I don't know what ails me. I don't
think this climate agrees with me."

Eventually the band returned to Los
Angeles, and Jimmy darted up the steps of the
Haver house to grab June's hands and repeat,
"You have to work tomorrow, so goodnight now."

Hal Klein said, "I've got news for you, Junie.
You have the best, the choicest engagements.
"You're in love with Jimmy aren't you?"

Jimmy gave her a long look. "You're
kidding, of course," he said.

June studied Jimmy's pleasant profile, his
crisp dark hair, the devoted brown eyes, the
reliable shoulders and the competent, sen-
tive hands. "No, I don't think I am," she said
very softly. "It might be a good idea."

Also having dinner at Sportsman's Lodge
were June's sister Evelyn and her beau, Jim
McNamara, who presently received a note
scribbled with an eyebrow pencil on the
inside of a match book. The message read,
"Las Vegas, here we come. Be home by
11:30 to go with us."

Not until Evelyn and Jim reached home
did they realize that there was a wedding
pending instead of a family party at the
northern resort. Jimmy wired The Flamingo,
Las Vegas' newest hotel, for reservations.
Then the cavalcade set out. Mr. and Mrs.
Haver were in one car, June and Jimmy in
his reluctant '41 Chrysler, Evelyn and Jim
McNamara in the third.

The wedding party parked at the license
bureau at 8:30 Sunday morning.

Because they hadn't had time to buy a
ring, they used a circlet—gold, set with three
stones—that Jimmy had received from his
mother years ago and had been wearing on
his little finger. June's adherence to tradition
had her wearing something old—an antique
lace handkerchief. Something new—her
blouse—which also satisfied the need for
something blue. Something borrowed was a
small safety pin.

As soon as "Scudda" finished, June will
join her husband in Chicago, and will travel
with him. For, from now on, it's going to be
June and Jimmy.
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“What else can you tell me about him?” I queried.

“He’s a splendid cook,” said Dorothy.

“Sometimes he stirs up wonderful meals. He taught me how to cook, but where he learned himself I haven’t the slightest idea. Something like his playing the drums.”

“The drums?” I asked.

“Yes,” she continued. “We were at a dance recently, and he climbed up on the orchestra stage and took over the drum section. He did a fine job too. I didn’t know until then that he could handle any kind of drum stick except the fried-chicken kind.”

“What was your first impression of him?” I asked.

“I thought he was extremely arrogant. We didn’t get along at all. He was young then. But now the years have caught up with him. He’s quite different. Of course, I’m crazy about him, and the kids are just wild about their daddy.”

I’d heard so many versions of how Bob had landed in movies that I asked him for his own.

“When Dorothy and I hit California by bus, we had $26 between us. My mother was out here, but she had even less money than we had. She had a chicken coop in the back yard; so I cleaned it up, put on a new roof and we moved in.”

“Then Dorothy found out she was going to have a baby. Figuring a chicken coop was no place to raise a family, we moved into Mom’s back porch. We paid for our first baby with money I got from unemployment insurance.”

“Then I really had to get to work. I went to an agent and asked for a job. He wanted to know if I could act. I said, ‘Why not? I can’t ever tell until I try.’ So he got me a small part in a ‘Hopalong Cassidy’ picture.”

“The old-timers knew I was a greenhorn. So the first thing that happened in my big screen debut was the guy palmed a trick horse off on me. I clambered aboard for my scene—and the nag threw me about forty feet. I picked myself off the ground, got on the horse and did my scene. After that, the horse and I got along fine.”

“I used to be a professional boxer. I got a lot of practice fighting during my courting days. I was a stranger in Dorothy’s town, and the local boys thought I was burning in on their territory when I started to rush the prettiest girl in the place. I had to con a few before they were convinced I had no intention of being shoed away. Guess I got cocky. I crawled into the ring with a guy I was sure I could beat. Instead, got my skull fractured.”

“He pulled his left eye lid down to show a scar he’d collected from the bout.”

“Guess I’m too impulsive,” he summed it up.

Though he claims to be a professional lazy man, people who work with Bob tell me that he wears them to shreds with his energy. What he doesn’t know is that at location, he got up regularly at five in the morning and went hunting or fishing until the remainder of the company woke up.

His wife says he averages about four hours of sleep a night.

“Insomnia,” Bob explains, “is an occupational disease that goes with picture-making.”

Despite his abundance of energy, he hates to be tied to schedules. Clocks annoy him, and he’s not overboard with respect for the powers-that-be. His own talent he freely de¬nies.

“The drums?” said he, “wait’ll you see that movie I made on loan-out. You’ve doubtless seen plenty of bad pictures, but this one is so horrible that it surpasses the imagination. I walk through it like a cluck.” Thus warming up to his subject, he proceeds to give you 101 reasons why seeing the film would be a waste of time made nine trips across the continent by freight train,” he said. “The only people interested in seeing me there were a flock of railroad bulls.”

Somebody should tell Bob that today even a detective would be glad to get his autograph. He’s still got to get used to the business of being famous.

The End
INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(Continued from page 12)

Ann Sheridan and Zachary Scott, who are co-starring in Warner Brothers’ “The Unfaithful,” recently celebrated their birthdays on the same day, and Zach also let his 12th wedding anniversary. The two Texans decided to do the party right, and had a birthday luncheon catered for all the members of the cast and crew, with titles set up right on the sound stage where the picture was shooting.

That night, Zach held a celebration at his new home, which was strictly an “Abbey Rents” party, inasmuch as Zach and his wife, Elaine, have just moved into a new house and the furniture there is almost non-existent; consequently tables and chairs were rented for the party from a local agency. They had the Mexican string trio at the evening affair, too.

As a gag gift, Ann presented Zach with a book on How To Send Smoke Signals. .. Zach not having been able to get a telephone in the new Scott home.

We hear that Deanna Durbin will move over to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot with Joseph Pasternak as her producer, after the expiration of her contract with Universal-International (where she’s now shooting “For The Love Of Mary”). It was under Pasternak’s wing that Deanna first achieved stardom.

Tyro Power called upon Annabella early in the morning of the day she left Hollywood with her mother on a trip to France. After helping her finish packing, he said his goodbyes and then took over the house (which was given Annabella in their property settlement) for a few weeks, while he searches for suitable quarters for himself. Both Annabella and Ty declared that neither of them has any plans for a divorce. Ty, incidentally, is being considered for the lead in “Nightmare Alley,” in which he would have to portray an unmitigated heel.

Esther Williams and Ben Gage have bought themselves a plot of land near Acapulco, Mexico, on which they plan to build a hideaway.

For his role in Warner Brothers’ “Whiplash,” in which he’ll stage three major boxing matches, Dane Clark has started his road work under the supervision of Trainer Mushy Callahan (former world’s junior welterweight champion). Dane’s conditioning includes daily work-outs at an old race track across the river from the studio, and studio commissary lunches of clear soup and tea one day, two apples and tea the second day, and carrots and raisins the third day.

Following his track work, Dane will transfer his activities to the studio gymnasium for the boxing and footwork phases of his conditioning. All of which is still another example of the “easy” life of a movie star...

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Inside Hollywood
(Continued from page 12)

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(Continued from page 12)

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(Continued from page 12)
One Woman's Praise

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to yours or any magazine but I just couldn't hold off any longer. I'm so glad you printed that article on “My Idea of a Beautiful Woman is Jane Russell.” Jane is the most beautiful specimen of healthy womanhood I've seen in quite a few years. Her wholesome vitality and beauty are enough to set any man's heart going like sixty! You may think it strange for another woman to be so loud in her praise of Jane but I'm simply crazy about Miss Russell.

Barbara Tabor

Bluefield, West Virginia

Good for Children

Gentlemen:

If Hollywood really wants to know something, it is contributing greatly to juvenile delinquency by the continuous output of murder mysteries. It is a great problem for parents whose teen-age children want to see them all. One creditable thing a local theater did recently was to bring back one of Shirley Temple's early pictures for a Saturday matinee. Why can't more of these pictures be shown for our children to see. Many mothers feel even stronger than I do about this matter, yet like myself, seldom take time to voice a protest. Let's do something to bring about better movies for children's shows.

Mentor, Ohio

Mrs. R. E. Ives, Jr.

Dear Editor:

Let's cut out some of the kissing and love making in our movies . . . that's the reason kids like Westerns. They aren't full of kisses and romance. The kids like a good story better than I do. Let me say firsthand, however, that there are a few good movies being made today.

C. T. Fritchard

Chattanooga, Tenn.

English Fan

Dear Sir:

A friend sent me a copy of Movieland and I thought you might like to know how much an English girl enjoys your very interesting magazine. I especially liked your colored pictures of Van Johnson and Peter Lawford as these are two favorites of mine along with Alan Ladd and Dennis Morgan. I would like American movie fans to know how much we appreciate their films and stars, especially when it's a performance by Betty Davis, Joan Fontaine, June Allyson, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Ingrid Bergman.

Miss Lillian G. Smith

Cheshire, England

In Behalf of Boris

Dear Editor:

For 17 of my 22 years of moviegoing, my favorite character actor has been Boris Karloff. But he never appears on the screen without wigs and make-up. I think it a shame to subject a fine actor like Karloff to "B" horrors where there are top-notch psychological chillers coming out of Hollywood like hot cakes. Don't you honestly believe that Boris is qualified to act in the "biggies" turned out by such men as Nunnally Johnson, Dore Schary, Adrian Scott, Alfred Hitchcock, Fritz Lang, Robert Siodmak and John Brahm? I've never seen character actors Claude Raines, Clifton Webb, George Sanders, Peter Lorre and Charles Coburn (except for "Green Years") appear on the screen with wigs and make-up. Don't you agree with me that Karloff is just as capable of straight acting as they are?

Jean Malone

St. Louis, Mo.

Poem for Vivian

Dear Editor:

Take your Grable, Haver and Crain, And give me luscious Vivian Blaine; She sings, dances, looks beautiful too. As witnessed in "Three Little Girls in Blue." In "Wake up and Dream," Haver's cute, But in "Nob Hill" Viv's really a beauty! In "Margie" some thought Crain was ducky, But give me Vivian in "If I'm Lucky." In "Shocking Miss Pilgrim" Grable's fair But "Doll Face" showed Vivian beyond compare.

Jim Myhart

Vancouver, Washington

Dear Editor:

I went to a show the other night and was so tired and cross after a three-quarter-hour wait that I couldn't enjoy the picture. Isn't there any smart theater manager who can devise a comfortable fair system of seating theater patrons. I saw people get seats who had only stood a few minutes while others were kept waiting a long time.

Timothy Lee

Hartford, Conn.

Dear Editor:

Has anybody noticed that the technicolor cartoons are getting sillier and sillier? Time was when you couldn't match a Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck or any of their type for good comedy, clever touches and catchy dialogue. But now they're so overdrawn and boring, I try to sleep through them.

John Derby

Kansas City, Mo.

Address all communications to Editor, Movieland, 555 5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
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What originality characterizes his dance plots? The scene in which he does a terpsichorean routine on the girders of an unfinished dream-house is worth your week’s movieland allowance.

He teeters on a block and tackle, totters on ladders, sure-footed, sure-fire Gene!

Marie McDonald has been bruited about a bit in the columns. She is known as “The Body”. Her curves are classic and where she walks, one hears a whisper.

In addition to Gene and Marie, you will see Charles Winninger, Phyllis Thaxter, Spring Byington, and others.

Gregory La Cava, the director, is also the author, collaborating with Irving Ravetch. Pandro S. Berman, one of our better producers, is the producer.

When William James, the philosopher, was asked, “Is life worth living?” he said, “It all depends on the liver”. And if the liver “living in a big way”, then life has its worth. So roam the Lion among philosophers—

MOVIELAND APPLAUDS

CALIFORNIA. WE WON’T COME by Fredda Dudley

LESSONS IN LIVING by Dr. Ernest Dichter, Ph.D.

A GODMOTHER FOR DUSTY (Roy Rogers Jr.) by Helen Hover

YOUR HOLLYWOOD by the Editors

ON THE TOWN WITH JANIE AND JOE

PICTORIAL MOVIELAND

COVER—Gregory Peck

EVERYTHING JANET BLAIR WEARS

HOLLYWOOD’S MOST BEAUTIFUL BODY?

RIDING WITH THE GREGORY PECKS

THE INSEPARABLE MASONS (James and Pamela Mason)

SCENE OF THE MONTH from “Repeat Performance”

PRIZE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

DEPARTMENTS

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD by Ann Daggett

WHAT’S SHOOTING

YOUR FAN CLUB by Carol Whelchel

THE REVIEWER’S BOX

WORDS OF MUSIC by Jill Warren

TALENT SCHOOL by Ben Piazza

CAN I HELP YOU? by Alice Benton

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

KEEP COOL AND LOVELY by Julia Ransom

HOLLYWOOD WANTS TO KNOW

TWENTY-FOUR DOLLAR QUESTION ON DANA ANDREWS

DO YOU WRITE LIKE MARIA MONTEZ?

SINCERELY YOURS by Ann Daggett
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Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
Never a dull moment in Hollywood! Here's the latest gossip as the stars work and have fun.

By ANN DAGGETT

Katie Hepburn, Jimmie Stewart and Cary Grant, serious for the moment, as they study scripts for CBS' "Screen Guild Players" broadcast.

**It's on! It's off! It's hot! It's cold! We're speaking of the Lana Turner—Tyrone Power romance, which last month was reported to be just about a thing of the past. Now, however, intimates tell us that the only thing keeping Lana and Ty from the altar is the lack of divorce on Ty's part. He probably now wishes he had arranged his divorce before Annabella sailed for Europe...**

**Hard-working Gregory Peck—he's finishing "The Paradine Case" for David O. Selznick, and then he'll go into "Gentleman's Agreement" at 20th Century-Fox—so rarely gets a vacation, that his latest one almost was too much to handle. Confronted with a three weeks' rest between pictures, Greg called up the studio publicity department and asked, "Just what does a guy do on a vacation?"... Which should be a new height of something-or-other...!

**John Wayne soon will be Hollywood's newest triple-threat man. Now that he's established as a star, and had his fling at producing (he is producing and starring in "Tycoon" with Laraine Day), he wants to go in for directing.**

"But," said he, "I'll also stick to acting as long as I can." John, incidentally, is known universally as "Duke," his nickname since college days. When he first reported to work as a producer, his associates decided he deserved at least the formality of "John" in addressing him. But after vainly trying to attract his attention with "John" or "Mr. Wayne," the boys gladly slipped back to "Duke" again, which was the only name the producer really associated with himself...
At Atwater Kent's party, Lon McCallister does a neat balancing act with a tray of canapes for highly appreciative Peggy Ann Garner.

Evidently Rita Hayworth hasn't suffered much since her break-up with Orson Welles. Her romance that blossomed at Palm Springs with David Niven now seems hotter than our California weather. Rita, who had plans of accompanying Orson to Europe before their marital collapse, returned from the desert with ideas of still making the trip—but not with Welles. We wonder if it could be because Niven also is due to return to England soon to make a picture . . . ?

Don't be worried about Perry Como's pulling out of his 20th Century-Fox contract—it doesn't mean he's quitting motion pictures. Perry simply didn't like the type of roles 20th was giving him (his last picture was "If I'm Lucky"—remember?), and asked for his release . . . .

Clark Gable, who has been pictured in love scenes in about every conceivable kind of place, really found himself in a tight spot in one scene for "The Hucksters" over at Metro. He had to make love to Ava Gardner . . . in a telephone booth . . . !

Frank Sinatra, who recently created movie history with the announcement of his latest screen role (see MOVIELAND APPLAUD, page 81), tells us he would really like to play in a re-make of "The Jazz Singer"—one of the first talkies, which brought fame to Al Jolson.

"The trouble is," says Frankie, "every time the story's written for The Jazz Singer it comes out The Jolson Story!"

Many movie fans wonder why Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. doesn't play in remakes of his father's old pictures. Doug recently told us why he would never attempt such a thing. "To me," he explained, "those films my father made were perfect. I know I could never equal his performance, so why try anything at which you feel that—at the
Lucille Ball (whose last picture was with John Hodiak in "Two Smart People") told us why she and her band-leader husband, Desi Arnaz had to get rid of her pet cow, "Duchess." "Duchess" was just one day old when Lucille and Desi bought her, and was raised just like a puppy, with the run of the Arnaz place. It was all very cute at first, but lo and behold! time passed, and "Duchess" eventually put on 2700 pounds! At five o'clock one morning, Duchess got lonesome in her corral, so she cleared the fence, trotted up to the house, and jumped right through the bedroom window, shattering the glass in her entrance.

"We thought an earthquake had struck the house," Lucille said, "but when we got the lights on, there was Duchess standing in our bedroom, placidly chewing her cud. Desi and I sent her to a dairy farm, and paid her board for a year. I went to visit her there one day, and Duchess looked at me very sadly—and then suddenly slurped her tongue over my face, almost knocking me backwards. That was just too much! A ton of beef coming at you from any direction is not a thing to fool with... so we finally had to sell her..."

We wonder why Errol Flynn is ducking the press. When trying to peddle his last book, Errol couldn't have been more cooperative with newspaper people, but now...

Van Heflin should have received an Oscar for it! While attending a neighborhood children's party, Vana, his little daughter, was urged to go home and get her famous father. When Van arrived, the children drafted him to read "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" aloud. And so the tough guy of "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" read the fairy tale, taking all four title roles—and giving each of them all he had in talent...

John Hodiak tells us he's fed up with playing heavies in motion pictures, and we wouldn't be surprised if he stages an open revolt against doing any more of them...

Ivan Kirov, star of Ben Hecht's "Spectre Of The Rose," is well on the road to recovery after being hospitalized by a back injury received when dancing...

Jane Withers tells us that she'll do a play this summer, to open on the West Coast, and then move to Broadway...

And the reason why Peggy Ann Garner had to turn down that play—"Alice In Wonderland"—after she had set her heart on doing it was that the producer wanted her for a "run-of-the-play" contract. Her studio thought a picture might come up for her while the play was still running, and so refused its permission for Peggy to do the play...

After his success in Enterprise's "Ramrod," Joel McCrea is back with his boots and saddles, but this time he straddles a bull, as well as horses. In Joel's next picture, "They Passed This Way" (also an Enterprise Production), he must do an escape ride across the Mexican border, and the script calls for him to take off on a bull, since a horse's tracks might be more easily followed. Joel's been practicing bull-riding at his ranch, and from what we hear it isn't easy...

In David O. Selznick's "Portrait of Jenny," Jennifer Jones is attempting something a bit different from her last role as the fiery half-bred in "Duel In The Sun." She is portraying a girl at five different ages—and without the benefit of makeup! That we must see...

Dorothy Lamour (Bob Hope's "Favorite Brunette") recently received a gorgeous gift from her husband, Bill Howard, for their fourth wedding anniversary: a diamond clip in the shape of the figure "4"...

Talk of filming the life of Jean Harlow has brought a load of fan mail, the bulk of which is plugging Ann Sheridan for the role...

We understand that the screen's "toughest guy" wasn't so tough when he ran into the fist of an Irish star at a recent Hollywood party...

Judy Garland (who's still working in "The Pirate" at MGM) is already starting her one-year-old daughter, Liza, into being a fashion-plate. Judy's having Don Loper, the famous designer, make the baby's hats...
BARBARA STANWYCK and DAVID NIVEN
in the daring unpublished story by ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
who wrote "Arch of Triumph"

THE OTHER LOVE

Presented by ENTERPRISE STUDIOS

with RICHARD CONTE

GILBERT ROLAND • JOAN LORRING • LENORE AUBERT • MARIA PALMER
NATALIE SCHAFER • Screen Play by Ladislas Fodor and Harry Brown
Adapted from the short story "Beyond" by Erich Maria Remarque
Directed by ANDRE de TOOTH • DAVID LEWIS Production
June Havoc and John Hodiak were among those sipping champagne at Don Loper's party. Larry Parks seems to be admiring his clear-eyed wife—a conviction shared by many.

CONTINUED

"Robin Hood of Texas," and Gene had to kiss her in order to throw the badmen off the trail. . . .

After finishing "Tycoon" with John Wayne, Laraine Day will take her three children to New York, where she plans to remain the rest of the year with her Leo "Lippy" Durocher. Laraine's next picture was to have been "Alice Adams," but production has been shelved indefinitely. When it eventually does go into production, it probably will be filmed at RKO-Radio's new studios in New York. . . .

Few people appreciate the actual agony motion picture players endure when wearing strange makeup. Agnes Moorehead is playing a 105-year-old woman in Walter Wanger's "The Lost Love," at Universal-International. To get her looking that old requires four hours of make-up application. This means she must report to the studio at six o'clock in the morning, and remain for the whole day with her flesh pinched and twisted out of all normal shape.

We couldn't catch what Walter Pidgeon was telling Mrs. Bill Rankin at the Atwater Kent party but she certainly seems to be enjoying it. Incidentally, Walt has a reputation as a wit.

Hurd Hatfield certainly was wrapped up in Angela Lansbury. Eyes for no one else!

John Payne danced almost exclusively with his Gloria DeHaven at Atwater Kent's party.

Bob Hope and Tony Martin make with harmony at Tony's party. Guests loved it.
Frank Sinatra, for his decision to play the role of Father Paul, humble priest of "The Miracle of the Bells." Those astute producers, Jesse L. Lasky and Walter MacEwen, deserve huzzahs, too, for their perspicacity in offering Sinatra this plum. Our spies tells us Frankie told friends he would play Father Paul "for free" if he could get the part. And he meant it! Frankie has announced that he will contribute his entire salary for playing the role of Father Paul to a number of charities which are in need of funds, regardless of race, creed or religion.

It certainly is inspirational casting to entrust the part to Frank Sinatra, and it is noteworthy that he will not sing in the film. We predict Frankie will portray the simple, spiritual priest with all the warmth and understanding he possesses. We congratulate everyone who had a part in bringing this fine actor and this fine role together.

Irene Dunne, for so many reasons that there is scarcely room to list them all. First, for keeping faith with her public, for in real life Miss Dunne is every inch the fine and gallant lady she portrays on the screen; second, for lending her name to so many humane and just causes, and we mention particularly her untiring work in the Cancer Drive; third, for always giving a superlative performance in the roles she plays. When you see her in "Life With Father" you'll applaud too—until your hands tingle!

The New Trend that includes such pictures as "Crossfire," "Earth and High Heaven," "Focus," which turn the searchlight on racial discrimination. We especially applaud Mr. Darryl Zanuck, who announces "Gentlemen's Agreement" is on his list of new productions. This is the much-discussed story of a newspaper reporter who poses as a Jew in order to expose Anti-Semitism. Another future picture in the same tradition is "That Hagen Girl," which dramatizes small-town bigotry.

Hollywood can do much to bring enlightenment and the true spirit of Americanism and Democracy to the world. It is heart warming to see how the motion picture industry is meeting the challenge.

M.G.M., for giving Van Johnson a contract commensurate with his talents. In round numbers, it is an agreement for seven years; fifty-two weeks, no options, at $5200 each week plus a $100,000 bonus to buy a home in Santa Monica. Over the seven-year period, his film salary will total $1,892,000; with bonus his earnings will fall just short of two million dollars. Van Johnson has proven he is no flash-in-the-pan. He is a solid performer with a tremendous following and there is no man in pictures with a more sincere attitude toward the public and his work. Measured in the pleasure he brings to millions and the huge returns his presence in a picture brings to the box office, Van Johnson is worth every cent he earns.

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BECAUSE it's "that time of month" do you stay out of the water pretending you don't care? You do care and others are likely to know it. So why not use Tampax and take your swim? Women everywhere now are doing just that. . . . Tampax is modern sanitary protection worn internally. There are no belts, outside pads or anything else that can show. In bathing suit wet or dry, you are safe from the most watchful eyes.

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We visited three sets over at Warner Brothers, each of which was a masterpiece of design. "Two Guys From Texas" is shooting on Stage 7, the largest sound stage on the lot. (Several years ago, when it was decided that the stage wasn't high enough, rather than remove the roof and raise the walls, studio engineers jacked up the entire structure, and inserted additional walls underneath . . . !) The entire stage was designed to represent a glamorous dude ranch in Texas, and it certainly achieved the effect.

The sprawling ranch house, complete with seven fireplaces (the largest of which easily could hold an entire steer), was beautifully constructed, while the surrounding back-walls were covered with a painted sky backing that was perfect.

In one corner of the stage, studio set men erected a miniature desert, so proportioned that it looked as if miles of actual desert country stretched before one's eyes. Even the sagebrush and rocks were placed in positions so that the perspective effect was remarkable. And the entire set was blazing with color. The picture is being shot in Technicolor. During our visit Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan were doing their usual cut-ups between scenes, while a Western cowboy band entertained the company.

"The Treasure of the Sierra Madres" company is now down in Mexico for six weeks' shooting on location, but before it left we witnessed some of the shots made at the studio. Several weeks ago, Director John Houston and Art Director John Hughes spent a month in Mexico shooting various areas they wished to reproduce for filming on the lot. The studio sound stage contained an entire Mexican village street. A barroom, and shoe store were constructed in exact detail.

We watched a fight scene being filmed, with Humphrey Bogart and Tim Holt battling against a rather beaten-up Barton MacLane, and it was one of the most realistic sequences we've ever seen.

For "The Voice of the Turtle," an entire apartment was constructed—living room, bedroom, kitchenette, bath and foyer—and it was most inviting (we were told there at—
ready was a waiting list for the next "vacancy"). Ronald Reagan, Eleanor Parker, Eve Arden and Wayne Morris were shooting, seemed much "at home" in the apartment.

We visited RKO-Radio's "Tycoon" company on location up at Lone Pine, and watched a mighty impressive scene being filmed. Studio engineers had erected an entire mining town at the side of a mountain, complete with railroad tracks and trains. A tremendous canvas stage was constructed around one half of the mountain, for indoor shooting in case of inclement weather. And with the script demanding a tunnel in the mine, instead of boring a tunnel, RKO built a tunnel—extending part of the mountain out over a framework...! The particular sequence we saw, was a night shot of the miners blasting, and the photography should be wonderful on the screen—in Technicolor. John Wayne and Laraine Day, who co-star in the picture, were really working hard...

Back on the RKO lot, "Mourning Becomes Electra" (from Eugene O'Neill's great play) is in full swing, with a remarkable assembly of players. So far, the cast includes Rosalind Russell, Michael Redgrave, Raymond Massey, Katina Paxinou, Leo Genn, Henry Hull, Nancy Coleman, Kirk Douglas and Sara Allgood. We watched the scene in which Rosalind Russell repudiates her mother, played by Katina Paxinou, in front of the beautiful mansion erected on Stage 15.

The estate is one of the finest set designing jobs we've seen. It includes the mansion itself, a large front yard with several trees and benches, and a lovely greenhouse containing many plants and flowers.

Shooting hadn't begun yet on "Whispering Smith" at Paramount, but we did get a chance to watch Alan Ladd (who is starring in the picture with Robert Preston and Brenda Marshall) practicing up on his "six-shooter" work. We went out to the Ladd ranch where Pascale Peny, nationally known rifle and pistol marksman, was 'putting Ladd through the paces. (Perry is Technical Adviser on the picture, which features some fine gun play.) William Demarest, who also has a role in the movie, was with Ladd during the lessons but merely as an on-looker. After several hours' workout, it looked as if Alan Ladd will be pretty fast on the draw...

We spent some time in the music-recording stage at Universal-International, watching Deanna Durbin and Jan Peerce record their songs for the soundtrack of "Something in the Wind" (which once was called "For the Love of Mary"). Deanna, incidentally, will sing six songs in the picture—the most she's ever done in one movie—and all of them are beautiful. (Her one number, "The Turntable Song," sounded like a surefire hit!)

During the beginning of the recording session, we in the control room noticed the sound of a cat mewing whenever Peerce sang, and no one could understand where the noise was coming from. Proceedings were halted, while a careful search was made of the entire stage: walls opened—but no cat! After forty-five minutes of searching, the animal finally was discovered beneath the orchestra stage but before it could be caught, the cat ran within the projection booth and hid. Fortunately, its mewing couldn't be heard from there, and the recording continued after what was estimated to be about a $1,500 delay.

The End
**BAREBACK-BOLERO...** sweet double-feature with heavenly white eyelets "winking" round the edges of pockets, bodice, sleeves! Two-dresses-in-one to fit perfectly into any role for day time or date time.

The enchanting camisole-top dress with dirndlish skirt is a "natural" for soaking up the sun... add the brief bolero top and, flash!... you've a clever cover-up style for town. Made of cool, wiltless rayon linen in: aqua, navy, lime or melon. Sizes 9 to 17.

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Hi, Fans!
Are you piling up points for YOUR club in the Journal Contest?

by Carol Whelchel

* First on the agenda is our contest, which started off with a bang, and of course that's just what we expected! The journals coming in are such terrific jobs that we know there's going to be a lot of stiff competition. There are those other features with which to gain points, too.

Those journals mean 50 points, you know, with 25 going for the club cooperating most with MOVIELAND, 25 for the most noteworthy contribution to a charity and 25 for that extra-special article picked from one of the point-winning journals! The club tallying the most points will win a full spread in "Your Fan Club." The entire column will be devoted to publicizing the winner's club, complete with pics of the honorary and active prexies. It could be YOU!!!

**FAN-FUN**

Buzzed out to Warner Bros. studio with Patricia Semenetz, guiding light of the Janis Paige group, to meet the lovely Janis. This was their first get-together since the club's organization and both had a lot of fun getting acquainted while our photog was busy snapping those cute pics of the two.

Back to the Hollywood CBS Studio where Jack Carson played host to the Los Angeles group of Carson clubbers at his radio show.

The Los Angeles group of Carson Clubbers is entertained by their hero, Jack Carson (center), at his popular CBS radio show. Plans are under way to make these meetings monthly affairs.
Janis Paige (right) gives prexy Patricia Simonez “the works” in beauty tips to take back to the Janis Paige Fan Club members.

Vice-prexy Jeanne Morgan (who presides over the meetings, since prexy Loretta Verbin is a San Franciscan) tells me that these get-togethers will be monthly affairs.

Gwen Littlefield, who prexies the June Allyson group so well, has organized a club for up-and-coming Drew Miller. Seems Gwen and staff were undecided about just whom to choose as honorary prex, so they put the names of all returning movie vets in a bowl and DREW! (Pun!) Their main object right now is to make Mr. Miller’s name known to fans, and they’re planning all sorts of campaigns to make it so! Ward from Dot Martin informs us that the Dick Powell club, active before the war, will be re-organized right away! All former mems and new Powell fans will be welcome. Dot would like to hear from you soon!

OUT OF THE MAILBAG

The first edition of the Horace McNally journal was tops, and Horace came through with just about the prize honorary letter we’ve read. The Bill Williams Bulletin was clever, newsy and very interesting. This club is out for an extensive membership, with prexy Joyce Chandler staging drives and campaigns—with lots of grand prizes!

The D-4 Review, from Alice Marquilles’ Don DeFore corner, was a choice issue, containing up-to-the-minute news on Don’s “reel” and real life.

INCIDENTALLY:

If you’ve entered the ranks of active prexies and want your club listed in MOVIELAND’s files, just let us have a look-see at your letter of permission from the star. We’ll return the letter to you, of course. When you’re wondering if Cy Power or Joan Crawford has a club, just send us your query, plus a self-addressed stamped envelope. We love to give a new club a boost (do let us know when we can help!) and keep the old ones runnin’ smoothly—so if it’s info. you’re wanting, just drop us a line. Carol Whelchel, c/o Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif.
California, We Won’t Come!

By FREDDA DUDLEY

It’s not that you’re not wanted—
BUT Hollywood just is not prepared for company this year!

Lunchtime at the Brown Derby, you may see Ben Gage and Esther Williams—if you get a table!

Judging from the fan mail pouring into every studio daily, the entire American population cherishes an ambition to visit Hollywood this summer. Nothing could terrify Hollywood more, not even Ponce de Leon’s discovery in reverse.

Ordinarily visitors are welcomed with open arms, but 1947 is a rough year. The Southland would like to amend the first line of its favorite song to read, “California, we won’t come, we’re staying in the town we started from . . .”

Anyone determined to make the trip should consider three vital facts: There is no place to stay in Los Angeles and environs; transportation is more difficult in this city than in any other in the world; NO MOTION PICTURE STUDIO IS ACCEPTING VISITORS.

The world-famous hotels in Los Angeles and Hollywood informed this reporter that only regular patrons who were known to the management were now accepted, and that every room was booked during the months of July, August, September and October. Furthermore, most of these hotels will accept a guest for a maximum of five days. The most lenient will allow a guest to remain two weeks (at ten dollars per day minimum).

It is obvious, then, that UNLESS you have relatives or friends who have invited you to be their guest, you would be unable to find lodging. Even if you plan to drive cross-country, your chances of finding a motel are slight as this reporter’s check showed most motels filled with permanent guests. Those catering to transients asked a minimum of $3.50 per day, per person.

The cheapest room, in an indifferent neighborhood, was listed at $8.00 per week for a single person; $9.00 for two.

The cheapest room, in an indifferent neighborhood, was listed at $8.00 per week for a single person; $9.00 for two.
$2.10 each way, including tip. California distances are incredible, and the traffic is the heaviest per capita in the world.

**BUT:**
If you have a place to stay and someone to supply transportation, there are still some things about Hollywood in the summer of 1947 that you should know. **YOU WON’T BE ABLE TO GO THROUGH A STUDIO BECAUSE OF THE STRIKE, WHICH DOES NOT NOW SUGGEST EARLY SETTLEMENT.**

You will find everything expensive, particularly if you have been accustomed to small-town prices. Even dinner at a drugstore counter costs from eighty-five cents up.

You will probably not meet the man of your dreams, because there are now 87,000 more women than men in Los Angeles.

**YET:**
If you are still convinced that this is your 1947-California year, here is some well-meant advice, and a list of important cautions:

**DO:**
Make the trip only if you have a minimum of four hundred dollars to spend in two weeks, in addition to your transportation cost.

Travel light. Wear a tailored suit, flat-heeled walking shoes (your feet will probably swell because of the low altitude), gloves, a simple blouse, and a sport hat. A big over-shoulder bag will be a boon. Carry a medium-weight coat because California nights are always cool. Bring two extra blouses and plan to buy two more (the laundries are slow). Bring two simple black, navy blue or print dresses, and a pair of high-heeled slippers for wear in the evening. Unless your friends are social, you will have no use for a formal. Plan to buy your beach togs and a pair of dark glasses in California.

Visit the Farmer’s Market, Bullock’s Wilshire, China Town, Olvera Street, the Bit of Sweden Restaurant (Smorgasbord, which includes all you can eat, is only $1.25 plus tax and a fifteen percent tip). And do stroll up and down the streets of Beverly Hills where you are likely to see the celebrities you won’t be able to glimpse in the studios.

Plan to take three Tanner Motor Tours: one through Bel Air & Brentwood to see the motion picture homes, a 3 1/2 hour trip for $3.16; one to Pasadena to see the world-famed Huntington Library and the San Gabriel Mission, a 3 hour trip for $2.59; one to the Queen For a Day broadcast at Earl Carroll’s, followed by a trip to the Griffith Park planetarium, a 3 1/4 hour jaunt for $2.30.

**DON’T:**
DON’T come to California on the invitation of some fan club organization.
DON’T come to California alone.
DON’T make friends with a strange man anywhere (including California). Police hate to find dead bodies in weed patches. Only in motion pictures does the handsome stranger turn out to be Cary Grant or Clark Gable.
DON’T, even if you are over twenty-one, enter a bar alone or with another girl. You will be misunderstood. Woman may be emancipated, but not that much.
DON’T expect to be discovered and signed for motion pictures. It just doesn’t happen that way. You are more likely to be signed from a little theater group in your own town than be noticed in California.

And, finally, don’t come to California until NEXT year, if you really want a vacation.

The End
Juvenile delinquency is a community problem. So says the nation's No. 1 law-enforcement officer in a hard-hitting, exclusive article, "The Answer to Juvenile Delinquency."

PLUS—

35 Articles and Picture-Stories

Have you ever looked at yourself as a stranger might do? Can you laugh at yourself?

That's what Harold Lloyd does in "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock"—and he gets out of it a hilarious full-length comedy. A compound of the Harold Lloyd nonsense of twenty years ago and of an entirely new and sharply critical analysis of America today, the picture teaches three important lessons in living for everyone who will see it.

Harold Diddlebock (Harold Lloyd) wins the big football game for his college by fortunately-timed awkwardness. Afire with jubilation, an ardent old grad, Mr. J. E. Waggleberry (Raymond Walburn) assures the heroic Harold that there will be a job waiting in the Waggleberry advertising agency when he graduates. Waggleberry's firm needs fast thinkers like Harold.

Diploma clutched in hand and his head full of ideas, Harold presents himself upon graduation. Mr. W. barely remembers him but he gets a job as a bookkeeper because the idea department is overstaffed at the moment. Harold remains a bookkeeper, for twenty-two years, never getting anywhere. He never even proposes to one of the seven Otis sisters who, in turn, work for Mr. Waggleberry and are loved in forlorn sequence by Harold. And at long last, Harold is fired.

With his life savings of $2,000 in his pocket, Harold meets Wormy (Jimmy Conlin), a weatherbeaten little horseplayer. Wormy leads him into a bar—his first. Harold requests a nonintoxicating drink. The bartender, instead, concocts a nonidentifiable one and names it "the Diddlebock." It is mild, pleasant—but powerful. As it takes effect, Harold rediscovers the world and himself.

All of us, to greater or lesser degree, are inhibited. We dream of the things we might do—but we don't do them. We go through life unhappy and frustrated. Our difficulty lies in the fact that we seldom change our
point of view. Like Harold, we are not objective in observing ourselves and our lives.

Harold's big change comes when, drunk, he looks into the mirror and sees what twenty-two years at a Waggleberry desk have done to him. He is shocked into making a novel decision—to do something.

He sees his barber, a tailor for a flashy new outfit. He uses a large part of his savings to effect this change; but his morale is raised. The new Diddlebock becomes courageous.

In short order, he bets on horses, wins $30,000, buys a circus (the dream of his life) and marries the last of the seven Otis sisters. All this is the result of having looked at himself objectively and then having done something about it. With, of course, a little help from the Diddlebock cocktail.

When he wakes next day, he can't recall everything, but the circus and the bride (Francis Ramsden) are real. Both also like to eat, and he is broke. Moreover, the circus, consisting largely of thirty-seven underfed lions, is a rundown enterprise which nobody wants to refinance.

The new Harold, having been made aware of his own potentialities, refuses Wormy's advice that he get drunk again and so discover a way out of his circus dilemma. He realizes, as a result of his escapade, that he still has ideas.

And that leads to the second lesson in this comedy! It has been Harold's habit to solve all problems with proverbs. "Look before you leap," Harold counsels himself. "He who hesitates is lost," warns Wormy.

Suddenly Harold realizes that what he needs is not to depend on proverbs, but on genuine original thinking.

So now, Harold puts his brain to work. Circuses cost money to maintain. Bankers have money. Bankers are unpopular people. What they need is friends. Friends can be made by a friendly gesture. Why shouldn't bankers buy the circus and put on free performances for kids?

Harold takes one of the circus lions along to call on the bankers, and the fun that follows is in the best Lloyd tradition.

We, too, can, within limits, by substituting straight thinking for our own stale pattern of assembly-line thoughts, change our whole perspective. And without the help of liquor, too!

The final important lesson from "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" is that we should let ourselves go occasionally. We needn't do it by drinking, either. Often a jolting experience or a shock reveals our capabilities and releases self-confidence and self-respect which too often, though present, are buried within us.

The full development of our personalities is only brought about by the fullest use of our talents. Anything that stimulates us to thought like the provocative "Diddlebock," and then to the desire to do something about it, can be an important factor in our lives.

The End
Are you the sort of Sad Sal who's always poking and plucking at her hair? It's not a pretty habit—and it's definitely not necessary if you use DeLong Bob Pins. Just slip two or three in strategic spots, and then forget your hair-do in public, concentrate on charm.

DeLong Bob Pins, you see, have a Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They simply can't slip out because they're made of high carbon steel. That does the trick. Introduce yourself to DeLong Bob Pins for a lifetime lease on poise...

DUEL IN THE SUN
(David O. Selznick)

With loud huzzahs of publicity and exploitation; with Church and censorship problems dogging its footsteps, few pictures have had so much advance notice as this one. Reputed to have cost millions; starring Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck and Joseph Cotten, this picture has as impressive a list of players as was ever assembled in one cast.

The Technicolor is magnificent; the scenery is breathtaking; if you love horses, you will be entranced by the fine riding scenes.

Then why isn't "Duel in the Sun" the picture of the year? It isn't—because it is full of loopholes and you just can't swallow it.

But you must see it anyway. You'll come out vaguely dissatisfied, but don't miss it!

DOWN TO EARTH (Columbia)

Columbia has another money-maker in the Technicolor "Down to Earth," with Rita Hayworth—who was truly never lovelier—and Larry Parks. Something new has been added to the old backstage theme—namely Rita Hayworth as Terpsichore, the Goddess of the Dance, who comes straight from heaven to help Larry Parks put on his show.

Our only criticism of this charming and whimsical musical is that we don't see enough of Rita's dancing. The cast is uniformly excellent; the heavenly characters come from "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," and everybody plays with verve and charm. In his final scene, played after his death, Larry Parks as a grey-templed impresario, looks just like Al Jolson! Here's one to see!

THAT'S MY MAN (Republic)

For sheer entertainment and an exciting, satisfying evening in the theater, this Borzage production gets a first rate recommendation. It is a swell story—co-starring Don Ameche and Catherine McLeod—with some of the most exciting horse-racing sequences ever filmed.

Don Ameche, tired of his mundane job, resigns, buys and raises a colt, Gallant Man. The horse becomes a champion money-maker. Don marries Catherine McLeod after a charming and believable courtship. Unfortunately, Don is a better gambler than husband. When his wife leaves him, Dop loses "the Midas touch" and skids back to a bookkeeper's job. But Gallant Man wins a come-back race, reunites husband and wife.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Cineguild)

David Lean, young English director of such pictures as "Blithe Spirit" and "Brief Encounter" has done an excellent job of bringing to the films Charles Dickens' immortal novel of English life in the early eighteen hundreds. Conscientiously placed on celluloid is the story of Pip (played by John Mills), a poor blacksmith's apprentice. As a child Pip falls in love with the ward (Valerie Hobson) of a wealthy, but insane, spinster. Pip learns that a benefactor is sending him to London to become a gentleman of "great expectations." Thinking his benefactor must be his beloved's foster mother, he feels they are destined to marry. Pip receives many a bitter blow before the final happy ending.
MONSIEUR VERDOUX
(United Artists)  
There has been so much dissension among the critics on Charles Chaplin's production "Monsieur Verdoux" that very few movie fans could tell from the reviews whether this picture is good or bad. Let us give you a few facts: Chaplin wrote, produced, directed, acted the leading role and did the musical arrangement for "Monsieur Verdoux.

For those who remember Chaplin (he was Charlie then) as the wistful, bogy pants comedian, this picture is bound to be a disappointment. As a "social document" which many claim this picture is, it falls short because the message—whatever it purports to be—is confused and obscure. However, "Monsieur Verdoux" is provoking and picture.

Chaplin is a French "Bluebeard" who marries women for their money, murders them, then plays the stock market with his ill-gotten gains in order to support his beloved invalid wife and child. The only wife who outsmarts him is Martha Raye, who turns in a brilliant performance as a loud-mouthed, rich wife. There is another girl, played charmingly by Marilyn Nash, whom he spares, only because he is touched by her solicitude for her invalid husband.

LOST HONEYMOON
(Eagle-Lion)  
Francho Tone, who has been off the screen too long, makes a welcome reappearance in this charming and unpredictable story about a French expatriate. While Johnny Grey (Francho Tone) was a G.I. in London, he was blacked out by amnesia for six weeks, during which time he married an English girl who bore him twins. Upon her death—long after Franchot Tone is shipped out—the bride's best friend, Amy (played engagingly by Ann Richards) decides to impersonate the wife in order to bring the twins to America. She locates Tone—on the eve of his wedding to a socialite. Naturally he neither remembers the impostor bride, nor the girl he married, nor the twins. From here on in, it's all good fun with some refreshing new twists and a lot of comic laughter. Tone and Ann Richards (who at moments looks like Ingrid Bergman) perform with a zest that everyone will enjoy.

A LIKELY STORY (RKO)  
This picture is aptly named—if you say it with sarcasm—for it is as unreal and unlikable a little offering as we have seen in a long time. Bill Williams and Barbara Hale team in this story of horse racing which uses for background the international tracks of Buenos Aires, Santa Anita, London, Saragota and Jamaica. The two meet and fall in love despite the fact that they are strictly from the "racey" set and Maureen's background is staid Bostonian. After marriage, Maureen, disgusted at the type of friends with whom Cornel surrounds himself, spurred on by jealousy (inspired by a gay, interesting Helen Walker) leaves Cornel for the staid love of Glenn Langan. The two are reunited after Cornel reforms. During the two hours of plot, however, some of the most exciting horse races ever filmed make this picture outstanding. The Technicolor is exceptionally beautiful.

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN (Par.)  
Ray Milland proves once again that he's one of the most versatile actors in Hollywood. Here he plays a pixilated college professor—Gilbert Sedley—with such charm and aplomb, that unfortunately Teresa Wright, as the newspaper gal heroine, cannot compete with him. He steals the picture from her on every point.

As an authority on women, Milland is natural copy for the press. Teresa Wright is assigned by her city editor to get an interview with Prof. Sedley and to fill the manuscript of his new book.

Of course Teresa and the professor fall in love. The amusing complications lead up to a smash finish that has the audience in hysterics. If you like a good, robust comedy—and who doesn't—you won't analyze this story too critically. You'll just enjoy it.

DARK DELUSION (MGM)  
Dr. Kildare by any other name couldn't be as dull and pointless a character as Dr. Coalt, played by James Craig, who does his best but is bogged down by hopeless dialogue and a plot that contains every type of mania known to the screen writer. If M-G-M hopes to revive the Dr. Kildare series, this first try should kill the thought for all times.

Lionel Barrymore is still Dr. Gillespie; Lucille Bremer is the heroine who is carried by all the manias. Performances of Jayne Meadows and Warner Anderson are good. Handsome sets and good photography still cannot lift this picture out of the doldrums.

YANKEI FAKIR (Republic)  
Every once in a while a picture comes out without too much exploitation; without big names, or fanfare of any type and it turns out to be good amusement and good fun. "Yankei Fakir" is a pleasant surprise.

Douglas Fowley and Ransom Sherman play a couple of pichems who stop in a small Arizona town at the turn of the century. Fowley is attracted to lovely Joan Woodbury, who runs a boarding house. When her border patrol fiancé is killed by smugglers, Fowley hangs around to catch them.

A wonderfully amusing tune travesty called "Like A Poor Little Mouse In A Trap" and good direction lifts this film out of the run of ordinary.

THE PERILS OF PAULINE (Paramount)  
Co-starring Betty Hutton and John Lund, with Billy De Wolfe and William Demarest among the supporting players, Paramount's Technicolor production is a modern-day explanation of the old silent-day's thriller serials. The story concerns the life of a stage-struck girl, and her rise, from working in a shabby theatrical wardrobe factory to stardom as queen of the silent serials. Composed around the most familiar "girl meets girl" theme, the picture affords Betty Hutton an opportunity to contribute a capably subdued acting performance, along with several lively songs. John Lund proves once again that he is more than ready for top screen roles.

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Let me send you a trial package of new Slender Meds tampons! REGULAR absorbency for most mature women need. Extra easy to insert! You'll hardly believe such comfort!

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YOUR MUTUAL STATION

A devoted father, Roy Rogers holds Dusty while daughters, Linda Lou and Cheryl, fondly watch.

To his motherless children, Roy is now all in all.

★ When Roy Rogers’ motherless baby boy was recently christened—a ceremony particularly poignant because the mother had recently died—the person whom Roy chose for the signal honor of acting as godmother was not another movie star, as you might have supposed; nor the wife of a studio executive; nor even a woman who was known in the film colony. It was a brisk, dark-haired, stocky, young woman from Republic Studio’s New York office named Evelyn Kay Koleman who held little Roy, Jr. (or Dusty, as he is better known to his intimates) during the baptism.

Evelyn had flown out especially for the christening, and behind Roy’s choice of the energetic publicist is a story of gratitude and friendship that is not easy for Hollywood to understand. It is the story of a movie star who never forgot what someone did to help him, even though it was part of her job to do so; of a movie star, who though shy and diffident in personality and expression, chose the simplest and most heartfelt way of
Roy Rogers and his horse, Trigger, will be seen next in Republic's "Springtime in the Sierras."
Lifting Your Heart to the Highlands of Adventure...

with the endearing charm of young love!

The call of adventure rings out across the hills and glens! Surging with the warm spirit of the classic millions have read and loved!

BOB, Son of Battle
in Technicolor

Starring
LON MccALLISTERT
with PEGGY ANN GARNER EDMUND GWENN REGINALD OWEN CHARLES IRWIN

From the producers of "Smoky" and "My Friend Flicka"

Directed by LOUIS KING • Produced by ROBERT BASSLER
Screen Play by Jerome Cady • Based on the Novel by Alfred Ollivant
YOUR HOLLYWOOD

* Any ex-serviceman will tell you that the documentary films and training films made for our armed forces were superlatively good. Since they were strictly service films, only a few were shown to the public.

We are happy to report on a new Hollywood trend that corrects this; a trend that already has given a number of pictures a tremendous boost in realism. Briefly, it consists of combining documentary fact and fiction and it was used effectively in *The House on 92nd Street*, *13 Rue Madeleine* and in the thrilling *Boomerang*.

In all these pictures, the introduction of "documentary evidence" was so exciting that no one missed the conventional love story. As a matter of fact, in *The Beginning or the End*, in which the enormity of the atom bomb was dramatized, the addition of the love story, most critics agreed, weakened, rather than strengthened, the picture.

Audiences are definitely demanding more mature and honest pictures. Realism may not replace glamour but we are convinced they are two elements in real competition.

For those who like their entertainment to be purely escapist, we are for more and richer glamour. However, for the vast audiences demanding enlightenment in their entertainment, the combination of documentary-fiction pictures offers exciting new fields.

At the moment, there is a race to see which studio will make an anti-Communist fact-fiction film. 20th has registered the title, "The Iron Curtain"; Warner Bros. is already working on a script with this title which Columbia also claims.

Hollywood, ever eager to widen its audience appeal, has a powerful new method of presentation in this documentary-fiction technique, we hope it will be used wisely and with discretion.

The Editors
No one knows

By KATE HOLLIDAY

Nobody knows

Prop man Joe Nugent helps Lana Turner down steep steps on "Green, Dolphin Street" set.

Carol Nugent, daughter of prop man (see top photo) plays Lana's daughter in the film.

She'll protest when she reads this story, but those close to her know it is true

★ This story is the result of a conspiracy against Lana Turner. She won't read it until you do, when it appears in print. Then she will protest the reason behind it like mad.

You see, there have been at least eight million articles on Lana, the Night-Club Queen, Lana and Her Loves, Lana This, Lana That. But never before has anyone tried to tell the public about Lana, the Fairy Godmother.

Lana Turner would rather buy gifts for people than win an Academy Award every year. She would rather beat her brains for the perfect present, run her legs off finding it, spend half an hour wrapping it sensationally, than be the first woman president.

Publicity, you say? Well, I agree that you may have a right to think along those lines. The Great American Press has carefully given you the idea that Lana is the sort of woman who sleeps under mink sheets and eats dinner off diamond studded plates, that she never has a more serious or unselfish thought than what (Continued on page 82)
There is an incomparable, indestructible quality to Lana's beauty that will never be duplicated.
Do you like to act like crazy, dance, drink cokes, walk in the moonlight? Then come along on author Peggy Bennion's date with Lon McCallister!

DATE WITH LON McCALLISTER

A game of miniature golf is on the date schedule. Peggy discovers that Lon's a champ at it!

After dinner at Malibu Beach, Peggy and Lon McCallister stop on the pier, gaze at the moon.

Peggy and Lon decide to have dessert at "The Cricket on the Hearth," and she hears about "Scugga Hoo, Scudda Hay," the new McCallister film.
BY PEGGY BENNION

Recuperating from the golf session, Lon and Peggy relax with soft music and cokes at popular Maximes.

* I couldn’t help thinking of the first time I had met him. It was at one of those cocktail parties where you don’t know anybody and where you feel lost and lonely. Somebody introduced me to Lon McCallister.

It was like suddenly running across an old friend among all those strangers. His warm courtesy and cordiality were like a lifeline in the cold sophistication of the crowd. I never had forgotten it.

Now here I was seeing him again on an official evening date for Movieland. I wondered if he would be the same. He was.

He came up the walk whistling just as I was tucking in a last delinquent curl; he greeted me at the door with that shiny McCallister grin, a peppy handshake and a box of chocolates. He said, “I hope you’re not dieting.”

“Not now, I’m not,” I replied.

“Anyway, I’ve decided it’s safer to bring candy than flowers ever since I called for a girl with a bunch of roses and she came out in a bright red dress.”

We talked a while. Then I said, “Well, I guess we’d better get started if we’re going to drive clear to Malibu.” That’s the famous beach colony, miles from Hollywood, where Lon had suggested we go to dinner at his favorite restaur- (Continued on page 90)

They end the evening with chocolate sodas at Wright’s Ice Cream Parlor. Says Peggy, “It’s been such fun!” and Lon agrees.
Bathing beauty Esther Williams' next film is M-G-M's Technicolor "Fiesta."

SUIT

Tall? Short? Thin?
Esther Williams offers smart swim suit suggestions to fit every figure

Short Full Beach Coat
Caluna Beach Coat

Squatly?

Cover up a too sticky figure!

RIGHT
WRONG
* Are you the bathing suit type? Of course you are! You don't have to be built like Venus to look well on the beach. It's just a matter of picking the right suit for the right figure. Every woman has charms, and she should make the most of them. On the other hand, if she has a figure fault, she shouldn't accentuate it by wearing the wrong suit.

Sometimes it's better to cover up than to uncover. Male imaginations are quite adequate. You can suggest a perfect figure by the clothes you wear. And on the beach, when it sometimes seems all secrets will out—well, 'tain't necessarily so! Size yourself up. Be honest. Let's see now, what's your problem?

Your good points will take care of themselves. It's the bad points we want to camouflage. Take the gal who is topheavy. It's one thing to be a Jane Russell and quite another to be outsize. If you are this type, beware of the one-piece suit with gathers at the top. That style might be a godsend to your flat-chested sister, but it will make you look like a baby blimp. Instead, wear a two-piece tailored bathing suit with a long, well-constructed bra top.

There's a special type of bathing suit for you. It has a built-in bra underneath, and it's guaranteed to hold you firmly in place. The (Continued on page 92)
I wonder how I sound?

No boy is a bad boy.

I did not go to a school for juvenile delinquents.

People don't reform.

My wife is wonderful.

There is something new under the sun! A recorded, uncensored, unrehearsed interview with a star!
I interviewed John Garfield, star of Body and Soul, and I was just about as thrilled—and as nervous—as he was. For I took no notes, and no word either of us said could be taken back. The whole thing was done on a Soundmirror recording machine—so here you’re getting John Garfield as he actually talks. I opened up by saying:

I think it’s wonderful of you to give up your lunch hour, John Garfield, so we can record this interview. If it weren’t for the recorder, we could have talked in the commissary. Giving up your lunch—! There isn’t one star in a million who would.

You’re sweet to say so, but actually this gadget intrigues me. This kind of interview is an exciting idea. I wonder how I sound?

Just as you always do. Does it make you feel self-conscious? Sometimes it does . . . we won’t talk about that if you don’t want to. But I warn you every word is recorded.

I don’t care. You can talk about anything you want. Perhaps the reason people are afraid to be recorded while they talk is because most of them are allergic to new ideas. People like to stick to tradition. If they’ve been doing interviews one way for years, then that’s the way, by heaven! By the way, I’m not against tradition, but I do believe that now and then people should find out about new things.

You have definite feelings about trying out new things, haven’t you? How (Continued on page 75)
Stardom hasn't changed Janet—she still does her own housework.

Janet (center) stands next to her husband; her parents flank them.

Janet is 19 years old; she lives simply and charmingly.

Her home shows the Mexican influence in drapes and decorations.

Her real name is Janet Leigh—yesterday she was a simple little housewife—today she is a movie star.
Have you ever day-dreamed of becoming a movie star? Have you ever wondered what it's like, being a nobody one day and a celebrity, the next? Have you ever wondered how you would react if that dream came true?

Well, it came true for a slim, little nineteen-year-old blonde from Stockton, California, named Janet Leigh. Janet is the overnight sensation all Hollywood is talking about. She was voted the most promising young actress of 1946; she played opposite Van Johnson in her first picture, *The Romance of Rosy Ridge*; she is destined to become as well-known as nylon, and all this, because of one lucky break, the kind of break which could happen to you, your sister, or anyone.

The break in Janet's case revolves around Norma Shearer, for years one of M-G-M's greatest actresses. A few months ago, Norma Shearer and her husband, Marty Arrouge, were skiing near Truckee, California. They were staying at Sugar Bowl Lodge. One evening, Miss Shearer happened to pick up a snapshot album in the lodge. She flipped the pages and came across the photograph of a young girl.

"Whose " (Continued on page 69)
Joan hasn't met her dream man yet, but she knows exactly what he'll be like.

Joan Caulfield's next film is "Dear Ruth," a film version of the popular stage play.

Could be! Perhaps you are the One and Only that Guy has been looking for.

Guy Madison's friendly smile has won him many fans. His newest film, "Honeymoon."
You wouldn't be a playboy. You wouldn't be an extrovert. Most probably, you wouldn't be an actor. You would have Bill Holden's smile, Bob Hope's sense of humor, and Bing Crosby's wonderful ability to laugh at the world and himself. You wouldn't be an Adonis, but neither would you be short, bald and fat. Lovely Joan Caulfield doesn't care too much about what's on the outside, but it does matter to her what's on the inside. As a matter of fact, if you are a typical American boy, with ideals, ambition and a clean way of life, you're pretty close to the type of man Joan has in mind.

"I don't care for the handsome 'leading man' type," she says. "You know, with regular features, beautiful hair, a wonderful physique. If a man is attractive-looking, that's fine. If he isn't, that's fine, too. I think a man's character and his personality are much more important than whether or not he has a wave in his hair.

"Nor could I get interested in a man who didn't have a sense of humor, a twenty-four hour sense of humor. I don't mean someone who plays practical jokes and makes with the cliches; I mean a (Continued on page 71)

By ALICE BENTON

Joan wants her dream man to have Bill Holden's smile.

You may not know it, but Guy Madison is in a dither. Despite all romance items to the contrary, it isn't in the contract cards for young Mr. Madison to ask any girl to marry him right now. At this stage of his career, marriage wouldn't be too smart. Therefore, he has plenty of time to pick and choose; in few words, he's a Guy who can take his time.

Are you his dream girl? Could be, for he's definitely in the dream-girl market. He's had his little fingers burned once on this love business, so he definitely knows what he wants. He also knows what he doesn't want!

It's this way: Once upon a time when Guy was just a telephone linesman making twenty dollars a week, there was a girl. How that romance flamed, none but the two concerned will ever know. One thing is certain. After they split up, Guy carried a torch big enough to light up the Yankee Stadium. He was quite young and resilient, however, and the torch eventually went out. From this experience he learned that a dissimilarity of tastes is a big handicap when you're in love.

Next time, Guy prom- (Continued on page 73)
Success hasn’t changed Cornel—a man who knows what
By BOBBIN COONS
With Cornel Wilde's own handwritten comments.

FOR WILDE

he wants and won't rest till he gets it

* It was in a college classroom, some fourteen years ago, that the idea first struck him. The course was English Literature, and the subject Lord Byron.

"Here," thought Cornel Wilde, "is a character!"

It was not the poetry so much that intrigued his student's mind as it was the man himself. Cornel began reading more about this Byron genius, liberator of Greece, great lover, politician, daring and expert fencer. He began scribbling tentatively.

Later, when Cornel was in premedical school, he couldn't forget the brave, romantic and unhappy figure of Byron. Now he became engrossed in the character from the psychological point of view. What would have happened, he speculated, if the mentally tortured poet had had the benefit of modern psychiatry? How much of his misery could be traced directly to hypersensitivity over that malformed foot, a physical defect slight enough in fact, but gross in his own consciousness? Cornel read on and on, soaking up Byron lore and anecdote. His scribbling became more purposeful.

And through the years, no matter how desperate his own struggles, Cornel found time for Byron.

(Continued on page 48)
Sterling Hayden, colorful, two-fisted blond giant, stood dressed in his best dark suit beside slender, vivacious Betty Anne de Noon and gravely slipped a wedding band on her finger as the minister pronounced the two man and wife.

Their romance dates back to a day over a year ago when Betty was sunning herself on the beach at Laguna, California. She was vacationing with a dear friend of hers and one of the men her friend knew was Vic Mature. Vic was sitting beside Betty when he spied Sterling's unmistakable height far in the distance.

Sterling, dressed in old dungarees, was carrying supplies down to his dingy, loading it for a trip out to his schooner, "The Quest." Vic, Betty and her friend trailed Sterling down to the shore after the proper introductions were made.

Sterling invited them all aboard, in short order found out that Betty was vacationing at Laguna for some time, suggested a sail and a friendship was born. It took a long time for Betty and Sterling, together constantly, to realize they were in love, and when they did it was with little fanfare and no gossip. As quietly as their romance was carried on, they were married in Santa Barbara, California.

Best man at the wedding was an old-time friend of Sterling's, Irving Johnson, Commander USNR from Springfield, Mass.; matron of honor, old-time friend of Betty's, Mrs. Elizabeth Burke of Pasadena. The only others present were Betty's mother, Mr. and Mrs. Omer de Noon of Pasadena, and Sterling's mother, Mrs. Frances Hayden.

Hollywood remembers Sterling Hayden as the guy who sailed the seven seas; who rode the rails; who washed dishes for food; who captained boats owned by millionaires; who visited strange and far-off places like (Continued on page 84)
Anne Baxter and Sterling are together in his first post-war film, "Blaze of Noon."

By JERRY JEROME

Sterling Hayden had an exciting War Record. In O. S. S. in Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece and Albania. Later was in 1st Army in Germany.
Lilli Palmer counts your blessings—and what she has to say may come to you as a complete surprise.

★ If there are any women in the world luckier than Americans, Lilli Palmer doesn’t know where they are. The girls of these United States are favored because they are the most beautiful in the world; healthy, well-fed and clothed. They rule their families and their men who are taught from childhood to worship them. All this, Miss Palmer asserts, cannot be said collectively of any other nationality!

This charming European actress, born in Vienna and having lived there, in Berlin, Paris and London, has a wide background of experience on which to base her judgment. She travelled extensively throughout Europe before coming here in 1945 with her husband, Rex Harrison. Obviously, she qualifies to make contrast between women’s status here and elsewhere. She denies, however, that she is an authority.

"To be an authority, one should be a sociologist, economist or psychologist, or possibly all three. I am none of these things. I am an actress. Anything I say comparing American women with those abroad is just my personal observation," the tawny-blonde insisted.

We assured her that many actresses sound off on subjects on which they are far less qualified to speak. After all, she does know Europe and is making no (Continued on page 94)
On the town with Janie

Things have a way of happening when Janie and Joe make the Hollywood rounds of gala parties!

Shirley Temple and husband John Agar smile at fans who wait to see Academy Awards. She took part in program, presented “Oscar” to Harold Russell for “Best Years” role.

Handsome Freddie De Cordova and blonde, beautiful Marilyn Maxwell rate honors as Hollywood’s most romantic-looking duo.

Jimmy Stewart and Ellen Ross pose for a picture before entering Shrine Auditorium where Award ceremony was held.
*Honestly, if you don’t think I’ve had butterflies for weeks in advance, you’ve got another think-eroo due you! “In advance” means in advance of the Academy Award ceremony, which was my very first.

I’ve just never seen so many lights, block-long jaloppies with liveried chauffeurs, stars and just plain people! Joe and I were both kind of swivelling from the neck up trying to gander everything and everybody.

Someday I’m going to ask the boss to let me describe my very own gown, but until she kicks through, I’ll have to limit myself to the garb of immortals. A tiresome detail since I was wearing the most devastating be-sequinned number with pansy blue background that made my eyes look like big hunks of summer sky. Well, that’s what Joe said, anyhow. Since I can’t tell you about my gown, I’ll spill all about Shirley Temple. (That girl looks cuter every time we see her!)

She arrived on the arm of John Agar, her husband. Incidentally, they still look like newlyweds! Shirley wore a divine black lace dress that had absolutely no straps at all. It was so fluffy and nice; bouffant, I think they call it. The two rows of ruffles on the bodice were made of white Swiss embroidery (Continued on page 87)
Not long ago, Cornel Wilde sold to 20th Century-Fox a screenplay, completed by himself in collaboration with playwright Robert Turney, on the life, adventures, and loves of Byron—to star Cornel Wilde. It had taken years; but he had done what he set out to do, which is a habit of Cornel Wilde's.

"The first time I held in my hand a packet of mail from someone I loved, it was a letter from Patricia."

This Wilde, who has become the screen's foremost swashbuckler and its most devastating romantic actor, is a persistent chap. Because of this quality of sticking to a goal like cement to brick, Wilde is where he is today. Nothing else, unless it be the equally persistent faith and encouragement of his wife, the beautiful Patricia Knight, could explain a stardom won in the face of all the rebuffs, discouragements and heartbreaks in the theatrical book.

The famous Wilde persistence currently is bent toward two objectives. One is to finish a novel on Byron, a project undertaken on his own, for publication prior to filming of the screen play. The other is, ironically, to escape for a while from his success and to enjoy a real vacation, for himself and Patricia.

Shuttling between 20th and Columbia, the Wilde who flipped in one screen test after another before he clicked has made seven major films in the past two years.

Since "A Song to Remember," the Chopin film which brought him that "overnight" success, Cornel has been the busiest star in Hollywood, which was supposed to lead to wealth and fame, called on more of the Wilde persistence. Cornel's first contract at Warners Bros. lasted six months, including more screen tests which convinced the bosses that Cornel might be a good "heavy." His luck did not improve, except romantically, to wealth and fame, called on more of the Wilde persistence, Cornel is a persistent cuss. Somehow, he'll get that trip.

"I'm not forgetting," and his black eyes twinkled, "those old days in New York when Patricia and I dreamed of being just this lucky. Then we had lots of time but little work. Now it's all work and no time."

"It's difficult to see just where he'll sandwich that dream-vacation. Already, after his Columbia picture, two more films await him: "The Black Rose" and "Byron." But Cornel is a persistent cuss. Somehow, he'll get that trip.

Vigorous and active, Cornel's physique has been killing, and Cornel looked tired. After "Amber" he would have three weeks before reporting for a Columbia picture.

"We've thought of going to Acapulco, down in Mexico. Or to Hawaii—but with only three weeks, and wanting to go by ship, Hawaii will have to wait," he said ruefully. "What we want is a long trip somewhere, time to loaf and see things without keeping our luggage packed to hurry back."

It's not too secure, seeking a cuff less tight.

"But then," Cornel recalls, "I did 'Life Begins at 8:30' and 'Manila Calling' and 'Wintertime' and I thought my career was over."

For the next year, 1943, Cornel did not appear in a picture. Still on salary, he kept on writing, and persistently importuned directors and producers for roles. He even tried to write his own way back into action. "Topical," was the verdict on the script he submitted for Cornel Wilde.

There were tests, of course; always more tests for roles which always went to other actors. So he was little excited the day that Columbia wanted to test him for a loan-out deal. He was even less excited when they made a second, third, and fourth test of him before granting him the role. This was Chopin in "A Song to Remember."

Thrust into this exacting part without preparation, Cornel again proved the virtue of dogged perseverance at a chore. Jose Iturbi was to record the actual music, but Cornel had to be finger-perfect on the keyboard.

(Continued on page 91)
PICTORIAL MOVIELAND

a magazine within a magazine

Janet Blair poses in maribou jacket, sheer nightgown. Both are part of her trousseau, seldom used because “they’re too fussy.” She prefers crepe gowns in pastel colors.
A favorite peasant outfit is this lavender skirt trimmed with lace; white off-shoulder blouse. Note Janet’s Grecian sandals.

Pretty Janet’s smart wardrobe has a gay look—with bright playclothes, frivolous hats

* “I’m really the ‘gingham type,’” says blonde Janet Blair, star of Columbia’s Double Take. “I love to wear informal cottons around the house.” Janet’s informals usually are peasant style, include a number of gay, colorful Mexican imports.

But suits really are the most important items in the wardrobe of this busy star. Her large collection, most of which she designed herself, was tailored by the well-known Hollywood designer Athena. When Janet likes a model very much, she has it made in several colors, often with slacks to match.

Janet and her song-writer husband, Louis Busch, live in a very small Hollywood apartment. This presents a space problem for Janet’s extensive wardrobe—and her collection of fifty hats! Like most young marrieds, the Buschs have been hit by the housing shortage, are sitting it out until they can build their own house. “Then,” says Janet dreamily, “I’ll have a place for everything, and everything in its place.”
Everything Janet Blair Wears

Continued

With brown wool suit, Janet wears white straw hat; black and white check has matching beret.

Smart, also expensive, alligator shoes, bag are typical of Janet’s accessories.

Busy Janet knows value of suits. Here are off-white wool, left; brown wool with dark insets.

Beige felt hat trimmed with brown birds accents this one-piece natural wool dress.

For dressy occasions: suit, shoes, bag, hat of brown satin. The hat is trimmed with mink tails.

On cool days, Janet wears this white gabardine coat. Accessories are black.
Janet’s one fur coat is this beautiful, dark mink. The sleeves are bracelet length with wide cuffs.

Posing outside Hollywood apartment. Janet models teal blue gabardine skirt, white gabardine coat. She trimmed her small white bonnet with matching teal blue ribbon.
Diamond and ruby engagement ring, gold wedding band match Janet's lovely watch.

Janet likes gold bracelets and chokers. Heart bracelet was valentine from husband Louis Busch.

Gloves vary according to costume. Here are doeskin, leather, crochet, cotton.

Janet adores hats, has fifty in her collection. Her favorites are flower-trimmed. This one is of white lace with red roses.

When she wore this Sally Victor hat of flowers with pink ribbon tie to recent style show, Janet got more attention than models.
The Pecks like to race along the sandy bridle path which is near Burbank. They wear very informal riding clothes, western boots.

"I'd like to own a fancy saddle like this," Greg tells Greta, who likes it too. She advises, "Wait till we get some horses first!"

End of the trail. Police dog Perry leads Greta and Greg to the stables. The Pecks love the outdoors, usually ride every weekend.
In their Connecticut home, the Masons discuss "Bathsheba" with author, Jacques Deval. James often defers to Pamela's judgment.

The Inseparable Masons

James Mason is the idol of the bobby-soxers.

His wife Pamela is the idol of James Mason.

*When star James Mason and his wife came over here from England, they didn't go to Hollywood. On the contrary they settled in Connecticut. They startled the West Coasters when they decided to open in a play on Broadway instead of in a movie. The play was "Bathsheba"; it was panned by the critics, but the Masons kept it going. Mrs. Mason is Pamela Kellino, who co-starred with him in "They Were Sisters" and "The Upturned Glass." It was James Mason's phenomenal success last year in "The Seventh Veil" which made him a star in this country. The latest report has the Masons on their way to Hollywood, where James will make at least one picture.

You don't call him Jimmy. He's too dignified for that. As a matter of fact he has been a little stand-offish in his relations with the press, but some people think this is a gag. Considering that he has some 35 James Mason fan clubs going strong for him all over the country, he probably doesn't try too hard to shy away from publicity. Hollywood sees him as the new British threat to American pictures—and actors. One thing is certain, Mason has made no attempt to smile his way to screen stardom. He has got there the hard way, with a scowl.
Continued

For luncheon James Mason likes cheese and boiled codfish, garnished with egg. He eats salad first, using chopsticks, which he manipulates expertly.

The Masons look over their place in Connecticut. Like all true Englishmen, James likes to spend all spare time in the country.
Pamela helps James with his writing; in fact, they have written a movie and a play together. Here she checks an idea with him.

These are two of the five cats that the Masons brought from England with them. They wouldn't think of traveling without them.

The James Masons are completely without self-consciousness. He paints and draws well. Pamela, as here, often poses for him.

During the day these pictures were taken neither James nor Pamela once looked into a mirror or even touched a stray lock of hair.
If you could live the year over again, would you make the same mistakes? "Repeat Performance" strives to show no one can escape his fate.

In Eagle-Lion's unusual film story, "Repeat Performance," Louis Hayward and Joan Leslie show what happened when one couple got an opportunity to live over a year of their married life.

Hayward is Barney, temporarily crazed by a fall while drinking. The hate in his twisted, tortured brain is directed at his wife Sheila, played by Joan Leslie. He tries to kill her. When Sheila gets a chance to relive the past year, she finds that Fate doesn't care about changed circumstances as long as the results are the same.
3. Startled by Barney's noisy entrance, Sheila jumps out of bed.

4. Barney accuses Sheila of interfering with his life.

6. Barney raises stick to strike. "I'm going to kill you . . ."

7. Revolver shots ring out. Barney staggers, falls to floor.

8. Horror-stricken, Sheila watches Barney die. She wishes they could relive the year. They do, but the ending is still the same.
Looking pensive—and very pretty—the Queen of Technicolor sirens, Yvonne De Carlo, pauses on stairway before starting the exciting dance sequence she does in her latest picture, Universal-International’s gay comedy, *Slave Girl*...
picture is that?" she asked the lodge manager.

The man took a deep breath and let his chest expand. "That's Mrs. Jeannette Reames," he proudly announced. "She's my daughter."

Miss Shearer complimented the man on having such an attractive daughter but said nothing else. Instead, she took the snapshot of Jeannette, sent it to M-G-M's talent office, and a chain reaction got under way which is today responsible for Janet Leigh's stardom.

Here's the way that chain reaction worked: The studio tried to get in touch with Jeannette at Stockton but no luck. An agent named Levis Green, however, finally located her in Hollywood. She was staying in a reasonably-priced hotel with her husband, Stanley Reames, and she was acting as business manager for his band; a band made up of fellow students from the College of the Pacific.

When Mr. Green called on Jeannette, he found her washing the collegians' shirts. There just wasn't any business to manage! Mr. Green came right to the point.

"Young lady," he said, "do you want to be in pictures?" Jeannette gulped. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is very much interested in you," he continued, "ever since Norma Shearer sent them your picture."

Jeannette wiped the soap off her elbows and slipped into her trousseau suit. Green took one look at her and made an appointment with Lucille Ryman of Metro's casting office.

"I want you to brush your hair," he said, "exactly the way it was in the snapshot."

Jeannette changed and Green took her over to meet Miss Ryman. Ryman liked her at once and turned her over to Lillian Burns, the studio's dramatic coach.

The chain reaction was speeding up.

For two weeks, Jeannette studied with Lillian Burns. By this time, practically everyone on the lot knew that she was being groomed for the part of Lissey-Ann in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge." That is everyone knew except Jeannette. She was too busy studying dramatics, taking wardrobe fittings, preparing herself for that all-important screen test.

On the morning of the test, Jeannette said she arrived at the studio with a stomach full of butterflies. "I was terribly nervous," she says, "I knew that half a dozen experienced actresses had already been tested for the part opposite Van Johnson. And there was poor little me. The only acting I had ever done was at Stockton High School in 'The Pirates of Penzance.'"

Mr. Rowland was patient and soft-spoken in his direction, and Van Johnson himself, put her at ease by announcing that he had chosen a screen name for her. Henceforth she would be known as Janet Leigh. She began to enjoy acting for the first time.

That night when Janet went home, she couldn't sleep. Instead, she re-lived every minute of that long, wonderful day.

To the studio executives, Janet's test proved to be one of the most natural, effortless performances they'd ever seen. Immediately, Janet was summoned to the office of L. B. Mayer, studio chief.

"It was just like being sent to the principal at school," she confesses. "He asked me if I was scared. I admitted to him that I was. Two days later, I was told that I had won the part of Lissey-Ann and a contract. I went right home and wrote a thank-you note to Miss Shearer."

And that's how a little, unknown girl from Stockton, California, became an actress.

How is she reacting to her new-found fame? I asked her the other day at the studio, "Is it glamorous?"

"Not yet," she admitted. "So far, it's more like having a wonderfully interesting job. Now that I'm between pictures, I get up about 7:00, fix Stan's breakfast—Stan's my husband, you know. Then I clean the apartment and drive to the studio about ten o'clock. I study singing, dancing, dramatics, and speech all day long. About four o'clock I go home, do my marketing and fix dinner."

"In the evening Stan and I usually play bridge with another couple or else we read up on the history of the theatre. I've just finished a biography of Katherine Cornell, but I've never even seen a real stage play in my life. There's an awful lot I have to learn."

"But haven't there been many changes in your life?" I persisted.

Janet thought a minute, blowing out her cheeks like a little girl. "Well," she said, "Stan's got a job as a loan investigator, and we don't live with my aunt Vioia in Glendale anymore. Daddy and mother have come here, too, and we've rented a house in San Fernando Valley. We also have bought a 1940 Buick so I can drive back and forth to the studio. I guess you could call those things changes."

"But how about Van Johnson?" I asked pointedly.

"Oh! He's wonderful," Janet sighed ecstatically. "The first time I met him I was having a wardrobe fitting and he came over to me, introduced himself and said, 'I understand that I'm to be your next leading man.' Instead of the other way around."

"He's much taller than he looks on the screen. When we were on location of Santa Cruz, Van was marvelous to all the kids from college when they came over to see me. Then the night of my first premiere, which was 'The Yearling,' he spotted me in the crowd and walked over and kissed me in front of all the fans outside the Carthay Circle. I was so excited that Stan practically had to carry me down the aisle to our seats."

"Everyone has been so wonderful to me. Even the people back home. Why, they've invited me to be guest of honor at Mardi-Gras. They usually invite someone famous, who was graduated from the College of the Pacific. Last year it was Skinny Ennis; this year it's me. I mean it."

"Most wonderful of all, though, is Stan. He's 6'4"" tall, dark and twenty-three. I met him at college when he came back from the Navy to study in V-12. We were married October 6, 1945. My, that seems like a million years ago. He's so thoughtful and tries to buy me all the things I've always wanted."

"Then when I finished the picture, we ordered twin brown gabardine suits for both of us. They looked so cute I wanted to wear them to the premiere of 'The Yearling,' but it was a formal affair. I don't have an evening dress so I borrowed a friend's and Stan wore his dark blue suit."

Just then, Dorothy Blanchard of Metro's publicity office, popped in on Janet and me. "Van just left this for you, honey," said Miss Blanchard, handing Janet an 8x10 kromochrome of Van and herself. The print bore the inscription, "You know what I'm wishing for you. Love, Van."

"What's he wishing for?" I asked, curious. A sweet smile came to Janet's lips. "He's wishing for me to become a truly big star."

"And you will, too," I prophesied.

As I left the studio, I stuck my head in my cheeks, hoping someone would look up from their desk and offer me a screen test. But no one did.
WORDS OF MUSIC

By JILL WARREN

The weather is HOT—so is the news about disc personalities and latest recordings.

* Hi, everybody! Good old summertime is just about with us, but before you take off in search of a tan, take off a few minutes to dig some music news.

Perry Como would probably like to spend all his vacation time on the golf course, but instead he'll be playing theatres for the better part of the summer. He opens at the New York Paramount, June 11, but the line will probably start forming a week earlier . . . Dick Haymes will also make a few personal appearances during the swim season, and may sub for Andy Russell on the Hit Parade program for four weeks in July . . . Beryl Davis, the young English singer who was heard on this program a couple of months ago, has been signed to record for Victor . . . Mary Marlowe and Sammy Kaye have parted company and Maestro Kaye has two new singers, Laura Leslie and a girl he is calling "The Sunday Serenade Sweetheart," until he decides on a professional name for her . . . Bing Crosby and Philco will be in business together again this fall, with Bing continuing to transcribe his shows . . . A big sponsor was all set to sign Judy Garland for her own program, but (Continued on page 80)
personal sense of humor, an ability to laugh at himself. I think it's pretty deadly when people take themselves too seriously; when their world is bounded on all sides by Hollywood, to the exclusion of everything else.

If you were Joan Caulfield's dream man, you wouldn't necessarily be in the picture business, for Joan doesn't go with the movie set all the time. Most of her boy friends are in radio, advertising, or general business. She rarely goes out with a "name." She sees no glamour in the typical Hollywood playboy.

In the first place, she doesn't think being seen with playboys is particularly good for her career. It might make producers or her studio think she is more interested in romance than acting, and Joan is a girl who takes her profession seriously.

There's another reason she doesn't go for the flashy, fashionable type of man. "There's a disadvantage in being in this business when it comes to men," she explains. "Being an actress, you don't always attract the really nice people. Some of the nice men are shy, well-bred; they don't push for introductions, and they are modest. Because you are an actress, they think 'She'd never look at me twice.' Strange as it seems, that very type of man would be my ideal; the kind who wouldn't be a playboy, who wouldn't always have a smart, glib answer.

"I like an intelligent man, but not one who is too glib and too sure of himself. I think the latter type is more apt to be a heart-breaker. My kind of man isn't shy exactly, but he doesn't particularly attract attention, because he isn't loud or flashy. Modest—I guess that's the word."

This doesn't mean that Joan doesn't like actors, for there are many actors and actresses who are quiet, introspective people. It's just that the quiet, well-bred man is more for her. There are many actors in this category.

Of course, if you had loomed into Joan's life a few years back, it would have been a different matter. For Joan goes through different stages of likes and dislikes. She's quite young, still growing up, and her tastes are still being formed. When she was playing the role of Corliss Archer in "Kiss and Tell" on Broadway, she used to go with a man who was very social, very Yale.

He was a playboy who took her to all the football games, the fraternity dances, the proms and similar events. Then there was another boy with similar glamour. He came from a good family, belonged to the best fraternity at Princeton. "He was the dream—he was from a good family, belonged to the best fraternity at Princeton. "He was the dream—"

If you were Joan's boy friend, or her husband, you would be proud of her. She's so lovely. Her slightly tanned skin sets off her blond hair, and the contrast is intriguing. There's a sweetness about her that makes her different from the usual Hollywood blond. There's a dignity in her face and manner that smacks of good breeding, good background.

She's typical of the new Hollywood: A girl with a college education, who comes from a good family, who isn't much different from nice girls anywhere else.

If you were Joan's dream man, you'd be happy about this. It would be like marrying the girl next door—but with a difference! The world hasn't changed so much, after all. Many men still want to marry a girl just like the girl who married dear old dad. That's Joan.

The End
Whatever your ambition, personality is the key to success. You can overcome defects, emphasize assets, put on your best self.

BEN PIAZZA, supervisor of new talent and casting director for RKO-Radio Pictures, has discovered many of Hollywood's brightest stars.

Beginning his career as an actor, he has been theater manager, general manager of the RKO vaudeville department, motion picture industry's first talent scout.

In this series, he will tell YOU how to bring out your own personality, explain what qualities attracted him in players he has discovered, show you how new talent is groomed for stardom, and help you apply the knowledge to yourself.

★ Want to be in pictures? Looking for a good job? Long to be President of your club? Hostess to your husband's boss? The most popular kid in school? Or are you Miss Nobody—Mr. Cipher—entirely negative?

Whatever your ambition, personality is the key to success.

When a studio signs a promising player, experts are called in to groom, advise and help him. That precious gem we hope he has must be cut, polished and set before its true value can be seen. This is a big job. My aim in this series is to show YOU how to enhance your personality, overcome defects, emphasize good qualities, and project your best self on life's screen.

Sometimes it's difficult to recognize personality, for it may be hidden under layers of shyness, carelessness, even rudeness; sometimes it is apparent at a glance. That's the way it was with Barbara Hale, now starring in "Thunder Mountain." I rarely look at photographs because they seldom tell anything, but a friend showed me pictures of Barbara, and there was such appeal, such warmth, in her face that I recommended a test. She got her chance because she knew her best points.

The first time I saw Katharine Hepburn, I was talent-scouring in New York City for the late, great Irving Thalberg. Katharine rushed into my office, no make-up freckles showing, hair untidy, looking as if someone had thrown her clothes at her as she ran by. Her (Continued on page 86)
that's the ticket to Guy's dream boat: Lik¬
ing the things he likes. For instance, he is
happy with a girl who loves the beach—
swimming, sunning, the works. Guy will
drive halfway across the state to get him¬
sell an ocean. He was a life guard in the Navy,
you know, and that should give you the gen¬
eral idea.

It would help, too, if you were the athletic
type*. Among his major interests are archery
and deep sea diving. These things aren't just
hobbies with him. They really matter. You
probably wouldn't look too tricky to us
ordinary mortals in your diving bell, but
you'd look tricky as all get-out to Guy, and
if you're dreaming of being date bait, remem¬
ber that.

Guy also likes a girl who is built to per¬
fection. She can be as tall and statuesque
as redhead Rhonda Fleming, whom he used
to date, or petite like Cathy Downs; but she
should curve in all the right places. Guy has
the kind of figure most men dream about,
strictly crew stuff, if you get the idea; all
shoulders, small hips, a lean quality, a liv¬
eliness. He takes pride in his figure and
appreciates equal perfection in a woman. To
illustrate, he thinks Lana Turner is built like
a million dollars.

As a matter of fact, he likes Lana. When
he first came to Hollywood, he got irritated
at the strict caste system which doesn't per¬
mit an unknown to ask a big star for a date.
Guy met Lana at a party. He took one look
at that body beautiful, that lovely hair, those
full lips, and said to himself, "That's for me!"

Before he could swing into action, how¬
ever, he was cautioned. All at once, he was
quite aware that he was making a three-fig¬
ure-per-week salary, as contrasted with her
four-figure one. He saw, all too clearly, that
she was famous while he was unknown,
though, as a matter of fact, Lana prob¬
ably would have been delighted to exchange
smiles and camaraderie with anyone as gay
and handsome as Guy.

Therefore, if you were Guy Madison's
dream girl, you'd have to possess a real un¬
derstanding of Guy, the man. He's probably
the most naive kid to hit Hollywood in a
decade. You see, he'd never really been in
Hollywood—except on the way to the
beach—until that memorable night when
Henry Willson of Vanguard discovered Guy
for David Selznick.

At that time, Guy actually knew from
nothing. He was in the Navy and spending
a week-end leave in Hollywood like a hick
tourist. He managed to get tickets to a radio
broadcast, and grabbed the chance to see a
"real live" movie star: Janet Gaynor.

He was sitting in the audience, waiting
for the show to begin, when Henry Willson
spotted him. Within seconds, Guy was in the
car on the way to Vanguard. Within half-an¬
hour, he had signed a contract with Selznick.
Oh, not a regular man-sized contract like the
one he has today. But a contract, neverthe¬
less.

That night the kid who had never seen a
"real live" movie star was having dinner
with Anne Shirley and Henry Willson at the
Mocambo. Guy's story is a Mr. Cinderella
story if there ever was one. Before too long
he was meeting famous, fabulous people, but
Guy simply didn't know who they were.

At a party Louella Parsons told him, "I
think you're the cutest thing I ever saw!"
Unabashed, he replied, sincerely, "I think
you're cute too." She wandered on. He
turned to his partner and said, "Who was
that? She's nice!"

Therefore, to be Guy's dream girl you'd
have to be able to go back to yesterday.
You'd have to realize that what has hap¬
pened to Guy has happened overnight.
Gradually, he has become used to the smart
talk, the gay patter, the right people, but it
wasn't always thus. So Guy's girl would
have to be down-to-earth, smoothly homo¬
ous. He doesn't go for sophistication. She'd
have to possess simplicity in order not to
mistake his honesty and naivete for dumb¬
ness.

Guy's girl also would have to be a good
dancer. When Guy first came to Hollywood,
he couldn't put one foot in front of the other.
Today, things have changed. He's an expert
caper. He's out to prove that he can act, too.
Besides all these things, you'd have to be
down-to-earth, smoothly homos, to attract
Guy. Your kisses would have to match his.
He's not looking for a shy violet. He's search¬
ing for a beautiful, vital, human being; some¬
to love, a real mate.

There, in a nutshell, is the tragedy of Hol¬
lywood fame. Guy is a one-woman man. He's
very close to being madly in love but mar¬
triage right now is out of the question. So,
finally, to be Guy Madison's dream girl,
you'd have to be willing to wait. Would you?
I think you would.

The End

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Once in a while, date-bait Guy Madison and Rory Calhoun enjoy an evening sans feminine
company. Here the boys chuckle over some bit of man-talk while stagging it at Mocambo.
“At sixteen, I served time for robbery. Shall I tell my future wife about my past?”

EX-CONVICT

Dear Miss Crawford:

I’m a young man of eighteen who expects to be married within the next three months. I am also an ex-convict having pulled time for a robbery I committed when I was only sixteen. I have never told my girl about this.

My problem is shall I tell her before we get married. I’m afraid that if she finds out the truth, she may not go through with it. What do you think I should do?

Harold M.
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

There’s no problem about this, my boy. You tell your girl immediately, before you get married. If she wants to leave you, it’s much better that she do it now than when she finds out later. It will do wonders for your conscience, too, and help you start your marriage with a clean slate.

TALK YOUR PROBLEM OVER WITH YOUR HUSBAND!

Dear Miss Crawford:

I was married when I was fourteen years old. I have two children, a little boy of three and a little girl of one. I am now nineteen. My husband is twenty-six.

In the five years that I’ve been married, I haven’t been to a dance once. I love to dance but my husband doesn’t and insists it’s vulgar. I don’t know why he does, but he objects strenuously each time I suggest we go out. I love my children very much and would never do anything to harm or lose them. Of late, however, I’ve begun to think of all the wonderful times I missed by getting married so early. This has made me unhappy, and I guess I’ve showed it. I am becoming more and more dissatisfied with my husband and I’m afraid that I may do something drastic like running away.

I’d appreciate a word of advice.

Marcene B.
Hobbs, N. M.

I know exactly how you feel, and believe me, I appreciate the emotional struggle you’re undergoing. At the same time, you must realize that when you married at an early age, you made a definite choice. You put aside the carefree times of youth for the responsibilities of parenthood and marriage.

On the face of what you tell me, your husband seems to be a most unreasonable man. Everyone, married or single, is entitled to a bit of relaxation. Surely, he must know that.

What does he do for recreation? It’s silly, of course, for you to think of running away. After all, you have two children who are the dearest things in the world to you; infinitely more valuable than going to a dance on Saturday night.

What you must do is sit down and engage your husband in a serious talk. Tell him you’re not yet ready for the grave. Tell him that you’re still young and attractive; that you like a good time once in a while and that you think it will make for a better marriage.

TALENT POSSIBILITIES

Dear Miss Crawford:

I wish to enlist your aid concerning the possible future of my daughter. She has just turned eight. She has talent, looks, and is extremely photogenic.

Now small towns do handicap people and such being the case, I would like very much to have you advise me on the possibilities of mailing photographs of her to the various studios in Hollywood. Do you think this might help her get a screen test? In other words what is the best procedure for a mother to follow who believes firmly that her daughter might become a child movie star?

Natalie M.
Biloxi, Miss.

I don’t think sending your child’s photos to the studios is going to help any, I have spoken with talent scouts and Hollywood executives about this problem a number of times, and they tell me that the best course of action to follow is to secure an agent. Now, I know there are few theatrical agents in small towns, probably none at all in Biloxi. There must be some in New Orleans, however. Either you write an agent in New Orleans, enclosing the photos and telling him what sort of talent your child possesses, or you take her to New Orleans yourself.

PARENTAL PROBLEM

Dear Miss Crawford:

My mother is a very sickly person and I am trying to work at my position as a secretary and also keep house. I do not mind doing this, except that my mother and brother are extremely strict with me. I am not allowed out very much and when I am, they demand that I get home by ten-thirty.

About two years ago, I started going with an exceptionally nice boy and they like him very well. They still insisted on the ten-thirty deadline, however. Many were the times that this boy and I went to the movies and had to leave before it was half over. I felt very guilty having a boy spend his money so foolishly. We once attended a dance and did not arrive at home until eleven-thirty. My mother gave me a terrible beating that night and also told the boy that if he insisted upon keeping me out at such hours, he would have to discontinue seeing me entirely.

(Continued on page 76)
about new methods of education? I’ve heard you have some good ideas on that.

Well, I happen to have children, so naturally I have a certain point of view about how to bring them up—my own ideas, of course. Then I also remember that I was once a child myself. Coming as I did from a rough neighborhood—I remember what happened to friends of mine who were not as fortunate as I, and who—I hate to use the phrase “on the wrong side of the tracks”—ended up in jams of one kind or another. You know?

With a background such as you had, I wonder why you didn’t wind up in jams.

I was lucky to go to a public school where I met a man who was highly interested in progressive education for children.

Was that Angelo—?

Patri. Yes, his name is Angelo Patri.

I’ve read about him. He writes features for magazines on child psychology. Really, a remarkable person.

He was even more remarkable many years ago, because he pioneered a new idea in education. He organized his own school. It was under the Board of Education in New York, but he ran it his way, for his particular neighborhood. Your courses were arranged so that you could spend forty or eighty minutes a day doing things you liked—things, such as sculpturing, painting, carpentry, dramatics. He kept the kids going to school, made school seem attractive. And in that neighborhood . . . putting a sugar coating on education was a pretty smart idea.

What do you mean “that neighborhood”? Or do you mind saying?

No, not at all. Most people who know me realize that the neighborhood I came from as a child was a very poor one. Incidentally, there’s a false impression I would like to correct right here. So many writers get the opinion I went to a school for juvenile delinquents. That’s all wrong. It was a regular school, but it was in a neighborhood where the environment could easily encourage juvenile delinquency. Don’t misunderstand me. This doesn’t mean I believe juvenile delinquency is limited to children whose parents are poor. I believe it comes to children whose parents are rich, too.

Was that Patri’s belief?

Yes. He used to say that no boy was a bad boy. He had a very keen understanding about how important it was to arouse a child’s interest in school by encouraging him in things he liked. For instance, I was lucky enough to fall into a dramatic class which took my interest away from the tough things natural to a young kid in that neighborhood. He encouraged me in dramatics, and I became interested and finally decided to make it my career.

Does it sometimes give you a feeling of surprise to realize you wound up in Hollywood, a star? I mean, when you remember how you started?

Well, sure I’m surprised. Every day I look around, and I’m surprised I’m still here! But seriously!

I meant that—but I see what you’re driving at. I don’t think it’s so unusual for kids to be influenced by their teachers. I’m sure that in every community in America there are teachers who give children such understanding.

That’s why I feel that the teachers in this country are getting the worst rooking in the world—they’re so underpaid. Why, they’re the backbone of the nation, just as much as the parent is.

You have very serious ideas. Does it give you more satisfaction to do pictures along serious lines? What happens in “Body and Soul” as an example?

Well, the man becomes corrupt because he loves money, which is a natural thing. I mean about loving money. Everybody does. But sometimes getting money does something to certain people.

You mean they can’t take it? The success and the prestige?

It spills them or changes their values. Sometimes people who have a lot of money want more money; and when they have more money, they want more money. Then, when they have much, much more money, they want a big empire. When they have that big empire—that’s when they can become dangerous.

Is that what “Body and Soul” points out?

“Body and Soul” is actually a story of a man who is a prizefighter. He’s very talented with fists and comes from a very ordinary background. He becomes slowly involved in being successful and having a lot of money and gets spoiled; that’s it.

Does he reform in the end?

I wouldn’t call it reformed. Because I don’t believe people reform. They learn, that’s all.

So the light?

No, I don’t like seeing the light, either. It’s just an interesting story, a solid characterization. It has a lot of sex and suspense and some wonderful boxing scenes.

Did you ever box professionally? Didn’t you read somewhere that you did?

You may have read it—but the only time I ever boxed professionally was when I was a kid. I got knocked out.

Oh, fine!

I could take a hint. I quit. That’s about the closest I ever came to professional boxing.

Then do you do these fight scenes yourself? Sure.

Isn’t that tough on you? Not too tough. I’m in pretty good shape.

I trained for it.

How do you train for it?

I went to the gymnasium and trained with a professional trainer. The same way I did for “Humoresque” with the fiddle. I fiddled around with that fiddle for a long time! That’s the way we do these boxing sequences. As a matter of fact, we work it like a dance routine. We rehearse the whole thing first, and then we go in and shoot it.

You can just let go with a professional secret then. I’ve always wondered, in those fight scenes, when they hand out those awful socks and everyone winds up bloody but unbowed—do they pull their punches? How do you do that? Why doesn’t someone get hurt?

Occasionally you do get hurt. I’ve gotten a couple of socks once or twice.

What about pulling your punches?

It’s a trick. You give socks all right, but you try not to deliver knockout blows.

I don’t know why you don’t wind up black and blue.

Well, you’re in training and you’re pretty hard, for one thing. So far I’ve been lucky.

What if you wound up with a black eye and had to go back and play a sequence at the beginning of the picture?

That would be a problem, except that makeup can always fix a black eye or a bruise.

Did you get bumped in the car smashup in “The Postman Always Rings Twice”?

No, that’s all sound effects. Crash-bang, you know.

What if you wound up with a black eye and had to go back and play a sequence at the beginning of the picture?

That would be a problem, except that makeup can always fix a black eye or a bruise.

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That would be a problem, except that makeup can always fix a black eye or a bruise.

Did you get bumped in the car smashup in “The Postman Always Rings Twice”?

No, that’s all sound effects. Crash-bang, you know.

I liked “The Postman.” I’m a fan of the author, James Cain, anyway, I didn’t know how they were going to clean up the book enough to make a picture out of it.

(Continued on page 76)
Don't worry. Just go ahead. Shoot!

Well, you've always been so outspoken. John, so I've wondered how you feel about actors and citizenship. Should an actor completely withdraw from the usual activities of Mr. John Q. Citizen?

I think it depends entirely upon the individual. You're asking me this as a personal question, so I'll answer it that way. I thoroughly believe that, as long as an actor is a citizen of a community and pays taxes, he most certainly has a right to express his opinions. But I don't think he should let his position influence anybody. You know what I mean? He should vote; and, if he feels strongly enough about something, he should come out and say so.

Do you find that being in the limelight sometimes makes it difficult for you to take a stand, makes you hold back a little, when you'd really like to go forward?

Yes, of course. There are certain things you just can't come out for or against, because you happen to be in the public eye. On the other hand, there are certain things I personally wouldn't hesitate to come out for, because I believe in them so strongly. I don't care whether it's good for my career or not. Some people in this profession don't believe at all the way I do about this. But that's what makes horse racing—a difference of opinion.

I keep going back to Angelo Patri in my thoughts. You spoke with such feeling and enthusiasm about him. Did it ever occur to you that he'd make a wonderful story?

Yes, and I'm going to do it some day. I'm a little too young now, but perhaps ten years after you finished public school... I feel certain she will agree with you.

First of all, you must know that you are old enough to take care of yourself. If your mother isn't aware of that, then you should tell her. I believe in parents being strict, in carefully safeguarding the education and social life of their children, but I do not believe in fanaticism of any sort: and I think that is exactly what your mother is practising.

I am by no manner or means advocating that you disobey your mother. That's the last thing in the world I should ever do. I do, however, want you to talk to your mother. I want you to try and explain to her how she is standing in the way of your happiness. Surely, she wants you to be happy, to enjoy life, to have a little fun. Tell her these things: tell her that you're grown-up; and that the right of every adult is the right to personal freedom. If she is any sort of woman at all, I feel certain she will agree with you.

I went with this boy for a whole year. I've never been happier. Last week, this boy gave me a ring. He said he was tired of seeing me pushed around by my mother and brother. He said I had no backbone or independence. I realize that what my family demands of me is their way of keeping me safe, but I have never in my life done anything to make them distrust me. I have always tried to be obedient and abide by the rules they have set, but I am very unhappy because I love this boy very much. And he says he is not coming back to see me unless I put my foot down as regards the hours he and I may both keep. What do you suggest?

Carmela G.
Providence, R. I.

Dear Miss Crawford:
I am a senior in high school and am very interested in becoming a costume and set designer for the movies. I don't, however, know where to begin my study for such a pursuit. Is there any school you know where to begin my study for such a pursuit. Is there any school you know?

Surely, she wants you to be happy, to enjoy life, to have a little fun. Tell her these things: tell her that you're grown-up; and that the right of every adult is the right to personal freedom. If she is any sort of woman at all, I feel certain she will agree with you.

ARTISTIC SENIOR

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Paul Henreid, former problem advisor, talks over your letters with Joan on set of "Possessed."
Dear Miss Crawford:

There’s a problem that’s been bothering me for some time, and I wish you’d help me with it. Two years ago when I was sixteen, I fell madly in love with a man thirty-three years of age. At first I thought it was an infatuation—you know the kind young girls frequently have for much older men. But as time went on, I discovered that I was genuinely in love with this man.

My father forbade my seeing him, saying that he was a no-good loafer, but I went out with him anyway. He now wants me to marry him. I am eighteen and of legal age to do this. I know that if I do marry him, however, my father will have nothing to do with me ever. He is a proud, stubborn man.

Shall I get married to this man I truly love and antagonize father or shall I preserve my father’s love by renouncing mine? There seems to be no chance of compromise.

Ellen M.
Waco, Texas

This, I regret to say, is one of those problems in which you must make the final decision. I cannot advise you to leave your father for this man, because I don’t know either one. And your letter gives nothing but the skimpiest details.

There is this to consider, however. Each of us must live our own life. Our parents can’t live it for us. They can guide us and advise us, but we personally must make the major decisions. Many parents, unintentionally, have ruined the lives of their children by insisting upon adherence to certain rules which are old-fashioned and out-of-date.

Now, it is entirely possible that if you marry this man and the marriage turns out to be a success, your father will acknowledge his mistake like a man and join you in your happiness. I’m sure you are happy in what he wants most. He certainly would not break up a happy marriage. If you don’t marry this man, it may well be—and your father should recognize this—that you will blame him for your sorrow all the rest of your life. This is a heavy burden for him to shoulder, and if you present it to him in such a fashion, he may not want to carry it.

Dear Miss Crawford:

Four years ago—when I was sixteen years old, I eloped with a boy I had known all my life. While we loved each other, my parents made me feel I had done a terrible thing, so the marriage was annulled. We have kept in touch with each other all these years. While I know I love him, he was hurt by the knowledge that I agreed to return to my parents’ home. I haven’t been able to convince him that the passing years have made me more sure of my feeling, that our marriage now would have a good chance of succeeding. How can I convince him that it would work out?

Helen G.

No doubt the boy was hurt when you made your decision to return home. But you were much too young and he should realize it by this time. Maybe he doesn’t want to marry you now. If he doesn’t then nothing will make him. I suggest that you date others. He may realize that you are the one and only, but if he doesn’t it should not be a tragedy in your life for he sounds a little immature.

The End

MOVIELAND’S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. "Dagwood" 65. Lillian Gish in a titular role
2. "Till the Clouds Roll By" 66. "Judy's" pa in "The Yearling"
4. "That Night" (Anag.) 67. "Isabel Gonzales" is "Dimples" in "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy"
5. "Sangs Of Man River" in "Till the Clouds Roll By" 68. "Girl" in "Ladies Man"
6. "The Killers" 69. Marc
7. "Julia Ross" is a titular role 70. "Louise XV" in "Monsieur Beaucaire"
10. "Kitty Collins" is a role in "The Killers"
11. Leonore Ulric in "Temptation"
12. Bert, Jack, Lauren and Bud (Inits.)
13. "Julia Ross" is a titular role
14. "Devlin" in "Notorious"
15. "Louis XV" in "Monsieur Beaucaire"
16. "Sweet..."
17. "Mrs. Warren" in "The Spiral Staircase"
18. Lucille in Gene's "In the Razor's Edge"
19. "Al" in "The Best Years of Our Lives" (Inits.)
20. "Al" in "The Best Years of Our Lives" (Anag.)
21. "Julia Ross" is a titular role
22. "Mr. North" in "The Spiral Staircase"
23. "Sue" in "The Walls Came Tumbling Down"
24. Audrey and Charles (Inits.)
25. Joan Crawford in "Humoresque" (Anag.)
26. He's with Shirley and Guy in "Honeymoon"
28. Motion-picture projector
29. "A" in "The Time of Their Lives"
30. Fred Astaire in "The Spiral Staircase"
31. Rosemary DeCamp in "The Spiral Staircase"
32. "A" in "The Time of Their Lives"
33. "Susan" in "The Walls Came Tumbling Down"
34. "Rudy Boras" in "Humoresque"
35. "Lee Addams" in "The Secret Heart"
36. "Trader...
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72. "Trader..."
Here's a blessing in disguise—a pretty hair style that will solve warm weather coiffure problems!

No matter how you'd like to wear your hair, start first with a thorough brushing. This stimulates the scalp, helps remove daily collections of dust, grime. Plaits start high above the ear.

* The basis of any hairdo is a thorough brushing as Vera Ralston, star of Republic's forthcoming picture, "Wyoming," demonstrates. If you'd like to copy her hairstyle, but find your hair isn't quite long enough for the braids to meet on top, fill in the gap with flowers or with a bow that flatters your costume.

A little ingenuity coupled with a hand mirror to check the part and side effects are all you need to create a flattering hair design to keep you cool during the summer months.

To achieve the chic sophistication you desire, it is important to keep all those hairs that tend to straggle in place. Hair dressing or creme, pomade and brilliantine, bobby pins and hairtainers are invaluable aids. For that especially stubborn and as yet untrained hair at the sides of your ears, use lanolated wax.

Vera follows exactly the same procedure for other side. To make sure that all fly-away ends are tucked in, the star always checks with her hand mirror.

Final step is to apply lacquer to temple hairs with a special brush. The final result shows Vera with a hair style that is flattering, comfortable, easy to copy.

KEEP COOL AND LOVELY!

By JULIA RANSOM
ADVICE TO READERS FOR 
BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR’S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

Advise, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

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

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

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

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

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

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor’s directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 184, New York 2, N.Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor’s directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn’t cost you a cent.
Judy wanted a transcription deal; Sponsor didn’t! ... Louis Prima now has the quietest band he ever had. ... Speaking of sweet bands, Lawrence Welk’s orchestra has been doing big business at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York and has been signed to return next season. ... With all the pros and cons being hurled at Frank Sinatra, especially since his recent fistfight trouble, I can only agree with Walter Winchell, who said, “I don’t know much about his right hand, but I do know he’s got a right heart.” ... I’m not trying to defend his public outburst of temper, but I’ve known Frank since his Tommy Dorsey days and have always found him to be an honest, loyal and sincere guy.

WHAT’S BRISK ON THE DISC:

**MERCURY:**

Jack Fina and his orchestra have a pleasing record in “Stella By Starlight” and “We Knew It All The Time.” “Stella” is done as an instrumental with Fina playing a piano solo in the same concert style that made him famous with Freddy Martin. The latter tune is a new rhythm ballad by Sammy Cahn, with a vocal by Gil Lewis.

Mercury has just signed eighteen-year-old Vio Damone to a platter deal and plans to give him a good build-up. Vic’s first record, with Tootie Canarato’s band, combines “Ivy” and “I Have But One Heart,” and he does a smooth job on both. “Ivy” is Hoagy Carmichael’s latest composition from the picture of the same name, and “I Have But One Heart” is a ballad based on an Italian folk tune. Vic sings this one in English and Italian.

Harry Coot’s orchestra does two new novelties, “Mahzel,” and “I Won’t Be Home Any More When You Call.” “Mahzel,” which means “good luck” is adapted from an old Jewish melody and looks like a big novelty hit.

“Frankie Laine Sings” is the title of a good album which includes six oldies particularly suited to the Laine delivery: “Sunny Side Of The Street,” “Black And Blue,” “West End Blues,” “Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams,” “Blue Turning Grey-Over You,” and “I Can’t Believe You’re Still In Love With Me.”

Frankie does all of them in a very relaxed style, using only a rhythm section and Babe Russin’s tenor sax as accompaniment.

**DECCA:**

Dick Haymes, with Gordon Jenkins’ orchestra, sings “Ivy” and “They Can’t Convince Me,” the ballad from Rita Hayworth’s new picture, “Down To Earth.”

Lawrence Welk and his orchestra offer “My Pretty Girl” and “Chi-Baba Chi-Baba” with Bobby Beers handling the lyrics on both. Both these tunes are moving right along in popularity, with “Chi-Baba” almost a cinch for the Hit Parade.

“I Want To Be Loved” and “Limehouse Blues” are the tunes on Lionel Hampton’s new quartet record. His vocal group, the Hamptonians, sing the first side, and “Limehouse” is an instrumental with good solos.

Don’t miss Bing Crosby and Al Jolson, a duet on wax for the first time, on “Alexander’s Ragtime Band” and “The Spaniard That Blighted My Life.” You can just tell these famous gentlemen had fun making this one, especially the “Spaniard” tune, with humorous asides by Crosby, Morris Stoloff conducts the orchestra. This record is practically a must for anybody’s collection.

The Groaner is also in with an album, “Welcome Stranger.” The four songs from his new picture of the same title were written by the boys who have been responsible for so many of Bing’s past hits, Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Huesen: “My Heart Is A Hobo,” and “As Long As I’m Dreaming,” both ballads; a rhythm tune, “Smile Right Back At The Sun,” and “Country Style.” This last tune is a square dance, with Bing and The Calico Kids doing the calls.

Two more re-issues in Decca’s Collectors’ series. There’s Woody Herman’s famous “Woodchopper’s Ball” and “Indian Boogie Woogie,” and Russ Morgan’s opening and closing themes, “Does Your Heart Beat For Me?” and “So Long.”

**M-G-M:**

Johnnie Johnston is back on wax, his first record since he left Capitol. He sings two ballads, “Stella By Starlight” and “Spring Isn’t Everything,” with Emil Vandus’ orchestra.

Jimmy Dorsey’s latest is “Sunday Kind of Love” and “Pots And Pans,” with Dee Parker in the lyrical spot. Jimmy plays some first solo of “Saturday Night.”

Art Mooney and his orchestra do “Mahzel” and “That’s My Desire.” The Galli Sisters sing the first side and Bud Brees dittos on the second. This is Mooney’s first platter under his new M-G-M contract.

Another addition to the Metro disc-ery is the Buddy Woody Trio, an excellent group, consisting of Woody on piano, Tommy Kay on guitar, and Felix Globbe on bass. They’ve warned “I Had Too Much Too Damn Last Night” with Buddy on the vocal, and one of his originals, “Whoopsie Doodle.”

**COLUMBIA:**

Harry James and The Music Makers have recorded “Moten Swing,” in two parts, with Harry’s trumpet heavily featured.

“Dreams Are A Dime A Dozen” and “Yes, Yes, Honey,” (You’ve Got Me Eatin’ Right Out Of Your Hand) and “Temptation” given the Gene Krupa treatment, with Tom Barry singing the first side and Carolyn Grey chanting the second. “Yes, Yes” is arranged with emphasis on beat and is a good dance record.

Dinah Shore, with Sonny Burke’s orchestra, croons the new ballad, “Ask Anyone Who Knows,” and a rhythm novelty, “Poppa, Don’t Preach To Me.”

For her first solo record for Columbia, Doris Day has chosen “Peter” and “I Takes Time.” Doris does both in her intimate style which is especially effective on the first side. The accompaniment is by Mitchell Ayres and a six-man group: four rhythm, trumpet, and clarinet.

In the album department we find “Finian’s Rainbow,” the complete score from the hit Broadway show, twelve sides in all, with the original cast, chorus and orchestra from the production. Ella Logan, David Wayne, Don Richards, and Delores Martin are the featured artists, and the numbers include “How Are Things In Giocca Morro?” “If This Isn’t Love,” “Old Devil Moon,” “Look To The Rainbow,” and “Rockin’ Of Granada,” “The Begat,” “When I’m Not Near The Girl I Love,” “This Time Of The Year,” “Necessity,” “When The Idle Poor Become The Idle Rich,” and “That Great Come and Get It Day.”

**CAPITOL:**

Stan Kenton has two more instrumental selections from his “Artistry in Rhythm” series: “Jackie” and “Collaboration.”

Capitol’s tenor, Clark Dennis, does a good job on “Heather On The Hill,” from the New York musical “Brigadoon,” and “Rockin’ Horse Cowboy,” with Billy May’s orchestra.

Margaret Whiting’s new one combines “Old Devil Moon” and “Ask Anyone Who Knows” with Frank DeVoll’s arrangements and orchestra.

If you want a laugh, get a record by Red Ingle and his Natural Seven called “I Love You For Sentimental Reasons” and “Temptation.” This is a Spike Jones type of group that specializes in novelties. The boys have changed the lyric on “Sentimental” to “I Love You For Seventy Mental Reasons,” which should be a tip-off to their style. So long for now—see you next month.
HOLLYWOOD WANTS TO KNOW

The movie producers want your opinions on film entertainment.

You can help Hollywood producers make the kind of pictures you want to see. Your frank answers to the ten questions on this page will be sent to them to help them turn out the best possible movie entertainment.

Send in your answers today. Be sure to include your name and address on the coupon. The first 100 readers to respond will receive the new twice-a-day beauty facial recommended by the makers of Phillips Milk of Magnesia. The container includes the new cleansing cream AND the soft skin cream which assures perfect make-up foundation.

Mail your answers to: Hollywood Wants To Know, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

1. Betty Hutton will play a serious role in her next picture, "Dream Girl." Do you prefer to see her in singing roles?
2. Do you like Dennis Morgan in dramatic roles?
3. Would you like to see Bob Mitchum do a comedy role for a change?
4. Do you like "psychological" dramas like "Dark Mirror," "Spellbound," or "Possessed?"
5. Do you enjoy Disney Cartoons that show live characters ("Song of the South"), or do you prefer straight cartoons?
6. Are you interested in newsreels?
7. Many pictures have musical backgrounds composed for the film. Do you prefer to hear new music or would you rather hear old, familiar music?
8. Do you like to see Gene Kelly in dancing roles, or would you rather see him do straight dramatic parts?
9. Do you like costume pictures, or do you prefer stories of modern day?
10. What is your favorite feature in this month's issue of MOVIELAND?

Take a Rhythm...from Sweet to Hot!

(In These 3 Swell RCA Victor Albums)

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Song of the Islands My Isle of Golden Dreams
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Sweet Leilani Blue Hawaii
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"FATS WALLER FAVORITES" includes some of Fats' most famous recordings... an album you'll play for years!

I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby
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Your Feet's Too Big
Ain't Misbehavin'
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The stars who make the hits are on RCA Victor Records!
she is going to wear to Ciro's or the Mocambo on a certain night.

I might think it was publicity, too, if I didn't know the gal, and if I hadn't found myself in the role of Cinderella.

Two years ago, I went to the maternity hospital for the usual reason. A week before the occasion there appeared at my house the most beautiful pink- and silver box I had ever seen. It was tied with an equally gorgeous pink- and silver bow. On top was a small pink envelope with a note which read:

"Dear Kate, these are for you to look 'so pretty in'—after the Great Event. Hope you enjoy them. With love, Lana."

I opened the box—and gasped. There were two of those dreamy hand-made short nightgowns you see in magazines and never have enough money to buy. One was white and one was pale blue. Both had long sleeves, collars edged in hand-made lace, and yokes appliqued with satin flowers. The last, and external ones the gowns alone weren't enough—was the word "Kate" embroidered in tiny letters just below each left shoulder.

That gift started me thinking, and I went around and talked to the people who know Lana best; who work with her year in and year out when she is making pictures. These people have always the same ones, incidentally, both when they enjoy working with her and because she insists the studio assign her "old gang" to her set when a film is about to start.

There is Del Armstrong, her make-up man, who has been with her for five years; Lillian Rader, her hair-dresser, who has been with her for six; Carl Nugent, the prop man, who has totalled eight years; and her stand-in, Alyce May, who has the record of almost nine years of constant association with her.

These four say, with one breath, that Lana is the most-loyal person they ever met. Del Armstrong proves it by relating that, when he was put in the service. There never was any letters were really from her, of course. The only way we could prove it for him was to send them all a picture of Lana and me on the set. When he came home, Lana took him and his wife to lunch and showed them the whole studio. The way she treated them, you would have thought they were the Trumans or someone important.

"She loves to give surprise birthday parties and when she does, they really are surprises. Last year, I didn't expect anything, but there was a big cake and a beautiful table for my house, from Lana. As an extra, personal present there was something that made me cry: A little box with four lovely glasses in it, one for me, one for my husband, one for my son, and one for my son's wife—so we could drink a toast to the boy when he finally came back from overseas. Only Lana would think of something like that."

The prop man, Carl Nugent told about the surprise party on his birthday.

"They kept me out at the front of the set all afternoon," he said. "I was moving props around like crazy, and it didn't make any sense. It never occurred to me that anyone, much less Lana, would remember it was my birthday. But finally, she called me to come to her dressing room at the back of the stage. In front of her trailer was a table with an enormous package tied with a big red bow.

"When I opened it, it was a set of matched golf clubs and the most beautiful leather golf bag I've ever seen. From Lana, with love."

Alyce May, who wears the same size clothes and shoes as Lana, now has a policy of never admitting anything the star wears if she says she likes a dress, for instance.
Lana has it cleaned and gives it to her.

Alyce says, too, that Lana has taken her all over the United States about nine times. She went on a Greek War Relief tour with her, to the Kentucky Derby, and to New York on five different occasions. Of these jaunts, Alyce is officially Miss Turner’s “companion and secretary.” Actually, she’s just along for fun. They stay at the best hotels; they go shopping together; and when Lana has a date for dining and dancing, she sees to it that Alyce has one, too.

And there are generosities that aren’t material; that you can’t touch. These are the things that make her crew adore her.

There was the time Victor Saville brought down a beautiful seven-year-old child for Lana’s inspection. The child was to play Veronica in “Green Dolphin Street” and Saville wanted to see if she and Lana would get along and if he should decide definitely to give her the part.

When Lana heard the child was prop-man Carl Nugent’s daughter, there was no question but that young Miss Nugent should have the role. Loyalty to her crew is ingrained deeply in Lana’s heart.

As a rule, Lana is strict about not working after six at night. This is both for her own good and the good of the crew, for making movies is not easy and people get very, very tired after a long day at it. But she broke her rule a few months ago. They were shooting “Green Dolphin Street” all day and every day. During that period, the USC-UCLA game was to be played. That, in case you don’t know, was the biggest football tussle on the Coast last season. Naturally some of the crew wanted to see it. Christmas is, of course, Lana’s dream day. She goes quietly and happily mad buying gifts for everyone in sight. With her, it’s not a question of ordering “fifty of this” or “twenty of that.”

The most fabulous gift she ever whipped up went to Alyce May.

“We went shopping a few days before Christmas three years ago,” Alyce told me; “We covered Beverly Hills like a blanket and were pretty tired by the time we hit a fur shop, Lana wanted to go to.

“The furrier greeted Lana like a long-lost daughter and brought out a mink coat he had been working on for her. She flopped down on a couch and said she simply couldn’t stand up another minute. Then, she turned and asked if I’d take her place in the fitting.

“We wear the same size clothes, as I said, and so naturally I was happy to fit it for her. I put it on and the man did things with pins. I swung around so Lana could see it properly. We discussed whether or not it should have pockets. I said I thought it would be a good idea. Lana agreed with me and the pockets were ordered.

“She cocked her head over to the side when the fitting was finished. It was as if she couldn’t make up her mind whether the coat was perfect or not.

“Do you like it, Alyce?” She asked, finally. “Really like it, I mean?”

“Are you kidding?” I answered. “It’s the most beautiful coat I ever saw!”

“A mischievous look crept into her eyes and she started to grin. ‘Well, I’m glad,’ she said, ‘Because it’s yours. Merry Christmas!’”

Alyce was silent a moment when she finished the story.

“I never came so close to fainting in my life,” she added.

The End
THE MAN WHO CAME BACK
(Continued from page 42)

Pitcairn Island and Tahiti; who bought his own schooner which was beached along with him on the Florida coast where he lived on a loaf of bread and a jar of peanut butter for two days. Not a prissy pants; not a phony adventurer; not a bum. Just an honest, God-fearing sailor who happened to wind up in Hollywood.

Hollywood remembers that a newspaperman who used to see him aboard like an International Fisherman's race started the "you ought to be in pictures" routine. Finally, broke, Hayden was talked into it. He had never acted a day in his life, but Hollywood bought the product just the same. Not every day into this sophisticated glitter town marries a guy who is real. Paramount liked his directness, his lack of pretense. The press liked him. He was refreshing after a long line of suave, smooth, drawing room heroes. Maybe a guy who looked like the side of a mountain; who was 6'5", blue-eyed, a trim 202 pounds, didn't need to know how to act. Anyway, Paramount figured he could be taught.

So did a gal by the name of Madeleine Carroll. Beautiful, an established star, she was also impressed with him. He'd come to Hollywood for a job, not to run in adventurist channels. Their romantic scenes were so terrific in "Virginia" and "Bahama Passage" that people began to say they were in love. People were right. Sterling and his first wife were married in 1942.

But although his future was set, Sterling wasn't happy with the life of an actor. A guy who had dropped anchor in nearly every port of the North Atlantic, Caribbean and South Pacific found movie making a bit on the gilded side. Besides, there was trouble in Europe, and the first rumbles were frighteningly sharp. In September of 1941, Sterling snapped shut his makeup case and jumped into the fracas.

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moody spells so often. Betty is rather a special person. She’d have to be, seriously to interest Sterling. Because the war and the problems of nations and people, have influenced even the way Sterling thinks about the woman he loves.

“My idea of a really lovely woman,” he says, “is personified by Betty. She has character, intelligence, heart. And I think it’s important that she has a working background rather than a college or social background. Betty has her feet squarely on the ground; she knows what’s going on in the world. I would never be happy with a woman whose world was bounded on four sides by smug ignorance.”

Betty loves boats almost as much as Sterling does. She is the outdoors type and they are equally attracted to the open life. This makes Sterling very happy. “I think you should share everything, particularly the extra-curricular work you do; your hobbies, reading, anything. If you don’t want to share that with your wife, then you don’t deserve one,” he says bluntly.

Yes, this man who has come back is mature. He does that most rare thing: He thinks. He doesn’t prattle off someone else’s opinions like a parrot. He’s an analyst, a realist. And his views are not run-of-the-mill. His ideas of marriage are sound and he and Betty have entered marriage with their eyes open and their hearts full of certainty that this is it.

Today, Hollywood is very aware of Hayden. It’s true that they remember the kid who went away; his romantic sea-going; his fabulous, adventurous background. But what they may not remember is that Sterling Hayden even then was different. Hayden is a man of integrity and action; a man who always believed this acting stuff was kind of embarrassing. That he’s back in it leaving his sailing days to the past, means that he has found something more exciting, stimulating, and rewarding than either acting or sailing the seven seas. He’s found love; he’s found a way to do his part toward influencing others to think and he’s found himself. More than this, no man could ask.

The End

ON SALE DATE

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The August issue of MOVIELAND Magazine goes on sale at your local newsstand July 9

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AT LAST...

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Are the Talk of Hollywood

Screen Guide

On Sale June 15th

JULY

SCREEN GUIDE

85
things may have been expensive and in the latest style, but for all the grace she gave them, they might as well have been rags.

I said: "Oh, no!"

Katharine had been later getting started on her career than she need have been, for she certainly has something for the screen.

Take an inventory of yourself. Perhaps you are goodlooking, graceful and wear clothes well. All points in your favor if you also have that inner something. What is that something?

Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum and Jimmy Stewart, three very different personalities, each has his impact on the screen.

Katharine Cornell sent Peck to me when he was on tour with her. Though young and inexperienced, he impressed me with his unique ability to do nothing at all. I think his perfect poise is the result of his great humility. He never seems to think of himself, always of others, of what goes on around him, what’s being said to him.

The finest tip I can give you is: FORGET YOURSELF ENTIRELY; CONCENTRATE ON OTHERS.

Robert Mitchum has an aggressive, I-can-be-cruel air, as if he'd walk over any woman and go away whistling. Some women like that, enjoy danger; others run the other way, but even the latter are intrigued with the Mitchum personality. He’s neither handsome nor glamorous, but he has "something." I talked the studio into signing him.

We arranged a test for Jimmy Stewart while he was in the theater, and could have signed him to Paramount at $500 a week, but when I ran the test, Ernst Lubitsch cried: "Why waste my time on a boy with those lips?" Jimmy was too thin, too lanky, too boyish charm that went straight to my heart.

The girl or boy with beauty. You get an illusion of beauty. Confidence, comes with knowing what to wear and how to wear it. You can learn how to be gracious.

When Elia Logan was entertaining troops in Germany, she saw Martha's photograph on Colonel C. J. Hynes' desk. He was commenting occupation forces. Elia told me about Martha. I asked for a test, and Martha’s warm, gracious and sincere personality came through, even though the test was made in trying circumstances without the best equipment.

Have I mentioned voices?

When I saw Robert Taylor in "Journey's End" at Pomona, he couldn't act, he had eyebrows like John Lewis, his hair looked like a wig, but something in his voice got me. MGM wasn’t interested until I managed to put him into an elaborate test Tamara Geva was taking. The test was made with great care, and although Bob still couldn’t act, a certain quality came over. Irving Thalberg saw the test with me. "How much for the boy?" he asked. I'd been trying for him so hard that I was afraid to lose him. I replied: "Thirty-five dollars a week."

"Buy him a thousand dollars worth of clothes and sign him!" directed Irving. We upped the figure presently, but we still had to groom him, teach him acting and bring out his personality.

The girl or boy with an accent has a problem. Some are considered "cute," and often directors and producers can’t decide whether or not it is a plus.

When I saw Robert Mitchum in "Journey's End," I bought him a thousand dollars worth of clothes and signed him! I had to be very sure to have the surname shown on Colonel J. C. Hynes' desk. He was commenting occupation forces. Elia told me about Martha. I asked for a test, and Martha’s warm, gracious and sincere personality came through, even though the test was made in trying circumstances without the best equipment.

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and looked luscious. She wore her white ermine cape.

Diana Lynn was there with her b.f. of the moment: Bob Neal, a big-money man from Texas oil wells. His family used to own the Maxwell House Coffee Company or some such, and now they own millions of oil wells. Diana says she met Bob when she was breaking up with Henry Willson, and she didn't pay much attention to him at all. That is probably why Bob got so interested—on account of Diana wasn't. If you know what I mean. When she was on her concert tour, Bob flew from Texas to Chicago to see her, and then another time he flew to New York for the same reason. He's made five trips out here to Hollywood, just to escort her around. As for his phone bills! All I have to say is it's a good thing he has a lot of money!

We saw Jimmy Stewart and Ellen Ross together, but we didn't get a bit excited on account of both Joe and I already knew that (1) they were just friends; (2) Ellen is engaged to somebody else! Donna Reed escorted her aunt from Iowa to the Academy Awards. Auntie got a tremendous kick out of everything because she's a big movie fan on his arm, which doesn't mean anything, because he is quite the man about town. Don't think, Jimmy! Today, the news is that Fred were the man around me. Is he ever tall, tan and terrific! He's not only a beautiful specimen—he has the most engaging sense of humor!

I got so kind of thrilled when Joe and I received our invites to the Peggy Ryan-Jimmy Cross wedding. It was dreamy. Peggy was done up all bride-like in a white lace gown that was shorter in front than in back. Her veil was finger-tip length and she carried a shower bouquet of gardenias and sweetheart roses.

Jackie Coogan was the best man for Jimmy Cross, who is an actor, and Peggy's pop gave the bride away. The couple were married before the fireplace, which was banked with spring flowers and flanked by huge candelabra. The ceremony was made official by Judge Brandt.

The reception was so jammed with people Joe and I could only spot such immortals as Eddie Albert and his wife, Margo, the Donald O'Connors and the Jackie Coogans. Honestly, the funniest thing happened the other eve. The Flicker-Box-Boy and I stopped at the drive-in for a nutburger, and guess who drove in right next to us? Just Glenn, the man Ford, that's all! We shrieked at each other across the running boards, only of course cars don't have running boards any more, but you know what I mean. Glenn told us about the gorgeous new house he and Eleanor Powell have just bought. It belonged to Max Steiner, the composer and conductor at Warner Bros., and absolutely every room is sound-proofed, and every room has music piped into it! Glenn is delighted, as who wouldn't be?

We took in the premiere of that darling picture "The Egg and I," and honestly it was all so confusing on account of studio cops pushed and hustled the photographers and reporters like me, you know around just like we were anybody. Then the publicity chief (Continued on page 89)
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If you could ask Dana Andrews one question, what would it be? Movieland is planning a story about this popular star, but we want you to help interview him. Movieland will select twenty-four questions from inquiries received about the star of “Memory of Love,” and forward them on to him. If they are suitable for answering, Dana will give his replies in a future issue of Movieland.

Don’t forget! Movieland pays one dollar ($1) for each question accepted for publication. Each contestant should ask ONE question only.

1. Direct your question (preferably printed or typewritten) to the MOVIELAND QUESTION BOX. Naturally we'll eliminate such obvious, easy things as questions concerning his height, his weight, the color of his eyes, etc. Such statistical information will be contributed by the editor, and published with each set of questions and answers.
2. Selection of the 24 best questions will be made by the QUESTION BOX judges, and with a view to contributing interesting or important information about the star who's being question-interviewed. Alternates will be offered Dana, however, if there are questions submitted which he would prefer not to answer.
3. Each question submitted by a reader must be accompanied by the QUESTION BOX coupon giving name and address.
4. If you've a candidate in mind for the next 24 DOLLAR QUESTIONS "witness," signify your nomination in the space provided on the coupon.
5. Official closing date for the Dana QUESTION BOX will be midnight, July 10, 1947. Entries received with a postmark later than July 10 will not qualify. All questions submitted will become the property of Movieland.

MOVIELAND'S QUESTION BOX

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Name ..........................................................
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Next star to be interviewed
of the studio heard about it and fixed everything up just dandy so we finally got to see some of the celebrities.

But the awful thing was that most of them came in after the show started, and so there I was, caught with my notebook shoved somewhere in that dim dark recesses of my new Lewis bag, and all I remember is that it was rumored James (the scowl) Mason and his wife were supposed to be there.

Elaine Scott told me that Zack was working on location in a funny, old section of Los Angeles. The streets were roped off and the camera was shooting the action in front of some old broken-down shops. Zack, who has a nose for blondes, borrowed into an old, tired pawn shop and found a tiny authentic Victorian "pinky" ring. It was made of gold in the shape of two tiny intertwined hearts, surrounded by little turquoise and seed pearls. He looked inside the band and found the name "Elaine" engraved in it. He promptly bought it and gave it to Elaine for an Easter present! Husbands can be swoon-bait, too. I kept telling Joel!

The funniest thing Joel Boy and I saw all month was at the Screen Guild Broadcast of "Philadelphia Story." Katharine Hepburn, in slacks, asked her co-stars, Cary Grant and Jimmy Stewart, if they minded if she wore slacks. They both said "Yes!" Then they went into one of the broadcasting offices, borrowed skirts from two of the secretaries, and went out and did the whole broadcast dressed that way! They were wonderful.

We heard the most sensational hot piano the other night—and guess who beat it out on the ivories? Cary Grant! That supernatural scion is simply melting in every department! Cary did his stint at the big house-warming party Ginny Simms and her husband, Jimmy Stewart, had in their home, incidentally, is more modern than Buck Rogers' apartment! One third of the house is glass. It's divine. (I told Joe he could give me one for Easter, but it never showed up!) Howard Hughes was there, and Ed (Archy) Gardner, and he kept drinking glasses of plain old milk, like me—only his excuse, wasn't age. It was ulcer. We saw the Bob Cummingses, too, and the Nick and Jackie. Bal and Helen and Hedie Bowman, Richard Ney, the Warner Baxters, Connie Moore and Johnny Maschio, Anita and the Nigel Bruces, and Lee and Helen (Jean Arthur's husband), Jon Hall and Frances Langford. Frances and Ginny sang together, accompanied by Skitch Henderson (somebody told us he plays the piano, too), and Frank Ross (Jean Arthur's husband), Jon Hall and Frances Langford. Frances and Ginny sang together, accompanied by Skitch, and the whole thing was so strong, Jon and I left in the wee small hours, after a gay time. Yours for more sleep, kids. With love, Janie

(Answer to Puzzle on page 77)
DATE WITH LON McCallister
(Continued from page 31)

ant. The Tail of the Cock. "We can just fol¬
low our imaginations from there," he had
said when he called me on the 'phone.
"Things never work out when I plan them
ahead of time, so you just have to take your
chances when you go out with me." I was
willing.

He donned his "spectks" and we were off.
He told me that he shared his gray Ford
sedan with his mother and grandmother.
"Don’t you ever have trouble about who’s
going to take it?" I asked,

"Not so far," he answered. "Mother
doesn’t drive. Grandma does, but she won’t
take it out until it gets a scratch on it. She
doesn’t want to be the first one to mar it.
So it’s all mine until I scratch it. Just call
me the world’s carefulest driver."

The twilight outside and the soft music on
the radio made the inside of the car very
cosy as we both watched the houses
springing through the cypress-silhouetted hills. We talked fast and
furiously all the way. When you’re with
Lon, you feel relaxed and gay. Conver¬
sation goes snap, crackle, pop like a bowl of
rice crispies. You feel you have so much in
common with him you’re just afraid the eve¬
going’s not going to last long enough to talk
about it all.

"Do you ever go walking this time of
day?" he asked. "I do too. I love to walk
by myself. You must have been born under
the same sign I was—Aries. You were?
Then I’ll bet you like to read into the middle
of the night, sleep late in the morning, never
make your bed, write poetry, see shows
and correct other facial
unrarily aired face, quickly
and corrects other facial
blemishes left told and
illuminated with all be¬
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"I remember I used to go swimming every
year on Christmas day," he said. "Just so I
could say I had been swimming on Chris¬
tmas Day. Then I’d spend the next three
days in bed recuperating."

When we walked into the restaurant, Lon
greeted the proprietor and all the waiters
by their first names and asked for a corner
booth where we could look out at the moon on the
water. "I’m awfully glad you like it," he
told me to many exclamations of glee. See¬
ing I was having a hard time making up my
mind what to order, he suggested the same
thing he was having—abalone steak with a
stuffed potato and a green salad—maybe
one thing between us because they were so boun¬
tiful. "You’ll probably want to order a dif¬
ferent beverage than I do. I always drink tea."

"Tea? Where did you pick up that habit?"

"Well, my great-grandfather was English
and he did it to try to get on with my
grandfather, who passed it on to my mother, who passed it on
me. You might say I inherited it."

After our first bite of omelet, we asked in
unison, "Can you cook?" Then still in unison,
"I asked you first."

"Now wait a minute here," Lon laughed.
"Let’s not all talk at once."

"To be perfectly frank, my family tries to
keep my cooking a secret," I said.

"I’m just learning now," he admitted.

"Who’s teaching you?"

"Me."

"Oh, a cook-book chef, eh?"

"No, you might call me a surrealistic cook.
I follow my creative urge and work for ex¬
traordinary color combinations and strange
new tastes. Some of my dishes are very dis¬
tinguished—but I seem to be the only one to
think so!"

"Does your family eat what you fix?"

"No, just my dog and I. I hope they don’t
start playing boogy-woogy," he added—
maybe to change the subject.

"I understand you play the piano quite
well yourself," I suggested.

"If I had a piano here, I’d show you how
well I don’t play. I did learn to play the
violin, though, for ’Bob, Son of Battle.’ I love
that instrument—but not when I’m playing it.
By me, it doesn’t sound good. I studied with
the same man who taught John Garfield to
play so well for ‘Humoresque’—my chief
claim to fame. But tell me, what kind of
music do you like?"

"Any old thing as long as it was written by
Tschaikowsky."

His face lit with pleasure. "He’s my favor¬
tite too—though classical-music critics say
our taste isn’t very far advanced. But I listen to
his symphonies hour after hour in perfect
rapture because I don’t know any better."

When it came time for dessert, we had to
pass it up for lack of a place to put it. Lon
said, "I have an idea. What do you say we
go out and walk around the pier awhile, and
then by the time we’ve driven back to Holly¬
wood, we’ll have worked up enough appetite

(Continued on page 97)
CORNEL WILDE
(Continued from page 48)

Critics everywhere applauded the exactness of his fingering, little suspecting that it was a perfection achieved through four hundred hours of study and practice while the film was in production.

"And I still can't play," he admits frankly.

Aside from his current weariness, this singularly handsome and talented young man is happy with his career and with the good things it has brought, especially to Patricia. "She deserves everything after all she endured with me," he testifies warmly.

The Wildes—Cornel, Patricia, and their four-year-old Wendy—now live in a spacious nine-room home pool on five wooded acres in a Beverly Hills canyon. When Cornel does have a day off, he has plenty to do: gardening, swimming, trying to keep the wild deer out of the flowers.

"There's so much to do," he says cheerfully, "I can't take time to sit down and look at things!"

For the most part, he spends those spare hours out in the bathhouse where his "writing workshop" is located. He becomes so engrossed in pecking at the typewriter that he often forgets to report for meals. That is some measure of his absorption in his novel.

Cornel, who was never too good at mathematics or finance, allows himself twenty dollars a week for spending money, often finds himself "borrowing" from his wife at week's end.

...continued from page 481...

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**For Slim Figures:**
- The optical illusion you are striving for is one that will make you look younger. Figure problems in the world have been solved, you are sure to find it.
- The effect on the beach is pretty glamorous. Like you’re in a Cuban rumba costume and lost on a desert isle! You’ll look like a dream.
- Don’t wear anything made out of jersey if you are this build. Jersey just isn’t firm enough to give your bust the right support.
- Lastex, wool, linen (if there is a built-in bra underneath) will do the trick. And what the beach world needs is a few more tricks!
- If you have long legs, a short waist and an average bust, you’re pretty lucky. Because all you have to do is make the law of optical illusion work for you. There is a two-piece suit with a bra top that has quite a few gathers. This fullness will make your bust seem larger. Then you should wear trunks, or a bloomer bathing suit, with the hem a little longer than is ordinarily top. This will camouflage the fact that you are all legs. You can avoid that gangling look if you subtly hide your height. However, remember that long PRETTY legs are fashionable right now. If yours aren’t too pronounced, you’ll do okay.
- If your long legs are not exactly those of a Grecian goddess; if they are too fat or too thin, there is a bra that is to buy a three-piece beach outfit; the third piece being a short wrap-around skirt. The particular DON’T for you is the classic one-piece bathing suit, for it plays havoc with optical illusions.
- You may think that having long legs is a cross to bear, but you are much luckier than the little Miss with a long waist and short legs. The possessor of this figure generally has a bust that isn’t too big. You’re debonairly inclined to believe that all the rule problems in the world have been dumped in your lap. However, the right suit can make your figure look as balanced as a bathing suit ad. Honestly!
- Short legs generally are accompanied by —shall we say— a derriere, but definitely! You should never, never wear a romper suit; this only accentuates the positive. Nor should you wear a snug suit: this makes the obvious more so. The suit for you is one with a little skirt or peplum. Don’t ever wear a midriff suit. The expance between top and bottom will look like the distance between the North and South Poles! Don’t wear trunks or a skirt that is chopped off high in the mistaken belief that, the more leg you show, the longer your legs will seem to be. It just doesn’t work that way.

**For Robust Figures:**
- Your best bet is to wear a one-piece suit made of a soft material, like jersey. Accentuating the top balances the bottom, so try to get a suit that won’t cling to or minimize the bust line.
- If you are the type who loves the water, who must swim, then forget about your figure and get a real swimmer’s suit. But, as you come dripping out of the suit, put on a high-length beach coat—and cover up!
- Are you broad across the beam? Then, definitely, you should let those hips bloom out over your trunks. The two-piece suit is not for you. This figure is generally at its loveliest in the teens. You’re the girl of whom people say, “She developed early.”
- That style is okay for teenagers, but don’t go on wearing the same suit you did when you were fifteen. Look in the mirror and see what’s there today: not what used to be there. Your best bet is a one-piece suit, not only with a bra stitched inside, but a midriff piece, too. The whole thing acts like a girdle and holds you in. You smooth out under its two-way stretch. You’ll look as trim as a sloop.
- The idea here is not to allow your excess baggage to bulge out any place, particularly in the middle.
- If you really seem to be straight line right from your shoulders down to your hips, with no defined waistline at all, wear this suit for swimming, but cover up with a short jersey robe on the beach. A robe in lovely colors like peach, aqua or American beauty can really do things for you.
- Do you have long legs? Then, definitely, you should let those hips bloom out over your trunks. The two-piece suit is not for you. This figure is generally at its loveliest in the teens. You’re the girl of whom people say, “She developed early.”
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HAPPY BEACHCOMBING!
AMERICAN GIRLS ARE LUCKY
(Continued from page 45)

snap judgments on America, after residence of a year and a half; so why not let the comparisons fall where they may? Lilli still demurred but when I assured her that we really would appreciate her opinion, she said thoughtfully:

“So many people have said that America is a ‘woman’s country’ that the expression has almost become a cliché. It is, nevertheless, true. Women spend most of the money. Houses are built for their convenience. From earliest childhood, life seems to revolve around the female. Men cater to women’s wishes. Women run family life. This country is essentially a matrarchy. All that has been said by qualified authorities. Whatever else I say are just my own thoughts. I do not mean to presume so you will please make that clear?”

There was sincerity in her appealing voice in which a trace of soft Viennese accent tempers her perfect English. (You know that voice from her portrayal of the Italian partisans? She is absolutely cast right.) It always seems to me that clear?”

“Every before marriage, American girls seem to have the privilege of decision; for example, on dates, the boys pamper their wishes. English girls were amazed to discover this attitude in American G.I.’s during the war and were very appreciative. They were not used to the deference shown them by American men.

“Even Infants’ wear, little girls here have the advantage. Last year I wanted a hand-made suit for our son Carey’s second birthday. I went to several shops in Beverly Hills which had nothing for tiny boys, only for girls, yet they were supposedly children’s shops. In the ones which did have a stock of suits, there would be no coupons left for one needed the smaller items, one did with the war your restrictions on clothes were lifted. Those restrictions still hold. Here men think it’s a matter of course to share in household duties. There is, strictly speaking, no such thing as ‘woman’s work’ in the home here because men share it. I suppose this is partly, especially, since so many American girls continue jobs after marriage. They contribute to finances so why shouldn’t their husbands cooperate at home? But European men don’t share that attitude. They believe household work is the woman’s.”

“One of my sisters married an American G.I. They are living in New York. When my mother visited them recently, she was overcome with envy! Make them think you are va-

“Suggested that Englishmen might be less inclined to help with house work than Americans because, at least before the war, Englishmen were much more chauvinistic than American men. All that has been said by qualified authorities. Whatever else I say are just my own thoughts. I do not mean to presume so you will please make that clear?”

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“Suggested that Englishmen might be less inclined to help with house work than Americans because, at least before the war, Englishmen were much more chauvinistic than American men. All that has been said by qualified authorities. Whatever else I say are just my own thoughts. I do not mean to presume so you will please make that clear?”

“Every before marriage, American girls seem to have the privilege of decision; for example, on dates, the boys pamper their wishes. English girls were amazed to discover this attitude in American G.I.’s during the war and were very appreciative. They were not used to the deference shown them by American men.

“Even Infants’ wear, little girls here have the advantage. Last year I wanted a hand-made suit for our son Carey’s second birthday. I went to several shops in Beverly Hills which had nothing for tiny boys, only for girls, yet they were supposedly children’s shops. In the ones which did have a stock of suits, there would be no coupons left for one needed the smaller items, one did with the war your restrictions on clothes were lifted. Those restrictions still hold. Here men think it’s a matter of course to share in household duties. There is, strictly speaking, no such thing as ‘woman’s work’ in the home here because men share it. I suppose this is partly, especially, since so many American girls continue jobs after marriage. They contribute to finances so why shouldn’t their husbands cooperate at home? But European men don’t share that attitude. They believe household work is the woman’s.”

“One of my sisters married an American G.I. They are living in New York. When my mother visited them recently, she was overcome with envy! Make them think you are va-
"Fishy Story"

Ben and sweetheart go fishing, but trouble sore too.

Girls afraid of water—Ben loses trousers carrying her across stream—Lilli around himself—Anally loses trousers carrying her down river.

Get this good comedy.

"American women are the most beautiful in the whole world, and they should always make the most of it!" she said emphatically.

We doubted our hearing. Did Lilli mean all American women or just those around Southern California?

"American women, collectively," she insisted. "They are the most beautiful I have ever seen. They have lovely bodies, fine long legs, good hands, beautiful hair. And that goes for the average girl, not just those in motion pictures or the professional models.

"To me it is a pleasure to drive by the UCLA campus in Westwood and see how lovely those college girls are. Little Carey's nurse, an English nanny who came over with us, feels just as I do. She is constantly gazing as we drive along; 'Look, Mrs. Harrison, there's another beauty!'"

"Were there no things Miss Palmer might like to criticize? Even gently?" we prodded.

"But of course, not everything is perfect here! The adults I have met in America or observed in shops or crowds generally have fine manners, but I think the children here are not so well-behaved. Perhaps it's just the younger generation, but that is something for today's mothers to consider.

"I set great store by good manners and children must be taught them. Naturally, they will take advantage, if not disciplined. Americans seem to have the idea that correction develops repressions in children. I believe in an understanding and loving upbringing, but I believe in discipline too. There is a happy medium, you know. Frankly, I don't believe a spoiled child is a happy one.

"I also think that today's American girls may be cheated out of romance because of extreme frankness in conversation. From an early age they are taught to discuss many subjects on the premise that this dispels inhibitions and complexes. I think this freedom of expression exists at the cost of romance."

"I told Miss Palmer I thought she had an interesting point here. Then asked her if she would like to spend the rest of her life in this land where women are so lucky?"

"Well, yes and no," she answered frankly. "I love California and all of the United States. I think Rex and I will be dividing our time between here and England, and for that I am happy. My roots are deep here."

"I love California and all of the United States. I think Rex and I will be dividing our time between here and England, and for that I am happy. My roots are deep here.

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Address... (Please Print) I would like to play (Name Instrument).

Maria and husband Jean Pierre Aumont get their wish, will co-star in Technicolor "Atlantic."

DO YOU WRITE LIKE

MARIA MONTEZ?

By HELEN KING

* Are you a "backhand" writer? Do you blissfully ignore your writing teacher's ad¬monition to "slant to the right?" Maria Montez, vivacious, sparkling screen favorite is among the very few of the screen world to use what we call "backhand" style, revealing to those who read between the strokes that she does NOT tell all to the waiting world!

Most actors are popularly thought of as extroverts, as those who like contact with others. Most actors have a writing which slants to the right, in accordance with this trait. Thus, it is unique to find one who gives this popular impression, but who can withdraw from the world with complete ease.

The unusually heavy script Miss Montez uses indicates her very strong likes. She usually knows what she wants out of life and intends getting it. Always she undertakes.

I'm inclined to believe she uses her telephone, or telegraph station more often than she does a pen, for she won't like to be kept waiting for a reply.

Plenty of humor is shown in the comma-like "dots; much impatience for action and for results, show in the shaded strokes throughout her letter; and a tendency to be worried, or upset, about little things.

The swooping signature underscores shows a liking for public acclaim, for her type work and a very definite desire to succeed in whatever she undertakes.

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BELoit, WISCONSIN

(Continued from page 901)
to eat some trifle at The Cricket On The Hearth.
"You talked me into it," I said.
We stood watching the lights of distant
ships and listening to the waves. With
some pricking on my part, Lon told me a
little about his life.
His first picture break came when he was
picked to play the naive young soldier who
had never kissed a girl in "Stage Door Can-
teen." Then he was given the role of Jeanne
Crahn's sweetheart in "Home In Indiana"
and finally starred in "Winged Victory," thus ac-
tually becoming one in ten thousand to make
the grade from an extra to stardom. Under-
neath all his kidding, I found he's a very
conscientious and level-headed guy with some
serious ideals.
"What do you feel like doing now?" he
asked when we left there.
"I've got it!" I exclaimed. "Let's go to a
show."
"Swell! How about the Old Time Movie
Theater?"
"Not today."

We stopped at Maxine's on the Sunset
strip, where a three-piece orchestra plays old
and new favorites. We found a table right
next to the Orchestra and sat and revived our-
selves with cokes. Lon said the only time he
liked to play after a meal was with a
peacock. In 'Bob, Son of Battle' I play
a peacock. In 'Bob, Son of Battle' I play
sons. They're hard to work with and, be-
sides, they steal scenes."

We were at a costume party...the first
big party I've ever been to. I stayed there for
three hours and met all sorts of people. I
was just feeling very smug about having
been through the evening without any of
my usual mishaps, and then the first thing
I did was go over to Will Wright's and knock
a glass of water over on the table. The
waitress came hurrying over and Lon said,
"Hello, how are you tonight? Look what I
just went and did."

That's Lon—a square guy—a nice guy, a
real guy. I had a wonderful evening with
him. The End.
Out of some cold figures, came a story to warm America's heart

Not long ago, the Secretary of the United States Treasury studied a figure-covered sheet of paper.

The figures revealed a steady, powerful upswing in the sale of U. S. Savings Bonds, and an equally steady decrease in Bond redemptions.

But to the Secretary, they revealed a good deal more than that, and Mr. Snyder spoke his mind:

"After the Victory Loan, sales of U. S. Savings Bonds went down—redemptions went up. And that was only natural and human.

"It was natural and human—but it was also dangerous. For suppose this trend had continued. Suppose that, in this period of reconversion, some 80 million Americans had decided not only to stop saving, but to spend the $40 billion which they had already put aside in Series E, F & G Savings Bonds. The picture which that conjures up is not a pretty one!

"But the trend did NOT continue.

"Early last fall, the magazines of this country—nearly a thousand of them, acting together—started an advertising campaign on Bonds.

"This, added to the continuing support of other media and advertisers, gave the American people the facts . . . told them why it was important to buy and hold U. S. Savings Bonds.

"The figures on this sheet tell how the American people responded—and mighty good reading it makes.

"Once more, it has been clearly proved that when you give Americans the facts, you can then ask them for action—and you'll get it!"

What do the figures show?
On Mr. Snyder's sheet were some very interesting figures.

They showed that sales of Savings Bonds went from $494 million in last September to $519 million in October and kept climbing steadily until, in January of this year, they reached a new postwar high:

In January, 1947, Americans put nearly a billion dollars in Savings Bonds. And that trend is continuing.

In the same way, redemptions have been going just as steadily downward. Here, too, the trend continues.

Moreover, there has been, since the first of the year, an increase not only in the volume of Bonds bought through Payroll Savings, but in the number of buyers.

How about you?
The figures show that millions of Americans have realized this fact: there is no safer, surer way on earth to get the things you want than by buying U. S. Savings Bonds regularly.

They are the safest investment in the world. They pay you $4 for every $3 at the end of 10 years. And you can buy them automatically, almost painlessly today, through either of two plans:

If you are eligible for the Payroll Plan, for your own sake and your family's sake, get on it . . . and watch your savings mount up.

If you are not eligible for the Payroll Plan, but have a checking account, see your banker and get him to tell you about the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

Either of them will set you on the road to financial security, and the happiness that comes with it.

Save the easy, automatic way—with U. S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

Dizzy for Desi
Dear Editor:
I used to laugh at girls who swooned over Frank Sinatra, Van Johnson, etc., but now I see what they mean! I saw Desi Arnaz in "Cuban Pete," and I was far from being the only girl who squealed with delight. When he goes "Chik Chicke Boom," I simply swoon!

Sincerely,
Colleen Hurlburt
Richmond, Calif.

Oops! Excuse Us!
Dear Editor:
In "Movieland Applauds," April issue, you state under a picture of Claude Rains that he was in "Humoresque." I saw the picture three times, and don't remember seeing him.

Yours sincerely,
William E. Cell
San Francisco, Calif.

Ed. Note: Movieland got over-enthusiastic about Mr. Rains' fine performances, gave him credit where credit wasn't due.

Spank the Bobby-Soxers?
Dear Editor:
I read Dore Schary's article, "Does Hollywood Think Fans Are Pests," and found it to be most interesting. I've been a movie addict for the past 15 years; and I think that these wild bobby-soxers Mr. Schary speaks of should have a good old-fashioned spanking every time they try to poke somebody in the eye, or tear out a star's hair by the roots. After all, stars are human beings—in spite of their tendency to have you believe otherwise—and they should be treated as most human beings have a right to be treated.

Sincerely yours,
Don Kaiser
Leesburg, Ind.

In Defense of Hollywood
Dear Editor:
In your recent article, "Are Hollywood Pictures Infantile?" Mr. Jay R. Kennedy says that in his opinion they are. Maybe so—but I think Hollywood has no other choice than to make more infantile movies than sensible ones. I'll bet the box office profits on silly pictures as "Nora Prentiss," or "Sinbad the Sailor" were just as big as on "The Best Years of our Lives." The public has proved that they like such pictures, so Hollywood has given it to them.

It's not so much the infantile pictures but the sad fact of the infantile public!

Sincerely yours,
Dorothie Petrilak
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Address all letters to Editor, Movieland, 535 5th Ave., New York 17, New York.

98
THIS IS MY LOVE STORY  by Lauren Bacall

SINATRA REVEALS WHY HE USED HIS FISTS
America's Foremost
FASHION SCHOOL
OFFERS EASY HOME STUDY COURSES

Would you like to design and style your own clothes? Would you like to put your OWN individuality into your costumes—glorifying your own beauty—accenting your own charm? YOU can do that now, since Fashion Academy, Fifth Avenue, New York, America's Foremost Fashion School, has launched its new courses.

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It's thrilling, of course, to make the most of your beauty of face, form and coloring—but it is doubly thrilling to harvest the big returns in this fascinating profession. And you can do just that by studying in your spare time at home. Probably no other profession is paid so highly as that of fashion designing and styling. In Paris, New York, Hollywood are scores of those whose names have become famous. Many motion picture stars have studied at Fashion Academy, and have put their style understanding and clothes appreciation into their screen and street attire.

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Everywhere competent designers and stylists are in demand. Emil Alvin Hartman, acknowledged America's Foremost Style Instructor, will help equip you for the innumerable opportunities available in this ever-growing field. He has prepared a Home Study Course that not only makes study easy, but intensely interesting. With his aid, you may quickly become adept in expressing your personality in line and color—just as those society women and debs do who attend his classes at fashionable Fashion Academy in New York City.

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STATE—
We love “Fiesta”. We recommend “Fiesta”. “Fiesta” is the most-a of the best-a. And so is Esth-a! We refer, of course, to lovely Esther Williams, who lends her glamorous presence to M-G-M’s big Technicolor spectacle, a “Fiesta”.

Even standing still, Esther is lovely to look at. And when she swirls a matador’s cape in the bull ring, or dances a flaming Latin flamenco, or romances under the mellow Mexican moon—ai-ai-ai! You’ll revel in gay “Fiesta” — and meet, for the very first time, handsome newcomer Ricardo Montalban, the M-G-M star discovery whose torrid love makes the screen curl up at the edges.

Ricardo’s equally adept at dancing and at the strings of a guitar... equally audacious in the bull ring and in the moonlight. Welcome, Good Neighbor!

Viva! we say for Director Richard Thorpe, Producer Jack Cummings and a prime supporting cast: Akim Tamiroff, John Carroll, Cyd Charisse, Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova. Also for screen playmen George Bruce and Lester Cole.

“Fiesta” leads off a festival of M-G-M hits. Soon “The Hucksters” comes to town, with Clark Gable (as Vic Norman) and lovely Deborah Kerr (pronounced “new star”). Wait till you see Frederick Wakeman’s bombshell best-seller! You’ll be saying “Love that picture!”

Coming along, too, is “Song of Love”, starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker. We’ll say only one thing about it: “Song of Love” is one of the ten greatest love stories of all time.

Meantime, be a guest-a at “Fiesta”. — Leo

By day, disguised as a man, she fought the fiercest beasts in Mexico's bull ring—but at night, in the arms of her sweetheart, she was all woman!

M-G-M's BIGGEST, GAYEST TECHNICOLOR SPECTACLE

FIESTA
(Where they live and love dangerously)

ESTHER WILLIAMS

AKIM TAMIROFF • CYD CHARISSE • JOHN CARROLL • MARY ASTOR • FORTUNIO BONANOVA

AND INTRODUCING RICARDO MONTALBAN

Gorgeous ESTHER WILLIAMS is an eyeful—
in dazzling evening gowns!
in matador costume!
in bathing scenes!

Torrid romance with new star Ricardo Montalban!
Saved by a miracle from death in the arena!

Music! The dance of desire—with exotic Cyd Charisse.

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY by GEORGE BRUCE and LESTER COLE
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
By ANN DAGGETT

Hollywood news notes:
Cary Grant's an angel . . .
Adele Mara dons her 4000th swim suit . . .
Nancy Guild weds Charles Russell.
Peggy Ann Garner plans a radio show

Unaware of cameraman, Lana Turner and Ty Power enjoy coffee and each other's company at the Chanteclalr.

The latest development in the Lana Turner-Tyrone Power they-are-in-love-they-aren't-in-love merry-go-round indicates that they are. Lana's birthday gift to Ty was a pair of gold cuff links in which were set a diamond, an emerald, an amethyst and a ruby. It looks innocent enough, but put together the first letter in the spelling of each of the jewels—and it comes out DEAR. Cute, isn't it?

Incidentally, when 20th Century-Fox announced that Ty would die in his latest picture, "Nightmare Alley," so many fans wrote in protests that the studio decided to have the script rewritten—and let him live! The fans really demanded it!!

The first note Bette Davis' little daughter, Barbara, received came from Lance Brisson, Rosalind Russell's little boy. As Rosalind put it: "I wanted my son to have the first opportunity to be refused by your daughter!"

Bette, incidentally, won't get back into motion-picture making at least until late summer. She's taking time off for a well-earned rest at her Laguna Beach home.

Evidently Greta Garbo still wants to be alone. Friends who want to reach her by mail even now address their letters to an assumed name—not Garbo's real one.

Although Cary Grant (he's starring with Loretta Young and David Niven in "The Bishop's Wife") has an enormous home, luxuriously furnished, he sleeps in his den on a studio couch.

"I've got plenty of bedrooms," he explained, "but they're upstairs, and that's too far to walk!"

Cary, incidentally, has nothing but kind words to say about his ex-wife, Barbara Hutton. In fact, he still has her picture, as well as that of her young son, hanging in his home.

Orson Welles revealed his latest plans to us: he hopes to concentrate on motion pictures for the next two years, after which he hopes to have saved enough money to take time off to write a novel.

"I don't think I have the Great American Novel in me," he said, "but I'm curious to see what kind of a book I can turn out."

When asked about his break-up with Rita Hayworth, Orson said, "Whoever is to blame in such an affair, I think it behooves a man to take it on himself, rather than putting it on the woman—privately and publicly. I think Rita would be happier divorced from me. She's worked hard all of her life, and deserves a little fun."

He implied that he was too busy with his work, and too serious a turn of mind to gat about just now. He thought it a good thing for hard-working Rita to take time off.
It's Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell now! Here Charles tries to help his bride with her veil as they leave the church.

The Larry Parks (Betty Garrett) are busy showing Hollywood sights to Betty's mother. Here they are at the Icecapades.

On the "Dream Girl" set, we recently found Betty Hutton all done up in an evening dress cut along old-fashioned lines. It was so voluminous that two assistants were required whenever Betty wished to sit down. One of them held the folds of the dress while the other shoved a stool under Betty.

"Now how," we asked, "how did women sit down wearing those dresses in the old days?"

"Evidently they didn't," Betty replied. "They just fainted!"

* * *

Martha Stewart (you'll see her in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now") has turned down two chances for dramatic motion picture roles. Musicals, she believes, are the things she does best, and she wants to stick to them.

Janis Carter bought many of the furnishings that silent-screen star Elsie Janis recently auctioned off, because they were monogrammed "Janis." But there's more to the story: Elsie was a friend of Janis' mother, who named her daughter after the old-time actress.

With so many pictures featuring intoxicated people being made, Errol Flynn sticks strictly to milk throughout his new picture, "Silver River." People about Hollywood are commenting on the "new Errol Flynn." It was news when he brought his wife, Nora, to the set on his first day of work, and when Ann Sheridan arrived back in Hollywood to begin work in the picture, she found a huge bouquet of flowers awaiting her from Errol. Errol told us, incidentally, that he's not going in for any literary labors at present. After

Merle Oberon is dreamy-eyed while rhumba-ing with Van Johnson at party given for Maharaneef of Baroda. Merle's sari-type gown makes her look like an Indian princess.
he finishes "Silver River" later in the year, he'll return to Jamaica, pick up his yacht, and sail to Bermuda.

Frances Langford deserves a special commendation for the way she's stuck with our servicemen since the end of the war. She uses practically every opportunity to visit veteran hospitals, and never ceases in her fight for breaks for the ex-GI's.

The Dane Clarks had to cancel their trip to Europe—a journey planned after their reconciliation—because Dane was put into "Ever the Beginning" with Lilli Palmer just about the time they were ready to take off. It's a pity, but that's how it is in this movie business.

Incidentally, if you don't believe that filming scenes with babies is a complicated matter, here's what happened when eight of them were brought in for a sequence in "Cass Timberlane." The infants were accompanied by eight mothers, four welfare workers, four nurses, two doctors, and a dietician. The babies could work in scenes for only 20 seconds at a stretch. That's how carefully they have to be taken care of. The laugh really came when they all had to get social security cards.

After Nancy Guild and Charles Russell were married, they had a three-day honeymoon before they had to rush back to 20th Century-Fox to shoot in "Off to Buffalo" together. But they didn't get the opportunity to make love to one another on the screen: Nancy plays opposite Dan Dailey, while Charles is teamed with Barbara Lawrence.

Producer-Director Sam Wood recently told us how he discovered Greer Garson for the role that brought her to the limelight, and started her on the road to top-stardom. He had dropped by a projection room on the eve of his departure for England in 1939, and a screen test of Greer was flashed on the screen. She had a drink in one hand, a cigarette in the other and was wearing a very daring gown, the very opposite of what you would expect of Mrs. Chios. "But," said Wood, "I saw a spiritual quality in her,
See it now... from now on you'll be hearing about it!!!!

ANN SHERIDAN
LEW AYRES
ZACHARY SCOTT

It's so easy to cry "Shame!"

"THE UNFAITHFUL"

If she were yours could you forgive?

THE NEW WARNER SENSATION!

"EVE ARDEN"

Directed by STEVEN GERAY • VINCENT SHERMAN • JERRY WALD
Original Screen Play by DAVID GOODE AND JAMES BEAR • Music by WAR STRASER

9
Resplendent in organdy pinafore and dental braces, movie-moppet Margaret O'Brien visits Donald Richards of the New York hit show, "Finian's Rainbow," to exchange record albums.

Celebrities at the Stork

Before hopping off for Europe, Linda Darnell visits with host Sherman Billingsley.

Pretty Florence Pritchett could be telling Bing that her baseball team is the Giants.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson hold hands while Al grins a friendly smile at the photographer.
THE THRILLING STORY
OF OLD CALIFORNIA'S
MOST ROMANTIC DAYS!

The tough-shooting, hard-fighting times of pioneer California. Days filled with adventure...Nights filled with excitement...Hearts filled with glorious love!

with
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
ELS* LANDCHESTER • HUGO HAAS • LENORE ULRIC
And Introducing The American G. I. Chorus
Lyrics by EDWARD HEYMAN
Directed by ALLAN DWAN

NORTHWEST OUTPOST
A story of rough-riding men...heart-stealing women!

with
JOSEPH Schildkraut
ELSA LANCHESTER • HUGO HAAS • LENORE ULRIC
And Introducing The American G. I. Chorus
Lyrics by EDWARD HEYMAN
Directed by ALLAN DWAN

A REPUBLIC PICTURE
knowledge of your chosen medium is a basic requirement. The language and lore of the theater should be familiar to you since you hope to become a part and parcel of that life. For the next step, I would learn to read scripts. A script cannot be read as a book is.

Most scripts give stage settings and emotional cues. As you read, try and picture the stage set, the movements of all the characters and the on-stage "business" that lends color and emphasis to the dry, written word. Then re-read the play and select a part you think you could handle and try and interpret the role as you go through the play. The most helpful kind of activity to the beginner in the theater is mutual help and constructive criticism. The answer to that is group work. Either join a theatrical group already formed, or help to form one in your own community. Churches, schools and fraternal societies are usually cooperative in forming such ventures.

The two things that directors look for in selecting talent are grace of movement and voice. The basic requirement in grace of movement is that when you move, you move humanly and not with concealed force or with indifference. Everyday movements like lighting a cigarette, answering the telephone or walking across a room are exaggerated on the stage, for action always increases interest. If this exaggeration is too apparent, however, it results in over-acting, sometimes referred to as "ham."

The young actor who has the fundamentals clearly set in his mind should then write to summer theaters (a list can be purchased cheaply from Actor's Equity in New York City) telling of his background and requesting placement. Don't be too worried about lack of professional experience, for the purpose of the summer theater is to "discover" new talent and train beginners for professional work. In the summer theater you will learn more about acting as a craft than anywhere else. Scenic work, ticket taking, set moving, costume, make-up and a dozen different jobs will be yours because you will be the newcomer. Take it all! It's part of your education.

With the confidence that will come naturally through work, the young actor can concentrate on developing a particular style or stage personality. Here, more than anywhere else, the stress must be on voice. Your primary object is to speak clearly, all the while making sure your lips don't resemble a camel chewing a pack of bubble gum.

Recently, when making screen tests for Eagle-Lion for "Repeat Performance," I had an experience with my own voice control which not only surprised me but all the persons present on the set. The first scene was a quiet dramatic "bit" which called for emotional play in my voice. My stage voice, acquired in many theaters, had gained such projection that the clarity and volume of speech seemed amplified. Justly proud, I began to read the second scene. It was a tough-guy thing and I shouted and ranted. Later, when I saw the test I was ready to pack up and head home for Zanesville, Ohio (that's my home town).

On looking back, my career had the usual quota of ups and downs. I joined the Wright Players Company while still in my teens and with the fundamentals gained there, I was able to move east to the Hedgerow Summer Theater located near Philadelphia.

(Continued on page 79)
Eight beautiful girls on his mind... and all of them quite dead!

His alibi was clever... and she was very; very beautiful, too!

What does he seek as he prowls mysteriously through the night?

Was he the artist who lured 8 beautiful girls to their deaths?

Don't answer this ad...

Don't

Don't

Don't

HUNT STROMBERG presents

GEORGE SANDERS * LUCILLE BALL * CHARLES COBURNE * BORIS KARLOFF

IN

Lured

WITH

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE * JOSEPH CALLEIA

ALAN MOWBRAY * GEORGE ZUCCO

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK * Screenplay by LEO ROSTEN

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, HUNT STROMBERG

Produced by United Artists
You may be the copa girl of the year!

Watch for the Copa Girl Contest at all local theatres, held in conjunction with the showing of United Artists' latest musical rave, "Copacabana."

The contest, sponsored by the Arrow Brassiere Company, exclusive producers of copa bras, will bestow on the lucky winners, the six most beautiful and shapely among the contestants, wondrous, elaborate prizes... Screen Tests, Expensive Wardrobes, all-expense-paid Trips to New York, and some Royal Entertainment.

But definitely, you, too, will win!

Yes, you, too, can win the copa bra uplift to beauty.

The next bra you buy, ask for copa, the style-lovely new Arrow Bra with that gay Copa Swing Stitching that serves to separate and mould... that gently, yet firmly, holds to the natural, fully rounded curves that characterize the young figure. For details of "The Copa Girl Contest" contact your local theatre or department store or write to the Arrow Brassiere Co.

In New York, Copa Bras are available at Macy's; in Newark, N.J. at Bamberger's

Carmen Miranda
appearing in "Copacabana", a United Artists Release. The name "Copacabana" was inspired by Monte Proser's Copacabana Night Club in N.Y.
There's a new word for entertainment like this...

Copacolossal!

It means packing Broadway's brightest talent! Teaming Carmen Miranda... and a spectacular comedy combination of the most century! Creating songs the Coslow way...

Groucho Marx means a for the most amazing glamorous Andy Russell and grownup.

Gloria Jean! Yes, it show so big, so bright, so beautiful... so lavish, so lifting...that there's never been another like it and may never be again...so don't miss it!

Groucho Marx Carmen Miranda Andy Russell
Steve Cochran Gloria Jean

"Copacabana"

"Je vous aime"
"Stranger Things Happened"
"My Heart Was Doing a Bolero"
"Let's Do the Copacabana"

Hear 'em sing

ON ITS WAY TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!
YES! If your face is short, pert, square or diamond shaped. NO! If your face is round or long and narrow. File your upsweep high for added height and an oval look. Keep curls soft and concentrate on side fullness to flatter angular features. SEND NOW FOR THRILLING FREE BOOKLET! "WHAT'S THE BEST HAIR-DO FOR MY SHAPE FACE?"

Goody CURLERS ARE BEST FOR EVERY GIRL!

Back again! The exclusive Goody Elastic Clasp Curler that's best for every hair-do!
★ WON'T SLIP! The curler locks close to head without roll back.
★ EVERY SIZE CURLER! From tiny to giant curlers for every size curl.
★ EXCLUSIVE! Only Goody gives you this Elastic Clasp Curler!

Look for Goody wave clips, barrettes and Kant-Slip combs!

FOR BETTER CURLS...
BETTER REACH FOR GOODY!

At all 5 and 10c stores and notion counters.

GOODY PRODUCTS
200 Varick St., New York 14, N.Y.

CAN I HELP YOU?

By Joan Crawford

My mother doesn't like me. What shall I do?

Dear Miss Crawford:

This is the most difficult letter I have ever had to write—difficult because it concerns my mother. I know this sounds impossible but my mother doesn't like me. Whenever we have a quarrel, her first words are: "I've never liked you from the moment you were born. What I wanted was a boy, not you."

Because of her attitude I have now developed a strange sort of complex, half fear, half inferiority. I am twenty-one and capable of earning my own living but she isn't too well and needs my care. She treats me more like a slave than a daughter, and I am tempted to leave home. Do you think I would be running away from an obligation to look after my mother if I did?

Katherine C.
Boise, Idaho

Under the circumstances, I don't think you would be running away from an obligation, provided you got a job and contributed to the support of your mother. Obviously, if you constitute her entire support, you just can't abandon her. On the other hand, if she really dislikes you—and this is possible—and your life is nothing but a series of quarrels, then it would be best for all concerned if you packed and left. It may be that your presence is a constant and irritating reminder to your mother of the boy she always wanted. She should be woman enough and mother enough to have relinquished that desire years ago. That she hasn't is no good reason why you should suffer. Certainly you had nothing to say about what sex you would assume. Since your mother is too narrow-minded to see this and is dooming you to a life of unhappiness, my advice is for you to leave, get a job, and contribute satisfactorily to her support.

MODELS DO NOT GO WRONG

Dear Miss Crawford:

Ever since I was a little girl in pigtails, I've dreamed about becoming a model. I am now seventeen. My mother says that so long as she has any control over me, she will see to it that I never become a model. She says that all models eventually go wrong.

I've tried to reason with her. I've explained and argued and cried my eyes out, all to no avail. I have received several letters from various model agencies asking me to report for tests, but my mother won't let me go. I don't want to disobey her, but why does she keep denying me my happiness?

Pauline P.
Newark, N. J.

Your mother's attitude, on the face of it, certainly seems unreasonable. Her feeling that all models go wrong is unfounded, biased, and more an old wives' tale than anything else. Some of our most respectable actresses started out as models. It's your duty, however, to obey your parents. In line with this, why don't you try and swing your father over to your side. He may be able to convince your mother. Point out to him how completely unhappy you'll be unless you can study what you like. To your mother, point out that if she has any confidence in you at all, any faith in her teachings, she will permit you to go out into the world, secure in the knowledge that you will never shame her. Write and let me know how this turns out.

BOYFRIEND TROUBLE

Dear Miss Crawford:

My problem is a very difficult one. It concerns my boyfriend. His manners are simply atrocious and each time I try diplomatically to correct them, he tells me I can clear out if I don't like them.
He's tall, and he's handsome, and I love him, but he's so crude that I'm ashamed of him when we go out in company. I just can't do anything with him. People have told me that love counts more than manners; yet somehow, I wonder if the love in this affair isn't all one-sided. If he loved me, he'd try and better himself. What do you think I should do?

Helen P.
Cornell, Wis.

I think more or less that you've answered your own question. "If he loved me," you say, "he'd try and better himself." Perhaps he wouldn't try and better himself, but he'd certainly try and please you. Love is more than just having fun. It's compromise and self-sacrifice and mutuality and a lot of things which manifest themselves in day-to-day living. It's possible, of course, that your boyfriend is one of those stubborn, pig-headed males who refuses to take advice from females. You know him much better than I do. If you're convinced he's that particular type, have some man talk to him and set him right. If that doesn't result in improvement, I would drop the boy. There is nothing so despairing as a love which is not reciprocal.

RAVAGES OF GOSSIP

Dear Miss Crawford:
I've been having more trouble than I can handle lately so I am writing to you for advice. My best friend, a girl of seventeen, has become the center of gossip in our small town. As a result, my parents don't want me to run around with her. I happen to know that the gossip is unfounded, that this girl is the same as she always was. She helps me with my studies; she's a tried and true friend and I hate to give her up merely because my parents believe gossip about her.

I have tried to argue with my parents but all they keep saying is, "Where there's smoke, there's fire." My girlfriend is supposed to have been the woman who broke up a happy marriage. I know this is pure bunk. How can I make my parents see that they're doing a very unfair thing, both to me and Anabelle.

Doris D.
Louisville, Ala.

I think the best way to handle problems of this sort is to meet them head-on. Invite your girlfriend to your home. Let her talk to your parents and tell them exactly what happened between her and this married man. She is certainly entitled to an explanation before she's condemned by the town gossips. Ask your parents how they would feel if you were suddenly thrust into that position. Surely, they'd give you an opportunity to explain. That's the very least they can do for your friend. How can I make my parents see that they're doing a very unfair thing, both to me and Anabelle.

(Continued on page 74)

102 OUT OF 122 WIVES AND MOTHERS REPORT
NO CHAFING WITH FREE-STRIDE MODESS!

Housewives over the country recently made a discovery that'll be comforting news to every girl who chafes...

Women who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin tested a new, improved napkin, Free-Stride Modess. Object: to see if it gave freedom from chafe.

Verdict: 102 out of 122 reported no chafing with Free-Stride Modess.

The secret of the chafe-free comfort so many women found in Free-Stride Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the napkin edges.

Free-Stride Modess has extra cotton on its edges—extra softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture inside the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges don't chafe!

So safe, too! Free-Stride Modess napkin has a triple safety shield to keep you confident, carefree. On sale everywhere now. Product of Personal Products Corporation.

Walk with comfort! Try the new Free-Stride Modess!
THE REVIEWER'S BOX

Smart girls say...

“McKay Lingerie!”

Folks always cried about the "fall guy". How about the fall gal? More and more girls in the know are falling for McKay Lingerie... winter, spring, summer and fall!

So many lovely styles... so free to wear... so easy to wash.

Truly - the lingerie with the perfect fit - at the perfect budget price!

To be found at S. S. Kresge Co. and S. H. Kress & Co.

Next time say, "McKay Lingerie!"

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET
(20th Century-Fox) .................. ♦ ♦ ♦

Do you believe in Santa Claus? Whether you do or not, you’ll have a wonderful time at this picture show. It is full of hilarious fun as Kris Kringle (Edmund Gwenn), a benevolent, old gentleman with a full white beard, claims he's the one and only Santa Claus. He gets a job in Macy's Dept. store playing himself (Santa) and what a helpful Santa he is! The miracle, of course, is that Mr. Macy shakes hands with Mr. Gimbel - and other miracles are that Maureen, who is personnel manager, becomes a more idealistic human being and marries John Payne; the supreme Court of the State of N. Y. decides there is a Santa Claus. It's all sheer delight and the whole family will love it.

POSSESSED (Warner Bros.) .............. ♦ ♦ ♦

Joan Crawford proves once again that she is the finest emotional actress on the screen today. In "Possessed," she dominates every moment of the picture in the role of a frustrated nurse whose unrequited love for Van Heflin, who plays an utterly believable and frequently sympathetic heel, unbalances her.

No thumbnail sketch can describe the powerful portrayal Joan Crawford gives to this unhappy, lost soul. She carries you along on an emotional wave that will make your hands clammy as you clutch your purse; that will cause your heart to beat faster with genuine suspense. This is essentially a woman's picture but husbands will be held spellbound too. It's definitely not for children.

THE UNFAITHFUL (Warner Bros.)...

At long last Ann Sheridan has a picture worthy of her talents. Mature, intelligent, logical, "The Unfaithful" tells the story of a lonely footloose wife (Ann Sheridan) who, while her husband (Zachary Scott) was overseas, posed for a sculptor and had a swift affair with him. After her husband's return, the sculptor won't let her alone. A bitter struggle ensues in Ann's living room, and in desperation Ann stabs her assailant to death.

Through the harrowing hours of blackmail, suspense, the trial and the impending divorce, Ann Sheridan's performance will wring your heart. Lew Ayres as her friend and attorney makes a plea to the jury that is unforgettable.

This is strictly an adult movie.

FIESTA (MGM) .......................... ♦ ♦ ♦

For sheer charm, verve, color, movement and life, "Fiesta" takes our vote for an Academy Award. Tastefully produced and beautifully acted, "Fiesta" is a treat to the eye, and above all, to the ear. Director Richard Thorpe has caught the soft, gentle voices of the Mexicans and their good manners even under stress.

More superlatives are in order for Ricardo Montalban, who plays Mario, twin brother to Esther Williams (Maria). Movieland predicts he will be the 1947 Rudolph Valentino. He dances divinely; he plays the piano superbly; he is strictly swoon-bait. Esther Williams does a bull-fight sequence that is unforgettable. Movieland says you'll love this picture.
Pity the young wife held back
by false modesty...

Ignorance of these
INTIMATE
PHYSICAL FACTS
has wrecked
many an otherwise
happy marriage!

Often a married woman has no one
but herself to blame if her husband
starts losing interest—
False modesty may have kept her
from consulting her Doctor. Or perhaps
she very foolishly has followed
old-fashioned and wrong advice of friends.

If only young wives would realize
how important douching two or three
times a week often is to intimate
feminine cleanliness, health, charm
and marriage happiness. If only they’d
learn about this newer, scientific
method of douching with—ZONITE.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide
tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO HARMLESS.

Zonite Principle Developed By Famous
Surgeon and Chemist
ZONITE actually destroys and removes
odor-causing waste substances. Helps
guard against infection. It’s so powerfully
effective no germs of any kind
tested have ever been found that it
will not immediately kill on contact.
You know it’s not always possible to
contact all the germs in the tract, but
you can be sure that ZONITE kills
every reachable germ and keeps them
from multiplying.

Buy a bottle of ZONITE today.

Zonite FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening new
Booklet containing frank discussion
of intimate physical facts, recently
published — mail this coupon to
Zonite Products, Dept. M-87, 370
Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State

23
You scarcely know you're wearing Fibs, really comfortable. You see, quilting this tampon keeps Fibs from piling up to an uncomfortable size. You'll see, when you switch to Fibs tampons... Insertion is easy with Fibs tampons because Fibs have gently rounded ends. You'll see, when you switch to Fibs and find at last—a tampon that's easy to use!

1. Rounded Ends

You saw this happen in the past when you used Fibs tampons... because Fibs have gently rounded ends. You'll see, when you switch to Fibs and find at last—a tampon that's easy to use!

2. "Quilted" Comfort

You see quilting makes this tampon really comfortable. You see, quilting keeps Fibs from pilling up to an uncomfortable size... which could cause pressure, irritation or difficult removal. Remember the tampon that's quilted for your comfort: Fibs.

3. "Quilted" Safety

Quilting adds to your peace of mind—because it helps prevent cotton particles from clingling to delicate internal tissues—a Fibs safeguard women always appreciate. Only Fibs are quilted for your safety. So next month, switch to Fibs for internal sanitary protection.

*U. S. Pat. Off.

DISHONORED LADY (Hunt Stromberg—United Artists)...

Based on Edward Sheldon's and Margaret Ayer Barse's Broadway play of the same name, "Dishonored Lady" is a lavish three-act movie with almost melodramatic tendencies. Hedy Lamarr plays the part of the dishonored lady, co-starring with Dennis O'Keefe and John Loder (Miss Lamarr's husband in private life), with William Lundigan and Morris Carnovsky among the supporting players. The theme concerns the trials and tribulations of Miss Lamarr through three disassociated periods in her life: first, while undergoing psychological disturbances; second, while attempting to resolve her conflicts; and finally, her trial for murder. Lamarr fans should enjoy this picture.

THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR (20th Century-Fox)...

As long as Rex Harrison, who plays the ghost of Capt. Daniel Gregg, is on the screen (regardless of the fact that he's only a ghost), this is a vital and interesting picture. He is the dead owner of the house that the widow, Lucy Muir (Gene Tierney) has rented for herself and her little daughter. The Captain and Gene fall in love—only Gene doesn't realize it's love because they are constantly in conflict. The Captain, in order to help her, dictates the story of his life and it becomes a best seller, thus insuring Gene a comfortable income for life.

Gene meets another man, George Sanders. The Captain reluctantly takes leave of Gene, kissing her tenderly as she sleeps. He loves her deeply, regrets he never met her in life for they could have had an exciting and vibrant life together.

Unfortunately when Rex Harrison leaves the picture, so does all interest. The rest is druggy and obvious. George Sanders turns out to be a heel. Gene doesn't marry. She walks endlessly on the beach while time and tide pass—up the end of her daughter and her granddaughter both marry captains. Gene dies of old age.

The men in your family will be bored by this. Gene is easily bored by this, will laugh and cry with it and wish, with me, that we could have seen more of Rex Harrison who is—well—simply divine!

DEAR RUTH (Paramount)...

This is a pleasant little comedy, carefully acted by Joan Caulfield, William Holden, Mona Freeman and that sterling comedienne, Billy de Wolfe, and expertly directed by William D. Russell. Unfortunately this picture missed the boat by two years and the plot is so familiar that you feel you've seen this picture twice before and you probably have.

This is the one about little sister Miriam who writes love letters to bolster up the morale of a bombardier—thoughtfully signing her older sister's name and sending him her picture. Naturally he falls in love with his beautiful correspondent, comes back, steam up to marry her, only to find her engaged to a civilian. He then learns the crushing truth that his ardent correspondent is the family's infant terrible.

The end, of course, you knew from the very beginning—that Joan Caulfield at the last split second, will run off and marry William Holden, the bombardier. It's a pity this engaging comedy comes too late. A couple of years ago, it would have packed 'em in.

GREEN FOR DANGER (20th Century-Fox)...

An unpretentious little Who-Done-It, this English film has a few fresh twists, yet it is at best a "B" second feature. Two murders are perpetrated in an evacuation hospital during the buzz-bombing horror in England and of course the murderer is the person least suspected by the audience. English fans will admire the restrained acting of Trevor Howard (of "Brief Encounter" fame) and Alastair Sim as Scotland Yard Inspector Cockrill. American audiences will be faintly bored by the leisurely pace and the two whopping loopholes in the plot.

NEW ORLEANS (United Artists)...

Producer Jules Levey evidently didn't try quite hard enough with this one. Purportedly the story of American jazz music, "New Orleans" turns out to be an extremely weak story of not much of anything, despite the fine musical talents sprinkled all-too-lightly throughout the picture. Arturo De Cordova and Dorothy Patrick make valiant attempts with their leading roles, but simply don't come across. Appearances by Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Woody Herman, Mead Luxe, Lewis, and other jazz exponents are fine, but not sufficiently highlighted.

DESERT FURY (Paramount)...

The most that can be said for this Hal B. Wallis Production is that the scenery is impressive and the Technicolor beautiful. Perhaps it would be kinder to stop here.

Lizabeth Scott, John Hodiak and Burt Lancaster—all sterling actors—are so hand-capped by the bad script that you can hardly judge them. Only Mary Astor rises above the dialogue and gives a really outstanding performance.

It is almost impossible to unscramble the story. Anyway it takes place in Chuckowalla, a desert town, where Mary Astor owns a gambling house. Her daughter, played by Lizabeth Scott, comes home from school and falls for John Hodiak, a gambler, who is lying low in the desert with his pal, Wendell Corey.

In love with Lizabeth is Burt Lancaster, deputy sheriff, but Lizabeth is so infatuated with Hodiak that she runs off with him. At this point, Wendell Corey opens Lizabeth's eyes to the real character of Hodiak, who, in a rage, shoots Corey. Lizabeth runs out and there is a wild ride through the desert as Hodiak pursues her. Eventually Lancaster comes to the rescue and Lizabeth and he fade into a Technicolor sunset for a happy ending.

Meet

Mr. & Mrs. Jean Pierre Aumont
in the September issue of MOVIELAND
Dear Helen King

It’s a great pleasure

I hope you find some interest in

Sincerely,

Vincent Price

Vincent Price will be seen in “Moss Rose.”

DO YOU WRITE LIKE

VINCENT PRICE?

By HELEN KING

Ask a young girl what characteristics she'd like to find in her sweetheart and the answer is usually, “I'd like him to be a good dancer and have a sense of humor.”

Ask a young woman the same question and she'll probably answer, “I'd like him to be sympathetic and ambitious.”

An older person invariably replies, “just give me one who is sincere and I'll be happy.”

Well, here is the answer to all their prayers: Vincent Price.

Sincerity is the keynote of his character.

Notice how the first few words of his letter are fairly close together and rather small. Look at the very end; see how the writing enlarges and actually sprawls out across the page. Vincent may start the day feeling rather conservative, with ideas of economy, thrift and care, but as the hours go by his imagination will soar. He'll start thinking about things he likes and will find himself shopping around for them.

The odd spacing between the “t” and “h” in many of his words indicates his ability to keep a secret, to respect a confidence.

The extra little loop on the “r” reveals a touch of personal vanity which is applied to something quite small—such as a golf score, or tennis success.

Very tall capital letters always give us independence of spirit and pride in accomplished acts. The slant found in the script reveals an affectionate young man.

The swooping signature tells of a “personality,” a person who is never “typed.”

DON'T CLIP THIS COUPON!

Unless you want Helen King to tell you what secrets are revealed by your handwriting. If so—

If you want a personal handwriting analysis from one of the foremost American graphology experts—send this coupon, together with $25 and a sample of your penmanship, to Helen King, care of MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 535 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. You will receive a personal analysis—no form letters!

NAME.
ADDRESS.
CITY.
STATE.

DON'T CLIP THIS COUPON!

Another “Parklane” Style Hit!

You've never seen such a "buy" as this before! "Bouquet Dress" is so inexpensive you'll want several! Beautifully patterned, made of spun rayon and cotton with shirred shoulders and all-around belt. Two glamorous styles, five warm colors: Square and V-neck in navy, wine, green, aqua, rose. Sizes 10-20. Money back if not absolutely delighted.

SEND NO MONEY

Parklane Fashions, Dept. 318
307 W. 38th St., New York 18, N. Y.
Rush “Bouquet Dress” in style, color and size circled below. When dress arrives by return mail in plain package, I'll pay postman only $2.98 plus postage. If not delighted I may return dress for immediate refund. Enclose $2.98 and we pay postage.

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SENT ON APPROVAL!
The story of Joe Howard, America's most romantic troubadour!

Wherever he went there was a lovely face, a trim ankle and melodies that set an era aflame! Gad, what a life!

I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now

Color by Technicolor

JUNE HAVER • MARK STEVENS

with MARTHA STEWART • REGINALD GARDINER
LENORE AUBERT • WILLIAM FRAWLEY • GENE NELSON • TRUMAN BRADLEY • GEORGE CLEVELAND

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Produced by GEORGE JESSEL
Screen Play by Lewis R. Foster

20th Cenury-Fox
You know them as comics—Lou Costello and Bud Abbott. You’ve howled at them in pictures and on the air. Lou Costello looks like a comedian; short, plump, volatile. Bud Abbott is the stooge; he feeds Costello the lines.

They’ve made millions laugh. And because their own laughter is hearty, one forgets that Lou Costello and Bud Abbott have had their share of trouble—even as you and I.

A couple of years ago, the world was shocked when it read that Lou Costello, Jr., the little, bright-eyed son of the famous comedian, was drowned in a swimming pool. Tragic—yes; however, life goes on. Lou Costello went on making the world laugh. But he never forgot.

Some years ago Bud Abbott lost a beloved brother—Harry Abbott. Sad, yes. Bud Abbott, too, went on making the world laugh. He never forgot either.

Today these two men, as a memorial to those they loved and lost, have opened their hearts to the children of the community.

The Lou Costello, Jr. Youth Foundation was dedicated recently and formally opened as a youth center and medical clinic. It will serve an area in the city of Los Angeles that contains 21 nationalities and a population of 81,000. It will serve them all regardless of race, color or creed.

It will provide recreational and health facilities for boys and girls ranging from six to nineteen years, as well as programs for “young adults.”

The physical plant includes a softball park with bleachers, three basketball courts, two volley ball courts, two badminton courts, a tennis court, a fully equipped swimming pool and a large outdoor athletic court where 400 persons can roller-skate or dance.

A “little people’s department” contains slides and other play equipment. A kitchen is capable of serving 400 diners.

Other facilities include an administration building, snack bar, barbecue and patio, a clinic and library.

We in the Motion Picture Industry are proud of Lou Costello and Bud Abbott. When you laugh with them and hear them laugh you will know their hearts are lighter now that they have sublimated their own secret sorrow for the health and happiness of thousands of children.

THE EDITORS
Sincere, straightforward, honest. That’s Betty Bacall. And that’s how she tells her love story!

* Two years ago this May 21st, I married a character named Bogey. I also married a boat named the Santana. There have been minor interruptions of the smooth sailing department in both cases—mainly stemming either from my inability to be of much use when the mains’l goes out in a race, or from his predilection for playing football games in the living rooms of friends’ houses. Outside of a few things like that, the marriage has been a cruise I’ll take a lifetime of, thanks!

Actually, I can’t remember too much of my life before Bogart. It’s a little bit vague because so much has happened, and the time that we’ve been together has sped by so fast. Life really fugits with us. There’s never a dull moment. Always something happening.

Probably (Continued on page 90)
"I can't remember what life was like before I met Boosky," says Lauren.
Puzzled and disturbed fans have asked Frank Sinatra to give his own side of the story—and here it is

* * lust where does fact leave off and fiction begin?

Take the case of Frank Sinatra, who for the past year has had more lurid yarns printed about him than any other Hollywood star. A few weeks ago, his fracas with columnist Lee Mortimer threatened to crowd the doings of the United Nations conference off the front pages, and involved the newspaper world in a fight of its own.

One large chain of papers was plainly out to discredit Sinatra. Its writers went to ridiculous lengths in twisting stories so they would show the crooner up in a bad light. The public was reminded that Sinatra had been a 4-F during the war, while Mortimer was a G.I. It was not explained that Frank had been turned down by the draft board because of a punctured ear drum, and details of Mortimer's war record were not given.

The old charges of Frank's alleged Communist sympathies were brought out for an airing. The prize in distortion of facts was the story intimating that Frank had got a yen to pack a rod after supposedly associating with (Continued on page 86)
Close friends: Jack Dempsey (left), Frankie and Joe Lewis get together during a recent press conference.

"My home life is happy," says Frankie as he smiles at Mrs. Sinatra and little Nancy.

After singing to wounded vets at Birmingham General Hospital, Frankie signs autographs.

Award for promoting tolerance was given Frankie by James Wise, Director of Council Against Intolerance.
MOVIELAND'S BLUE RIBBON INTERVIEW

Joan, the Valiant

Joan has had more than her quota of challenges. This is her credo; her strength:

Two years ago she was told by her agent she was through as a star—today she is more radiant, more the great actress than ever.
In “Possessed” Joan plays one of the most exacting roles of her career—a woman thwarted in love whose mind cracks. Van Heflin plays opposite.

“Go back a little and start over!”

Joan and Greg Rautzer, Hollywood lawyer, go dancing. Though their names are linked, Joan says, “friends.”

“Life starts for me anew every morning,” Joan confides in Robbin Coons, “and I find it a glorious dream.”

by ROBBIN COONS

One day on some forgotten picture set, Joan Crawford met, for the first time, a pair of knitting needles and a ball of yarn. It was the beginning of a beautiful and lasting friendship.

Between scenes on her sets, Joan and her knitting are inseparable. Her needles click and her slim fingers, plying them, are frenziedly restless. Since their first uncertain output—a tiny blanket for someone’s baby—those fingers have converted countless miles of yarn into countless pairs of socks, sweaters, scarves and oddments of apparel for herself and others.

Knitting relaxes her, she says. It keeps her occupied and yet it leaves her mind free—as reading wouldn’t—to concentrate on her lines for her next scene or on routing problems. It also is productive, taking care of many of her Christmas and other gifts.

That’s why, when you visit Joan in her green-walled dressing room with its decor in shades of red and white, you generally find her tending to her knitting. (Continued on page 48)
Montalban as Mario in "Fiesta" performs a sensational dance with Cyd Charisse.
For some years now, Hollywood has been desperately searching the world for a great Latin lover.

As of 1945, the closest it had come to filling the bill was in discovering Frank Sinatra, a Latin from Hoboken. Despite the fact that he is one of the truly top-flight entertainers of all time, Frankie isn't exactly what you would call an overpowering screen Romeo.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, however, now feels that the search has ended. The studio has found its man. His name: Ricardo Montalban. It's a true name and a little tricky to pronounce because it is true, but mark it down in your memory book, because as sure as Sinatra can send you with a mean torch song, Ricardo Montalban is destined to become a national heartthrob.

He is currently being featured in Metro's Mexican musical extravaganza Fiesta. He is starring with Esther Williams in On An Island With You, and the studio (Continued on page 74)
When I heard MOVIELAND was sending me to Mexico to cover the location junket of RKO’s John Ford production, *The Fugitive*, I was jubilant. A free trip to Mexico! Traveling with Henry Fonda, Ward Bond, J. Carrol Naish and, of course, Director John Ford.

I couldn’t thank the editor enough for this unexpected windfall.

I should have known there’d be a catch to it. Oh, RKO was charming; everything would be done for me and my comfort. They’d get me my work permit; my passport. There were a few little things I had to do for myself. I was to take certain inoculations: three typhoid shots, one typhus, one malaria, and one vaccination against smallpox.

The only person who had no reaction at all to these shots was John Ford. Reason: he refused to take the shots, just as he had (Continued on page 96)
The Fugitive." has Mexican locale. Here J. Carrol Naish (center) watches with interest while Hank gets dark makeup on face and feet. As a priest who defies anti-Church government of Mexican militarists, Fonda has most dramatic role of his career.

Henry Fonda and Dolores Del Rio co-star in "The Fugitive." As top star in Mexico she has won their Academy Award five times.
My Hero—Alan Ladd

Sue Ladd is not only a happy, contented wife and mother but adviser and mentor in her husband's career.

by Sue Carol Ladd

The tiny engagement and marriage rings are linked together. They are duplicates of those I wear.

If you look closely at this tiny map, you can see our ranch—Akulana Acres. Alan and I love this spot.

The train represents the trip we took soon after we were married. The charm keeps memory bright.
Sue Ladd's bracelet is a gold chronicle of her marriage—growing ever richer in value

* Whenever people ask me how it feels to be married to Alan Ladd, I tell them it's a lot like playing a violin or aging a good wine—it grows better all the time.

In this respect, our marriage is much like the first present Laddie ever gave me. The gift was a charm bracelet on which he had hung a tiny, gold motion picture camera, symbolizing his first movie contract. From that day forward, he has added a charm for each memorable event in our romance. Today, the bracelet is a gold chronicle of our marriage. And it seems to me that as the jewelry grows more valuable, life with Laddie grows more wonderful.

I have only to jingle my bracelet and I recall the thrill of the first time Alan walked into my office eight years ago. Until that fateful day my knowledge of him was limited to two facts: (1) he had a fine radio voice and (2) he had considerable acting ability. I knew this because I had heard him play the dual role of father and son on a local radio program. This one performance impressed me so much that I asked him to come to my talent agency. I thought I might be able to help further his career.

The day he walked (Continued on page 88)
* Gene Tierney's back and Greens Farms, Conn.'s got her. It's just like old times in that quaint New England community this summer. The town's rejoicing over the return of its favorite daughter, and the gal with the chic dresses and chestnut tresses is having the time of her life.

It's been nearly seven years since Gene last set her cool green eyes on her home town. Now that she's back at her old haunts chumming about with the old crowd, it hardly seems that she's been away, collecting laurels for her outstanding motion-picture work in Hollywood.

Did Gene get a typical movie star's welcome home? No sir, far from it. Gene's no prodigal daugh-
ter in this territory. Her welcome was more heartfelt than that tendered most blasé movie queens who condescend to visit their birthplaces. She was always the most popular gal in her set, always a credit to the community. And she’s still the same exuberant, fun-loving, wholesome gal the “station wagon set” saw off to Hollywood in 1940.

A heap of living has been crowded into those seven years. Gene has known great success and bitter disappointment in that span of time. But here in Connecticut she wants to forget it all—concentrate on being just Gene Tierney—one of the gang.

She can do that now, because for the first time since she broke into films she’s free. Twentieth Century-Fox graciously okayed an extended leave of absence from studio chores, and a California judge presented her with marital freedom from Oleg Cassini, whom she married in 1941. Back home, Gene’s taken a new lease on life—and is she enjoying it!

First thing she did when she arrived in the East was to safely deposit darling daughter Daria with brother Howard and his wife in Greens Farms. The Howard Tierneys have a daughter just about the same age as three-and-a-half-year-old Daria and little Miss Cassini is so happy these days one would think she was a born and (Continued on page 94)
I'm Gambling With My

Ex-marine, Dartmouth graduate, world traveler, Robert Ryan has a deep understanding of human nature and he can portray all types on screen.
In Crossfire, Bob Ryan plays a vicious anti-Semite. It takes courage to play villains; Bob has it!

Career

By Robert Ryan

I have just heard myself called a brave man. This doesn't happen to an actor every day in the week and I'm feeling a little uncomfortable.

The thing happened after a projection room showing of the first rough cut of Crossfire. There was only a handful of us there, since it was strictly a "work run" to be followed by a conference on the cutting. I saw Adrian Scott, who produced the picture, Eddie Dmytryk, the director, and the cutter, the musical director, a few executives.

There had been no point in inviting the actors. Their work was done. I had wangled admittance on grounds of acute curiosity. I play my first "heavy" in Crossfire, and I was itching to find out how the job stacked up.

Nobody said anything for a minute after the lights came up. I found myself hoping that I didn't look too smugly self-satisfied. I felt good. The character I do, Monty, a discharged army sergeant who is a violent and vicious anti-Semite, had (Continued on page 82)
Little Margaret O'Brien's closest friend is her collie. "Laddie is Lassie's son," Maggie says proudly.
I DON'T REMEMBER
About being born or things that happened when I was very little; but I used to get different-colored scarves, when I was three, and dance for my mother and Aunt Marissa, and sometimes I can remember that very well. I used to make them clap for me, and then I'd do it again.

I THOUGHT I'D NEVER FORGET
How I got in pictures, but I can't remember it too well. I can think of little bits about Journey for Margaret and how happy I was, but such a lot has happened to me since then! I know I wanted to play Margaret more than anything; I tried for it very hard, and so, one day, I got it. Maybe because I prayed, too.

(Continued on page 84)

All the guile of Cleopatra plus an abundance of little girl charm—that's Maggie!
Linda Darnell plays the most exciting role of her career in "Forever Amber." Replacing Peggy Cummins, she must be twice as good!
Divorce meant heartbreak—
Linda Darnell tells how
she avoided marital break-up

* I had to separate from my husband in order to
save our marriage from going on the rocks.

I don't recommend that other couples use the same
drastic measures, of course. In our own case, how¬
ever, this step saved us from the ugly business of
divorce and set us on the road to a compatible and
happy life together.

When I became Mrs. Peverell Marley four years
ago I was certain in my heart that we would be
happy. Ours was no sudden courtship. I had known
Pev for several years, for he had been a head
cameraman at 20th Century-Fox, where I was work¬
ing under contract, and had been helpful and kind
to me ever since I first started in pictures.

I soon learned marriage is not all hearts and
flowers. Things immediately cropped up that were
bad for any marriage. For one thing, my career at
that time was at a stalemate. I wasn't happy in the
pictures I was making and I grew nervous and
irritable.

As I look back, what really contrived to breed dis¬
harmony was the fact that Pev and I had so little time

(Continued on page 80)
In a larger sense, "tending to her knitting" in all departments of her life is what explains Joan Crawford, the indomitable star and the undefeatable person. She has put her heart, soul and mind into creating the person according to a pattern of her own ambitious imagining. The pattern has no limits. The creating goes on, like her knitting, endlessly.

On the set of "Possessed," Joan was knitting a complex pattern of wool and gold thread (the latter, if you come, at fifteen dollars a spool). It was a gilet or vest, to wear with tailored suits, she explained. It was a fancy bit of work, and as far advanced from Joan's initial needle product, the baby blanket, as Joan herself is from the uncertain dance-mad, eager but unknowing chorus girl who began her movie career back in nineteen twenty-six.

"It's a hard one," said Joan chattily. "Takes doing. See—oh, now I've dropped a stitch. Let's see now . . . I'll have to go back a little and start over . . ."

She was speaking of the gilet, but she might have been speaking of her life—a life which "took doing" almost from its beginning in San Antonio, Texas; a life with more than its quota of hardships, challenges and mistakes. Because she was always ready to "go back a little and start over," Joan Crawford is today's triumphant career woman and distinguished personality.

Seeing this radiant Joan now, it seemed unbelievable that such a short while ago all Hollywood considered her through as a star—"washed up," Joan was staging the battle of her life, with herself, to keep from agreeing with that picture. "I knew people were saying I was finished," she exclaimed: "Oh, I don't dare to plan more. Life's too wonder-

Little wonder, when Joan was asked for further plans, that she exclaimed: "Oh, I don't dare to plan more. Life's too wonder-

The technique was not so easily applied in the romance department. Joan's three unsuccessful marriages, however, have not left her embittered about matrimony. She regrets sincerely that she has been unable to make a success of it, but she has not changed her views on a fourth marriage for herself.

"No," she still declared.

"You see," she elaborated smiling, "I'm going crazy with all this freedom. "Yes, I have dates; I have fun dancing; more fun than anybody. But it's so simple now. I dress here at the studio for an evening out and I take my own car and meet my date at the appointed spot. We have dinner, and dance here at the studio for an evening out and I take my own car and meet my date at the appointed spot. We have dinner, and dance . . ."

Little wonder, when Joan was asked for further plans, that she exclaimed: "Oh, I don't dare to plan more. Life's too wonder-

"I was slowly going mad, but I told my agent! I would stick by my guns. I would NOT take any old picture just to be working. I would wait for the right story. If the waiting drove me nuts—as it almost did."

The waiting lasted two years. More than once Joan had to fight down the urge to give in. More than once she was tempted to announce her retirement from the screen, go off to a ranch somewhere far from Hollywood and try to forget that acting was her very life. But she stuck it out. Finally came "Mildred Pierce," but not the end of her battle with herself.

"I faced the camera for the first time on that picture and I was paralyzed with fright," she recalled shuddering. "I was in a cold sweat; my hands were clammy. I wanted to crawl away and die. I felt I couldn't take it. It was agony.

"Then suddenly I realized that I loved my job and no matter what the cost in the torture of fear or the agony of doubt, I had to keep it. I had to lick this fear even though my nerves screamed. They did scream; but I licked the fear. And I became stronger; and eventually, unafraid."

This victory over self, opening the way to her present triumphs, was a prime example of Joan's "going back a little and starting over." Her two-year idleness was a vast "dropped stitch." She went back a little—to the realization that acting was her life—and started over.

"You see," she elaborated smiling, "I'm going crazy with all this freedom. "Yes, I have dates; I have fun dancing; more fun than anybody. But it's so simple now. I dress here at the studio for an evening out and I take my own car and meet my date at the appointed spot. We have dinner, and dance . . ."

Joan went to Warner Bros, determined that she would make only good pictures with a strong acting parts. She read scripts hopefully, at first. And then doubts, like termites, began to assail her. "I knew people were saying I was finished. Even my own agent—I've a new one now—was telling me I was through, advising me to take what I could get and like it, because nobody really wanted me. If you hear that often enough, you'll believe it, and it's frightening. I was scared; thought I'd never again face a camera. But I knew I had to fight the thing through for myself . . ."

(Continued from page 92)
PICTORIAL MOVIELAND
a magazine within a magazine

A MOVIELAND FIRST! BERGMAN-BOYER LOVE SCENES FROM "ARCH OF TRIUMPH"... EVERYTHING JOAN FONTAINE WEARS... MY IDEA OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IS MAUREEN O'HARA... LEARN ABOUT GLAMOR FROM LIZ SCOTT
Emphasis on bright colors makes Joan's smart wardrobe exciting.

* Beautiful Joan Fontaine is a paradox. Her madonna-like beauty gives the impression of great poise—even haughtiness—but her personality is as warm and inviting as candlelight. Since Joan feels that clothes should express the personality of the wearer, she always selects conservative styles in colorful materials.

Joan admits to being clothes conscious. "Part of a movie star's business is to dress well," says Joan. Hence, she devotes a great deal of time to seeing that her wardrobe is in tip-top shape.

Joan's newest pictures, "Ivy" and "Emperor Waltz," don't give her an opportunity to wear modern styles—but even in period costumes she has an individual style which combines ethereal beauty with dynamic personality.

Joan loves unusual footwear. Her lounging slippers are of felt, gold kid, knit with jewels and sequins.

Four pure silk chartreuse scarfs with carnival design by Gladys Rockmore Davis make up Joan's newest gown.
To accent dark evening gowns, Joan likes to wear this jewel set of rhinestone necklace, matching combs, earrings, sunburst pin.

Besides a luxurious mink coat, Joan has black broadtail, long baum marten jacket, a white fox shortie and lovely sable scarf.

Flats predominate in Joan's collection of evening slippers. Her favorite shoe style for dancing is grecian-type sandal of gold.

"Joan's the fastest dresser in Hollywood," says her husband, Bill Dozier. "It takes her only five minutes to dress for any occasion."
This yellow straw rolled sailor is trimmed with white daisies. Joan likes to wear it with a black suit trimmed with organdy ruffle.

A three-drawer chest holds bags for daytime wear. Collection includes a variety of shapes and colors in leather, suede, alligator.

Slack suits are Joan's favorite at-home costume. This outfit has bright blue gabardine trousers, figured silk tuck-in blouse.

John Frederic's shantung straw Breton adds a gay note to this Travis Banton suit of green heavy linen coat and white skirt.
Soft silk dresses are feminine and flattering. Left, blue silk with pink inset at neck, sleeves, hem; right, natural raw silk.

For fall wear, Joan selects a brown pepper wool suit (left). The Hattie Carnegie suit (right) is of blue wool with gold buttons.

Luxurious hostess pajamas of heavy pink satin have gold brocade trim. Slippers are of jeweltone plastic with pink ribbon edge.

The yellow silk blouse on the left is worn with slacks. Beautiful white satin blouse is handmade, has unusual neck, cuff detail.
Here are a few of Joan's scarfs. She wears them with suits, slacks.

Her belt collection, probably the largest in Hollywood, consists mainly of jeweled types.

Pretty costume accents: green straw hat with yellow flowers, green sandals, gold suede gloves.

A game of lawn croquet calls for fresh-looking white pique sun dress with hand painted flowers and ballet-type, white playshoes.

Joan models a green wool slack suit, turtle neck sweater and brown "loafers." Short length slacks are convenient for boating.
Most Dresden-type beauties avoid bright sunlight, but Joan loves it. Here she lounges at the edge of her pool, enjoys a bit of conversation with setter, Bejabers. Her sunsuit is of natural color linen. The seaside woven straw handbag is smart, practical.
SCENE OF THE MONTH

Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer; two against the world!

TORTURED LOVE

Arch of Triumph—now immortalized!

* In the dramatic telephone scene depicted here, the refugee doctor, Ravic (Charles Boyer) calls Joan (Ingrid Bergman) to tell her he must leave France immediately. Joan begs him not to go. Ravic tries to allay her fears. He asks her to describe how she looks at the moment, that he may carry a picture of her in his heart while he is gone. Joan's hysteria mounts to the point of collapse as he bids her adieu.

1. Joan, rushing in, breathlessly answers the ringing phone.

4. "I've got to go away. But you mustn't worry! I'll be back."

7. "Ravic, you can't go away like this! I'm so afraid!"

8. "I want to see you in my mind. Tell me you're not crying."
2. "Ravic, where are you?" He tells her he's in a bistro.

3. "Why do you telephone? Why don't you come to me?"

5. "You mustn't go! I won't be able to live for fear!"

6. "What are you wearing? Is the sun on your hair?"


10. "I'm not crying! Ravic, come back!" But he is gone.
Perfect features, magnificent bone structure, exquisite skin texture make Maureen O'Hara one of the outstanding beauties of her time.
My Idea of a Beautiful Woman

By LlaZlo WilleNGer, Famous Hollywood Portrait Photographer

Maureen O'Hara's loveliness challenges the old adage that beauty is only skin deep.

* The secret of Maureen O'Hara's beauty is that she is a happy individual, secure in the success of her marriage, which to her is more important than her career. Her true love and admiration for her husband, the womanly and motherly delight in her child, the pride in her lovely home, all go to make up the Maureen O'Hara you see in these magnificent still photographs.

I like my photographic sessions with Maureen. If during a sitting I find that she is getting tired, we stop for tea. This seems to revive her magically. If we have no time for tea, a number of derogatory remarks about her home country, Ireland, brings sparks of fire to the famous O'Hara eyes and wonderful expressions for the camera. Beauty is more than skin deep with this lovely colleen—and my camera and I agree she's one of today's great beauties.

Maureen's few freckles are covered for film work; otherwise she uses no makeup.

Three of a kind. Maureen O'Hara (center) and her lovely sisters, Mrs. Florence Clark and Mrs. Margot Edward, smile for Movieland's camera.
Luxurious auburn tresses with gold highlights are another O'Hara beauty mark. Her new film is "Miracle on 34th St."

Maureen’s large, expressive eyes suggest calm, unruffled poise. They are a hazel color; lashes are long. Her lips are of exquisite shape. The cupid’s bow is perfectly proportioned. Note lipstick follows natural line of her mouth.

Candid photos are not a bugaboo to Maureen. Here she arrives at a film party with husband Will Price. Maureen’s personality is best expressed by her warm, friendly smile. You can tell she is a very happy person.
“Maureen is a photographer’s dream: She is 5'7" tall, 127 pounds of perfectly proportioned womanhood,” says camera artist Llazlo Willinger.
Ann Blyth, "Brute Force" star, and Dick Long, Univ.-Int'l player, demonstrate a vital date rule: Don't rush ahead; wait for him.

Dick prefers to bring the corsage when he and Ann go formal, but it is okay to send it. Ask your date what flowers she likes.

A smooth operator holds the chair while his date sits down. When she is comfortable, he goes to his own seat, picks up the menu.

Date Bait

When you're served coffee, Ann admonishes, don't dribble! Always hold the saucer under the cup; you'll save cleaners' bills.
Dining out? Don't sit down before your date is seated. And be sure she has a menu before you start concentrating on order.

Do you want the boys to ask you out often? Do you want the girls to think you're smooth? Then here are some tips for you!

Don't give your order to the waiter, Ann says. Tell your date what you'd like to have. He'll give your order along with his.

Dick helps Ann on with her coat when they are ready to go. Ann has her bag and gloves, so there is no unnecessary delay.

When you say goodnight, don't try to squeeze that dinner out of her. You'll know soon enough if she wants to be kissed.
Liz arrives at Paramount Studio for the first of her twice a week workouts promptly at ten-thirty A.M.

First step after donning shorts and sweatshirt is being weighed in by Jim Davis. Liz weighs 112 pounds.

Two pounds over-weight; Jim is unconcerned but Liz is rueful. She mounts stationary bicycle at once.

Next the rowing machine. This takes plenty of power and is grand for flattening down tummy; good for the leg muscles, too. Jim watches form.

Glamor is a
So you think it’s a cinch to be a movie star? Join us in a visit with Lizabeth Scott to the gym and see for yourself.

That Hollywood whistle-bait figure is maintained by rigid conditioning and care. And believe us, back-breaking work! Hal Wallis Productions’ star, Liz Scott graciously invited MOVIELAND photographer George Lacks to visit her during her workout at Paramount’s Studio gym.

For two hours Liz went through the paces under the watchful eyes of veteran coach, Jim Davies. With Jim’s guidance, she dropped those two troublesome pounds (too many hot-fudge-sundae) she had put on—and in the required places.

Remember, Liz goes through this routine twice a week. It takes hard work to keep beautiful. In fact, it’s a full-time job!

full time job

The pulling back movement is the one that really counts. Note that her feet are fastened to board to make stretch more rigid.

Try this one for tonneting the waist and shoulder muscles, also for slimming flabby fat on underarms and shoulders. Not easy!

For bending exercise, there is nothing finer than pulleys. Trunk bending slims waist, strengthens muscles generally.
After the rigorous exercises comes twenty minutes in the steam box. Liz sweats off surplus water, excess fat tissue.

The finished Liz is worth the effort! Svelte, glamorous, perfection from top to toe and wearing one of the gowns seen in “Desert Fury.”

Next the hot shower, turned on full force with needle-sharp pressure, followed by an icy cold shower to close pores, tone up body.

Finishing touches are eyelash and eyebrow makeup drawn with the precision of an artist. Her hair gets hours of treatment and care.

Relaxed and two pounds lighter, Liz reports to make-up man Wally Westmore. Complexion care is an important part of daily routine.
Movie making stopped on the set of “Lost Moment” when star Susan Hayward’s twin sons, Gregory and Timothy, dropped by with their father, Jess Barker, for a visit.
Young round neckline. Stunning nail-head belt has double buckles (one on each side). It's a dress to wear year 'round. Colors: Beige, Pink, Gold, Aqua and Coral. Sizes 12 to 20.

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Circle Size 12, 14, 16, 18, 20

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It’s Janie’s turn to tote the camera while Joe reports on what’s happening in the glitter town of Hollywood.

* When Janie called me this morning to tell me that she was going to tote the camera during our trip about town, I almost lost my tripod. It’s a riot the way that gal can get in your hair—and never seem to get out of it. In case you’ve been wondering, this is Joe talking and confidentially it’s going to be fun being confidential with all of you—for a change!

I’m not going to leave you out of anything; that’s why I want to tell you that after I shaved, showered and accepted an invitation to dine with Glenn and Lucille Langan, I rushed out to pick up Janie and bring her to Bob Abbot’s wonderful breakfast for Angela Lansbury. Angela had just returned from a cross-country trek promoting her pic, "Bel Ami." When we got in a corner she told me how wonderful the fans were and that she was very surprised that they recognized her. The Lansbury is sporting a new coiff that’s really tricky!

I stopped to talk to the Dick Powells and discovered that June’s really excited about her current starring role in “Good News.” She says it’s her best role to date. Janie was in stitches over Dick’s story about how he caught the hives during a performance of "John and Mary" while he was in New York. That’s the play that stars my favorite, Nina Foch.

At a table all by themselves, sat Kim Hunter (she was in “Stairway to Heaven”) and Gloriá Jean, the child singing star who is all grown up and really beautiful. When I stopped by to chat, Gloria told me that Kim was returning to England to do another movie and that Kim was giving her some pointers on what not to miss when she goes over there for her English concert tour.

Spied Sheila O’Malley with her favorite beau, Farley Granger; Adele Mara with Frank Lattimore, who was sporting a new Fox contract; Nancy Coleman and her husband, Whitney Bolton. Nancy was glowing because of her new role in "Mourning Becomes Electra."

Mustn’t forget to tell you about the Nancy Guild-Charles Russell merge. This was one of the most charming weddings we’ve been to in a long time, and Nancy really looked lovely in her white satin ballerina length dress. Very romantic, too; Nancy didn’t take her eyes off (Continued on page 93)
"I lost 8 pounds very FIRST week"
says Mrs. Mae Rehak, Cicero, Ill.

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GET A SLENDER FIGURE

YOU cannot have a slender, graceful figure, which is every woman's desire, unless you rid yourself of the flabby, excess fat which covers the feminine curves. Now you can rid yourself of this ugly, excess fat in a simple, healthful way.

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Grateful persons (several hundred thousand have used our product) report amazing results in loss of weight after taking delicious Del-Dex and eating sensibly, as directed. For example, Mrs. A. S. of Omaha writes, "I lost nine pounds the first week, and I am so thrilled with this quick, simple way of losing weight, I have recommended it to many others. Best of all, I liked being able to lose weight while enjoying good meals." While all people do not lose weight at exactly the same rate, the Del-Dex Method is bound to delight you with its results. Del-Dex gives you all daily normally required vitamins and minerals. Contains no drugs—absolutely harmless.

7-DAY NO RISK TRIAL!

Either you are more than delighted with the results the Del-Dex Method brings in loss of weight or you get double your money back. Just use coupon below. Send for delicious dependable Del-Dex today!

Follow directions for 7 days. Then, if you are not truly amazed at the loss of weight, if you don't notice a remarkable improvement in your figure, if you don't look better, feel better, you will get double your money back. Don't let ugly fat distort your shape. Send for dependable Del-Dex today. Only $2

double your money back if you are not thrilled with results
Leg Art

You can improve on nature and have lovelier legs

★ If a woman has pretty legs it's almost as great an asset as a pretty face because trim ankles have always attracted attention from the stronger sex.

Ann Miller, star of Columbia's "The Petty Girl," takes particular care to keep her legs free from hair. Follow her example but use any method you prefer—wax, cream or liquid depilatories, or an eraser. Remember, it's an essential part of every woman's daintiness.

Ann Miller displays the lovely limbs that made the 1947 National Shoe Fair name her legs as America's most beautiful. She always uses a suntan preparation to protect, promote even tan.

By JULIA RANSOM

ORDER BY MAIL

By JULIA RANSOM

Ann uses a simple leg exercise to keep her ankles trim, her legs shapely. Her only prop is a telephone book. Resting her heels on the book she raises up on her toes slowly, down till heels touch.

Weekly pedicures topped off with polish to match her nails keep her proud of her feet on the beach or in open-toed sandals. Ann applies leg make-up with sweeping strokes. Buffs with palm later.
NOW—A GIANT BOOK DEVOTED COMPLETELY TO THE HOME!

ENCyclopedia HOME

THE COMPLETE HOME ENCYCLOPEDIA
EVERYTHING THE BEGINNER

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SO SIMPLE ANYONE CAN FOLLOW

THE COMPLETE HOME ENCYCLOPEDIA TELLS YOU

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Dear Miss Crawford:

I married a man many years ago without telling his parents, for I found out later why he had refused to tell them. He's of Greek descent and his mother always wanted him to marry a Greek girl. I'm American.

His parents, however, after meeting me, accepted me as one of their own. His mother and I get along fine. My husband, however, has seemed to change towards me, and I can't tell him I love him any more. We cannot have any children, and I wonder if that's the reason for his change in attitude. I lost a baby while he was in the Navy and I have had two operations and a lot of trouble since. The doctors say I cannot have a child.

My husband loves children and I have suggested adopting some, but he won't talk about it. He just seems to mope around. He won't take me out. He won't talk to me very much. We just don't seem to be companionable any more. I've told him that if he doesn't love me any more, we should talk about a separation. But he won't hear about it. Meanwhile, we're both unhappy, and the future looks dark. What do you suggest?

Beatrice G. S.

I suggest that you both sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk. If your husband refuses, then have a talk with his mother. She probably can get to him. You've both evidently come to the crossroads. You've got to decide what to do. Will it be marriage or divorce? When I say marriage, I mean a true marriage, a physical, spiritual, and moral mating. If you and your husband are not going to have that, then separation may be the answer. There is absolutely no sense in prolonging unhappiness.

Married people who go along year after year hope their伙伴关系 will change and that the relationship between wife and husband will improve, sometimes wake up and find that they're both fifty years old and that life has passed them by. Don't let that happen to you. Your husband may not want to face facts. But you've got to. If you don't, you'll find him drifting away. If you string along with him and there is no reconciliation, you will find life barren, empty, and without worth. Better to start afresh while you're still young. Make him answer yes or no to child adoption. A child frequently cements a marriage and that may be the solution to your problem.

SUDDEN SWITCH

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HOLLYWOOD
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their weight in gold to
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Are you satisfied with the movies you see today? As a movie-fan, you probably have very definite ideas about the type of pictures you like. Your frank answers to the ten questions on this page can help Hollywood producers make the kind of movies you want.

The first 100 readers to answer these questions will receive a bottle of Nair, the new cosmetic lotion that removes hair. Creamy, white Nair is so easy to use, eliminates razor stubble and leaves the skin soft, smooth and alluring. You'll want to try the new, fastidious way to keep your legs hair-free and lovely.

1. Would you like to see famous former stars like Greta Garbo, Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer make comebacks in new pictures?

2. Would you rather see Joel McCrea as a cowboy ("Ramrod") or in sophisticated roles ("The More the Merrier").

3. Do you object to a star changing the feature which brought him or her to fame? Such as Veronica Lake's changed hair-do or Charlie Chaplin without his famous baggy pants and big shoes.

4. Do you like the film team of Shirley Temple and Guy Madison? Would you like to see them together again? (They were in "Honeymoon").

5. After seeing the film-version of a novel, do you like to read the book?

6. Would you prefer to see Robert Cummings in dramatic roles instead of light comedy parts?

7. Would you like to see more "documentary-type" movies such as "The House on 92nd Street" and "Boomerang"?

8. What kind of a role would you like to see Burt Lancaster do next?

9. Do you like pictures based on fantasy—such as "Stairway to Heaven"—or would you rather see movies based on fact?

10. What is your favorite feature in this issue of MOVIELAND?

Mail your answers to Hollywood Wants to Know, 535 5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Happy vacation:
If you're between dips, give a look at this month's news about music

* Hi, Everybody! Hope you're all having a fine vacation! If you're between dips, give a glance at this month's musical news.

Stan Kenton is recuperating nicely from his breakdown. If he's a good boy and continues to listen to his doctors, he should be back in front of his band about the first of August. Now that Paul Whiteman is a coast-to-coast disk jockey on the A.B.C. network, rumors are whispered about that Tommy Dorsey may become a platter man on Mutual. In the meantime, Tommy has reorganized his band in California and is playing at his own spot, Casino Gardens in Ocean Park. T.D. has really become a serious sailor. He sold the small cruiser he bought a few months ago and bought a ninety-six-foot yacht from Walter Chrysler, the auto magnate. The Tommy Tuckers, Pauline Byrnes, of The Starlighters, and Ella Mae Morse are all expecting visits from the Stork during the next few months. Incidentally, Ella Mae is making her permanent home in Boston these days, but she'll continue to fly to Hollywood periodically for recording sessions at Capitol.

Come fall, Frank Sinatra will be back at work on his old program, The Hit Parade. (Continued on page 78)
For the rest of the day her spirits were lifted. She couldn't forget Betty's performance.

Being a woman of decision and graciousness, that evening Joan sent Betty a telegram: "I saw 'Perils of Pauline' and you are without a doubt the most exciting human being I have ever seen. I never enjoyed a performance so much in my life. Could we have lunch one day soon?"

Of all the praises Betty ever received, that one thrilled her the most. To have it come from the star whose work she admired so much, from Joan Crawford who herself had been judged the best actress of the year only last season, was the greatest triumph of all.

She phoned Joan that same evening.

"Where shall we have lunch?" asked Joan. "At Lucey's, the Brown Derby, or where?"

"If you don't mind," Betty said, "I'd like to make it at the Paramount dining room. I want to show you off."

Joan laughed and agreed.

There was much the two actresses had to talk about. Mostly, though, it was Joan's advice and encouragement to Betty that was important.

"You could be a great dramatic actress," Joan told her. "You should try for that. You've proven yourself an excellent comedian, but you can branch out for stronger roles!"

Joan recalled her early days when she, like Betty, started out as a jazz kid. Later, however, she had made it at the Paramount dining room. I

In spite of being typed, a glamorous clothes hound, she had faith in her own abilities to do serious pictures. It took a long time to make others believe in her dramatic talents, but through study and hard work, her unwavering ambitions finally culminated in an Academy Award.

For the rest of the day her spirits were high. She phoned Joan that same evening.

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When the two girls parted, Betty appeared different. Instead of the usual

In the picture she started shortly after her meeting with Joan, "Dream Girl," her dramatic sequences have been built up. She even looks different; instead of the usual bright curls her hair is darker and worn smoothly. She uses no makeup but lipstick. She looks even more beautiful this way: more natural and more down-to-earth. Already, director Mitch Leisen predicts that this picture will reveal Betty as a dramatic actress worth watching.

But it will be only the beginning.

If the girl who was known as "Hootin' Hutton" and "The Blonde Bombshell" some day nab an Oscar for a deeply moving portrayal, she will know in her heart that the friendship and sincere interest Joan Crawford displayed in her will have been the first step.

The End

MORE PICTURES! MORE STORIES! MORE INFORMATION ABOUT HOLLYWOOD IN SEPTEMBER MOVIELAND

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10 or 100 pounds, even if burdened with Fat for many years. Unsolicited reports from grateful users testify to sensational results from this latest Scientific REDUCING FOOD Plan that permits you to EAT WELL and includes supplementary Body Building AMINO ACIDS, PROTEINS, VITAMINS AND MINERALS.

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In the winter I finished my formal schooling and worked part time for a newspaper. After four seasons with the Hedgerow Theater I felt I was ready to come to New York and make "the big try."

I wrote ahead to Margaret Webster, the famous Shakespearean director, for an audition. Not a clever letter—just a sincere statement of fact. Miss Webster granted me the audition. That was my "break," and that began my Broadway career. I continued to learn. Some good plays, some bad—some "fat" days, some lean.

With a solid background of steady work and study behind me I can honestly say I was ready when my chance came. I was cast as Lachlan in "The Hasty Heart." That brought me the critics' award for 1945 and Hollywood called. I made "Cry Wolf" for Warner Brothers, but as yet the picture hasn't been released. After almost two years in Hollywood I was approached by Eagle-Lion to play the part of a mad poet in "Repeat Performance." I now feel that I am where I want to be in Hollywood; and doing what I want to do—work!

On a recent visit to New York to make plans for the premiere of "Repeat Performance" I had an opportunity to look up some people I had worked with during my years in the big city. The boys who didn't have what it takes when I was here, were still haunting the same places waiting for Lady Luck to smile at them. They were, by and large, fairly good actors, well schooled in their craft but they forgot one important thing.

Everybody outside the theater expects an actor to behave in a certain way. They enjoy an actor's personality. For an actor to leave his character and personality on stage and turn into a quiet, meek person off-stage is a foolish error on his part.

Be aggressive but don't be a wise guy. Be confident but don't brag. Be sure of yourself but be right. And never, never say yes to a part you can't handle. The director won't forget and you'll never be allowed to. I think my first "tip" was given to me by my father who was an actor before he became a newspaper editor. He watched me in a Player's Company performance and said, "Dick, you bounce on-stage like a whole troupe of boy scouts. Just take a half-step in the wings before you enter and it will make your walk smooth and graceful."

It works, too.

The last advice I got was a few words I overheard. A well-known star was complaining to a producer that the picture he was making didn't seem to have enough dignity for him. The producer said there was only one sure way to keep dignity in show business. The actor wanted to know what it was. The producer pulled a ticket stub out of his pocket, "That's dignity; and when they don't buy 'em—you don't need dignity."

The End

September MOVIELAND will be on sale August 8th
I SAVED MY MARRIAGE
(Continued from page 471)

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Your best slip is back again
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and you've a lot of welcome relief to gain!

Linda Darnell and husband Perv Marley had much to talk about before she left for Europe. While
abroad, Linda will study painting. Work kept Perv from accompanying her. He'll follow later.
Then one afternoon he visited me on the set and when I was through with the scene, I was working in he said quietly, "You're coming home with me."

"Am I?" I answered, relieved. "I'll be happy to, darling."

So Pev and I began our life together again. But not where we had left off. Oh no. We're on a different track now. No more misunderstandings, brooding silences and hurt feelings. We had a long, frank talk in which we thrashed everything out. We had to do that in order, as they say, to live happily ever after.

What I'm most excited about in our new plans is that we're going to adopt a baby! Negotiations are already under way and we hope to have the baby in our home soon. I have long wanted to adopt a baby, but Pev wasn't sure it would be a good idea. An only child, he isn't used to babies. I've had to take care of my younger brothers and sisters and I adore children. But now he's as enthusiastic as I am, and we talk about the baby we'll soon have. I know it will bring great happiness and stability to our marriage and provide personal joy to both of us.

We became better acquainted during the six months we were separated than we did the whole time we had been previously together. Our new marriage creed calls for a sense of humor; an attempt really to have fun. Pev has a new contract with Warners and in it he has stipulated that he is to have two months off each year. Believe me I'll go to great lengths to have my vacations at the same time he has his.

If I have more time off than he does—and as an actress I probably will—I may go off somewhere and then meet Pev when he's free. That's what I'm planning to do now. After "Amber" I have several months off. I'm going to Europe with a girl friend, then Pev and I will meet in New Mexico.

On the little differences we've effected a compromise. We're tolerant of each other's faults, instead of harping on them. To please Pev, I'm socializing more. And to please me, Pev has agreed to entertain friends or to go out only once or twice a week. He can tinker all he wants with his own car (another previous bone of contention!) but he leaves mine alone. And if I forget to have the oil changed, or if I wear out the bearings in the car, he has agreed to make a supreme effort not to bawl me out for it.

Shop talk is taboo at home. Even on the little matter of Sunday golf we're now in complete agreement. I can still sleep late, and Pev and I tee off in the afternoon.

The clothes I wear are now bought with the sole purpose of pleasing Pev. He never used to comment on the way I looked. He thought I assumed he liked me in what I wore, not realizing that a girl loves to be told by her husband that he thinks she's beautiful. Now he tells me. Does he spread it on thick! And do I eat it up! A little compliment from Pev warms my heart more than a thousand flattering words from strangers.

There is no cure-all for all these disappointments in life. But the closest thing to it for most of us is something so simple and so easy that you almost forget it's there. It is the Payroll Savings Plan. Or—for people not on payrolls—the new Bond-a-Month Plan at your bank.

Each is a plan for buying U. S. Savings Bonds automatically. Either one of these plans helps you—as does no other system we know of—to save money regularly, automatically, and surely—and to hang on to that money till you need it.

So if you're a groom—or a bride—or if you know one, here's a bit of friendly advice to take or to give: Get on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-a-Month Plan where you have a checking account.

It's one of the finest things you can do to start married life right.

What every bride shouldn't know:

What it feels like to be poor...
What it feels like when your first-born needs an expensive doctor—and you can't afford it...
What it's like wanting a home of your own... and never quite getting it...
What it's like having your kids grow up not knowing whether they'll ever get to college...
What it's like to see the Joneses and the Does and the Smiths able to travel abroad—but never you...
What it's like to have to keep telling yourself, "He may not have money, but he's my Joe."

There is no cure-all for all these disappointments in life. But the closest thing to it for most of us is something so simple and so easy that you almost forget it's there.

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It's one of the finest things you can do to start married life right.

Save the easy, automatic way...

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IS THIS YOUR WALLFLOWER WEEK?
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For relief from “periodic functional distress” 50 CENTS, AND LARGER ECONOMY BOXES.

I AM GAMBLING ON MY CAREER
(Continued from page 43)
been very loathsome, just as I had hoped.
I had felt the shock in the darkened room when Monty had spit out “Jew boy,” an ugly phrase never heard on the screen before. I knew the half dozen people seeing the picture that day felt real revulsion when the ex-sergeant broached “Sure I killed the Jew boy,” and then shrugged, as though to add, “so what?” So what does it matter, one more or less of those? Monty was loathsome all right.

As I say, I felt good. I believed I had proved this time I was an actor.

I suppose proof was implied in the comments which finally broke the silence. But they always doander for a performer in switching from the kind of role in which the fans have accepted him—in my case it was a switch from typically American, good-guy roles to something quite the opposite. But the worst they could call a man for that is crazy; there’s nothing brave about it.

“I’m a brave thing you’ve done, Ryan,” said one of the group, an executive I had never seen before. And then he added, “You’re gambling with your career, of course, but . . .”

But, he meant, he hoped for the best. He was with me. All of the people in that room were with me.

Really courageous,” someone else murmured.

I didn’t know what to say to that. So I got out of there.

I had expected a pat on the back. I thought the performance was good. But this talk about bravery and courage. If you’re brave, I figured, somebody is mad at you. I wasn’t sore at anyone. Who was sore at me? I walked across the lot to the parking lot in a daze, trying to figure this thing out.

I certainly hadn’t pictured myself as “brave” or “courageous” when I knocked down every door in the studio trying to get that part. I certainly didn’t think that I was “gambling with my career.” I thought the script John Paxton had got out of Richard Brooks’ novel, “The Brick Foxhole” was a tight, wonderful script, and that the role of the ex-sergeant was a fat, juicy, wonderful part. I thought such a part would make an actor—not break him. That’s why I heckled everybody from Studio Heid Dorey Schary, down, to forget for once that I was a leading man, begged them to let me play it.

“I knew there was a risk involved.” There is always a danger for a performer in switching from the kind of role in which the fans have accepted him—in my case it was a switch from typically American, good-guy roles to something quite the opposite. But the worst they could call a man for that is crazy; there’s nothing brave about it.

I’ve been called crazy before. When I abandoned my nice, safe job buying and distributing supplies for the Chicago city schools, to come to Hollywood to try to be an actor plenty of people called me crazy. The first agent I went to see took one look at me, brightened, I thought, and then told me “Turn around, go out and come in again.” When I looked puzzled, he added, “Make an entrance. Get it? I got it. I went out, and came in again.” “Go back to Chicago,” he said. So did everybody else I met for a painfully long period. As it turned out, they were wrong, I’m not frightened of the word “crazy” any more.

But “brave” . . . ? I would have thought twice before I went out looking for that one. So many brave men I have known are dead men now. No one I know who had a taste of the war is interested in collecting handles like that, too much like medals.

Well, now there it was—the “brave” handle—ringing in my ears. Apparently playing Monty with everything I had, showing him up for the evil, sinkling coward he is, was somehow dangerous.

By the time I had edged my car through the Hollywood traffic, and headed over the pass into the valley I was beginning to matter a few “so what’s?” of my own. So what if it was dangerous? Is an actor supposed to make anti-Semitism pretty?

Don’t get me wrong. I’m no crusader. I wouldn’t know what to do with a soap box if I had one. But that doesn’t mean that I don’t feel strongly about some things. Anti-Semitism is one of them. I hate the race baiters way I hate any group which has some stake in splitting people away from people. Anti-Semites are trouble makers, warmakers, in my book. Monty, in “Crossfire,” is pretty much the essence of everything I hate and despise.

I found myself thinking with a flash of the smart satisfaction I had felt at the fade-out of the picture, which is why I played him as well as I did.

And playing him as well as I did, I reminded myself as the glow disappeared, might turn out to be a one-way ticket to oblivion.

It was fantastic, I thought, fantastic that a guy could be considered to be endangering himself, his livelihood, by acting a part in a motion picture.

I thought of all the things I’d done in my life which were really tough, really dangerous, A go at the boxing ring, while I was still at Dartmouth; the series of dirty jobs after I arrived in New York hand in hand with the depression; once as a sandhog, pushing heavy rock barges into new-made tunnels hundreds of feet under the Hudson river; soft-coal mining; stoking in the engine room of a freighter. I had been broke enough once even to work as a bill collector at the black bottom of the early-thirties. Nobody that I can remember had called me a brave man for any of those things. Nor had anybody said I was courageous for surviving two years war service in the United States Marines.

This obviously was different. There was hidden dynamite in exposing anti-Semitism, even in a motion picture. It was a frightening thought.

By this time, I was turning into the driveway at home. The lights of the house looming up in the dusk seemed unusually bright and reassuring.

“It’s a show box of a house,” I thought for the thousandth time, “but by golly it looks good.”

Jessica and Tim were waiting for me, my wife sprawled in a corner of the sofa trying to work as a bill collector at the black bottom of the early-thirties. My son Timothy—who was a year old last April practiced his drunken walk from chair to chair, from table to chair. Good food smells were waiting in from the kitchen.

The events of the afternoon, my jitters during the lonely drive home seemed unreal in this welcoming atmosphere.

I told Jessica what had happened. She listened quietly, her big, dark eyes clouding
slightly when I came to the quotes about "gambling" with my career. We've had about all the gambling we can stomach in the past few years, what with the hungry years of trying to get established, then (so soon after the first big break, my contract with R.K.O. and my first good part playing opposite Ginger Rogers in "Tender Comrade") the war.

But she said what had to be said, as I might have known she would. "If it is brave—In America—in 1947—to put the finger on a small time fascist," she told me, "then all of us had better start getting brave. And fast."

As you can see, I have quite a remarkable wife. Jessica is a girl you can count on, more than ever when things get tough. Her resourcefulness and good humor had seen us through more than one tight squeeze, and I knew from the look on her face that there would be more of both on tap if they were needed.

Here was a girl who—two weeks after we were married, and my oil well (I really had one) ran dry—pigeon-holed her own acting aspirations because she thought my chances were better, and went to work in the Fun-chon-Marco chorus. It was a rugged job, and she hated it; but it made it possible for me to work and study and pound on doors and try a little longer to make somebody believe that I really could act.

When I finally went to New York for a part in a play with Tallulah Bankhead, the Big Chance—but Little Dough—Jessica came through again, getting up rent money by modeling. And when I went into the Marines, taking a salary cut to $53 a month, my smart little wiffe. Jessica is a girl you can count on, more than ever when things get tough. Her resourcefulness and good humor had seen us through more than one tight squeeze, and I knew from the look on her face that there would be more of both on tap if they were needed.

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**THIS IS MYSELF**

(Continued from page 45)

I used to

Be named Angela Maxine O'Brien, but I changed it when I was playing Margaret.

Once

I designed a dress for myself. It was striped taffeta with a little old-fashioned stand-up collar, long puffed sleeves and a full skirt. I liked it very much. But that's the only one I ever designed.

I like

The circus: Hopsotch; Ballet dancing: The color cerise; Apple-gingercake; Red Ryder; Fairy tales.

I don't like

Cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli and smelly vegetables like that; Spelling; Going to bed early; Traveling a long time in a car.

I'm guilty of

Forgetting things my mother tells me; Wanting to stay up later when it's time for bed; Losing rings; and—sometimes—Not drinking all my milk.

I love

Dancing. I'm going to be a ballet dancer when I grow up. In "The Unfinished Dance," we have the Faust number, where the Devil pops up and scares me; then there's our Butterfly number, the Swan Lake number, which is all mirrors everywhere, and the Final. I did a little dancing for "Jane Eyre," but I really learned ballet in this picture.

I learn something

In every picture I make. I learned to skate to "Tenley Avenue Angel," to ride for "Bad Bascomb," I even went to New York and

**FRECKLES**

Write for FREE BEAUTY SUGGESTIONS

We will send you a delightful story about Stillman's Freckle Cream. It is not only freckle bleach, but also a beautifying cream. It makes skin look lighter—feel softer, smoother. Over 30 million jars have been purchased by enthusiastic users! Only 50 cents at all drug and cosmetic counters. A postal card brings this amazing story of beauty to you!

THE STILLMAN CO., Box 11, Aurora, Ill.
skated at Rockefeller Center; it was fun!

THE NICEST THING ANYBODY EVER DID FOR ME

Was when Mr. Rudd Weatherwax gave me Lassie's puppy, Laddie. He trained him for me first, and then showed me how to train him. Lad can stand up, speak, shake hands, roll over, charge and oh, lots more! He's a collie. I also have a Chinese cocker named Maggie! She can dance, too.

I WOULD LIKE

To play with a real baby, but we haven’t any.

I LOVE

Exciting holidays like Christmas and Halloween.

To go to Sunday School and church. When we were in Mexico, we went to the Shrine of Guadalupe every day. It's in a beautiful cathedral, with gold in it; the people make a pilgrimage on their knees and children march with candles. It made me cry, it was so beautiful.

I HAVE FUN

Going to the Hitching Post, the theater where they show Western films. Last time we saw the Lone Ranger and a Tarzan picture. I would like to be in a Tarzan picture and get to swing from tree to tree the way he does.

Drawing pictures, especially animals.

I NEVER WANTED

To be a boy, but I like to be the Robber in Cops and Robbers.

I'M FOND OF

Reading, history and geography in school; but not spelling.

Tying a ribbon around my neck when I wear a low-necked dress.

Wearing period clothes. I'm invited to a costume party, and I want to go as the wife of Monte Cristo. She wears high black boots and a sword in her belt.

My doll Lucy. Mr. Lionel Barrymore gave her to me and painted her face himself. One day, Mr. Barrymore brought her to me and said: "This is a young lady I found standing on a street corner. She didn’t know where to go and she asked me what to do. So I said: ’I think I know just the party who might take you in.’" . . . And I was the party. Lucy is my favorite doll and she has twenty dresses. Now she has a ballet costume and when I am dressed for "The Unfinished Dance," I change her into her ballet dress, too.

I ENJOY

Riding on top of a New York bus; Alice in Wonderland; Singing "Toora-loora-loo;"

Making records. I made one about a little Spanish girl, whose name was Maria Elena Rosita Guadalupe Dolores Mariana Garcia. Aren’t those pretty names? I think I like Dolores and Elena the best.

WHEN I GROW UP

I will use lipstick. I won’t want to miss

you won’t want to miss

• INTIMATE
  Color Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hollywood at Home
  Show You How Top Film Couples Really Live

• ALAN LADD:
  Complete Profile
  Plus
  Lively Action Photos of Ladd as a Two-Gun Guy

• MORE
  Candid Color Shots,
  Lively Photo-Features
  in August Screen Guide
  On Sale July 16th
THE VOICE EXPLAINS (Continued from page 31)

underworld characters in Cuba last February. The records prove that the crooner got official permission to have a gun in his possession in January.

However, an amazing number of columnists, despite the fact that one of their harps had been punched by the singer, sang to Frank’s defense. The general opinion was that Mortimer had asked for the beating.

Not limiting himself to criticizing Sinatra’s singing, he’d gone out of the way to attack him personally in print on many occasions. He’d written: “Sinatra’s trouble seems to be something he ate—lunching at the White House.” He’d referred to Frank as “the 4-F” from Haubrook Heights.” He accused the singer of being a man “who tickles his rich and supposed-to-be-smart Waldorf audiences by making fun of the lame brains who made him famous.” He wrote: “Frankie spends much of his time in New York with left-wingers and advocates of ‘down with the rich until I get in’, fighting for this and that and almost any goofy cause that comes along.”

The attack had been going on for two years; and Frank had no way to hit back in print. But when he saw the columnist at Ciro’s, he had a chance of striking back.

Unfortunately it was with his fist. Frank claimed the columnist, on top of the printed abuse, had called him an unprintable name that reflected on both his race and his ancestry.

“That was the last straw,” said Sinatra; “I walked up and punched him in the jaw.”

It was one of the most expensive punches in history, according to Mortimer’s values.

The columnist priced it at $250,000 in a suit he instigated against the singer. Joe Louis gets half that amount for shuffling it out for fifteen rounds with a champion.

Overnight, “The Voices” became “The Punch.” Within a few days he threw a party for the press and announced that he was promoting a heavyweight prize fight in Los Angeles. The winner of it will get a crack on top of the world professionally; and at the peak of his enormous popularity things seem to my radio show, I’ll confess that I

Here’s the lowdown, as given by the singer himself:

“I suppose,” said he, “that I’d worked my self into a state of nervous exhaustion. I felt on the ragged edges; and inside of me a constant tug of war was going on. Part of myself seemed to be pulling one way; and part the other. In that condition, one can not make the wisest of decisions; and he may do things he afterwards regrets. I did. Sometimes I felt like giving up my whole life. All I’ve got to say about that is, Thank God, it’s over. And we’re straightened out again.

‘I remember the very incident that started all the trouble. I was working in the picture, ‘It Happened In Brooklyn,’ at Metro when I was asked to appear on a Command Performance program. In the film, Jimmy Durante and I had a number called ‘The Song’s Gotta Come From Your Heart’ to do toward the end of the film. Service overseas would get a kick out of it. Since it was a new tune, however, permission had to be secured before we could use it.

“We explained that it wouldn’t be heard over the air in America and were told to go ahead and sing it for the program. Then on the afternoon before we were supposed to cut the Command Performance record, Jimmy went over to see the Regent Postoffice in order to find out that we’re not going to be allowed to use that number after all. The permission has been revoked.’ I replied, ‘That’s just too bad.’ And that was all I said.

“A few days later I was on a train headed for New York where I had picked up a Los Angeles paper and found that a columnist had written that I was being chastised by my studio for putting up such a beef about not being allowed to sing. Naturally it made me furious. I got so mad, in fact, that for the first time in my life I wrote a protest to that columnist. It was a four-page telegram; and some of the language, I admit, was rather strong.

“That, I suppose, gave other newspaper people the idea that I was feeling with the producers. I wasn’t. Sometime later that same columnist needed a story for a magazine. I agreed only on the condition that she print only what I okayed. I simply wanted to be sure that the facts were straight. When I showed up for lunch with her, I said—jokingly, of course—‘Well, I’ve checked my doctor’s bill at the door and brought along my own food toaster as a safeguard against having poisoned.’ We both laughed. However, I soon found my words printed in her column. But she’d credited herself with saying them, not me.

“As to my radio show, I’ll confess that I wasn’t very happy with it. I considered the time I had to broadcast was terrible from an audience standpoint and fought for a better hour. Then, too, I had certain ideas that I wanted injected into my programs. I felt sure they’d improve the show; but I wasn’t allowed to try them out. At that time, I was physically very tired and didn’t feel like continuing what seemed to be a losing battle. That’s when the report broke that I was quitting my show.

“I do resent the story that I refused to cut up the theater where I rehearse for a special Christmas Day broadcast. Naturally I was later told that I agreed to do this the previous November. But I don’t remember having even been approached on the matter. I learned about it only late on Christmas Eve afternoon. I was home setting up a tree for the kids when told about the hallucinoloy
I was supposedly raising over the use of the theater. As a matter of fact, I hadn't even thought about it. All that week the main thing I had on my mind was finding a bicycle for my daughter, Nancy. When informed of the trouble, I said, 'Sure. Let the other company have the theatre. If necessary, I'll broadcast from the corner of Hollywood and Vine.' As far as I'm concerned, that's all there was to the incident. But it was written up as 'Sinatra pouting at Santa Claus' and 'grudgingly consenting' to give up the theater.

"Now to the next point in question, I hold that the business of my associating with a racketeer in Cuba, as the papers put it, was not my fault. I was by myself in Havana trying to get some rest. One night I happened to drop into a casino. One of the operators of the place—a sort of professional host—recognized me and asked if I'd mind being introduced to a few people. Naturally, I said, 'No.' If I'd refused, I'd have been called a heel and a snob.

"I had no idea who the people were that I met. I simply shook hands with them and passed the time of day, paying little attention to their names, as one usually does under such circumstances. A floor show started. I sat down at a table for about fifteen minutes. Then I got up and left the place. The next day, I returned to Florida where I learned that I'd been in the company of a notorious mobster in Cuba. How was I to know that one of the men I shook hands with in that casino was Lucky Luciano?

"The implications of the gun story were the most absurd of all. Here are the facts. You know, I have to be away from home a great deal, and I wanted my wife to have some protection for herself and the children in case of an emergency. So I bought a small pistol for the house and informed the sheriff of it. He told me just to come on down to the city hall and have the gun registered in the usual fashion. I did. Reporters got wind of the matter, and began to question me. I told them the straight, simple facts and asked them please not to play the story up.

"If they wanted a yarn, I suggested that they write about my getting finger-printed—which I believe everyone should do. So they promised to emphasize the finger-printing, rather than the gun registering, in their stories. I believe they did. The yarns must have been changed in the editorial rooms, possibly by rewrite men. Anyhow, there was Sinatra in the news again. This time I was a gun-totter.

"That brings us up to date. For future reference, my home life is happy; my radio show's all right; and I'm pleased with the spirit of brotherhood. "The House I Live In" proved that movies could do much to improve people. I'm also planning to do another short along the lines of 'The House I Live In.' It'll be based on Irving Berlin's song, 'Help Me Help My Neighbor,' which I hope will help spread the spirit of brotherhood. The House I Live In' proved that movies could do much to further tolerance, so I'm anxious to make another 'short' with the same theme.

"As to my health, I feel one hundred percent better than I did last year."

The End
into Sue Carol Associates on the Sunset Strip. He was wearing a camel's hair coat, a life guard's tunic, and he was many years younger than I had anticipated. He literally bowled me over. Not that I hadn't seen plenty of camel's hair coats or California sun tans, or young men, for that matter. It was just that my experience as an actor's agent had taught me to expect a dismal appearance whenever I fell for a radio voice. Alan was the magnificent exception to the rule. He was photogenic and he could act.

I talked until I ran out of adjectives. He listened politely. When I had finished outlining a rosy future for him in motion pictures, he thanked me for my interest and said he had tried movies once before and had found radio more reliable. He sounded like a man who knew his own mind so I didn't argue. I merely asked him to think about my offer for ten days.

On the tenth day he walked into my office again (quite by accident, he has since confessed) and signed a contract.

Inside of two weeks, Alan landed a small part in a Paramount picture, "Rulers of the Sea." When I say small part I'm not guilty of understatement. He worked only two days. Luckily, though, the days happened to fall on the first and last day of a six-weeks' shooting schedule. The studio paid him for six weeks' work. Therefore, to the next producer I spoke, I glibly said Alan had just finished six weeks at Paramount. The producer was impressed and Laddie got another job.

I remember one time when Alan was reading for the role of the Italian fighter-violinist in "Golden Boy." At the last minute, we got the bright idea of dyeing his naturally sun-bleached hair a jet black in order to make him appear more Latin. There wasn't time to go a professional dye job so we improvised with mascara.

Alan looked wonderfully swarthy, I thought, as we waited outside the director's office. It was a warm day and we had to wait too long. By the time Alan started to read for the director, mascara was cascading down his neck like a Niagara of ink. Needless to say, he 'didn't get the part.

The next link in my bracelet carries a miniature engagement ring. I got this because, as Laddie was careful to explain, "You're so honest, and I love you, Susie." We were married March 15, 1942 in Tijuana, Mexico. When our friends heard about our elopement, they were so disappointed they talked us into staging another ceremony in Santa Ana, California. In addition to my wedding band of rubies, Alan gave me a traditional gold circlet to match the tiny engagement ring on my charm.
bracellet. I'm very sentimental about this charm.

Following the release of "This Gun for Hire," Alan started getting his first fan mail. He was as excited as a small boy seeing his first show.

The influx of fan mail impressed the studio executives, too. In rapid succession they colonized. Among the Glass Key, "Lucky Jordan" and "China."

I was happy to have my judgment vindicated but things were happening too fast for Sue Carol and Associates. At times the wife became confused with the business girl. When this happened I would burst into tears if anyone criticized Alan's work. Such behavior wasn't very businesslike so I gave up working and concentrated on being plain Mrs. Ladd.

Like many other wives, I saw my husband leave his civilian profession and enter military service. Alan volunteered for the Army Air Corps and subsequently a pair of wings were added to the collection of charms.

Then on April 21, 1943 our tow-headed daughter, Alana, was born. Lonie as we like to call her, is a pint-size edition of her father.

Lonie is represented on my bracelet by a bracelet. I'm very sentimental about this charm.

We retreat to the ranch every weekend and all the time that Alan isn't working.

Some other neighbors told us about a fertile but vacant farm down the road. The main house had burned down but there was a barn, a lean-to, a three-car garage, a partially completed pool and lots of promise.

In less than thirty minutes we owned a ranch. And if you look closely at my bracelet you can find a small charm in the form of a map of the USA. If you look still more closely you can locate Alusulcno Acres—the Ladd's personal Shangri-La.

We retreat to the ranch every weekend and all the time that Alan isn't working. We live in the remodeled garage and grow more pastoral by the week.

With the help of two Mexican farmhands, Alan raises horses (eights to date), chickens (a hundred or so), and rabbits (more than we know). From one of Hollywood's best dressed actors he's switched to blue jeans as his favorite garb. The one-time shy, eager actor turned into a rancher. The one-time shy, eager actor turned into a rancher.

The country was green and peaceful. The only mention of Black Aberdeen Angus in the family was if anyone criticized Alan's work. Such behavior wasn't very businesslike so I gave up working and concentrated on being plain Mrs. Ladd.

Actually cost...
my first major adjustment under the Bogey
regime was the “Learning-To-Love-A-Boat”
phrase. The Santana is a major part of
Bogey’s life. When I was first introduced
to the Santana, I didn’t know a galley from a
jib. I always had liked the water, but I never
knew anything about boats. I’d spent my
life in one of those Manhattan towers, living
in a small apartment with my mother, sons
or mooring. Suddenly, there I was in the
water operating a boat. Bogey tells me—and
since he seems to be an authority on things
nautical, I’ll take his word for it—that women
are born either with or without the ability
to love a boat. If you’re “without,” there’s just
nothing that can endear sea-dust to you. Fortunately, I was in the
“with” class. Once I got aboard that
yaw!, I was as salt as a lawyer.
My own opinion of myself, personally, is
that I’ve done darned well. Bogey claims I’m
a good helmsman. I can handle the wheel,
or the sails—all except in a race or a
gale. I feed my husband three times a day and
on time. His hunk is always nicely made up.
I keep my galley spotless. He says I do my
job properly, and aboad a boat, that, from
him, is high praise! And beyond all that, I
have fun.

We lived “aboard” for three and four
months at a time, and while housekeeping
is slightly different from that which goes on
in our home, we love it. We take the
Santana out alone for two and three weeks
at a time. The two of us can handle her
now. After I fix dinner, we sit and listen to the
radio, read and relax. Somehow everything
changes the minute you leave shore. Values
change; conversation is different; you meet a
different class of people from those in Holly-
wood Adventurers, doctors, businessmen,
lawyers; people who care nothing about
which color thing is too different this morning about
that character. It gives you a completely
different slant on things.

Too, living aboard the boat makes our
home more exciting when we come back to
it. We always have something to look for-
toward, the way we live. When we’re
aboard the boat, we’re looking forward to the
fall and our house. When we’re at home,
we’re looking forward to summer vacation
and the boat.

Secretly, I’m fairly partial to our home.
Sometimes I sit there and look around and
love the place. It’s eight rooms, all
spread out on one floor, and we have six
acres of ground. We bought it just about
a year ago from Hedy Lamarr, and we
didn’t even have a spot of milk in our
bank. But somehow it surprised me with the thought he gives to
presents. For instance, this Christmas he
gave me a mink coat—the second fur coat
I’ve ever had.

He ordered it months before from Berg-
dorf-Goodman in New York. Under my ini-
tials, which were embroidered into the lin-
ing, he had the store embroiler a little mink
Who’d ever think of a thing like that but
Bogey?

Recently he came home with a present just
for fun. No anniversary, or birthday, or any-
thing. Just a surprise gift. It’s a small gold
cuckoo clock trimmed in rubies, a lapel
gadget. Two tiny chains swing from it, and
when you pull one, the clock door flies open.
I adore it. His two favorite presents from
me are a saxophone and a model of the San-
tana.

But back to our wonderful home. I guess
we have the most wonderful household in
captivity. It’s sort of “You Can’t Take It With You,”
but that’s not the idea. We are covered for by
May, our cook, whom Bogey has had for
twelve years, and by Fred, our butler, who
is strictly a character. He is the funniest man
who ever has lived, and he is always laugh-
ing. He loves the ballet and Shakespeare.
I only wish I were as conversant with them as
Fred is. He has lived in London and has a
delightful English accent.

Bogey kisses me I’m a very good manager.
Instead of giving orders to Fred and May,
however, I sort of work with them and ex-
change ideas. We have a wonderful, mad
relationship. There’s a constant session
of kidding that goes on, and sometimes when
I’m all fixed up ready to go out for the even-
ing with Bogey, Fred will look me over and
say, “Well, Old Girl, you sure look lovely
tonight!”

Our menagerie is wonderful, too. We have
ducks, chickens and a daft dog named Har-
vey which Louis Bromfield—at whose home
we were married—gave to us.

Harvey is a boxer with a touch of para-
noma. He wavers between delusions of
grandeur and persecution. These attacks
are particularly brought on by the vacuum
cleaner and the lawn mower. When Fred cuts
the lawn, Harvey wildly attacks the mower,
baring his teeth in fine vicious fashion, a sort
of canine Don Quixote. But Inside, when the
vacuum cleaner is going, he retreats in ter-
ror to the wall. He’s an awful ham.

We don’t take Harvey aboard the San-
tana any more. It’s too difficult. He simply
cannot stand the boat. Every time we
try to get him off the Santana to take him
ashore, he cringes and I have to push him
off.

At present, we have one hundred and
forty-eight chickens. We started out to have
about fourteen for fun and atmosphere. They
grew on us. I got crazy about them and
bought fifty more, and the poultryman gave
me an additional fifty because I was such a
good customer. So where once we had the
chickens, now the chickens have us.

Bogey gets a kick out of my enthusiasm
about everything. He says I’m fun to do
tings for because I respond with such a lot
of excitement. I don’t see how anyone can
learn from him. You gain a certain amount
of poise from each experience.

I can’t really remember if I ever had an
idea of what I wanted out of life and mar-
riage before I met Bogey. But I know this:
I’ve found everything I could possibly want.
I’ve grown up a lot in the past three years.
Some of this growing-up came from the adult
years. Some came from the things I’ve learned from him. You gain a certain amount
of poise from each experience.

I never was a fly-by-night creature. I al-
wanted marriage to be constant. Every
woman does. I never could stand going out
every night with a different guy. Or even
just going out every night. We don't go out much. I guess it's been seven or eight months since we've night-clubbed. When we do, it's so much more fun to go, because we're not bored with too much of it.

You know, considering how crazy I am now about this guy called Bogey, it's really funny the reaction I had when I first heard I was to work in a picture with him. I had always believed everything I saw on the screen. I felt for that "desp, dem, and dose" routine he always gave with in his characterizations. When Warner Brothers offered me a contract I was walking on stars. I had visions of playing opposite Charles Boyer or Ty Power or anyone. When they said "Bogart," I screamed.

"Gosh!" I wailed. "How awful to have to be in a picture with that mug; that illiterate! He mustn't have a brain in his head. He won't be able to think or talk about anything!" We had a fast meeting, and then he went overseas. It wasn't till he came back, and we started to work together, that I began to realize what a wonderful guy he was—well-informed, considerate, interested in everything.

When he first saw me on the set, he tells me his reaction was, "She's a very long girl." He said he had to stop to look at me because I moved like a ballet dancer, (I took ballet) for six years.) He said when he walked, he could almost see box-lined balls of shoes on me. Then when we started to work, I was so scared I was shaking like a leaf. My first line was, "Anybody got a match?" And I had to light a cigarette. My hand was shaking so, I couldn't get the flame to meet the cigarette. He started kidding me out of my nervousness and helping me with my work. Pretty soon everything was easy and I was relaxed. It was as if I'd known him always. He's that kind of a guy.

We have a lot of fun in our life, this Big Bad Bogey and I. I think we're a couple of pretty honest people and we share a similar sense of humor. We like working together because it makes our whole life easier. We see more of each other; go to lunch together; we're equally as tired at the end of the day. We have no clash of temperaments in regard to work or anything. This probably stems back to our ability to laugh together.

He dislikes women—as a breed. I was fortunate enough to be one of the few individual females of whom he approved. The sorrow of his life is that the bobby soxers insist on sneaking up to the San- tana and scratching their initials with fin- ger-nail files into the varnish. Our sole tragedy in our whole two years has been the death of a few small chickens which I loved very much.

No one could ask for any more than we've got. My "two years aboard" have been two wonderful years. And if you want to meet a happy gal, stop by some time and ask for Betty Bessie Bogart.

Bogey always says, "I've got the best boat, the best house, the best wife, the best dog and the best servants in the whole world!" So I only get third billing, but with Bogey, third or any billing is okay for me.

You see, I love that man! The End
In the motherhood department, Joan is her most zealous self. Christina, seven and Christopher, four, are beautifully reared children, and Joan has seen to that personally. They know they are adopted, and they know they are loved. They understand that Mommy’s career takes time, but they also have had proof that the career is not an inexorable taskmaster for her.

"After this picture," said Joan, "I’m taking them east with me for a real winter holiday of playing in the snow, ice-skating, hiking in the woods around New York. I worked this past summer, but I don’t do that again. I’m taking the summer off—that’s a clause in my contract—so I can be with them during their regular school vacation-time."

Her home, as well as her children, gets a full share of Joan’s attention. The seven-room house in Brentwood, the same, she bought when a Stardom was merely a shiny promise, has been enlarged and renovated through the years. It could be called a show-place now, with its twenty-seven rooms and its lawns and gardens, except that the term connotes display. This home, colorful and beautifully decorated, is livable—and a living record of Joan’s own progress and growth. "I love it," she said. "Even when I must be away from it, I love thinking about it."

Joan’s attention to her fans could be a model for any publicist or sponsor of her contemporaries. She never forgets that fans gave her a career, and how they remained loyal throughout the years. Joan’s attention to her fans could be a model for any publicist or sponsor of her contemporaries. She answers her fan mail. Her secretary, Theo Larson, attends to requests for photographs, but once or twice a week Joan dictates personal replies to letters requiring them, sometimes a neglect, a year, never too busy to be gracious.

She never forgets that fans gave her a career, and how they remained loyal throughout the years. Success in pictures being virtually impossible without good health, it follows naturally that Joan attends to hers. Reasonably, not fanatically.

"As we weight-watching, well—any actress is collection of an equal pound. I dare you to have two healthy active children, and a movie career and have to worry about weight. When I acquire an extraneous pound, I leave the table hungry until that pound is gone. My favorite meal (and I like to cook it myself) is steak with cigarette-fried potatoes and onions, green salad with green onions, and ice cream with chocolate sauce.

"You keep fit in this business just by being in it," she quipped. "I go home tired enough to sleep well, and am in bed by 9:30 usually. Night clubs are fine once in a while, but dancing half the night—it’s my hobby. I don’t care for that. Swimming with the kids is exercise enough for me, although I like a relaxing massage two or three times a week."

Here Curtis Bernhardt, the director, called Joan for a scene. She put down her knitting. "This is the kind of picture I like—not too much time to knit," she said.

Watching Joan work was Jerry Wald, the producer of "Possession," "Humoresque," and of "Mildred Pierce."

"That chap," he whispered, "is just beginning to hit his stride. No, I’ll amend that. He hasn’t even begun to hit it. Her future is tremendous."

And nowhere on that set—nor here, for that matter—could he find a dissenting voice.

The End
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bored New Englander like her mother. With baby daughter in safekeeping, Gene, sister Pat and Mom Tierney went to work on Gene's New York apartment. In between radio shows and extensive clipping tours, Gene and company did an expert job in completely renovating her Manhattan apartment.

This accomplished, Gene made tracks to Greens Farms and the colonial house that was her birthplace and the scene of fond childhood memories. A sentimentalist at heart, Gene always gets a thrill out of small things. She found her old dolls, books, diaries: she giggled over school day romances, and reminisced happily with her family over mementoes—the Harvard proms and the Yale and Princeton dances. A souvenir from Switzerland, a reminder of her student days at Brilliantmont . . . a clipping from the New York Times, Sept. 24, 1938, reporting her debut at the Fairfield Hunt Country Club.

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GENE COMES HOME

(Continued from page 41)
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**FUN WITH THE FUGITIVE**

(Continued from page 37)

refused Navy shots during the war. But more about this later.

Bad as the inoculations were, man has no inhumanity to man equal to a passport photograph. John Ford's portrait was libelous, that of J. Carroll Naish was atrocious, but that of Henry Fonda was pure King-Kong.

"I look," he groaned, "like the archetype of bestial and depraved criminal." He plans to discipline his children after this by threatening them with his photograph.

The company was flown to Mexico City, leaving Burbank, Calif., at 5:30 in the afternoon, Pacific time, and landing in Mexico City at 2:45 A.M. Central time the following morning. The first act for both tourists and workers in Mexico is exchanging American into Mexican money. The current rate is 4.85 pesos for one dollar, which would seem—

from a selfish standpoint—to be highly advantageous, but Mexico is in the midst of inflation so there is actually very little difference in prices between Los Angeles and Mexico.

"The Fugitive" company lived partly in the Reforma Hotel, which is exactly like any big city hotel in America, and partly in the Maria Cristina Hotel, a three-story building that might have been situated in the smaller apartment section of Los Angeles.

Perhaps you should know something about the plot of "The Fugitive" to understand why it was shot over vast expanses of breathing Mexican scenery. (RKO shudders when this picture is referred to as "Going My Way"—with horses but without Bing)

"The Fugitive" is the story of a simple, inconspicuous priest (Henry Fonda) whose parish is in an unidentified tropical country. The leader of a military clique, a character played by Pedro Armendariz, decides to destroy the church and to kill the priest, who becomes a fugitive until he can find ways to defeat the militarist.

Dolores Del Rio is an Indian girl who hides the priest; Ward Bond is a Mexican bank robber who helps, J. Carroll Naish is a traitor.

Those who have seen the uncut version of the picture say that Henry Fonda does a magnificent job as the patriotic priest, an ordinary man who becomes an extraordinary one through hardship and misery.

While the company was shooting at Perote, it was necessary for Hank to make a wardrobe change. He strolled up a hill and made the change without fuss. Not until two months later did Hank learn that the still cameraman had snapped a grabshot of him, silhouette against a spectacularly cloud-filled sky, his hair flying and his white shirttail fluttering in the breeze. This picture was entered in a National Photographic Contest in New York City and news of it hit the leased wires, to Hank's intense embarrassment.

When the company was shooting at Perote, the nearest settlement was a tiny village about four miles away. In order to feed the company the Mexican commissary agent leased wires, to Hank's intense embarrassment.

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flavored coffee. This village, according to Hank who had studied local history, was about three thousand years old.

There it lay in the soft, golden sunlight, baked brown under the blue sky, some of its streets fallen into mirrorable rubble; its cobbled stones worn smooth by the bare feet of men turned to dust before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Yet perch that triumphantly atop a thin-walled adobe general store building glared a familiar sign: COCA COLA!

John had his little joke on Hank, too. It seems that Mrs. Fonda instructed the Mexican hotel maid to ask Hank for his soiled shirts so they could be laundered. The Spanish word for shirt happens to be, delicately enough, "fondo."

The maid, observing a local custom of entering a room without knocking, plunged into Mr. Fonda's nearly naked presence and chirped, "Fondo?"

"Checking a shirt?" Hank gulped. "Yeah, I'm Fonda, Whatcha want?"

"Fondo," said the maid.

"Close the door before I get arrested," grunted the hero. "And be silent, señorita." At this moment the maid spied the shirts on a chair where Mrs. Fonda had left them, snatched them up, and hurried away.

To me, one of the biggest thrills of the trip was meeting Dolores Del Rio. Those whom he knew her to be, she is probably thirty-three or so, but she doesn't look an hour over twenty-two.

She gave a party to honor the cast and crew of "The Fugitive" and everyone agreed that the contrast between Miss Del Rio in the picture, and Miss Del Rio in private life is impressive. In "The Fugitive" she wears ragged black shawls and shapeless dresses. Her hair is cut short and black. She looks anything but a barefoot. She thinks any barefoot role is lucky.

"Not until I took off my shoes and stockings did I become an actress," she laugh.

"In Hollywood I was always so elegantly gowned that I had nothing to do except stand around, holding up clothes."

She has won the Mexican Academy Award every year for the past five years, and each role has been based upon a poverty-stricken, oppressed, barefoot peasant.

The night of her buffet dinner party for "The Fugitive" crew, Miss Del Rio wore a black silk broadcloth gown, one shoulder of which was spangled with gold sequins. The soft folds of the garment were caught at the waist in a gold, sequined belt. Her hair was parted low on the left side and allowed to fall in a naturally-curly shoulder-length bob.

Her earrings were heavy wedding-band circles; on her left arm she wore a sumptuous gold bracelet about four inches wide, and on her right wrist twinkled eight or ten circles; on her left arm she wore a sumptuous gold bracelet about four inches wide, and on her right wrist twinkled eight or ten circles; on her left arm she wore a sumptuous gold bracelet about four inches wide, and on her right wrist twinkled eight or ten circles; on her left arm she wore a sumptuous gold bracelet about four inches wide, and on her right wrist twinkled eight or ten circles; on her left arm she wore a sumptuous gold bracelet about four inches wide, and on her right wrist twinkled eight or ten circles; on her left arm she wore a sumptuous gold bracelet about four inches wide, and on her right wrist twinkled eight or ten circles; on her left arm she wore a sumptuous gold bracelet about four inches wide, and on her right wrist twinkled eight or ten circles; on her left arm she wore a sumptuous gold bracelet about four inches wide, and on her right wrist twinkled eight or ten circles; 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Mention "spellbound," "shock," etc. if any of these ever come to the garrison. I'm afraid the film companies will receive a few pennies less than they hope to receive.

I saw Fred Astaire in "The Sky's the Limit," and I also detest the way you Americans display the so-called "heroes." It's been so long since I've seen a really human American film. In England, bigger and better films are being produced. If American films don't come down to earth a little, I'm afraid you'll lose your movie market.

Hope my criticism does not prejudice your feelings towards a regular Movieland reader, for I think your magazine is quite a coker.

Gibraltar

Driver D. Burton

Cheers for "The Brennan Girl!"

Dear Editor:

I have just seen "That Brennan Girl" and think it's one of the most realistic movies I've ever seen. Monica Freeman deserves much credit for her role and William Marshall was wonderful. I'd like to see them both in another picture.

Seattle, Washington

Joyce Winters

Good Suggestion

Dear Editor:

I know that movie magazines are partial to well-established stars—but it seems to me that the "unknowns" seldom get a break in the fan books. Sure the fans love Frank, Van and Clark—why not! But I wonder about the bit players? We never see or hear of them until somebody makes a "big find." How about a story a month about "unknowns"?

Rothesian, Sask., Canada

Betty Hein

A Break for Mitchum

Dear Editor:

When is Bob Mitchum's studio going to get next to the idea that this star is a big sensation? They've certainly put him in some weak pictures. This boy deserves a better break—than the psychological "drammers" ("Pursued," "The Locket") he has been in.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Janet Mervilweather

Whew!

Dear Editor:

Although I'm not an American citizen (I'm a British soldier), I feel that I must criticize a certain type of film which your studios are producing. I recently saw Roy Milland in "Lost Weekend," and dare not give my opinion on it.

In Gibraltar, we see films which sometimes are two to three years old. The above named film is the only one of its type I have been most unfortunate to see. Other psychoneurotic films are "Spellbound," "Shock," etc. If any of these ever come to the garrison, I'm afraid the film companies will receive a few pennies less than they hope to receive.

I saw Fred Astaire in "The Sky's the Limit," and I also detest the way you Americans display the so-called "heroes." It's been so long since I've seen a really human American film. In England, bigger and better films are being produced. If American films don't come down to earth a little, I'm afraid you'll lose your movie market.

Hope my criticism does not prejudice your feelings towards a regular Movieland reader, for I think your magazine is quite a coker.

Gibraltar

Driver D. Burton

San Francisco, Calif.

Hans Bochner

About Van

Dear Editor:

I think Van Johnson's private life is of no concern to anyone except himself. I don't think his fans should try to tell him what to do with his life. After all, it's his life and he is entitled to live it as he wishes. Other popular stars have married without their fans objecting—so why the uproar over Van's marriage?

Muskogee, Okla.

Geneva Barrington

I was a fan of Van's since he first appeared in pictures. I thought he was wonderful and to prove my feeling toward Van, I had his pictures all over my room, on my bracelet and necklace, in my locker at school. Since I read of his marriage to Evie Wynn, I have not only taken down all his pictures, but have completely destroyed them.

I'm a Dennis Morgan fan—now.

Marion, Ohio

(name withheld)

Junior Miss

Dear Editor:

My girl friends and I have decided that our favorite picture story in Movieland is the Everything-a-Star-Wears idea. We have a complaint, though, and this is it: We're school girls and while we love to see what the glamorous stars wear, we'd like to see what a teen-age star selects for her wardrobe. How about showing the clothes selections of young girls like Ann Blyth, Peggy Ann Garner, Barbara Whiting. We're sure that lots of teen-agers would be interested in this. Even Margaret O'Brien would be interesting—although she's a little young.

Denver, Colo.

Mary LeGrange

Ed. Note: Watch for "Everything Peggy Ann Garner Wears" in the September issue of Movieland. You'll love her back-to-school wardrobe!
Betty Hutton

EXCLUSIVE!
The Real Story of the Mickey Rooney Divorces
Checked for glamour

Everything you've ever dreamed of for the perfect date dress—under the sun 'n under the magic moon! Your young throat encircled with a ruffle of checks, more ruffles of checks across the top and over your shoulders. Wide self belt with covered buckle. F-U-L-L shirred skirt. Zipper placket at side. Top of smoothest rayon. Black and white checked rayon taffeta skirt with solid color top in black, green or red. Sizes: 9-11-13-15-17. Rush coupon, we mail immediately.

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**Two Temptations Lured This Reckless, Ravishing Girl!**

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By Taylor Caldwell

MALICE, the whispered-about daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well, sold herself into a marriage with wealth and position. Only one man could threaten the security of this ravishing minx—the wastrel half-brother of her husband. When these two, the wastrel and the wastrel, found themselves whirled into a lawless passion that defied every rule of honor, their world threatened to crumble about them. The Philadelphia Inquirer called this best seller "a masterful piece of storytelling... pulsed with life."

**IN A DARK GARDEN**

By Frank G. Slaughter

HERE is a story that will hold you transfixed as you plunge with Julian Chisholm into the furious War between the States, Meet Lucy, intoxicating Southern belle, who gave her body recklessly but refused Julian's offer of honorable marriage... Brave, lovelier Jane, a mid-century Mata Hari, who would stop at nothing to gain her ends, yet whose coldly planned W. Bling became a thrilling romance... Careless Whit, the light-hearted gambler who risked his life for an ideal he didn't even share.

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MacKinlay Kantor’s Satevepol story, set in the embattled border states, seethes with scores of exciting scenes: night raids by black-hooded marauders; bare-knuckle fights to the death; gun-play; breathless races against the elements; lovers’ nights alone on moonlit mountainsides.

Van in this new element is an elemental Van, a different Van, a man who’s really in the van.

No wonder that between the fights and the feuds, Van finds time to sing tender love ballads to Janet Leigh—the girl of his heart—and sings as he never has before.

Gusto went into the acting of stalwart Thomas Mitchell, Marshall Thompson, Selena Royle, Dean Stockwell. Zest went into the screenplay by Lester Cole. Roy Rowland’s direction, the production of Jack Cummings have vigor and taste.

All is rosy in “The Romance of Rosy Ridge”.

Not far over the horizon are two other M-G-M biggies: “Song of Love”, starring Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker, which shapes up as one of the greatest love stories of all time; “The Unfinished Dance” in Technicolor, starring Hollywood’s biggest little star, Margaret O’Brien.

Entertainment-wise, M-G-M shines bright in the summer skies.

—Leo

**MOVIELAND**

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The HUCKSTERS

Screen Play by Luther Davis • Adaptation by Edward Chodorov and George Wells • based on the Novel by Frederic Wakeman
Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Jr. • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
By BEATRICE LUBITZ

Pert June Allyson gives her always cheerful smile to a passer-by who stops to chat with her and Dick Powell. This is a rare evening out for the Powells. They're at the Mocambo.

Opening nights and gay parties headline the Hollywood news

All Hollywood's talking about . . .

The fact that the Van Johnsons are awaiting the stork's arrival in January. The new nursery occupant will have the company of two romping boys, the sons of Keenan Wynn, who live with the Johnsons since their mother's divorce and remarriage.

. . . and about the fact that Hedy Lamarr and John Loder after a continued series of separations have finally decided to call it quits for all time.

. . . and Joan Crawford—but isn't she always news? Joan has recently adopted two more children and her house is a wonder of motherly love. The new ones are Cynthia, now almost six months, and Cathy, now four months. They join their sister-and-brother-in-adoption, Christina 8 years and Christopher 4 years. Joan confessed to us that she is one of the busiest women in all Hollywood and believe me that's saying something.

. . . Unhappy split-ups: June Haver and her groom of only three-and-a half months have announced their marital break and Mark Stevens and his wife Annelle Hayes are separating. Both are 20th-Century-Fox stars and both, by curious coincidence, appeared in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

. . . Olivia de Havilland, who made the front pages recently when a Chicago artist was jailed. Upon the artist's arrival in Hollywood, he threatened Olivia with "Operation Everything." The man, who said his name was Paul Randall, had been writing Olivia for more than three years and he told police that his "Operation Everything" was a "secret between Olivia and me." Olivia, of course, had never met the man, so police are making certain that she doesn't have to.

Watched June Allyson and Peter Lawford

At new Coronet Theater, the Gene Kellys, Ann Richards (right) exchange comments about the "Skin of Your Teeth" performance.

This year's Pi Kappa Alpha "Dream Girl" is Paramount star Diana Lynn, shown here with smiling president of fraternity, Bill Winn.

What's this? Red Skelton and former wife now Edna Borzage, seem interested in a gadget at the C.Y.O. benefit at Hollywood Bowl.
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in "WILD HARVEST"

with DICK ERDMAN • ALLEN JENKINS
PRODUCED BY ROBERT FELDOWS
Directed By TAY GARNETT
Screen Play by John Marks, Jr.
Judy Garland was a sensation when she and Vincent Minnelli arrived at a recent preview. Continued on the set of “Good News” sing a tune that included French lyrics. Junie was lamenting her French accent and at the same time admiring Peter’s, which is really fine. That’s understandable, as Peter spent many months of his childhood in France.

Junie told me that her car had broken down the day before, when she was on a shopping tour. Unable to find a cab, she decided to take a bus. When the bus doors opened she asked the driver if his vehicle went to downtown Los Angeles.

“No,” he said.

“But,” said Junie, “the sign on the front of the bus says Los Angeles.”

“And the sign on the back of the bus,” said the driver, “says ‘English muffins,’ but I assure you, madam, I’m not headed for England.”

Alan Marshall, who has been very ill, reportedly with a nervous breakdown, will return to pictures soon.

Those who have wondered about Errol Flynn’s strange marital life with Nora Edington will be interested to know that Nora, with the children, has moved into Flynn’s hilltop....
You'll be possessed by the love-madness of "Possessed"

JOAN CRAWFORD and VAN HEFLIN

TREMENDOUS WARNER ACHIEVEMENT

RAYMOND MASSEY
GERALDINE BROOKS

DIRECTED BY CURTIS BERNHARDT; PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Silvia Richards and Ronald MacDougall. Based upon a story by Rita Weinman.
Director of Photography Joseph Valentine A.S.C. Music by Franz Waxman.
CONTINUED

home. Soon after the move, she accompanied him on location to Bishop for “Silver River” and on their return, redecorated Errol’s bedroom for herself. Flynn is building an additional wing to the house for his own lodgings, and a nursery and playroom on the third floor for the kids. It looks like an increasingly happy marriage, and a fairly sure bet that Nora and the children will live with him from now on.

Larry Parks has hit the jackpot with the bobby-soxers of America. The kids have a national organization, dedicated to combat juvenile delinquency. Supplementing their high purpose, they are avid fans and each year elect their favorite movie guy. In 1944 it was Sinatra; in 1945 Van Johnson; Glenn Ford in 1946 and now Larry is top man for the current year. “The Jolson Story” started the ball rolling and “The Swordsman” and “Down to Earth” have cinched it. Popularity couldn’t happen to a more deserving actor.

Speaking of Glenn Ford, I watched The Grin do a polka with Ellen Drew on the set of “Man From Colorado.” From his facial expression between takes, I judged that the dance was no labor of love for Glenn, and when I talked to him afterward he confirmed my suspicion.

“Brother!” he said, mopping his brow. “What a routine!”

“Tsk,” I said. “Your wife should hear you.”

“As a matter of fact, she shouldn’t,” said Glenn. “Eleanor spent months, you know, on that tour around the country, and danced herself into a state of collapse. So what happens when she comes home? She finds out I have to do this polka and insists on helping me with it. So instead of getting some rest, she struggled with me for days.” He grinned. “Dancing isn’t my forte, you know.”

Just as I was leaving the set of “Man From Colorado” I bumped into Bill Holden coming out of a phone booth.

“What a time!” he said to me. “Take my advice and don’t move until this shortage is over.”

“Trouble?” I asked.

“Trouble! We bought Leon Errol’s house and can’t get in until he moves out. And he can’t get out until the people move out of the house he bought. And the family that bought our house is being evicted and

(Please turn to Page 85)
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An institution dedicated to the beauty and charm of America, Bonomo Members are entitled to special discounts on beauty and health aids and any other special selected merchandise--contracts--exclusive in recognition of the support and affection from time to time shown by advocates of the organization's members.

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"I was amazed to learn how much I can express my thoughts and ideas... It has done actual wonders for me." --Mrs. W. M., Springdale, La.

"I was pleased with the service, the results, and the actual savings in the BONOMO Success Course... It is well worth the expense." --Mrs. A. P., New York City.
* Warner Brothers’ endearing comedy “Life With Father” and a big hand to all those on the technical staff who contributed their talents. We wish we had room to list the credits and we hope that, when they are flashed on the screen, you read them carefully, for that instant of immortality is the recognition they work so hard to achieve. The sets can only be described as magnificent; the costumes delightful and the picture itself is sheer enchantment.

Katharine Hepburn for her courageous defense of Hollywood writers, actors and other key people who have been smeared by red-baiters.

Miss Hepburn protested the attack on the writers and actors who, she said, are always smeared; first, because they speak for the people, and second, because those who attack Hollywood personalities are sure of some free publicity.

If there are communists in Hollywood, as is alleged, they are negligible and their influence exaggerated.

To say “The Best Years of Our Lives”—an entertaining and absorbing picture and the Academy Award winner on nine different counts—is “communist” is ridiculous and is typical of the loose and slanderous statements being hurled at the industry whose war record is magnificent and whose devotion to America and its tradition is obvious.

Joan Leslie for her determination in freeing herself of a contract that limited her to ingenue roles and for the dramatic acting she does as the harassed actress-wife in “Repeat Performance.” There was doubt in many minds that Joan could make the transition from light-hearted girl-roles to heavy-hearted woman roles. While we’re applauding Joan, we should also clap enthusiastically for the perspicacity of all the Eagle-Lion executives who took a chance on Joan. They are justly rewarded.
MURDER! MANHUNT!

Raw-nerve realism and terrific excitement thrill... in this high suspense drama of the kind of a killer who makes you mad all over!

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GLORIA GRAHAME
PAUL KELLY · SAM LEVENE

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Full satisfaction or money back

By SONDRA GORNEY

* It isn’t true that only the young are glamorous—or that you have to be young to succeed in Hollywood. Living proof of this is character-actress Florence Bates, whose amazing screen career didn’t start until she reached the half-century mark.

Remember her as the corpulent Mrs. Van Hopper in Alfred Hitchcock’s “Rebecca”? Few people realized that that was her very first professional engagement. She seemed so skilled, so poised and so memorable. It’s difficult to believe that anyone without previous stage or screen experience would be entrusted with such a prominent role. But entrusted she was—and prove herself she did—so much so that she is now sought after for the most demanding screen characterizations.

When an agent took the unknown Florence Bates to Alfred Hitchcock, the director eyed her suspiciously. “Have you ever been on the London stage?” he asked.

She answered honestly, “Mr. Hitchcock, my broad ‘a’ is a phony. I use it only when I talk to an Englishman!”

He laughed. “On the New York stage?”

Again her answer was direct.

“I know nothing about the stage—and less about motion pictures. What do you propose to do about it?”

“I propose to give you a test tomorrow morning,” answered Hitchcock. And that’s how she became Mrs. Van Hopper in “Rebecca.” Since then, she has appeared in about forty-five pictures.

Those who have seen Florence as a South Sea native in “Tutti of Tahiti” and “Moon and Sixpence,” a 19th Century Elsa Maxwell in “Saratoga Trunk,” a French peasant in “A Woman of My Own,” a Mexican in “Indian Summer,” an opera singer in “The Time, The Place and The Girl,” as Mrs. Griswold in Goldwyn’s “The Secret Life of Walter Mitty,” (Please turn to page 84)

SANFORD 421 FLORIDA

Send on approval “Day-Time Darlings.” I will pay postman $2.98 (2 for $5.85) plus postage and C.O.D. charges. I may return purchase within 10 days for full refund if not completely satisfied. (You save C.O.D. fee by enclosing purchase price plus 20c for postage; same refund privilege.)

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Frankly Over 50

You know her as an outstanding film actress—but are you aware Florence Bates started her amazing career after she celebrated her fiftieth birthday?

Want to stay young? “Don’t get your face lifted. It’s your mind that really needs it,” advises Florence Bates.
The Enterprise Studios present this magnificent production of Erich Maria Remarque's great novel... the most important screen event in years!

They kissed... and the street noises of Paris, the ominous shadows of tomorrow, seemed far away...

ARCH OF TRIUMPH

co-starring CHARLES LAUGHTON

with LOUIS CALHERN • RUTH WARRICK • ROMAN BOHNEN
RUTH NELSON • MICHAEL ROMANOFF • A LEWIS MILESTONE Production

Produced by DAVID LEWIS • Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
Of course it’s not easy to save money—but it can be fun!

Hollywood’s “baby” is going to have a baby of her own—and if there’s anything at all to this pre-natal influence theory, then the baby (be it girl or boy) is practically certain to be a mathematical wizard!

Because Mama-to-be Mona Freeman and her hubby Pat Nemey (who really has a powerful lot to say about the way things are run in the Nemey-Freeman household) are budgeting baby into this world with an arithmetical intensity that is simply stupendous.

Come along with us into Mona’s two-by-three apartment, and watch Paramount’s “baby” juggle the figures and the future. “Baby” is what a lot of the folks over at Paramount call Mona, because she’s simply too tiny-and-teen looking to be called much else. However, Hubby Pat thinks that “baby” stuff is stupe. He calls her “Monie-Pony,” if you must know. And Mona loves it. Over at Paramount, despite the fact that Mona will be a mother within a month of the time you read this, they’re still casting her in bobby-sox and pigtails. See her in “Dear Ruth” and you’ll swear she’s not a day over sixteen, despite the fact that the day before yesterday, as this is being written, she celebrated her twenty-first birthday.

Mona’s got on ample cotton dress and her hair’s softly curled; there’s a dust-cloth in her hands. She says she didn’t know you were coming this early, but come on in anyway. You do, and you fall in love with the place. It’s tiny, and how they’re going to manage with a baby is something you wonder about, because you’ve been around in Hollywood and you recall certain major stars’ nurseries for their children. But then you realize that Mona and Pat are just like the young married kids next door, and you know it’ll be completely all right.

Mona says, “The rent here is just what a young couple getting started should pay for an apartment. And anyway, we’re budgeting... Look—”

She points to the household budget book on the antique desk. The kind of budget book you can buy, all printed up with columns and column-headings, down at the stationery store.

“You keep it?” you ask her. She grins that gamin-smile of hers and confesses, “At figures, I’m lousy. Pat keeps the accounts, and I keep house, and cook—on $3 a day. That’s what I’m allowed for food.”

To keep inside the $3-a-day food budget, Mona does her own shopping. She drives the Ford station-wagon (Pat is the son of the Nemey who has a Los Angeles Ford agency) to market, like a thousand-and-one other housewives in Hollywood.

She’s likely as not to shoot fifteen cents of the daily three-dollar allotment on a hamburger, and an ice-cream cone. Then with the cone and the hamburger, one in each hand, she pushes her shopping-cart around the market while she picks up the budgetary food items.

Mona naturally does the cooking but they have a maid come in twice a week for the heavy cleaning.

“Pat can digest most of what I fix,” she says. (Please turn to page 91)
The story of a guy that women go for!

JOHN GARFIELD
LILLI PALMER

and introducing exciting
HAZEL BROOKS

with ANNE REVERE

as ALICE

Directed by WILLIAM CONRAO • JOSEPH PEVNEY
LLOYD GOFF • CANADA LEE
Produced by ROBERT ROSSER
Original screenplay by ABRAHAM POLONSKY
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Dear Helen—
Just what does my writing prove you?
Jack Carson

Jack Carson’s wondering why he writes that way.

DO YOU WRITE LIKE
JACK CARSON?

* If you find your pen just can’t keep up with your thoughts; that your writing travels up the line of paper; that you are using a slightly “splashy” style of writing, then you know you’re somewhat of a Jack Carson. It means you’re a fast thinking lady or gentleman, one who likes to move, work, talk, quickly; who thinks too quickly for the physical hand to keep pace with the lightning-like mind.

Jack’s easily the life of the party, and loves to keep in circulation. Like all good extroverts, he responds to praise, to attention.

If you have the Greek “e” that he makes, you have a generous dose of refinement in your makeup and have learned to appreciate the nicer things in life. Maybe you aren’t a Paderewski but you like fine music; maybe you can’t paint, but you know and appreciate the real stuff. You understand people.

Note the dash after “Helen.” There’s caution in Carson.

Note the curved “t”-crossing in “writing.” This lad has a mind of his own!
And note the signature which is smaller than the rest of the writing. Our friend does more thinking than his screen-roles may allow him to portray. There’s nothing synthetic about Jack Carson. He’s what your little brother calls “a real guy.”

The End

DON’T CLIP THIS COUPON!
Unless you want Helen King to tell you what secrets are revealed by your handwriting. If so—if you want a personal handwriting analysis from one of the foremost American graphology experts—send this coupon, together with 35¢ and a sample of your penmanship, to Helen King, care of MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 535 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. You will receive a personal analysis—no form letters!

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18
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who is she?

where is she from?

They say she kissed 2000 men!

HEAR THE NEW SONG HITS:
"They Can't Convince Me"
"Let's Stay Young Forever"
"People Have More Fun Than Anyone"

Original screenplay by Edwin Blum, Don Hartman - Songs by Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL - A DON HARTMAN PRODUCTION
Stronger Grip

By Joan Crawford

I've Just Discovered My "Older Sister" Is My Mother

Dear Miss Crawford:

Mine is certainly one of the most perplexing problems any girl can have. For the past nineteen years I've been living with a woman who claims to be my older sister. Only recently I discovered that this woman is my mother.

I made the discovery, largely by accident. I opened an old suitcase we had in the attic and inside I found various papers, pictures, and documents. They proved without a doubt that Rose, my sister, is really my mother. Knowing this, my attitude towards her has suddenly changed, though I've tried not to do anything which would show that. To throw salt on the wound, Rose objects to my going around with a certain young man who would like to get engaged to me. I'm willing, but now that I know my mother objects, I don't know what to do. Please help me out of this dilemma.

Ann. W.
Lawrence, Mass.

Yours indeed is a perplexing problem. It's also perplexing to answer. Obviously, your mother doesn't want you to know that she's your mother or she would have told you some time ago. I think, therefore, that for the time being, you had best practice self-control and not let on that you know. As regards the certain young man to whom you'd like to get engaged, I think your mother might not object to him if she knew how really serious about him you were. Many times parents think that love affairs are silly infatuations which will pass away with time. They believe that if they can discourage a boy and girl from keeping company, one of the pair will drop out. Frequently, the reverse holds true. By keeping persons apart, the attraction is made so much greater. I'm sure, however, that your mother knowingly would not want to deprive you of any happiness. If you can prove to her that this boy is really "the" boy for you, I have a feeling that she will agree rather than cause you any unhappiness.

A YOUNGER MAN

Dear Miss Crawford:

If ever any woman needed advice from you, I'm that woman. My problem involves my parents and a man. This man is twenty-eight years old. I'm thirty-one. He wants to marry me. I want to marry him. My parents say the whole idea is ridiculous. I told them that ridiculous or not, I love Bill and I'm going to marry him. When they saw how headstrong I felt about Bill, my parents broke down and confessed that I was an adopted child. I had never been told this before. Furthermore, they said that I owed it to them to stay with them, especially since they had been so kind in taking me in.

Now, I don't know what to do. What do you suggest?

Roxanne D.
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Would you like Joan Crawford to help solve your problem? Write her c/o Movieland, 918 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.
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Either you are more than delighted with the results the Del-Dex Method bring you in loss of weight or you get double your money back. Just use coupon below. Send for delicious dependable Del-Dex today!

Follow directions for 7 days. Then, if you are not truly amazed at the loss of weight, if you don't notice a remarkable improvement in your figure, if you don't look better, feel better, you will get double your money back.

Don't let ugly fat distort your shape. Send for dependable Del-Dex today. Only

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double your money back if you are not thrilled with results
"I can't find words enough to praise Tampax!"

You'll understand this enthusiasm some day—the day that you first use Tampax! How good it will feel to find yourself free from all external reminders that "it's sanitary-protection time." Tampax is an internal absorbent and comes without belts, pins or outside pads. A dainty applicator makes insertion easy. After that, the Tampax is unseen and unfelt.

Now let your imagination carry you on! No chafing, of course. No odor. No disposal trouble. Your dresses will never show an edge-line from Tampax nor will there be twisting or bulging. Made of highly absorbent cotton, compressed by a patented process, Tampax was invented by a doctor. It is a serious product intended for full-time protection and by no means only for incidental use.

Millions of women are now buying Tampax—at drug stores and notion counters everywhere. Three different absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Get it for "next time." Month's supply slips into your purse. Economy Box holds four months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

THE REVIEWER'S BOX

CROSSFIRE (RKO) ....................

See this picture then tell your neighbor, your friends, your family—tell everyone to see it. It's not only the most exciting murder mystery, but it's a picture every American should see and think about. "Crossfire" is acted brilliantly by the three Roberts: Robert Young, that always honest and dependable performer; Robert Mitchum, who packs a wallop second to no actor on the screen today; Robert Ryan, who deserves an Academy Award for undertaking a difficult role that could type him; for doing a job of menace-acting that will leave you breathless.

An ex-GI is murdered—a Jew—and it looks like a sensitive, decent guy (George Cooper) did the killing. There's more to the murder than appears on the surface. The motive is Intolerance; the prejudice of racial bigots. The way the murderer is trapped makes exciting drama. Everyone concerned with the picture deserves a big hand. This is a picture everyone will get a thrill out of. This is also a picture Hollywood can be proud of. Movieland is giving this picture an additional for outstanding merit.

THE HUCKSTERS (M-G-M) ............

Gable's back—and are we glad! The film version of the novel, "The Hucksters" serves as a pleasant vehicle for the screen's No. 1 charmer. Gable prances through the story as the ex-GI who returns to his pre-war vocation: advertising. Top advertiser of the Kimberly Advertising is tyrannical owner of Beautee Soap, Evan Llewellyn Evans (Sydney Greenstreet); an ogre who manages to keep Kimberly (Adolphe Menjou) and his staff in a constant state of shattered nerves. These characterizations are a wonderful satire on advertising business—and radio commercials. Before the tyrannical Evans can make him a slave to $$, Clark delivers a speech about despotism in big business; pours a jug of water over the sour countenance of Evan Llewellyn Evans; marries Deborah Kerr. Fans who have admired Miss Kerr in her English films may be a bit disappointed with her lack of force in her first U.S. film. The fault is not hers, however; this is strictly a Gable opus. Ava Gardner does a sensational job as the gal who loves but loses Gable. You may wonder why she didn't get the guy instead!

LIVING IN A BIG WAY (M-G-M) ......

Gene Kelly is out of this world in this unpretentious little comedy. There's never been such dancing on the screen! Kelly reaches new heights of superlatives; there may never be such dancing again. He dances with Marie McDonald; with a dog; with a statue; and with dozens of children. It is in his dancing with children that he reaches heights that can only be described as breathtaking. His movements are sheer grace, poetry, music, heavenly lights. Words are inadequate to describe it. You'll just sit there and glow!

Oh, yes, there's a little plot to the picture, but it's of no consequence. It has something to do with Gene's hasty, un consummated marriage to Marie McDonald, a wealthy and spoiled heiress. On his return from service, she wants a divorce. Her grandmother (Spring Byington), in order to keep them together, finances the reconversion of her old home into apartments for veterans. The project being Gene's major postwar interest—after his wife-in-name-only. After sufficient conflict, the apartments are reconverted—and so is Marie...
REPEAT PERFORMANCE

(Eagle-Lion)..............
For a thoroughly absorbing and suspenseful evening, we wholeheartedly recommend "Repeat Performance." Joan Leslie, whom you will remember as Warner Bros. perennial ingenue, gives a moving and dramatic performance as Stella Page, an actress who, by some miracle of fate, is given the opportunity of reliving the bitter, unhappy year, 1946. Armed by her knowledge of the tragic ending, she does everything in her power to avoid the mistakes she has made previously. But as Richard Basehart, who plays a mad poet, tells her: "Destiny is a stubborn old girl. She doesn't miss. It has everything to make it the sleeper of the year; a sustained mood of tragedy, splendid acting, fine music. Feminine movie-goers will love Joan Leslie's beautiful wardrobe.

ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE
(M-G-M)..................
To Van Johnson from all of his fans, after seeing this picture: "Come home, all is forgiven!" Even if you're not a fan of Van's you'll applaud his fine performance in this picture. The entire cast does a fine job: Selena Royle as the Missouri Hills mother; Janet Leigh, as Lissy; old-time scene stealer Thomas Mitchell are particularly outstanding. But it's Van's picture and he makes the most of a pleasant story full of human interest. The story is laid in Missouri Hills right after the Civil War when neighbors and families are divided by hate. The fate is fostered by Charles Dingle who gives his usual competent performance as the heavy. His purpose is to force the farmers out of the district by sending his Ku Klux Klan sons out to burn barns and crops. Van uncovers the perfidy. At the same time he woos lovely Janet Leigh: plays the banjo and sings a number of delightful mountain songs. There are no adjectives to describe the exquisite shadings Van brings to his role. See the picture, and land's effen you won't be a Van Johnson fan yourself!

BLACK GOLD (Mono)........
Here is a thoroughly entertaining and diverting picture tastefully produced in Cinecolor, expertly directed and beautifully acted. In movie parlance this is a "sleeper"—a picture which everyone will flock to see because of word-of-mouth advertising. Briefly it's a human, even touching story of an American Indian living on the Indian Reservation who adopts a Chinese boy whose father has been cold-bloodedly murdered. Into this forlorn boy's heart, Charles Eagle, played with dignity and restraint by Anthony Quinn, instills his love of horses. Charles' wife, played by Katherine de Mille, takes the boy into her heart too. No synopsis can do justice to the charm and humaneness of this story and one can measure the understanding and sympathy for Americans of different color and race that this picture will instill in the hearts of all who see it. For these reasons we consider this an important picture which the whole family will enjoy.

DEEP VALLEY (Warner Bros.)......
Ida Lupino, who has never been a slouch at this acting business, really has an opportunity to show off her histrionic ability in "Deep Valley." It is her picture from beginning to end. This is not a cheerful epic, but the entire cast of Lupino, Dane Clark, Fay Bainter, Henry Hull, and Wayne Morris give such really fine acting performances in this well-woven drama that we heartily recommend it for all except the very young. The story, which takes place in the wooded mountain section of upper California, concerns a young girl (Ida Lupino) brought up in a household of hatred. Her father (Henry Hull) and mother (Fay Bainter) have not spoken to each other for six years. The deep hatred in her household and the loneliness of her life has caused Ida to have a speech difficulty which later disappears when she meets and falls in love with a convict (Dane Clark) working on a road gang nearby. When the prisoner escapes, Ida hides him in the loft of her father's barn, brings him food and clothing. The whole country turns out in a manhunt for the escaped prisoner and before they can get away, he is caught and shot. Sounds grim, but there is a note of hope at the end as Wayne Morris, construction engineer for the new road, remains Ida's true friend.

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW
(20th)....................
When you finish with this Twentieth Century-Fox show, we'll guarantee you'll be humming "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," title song of the latest June Haver musical. It's that nostalgic, and that wonderful. It's a gentle little story of Joe Howard, wandering composer, his foster sister, and two leading ladies of the early 1900's who help him to find love and fame. Howard is played by Mark Stevens, who fulfills all the predictions made when he gave his first stellar performance in "From This Day Forward." He's very good. Martha Stewart is excellent as the first woman to discover his song-writing talents and Lenore Aubert, as the not-too-young stage star over whom he breaks his heart, has an interesting continental appeal. June Haver's numbers are beautifully staged and her unsophisticated naturalness makes the old songs given her to sing come alive again. Supporting her with his usual British good humor is Reginald Gardiner. Technicolor, excellent dance direction by Hermes Pan and good costuming by Bonnie Cashin plus the smooth direction and acting all combine to make "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" a top evening's entertainment.

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FLEECE-SPUN is today's luxurious luster. Now you can order direct from the manufacturer at the thrilling price of only $3.95. Your money back if not completely satisfied.

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I am enclosing $3.95 ...... Send C.O.D. ......

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In our family, father wore the pants, but—

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS

Mother and Dad were in Show Business. No family ever had such a life!

And now all the fun, the love, the music, the laughter of it has been brought to the screen. "Mother Wore Tights" is the first real, true story of Show Business and Show People. And it's all in Technicolor.

You'll love every minute of it!

Betty Grable is Mother.

And everyone is talking about Dan Dailey as Dad. Lovely Mona Freeman is my big sister, Iris—And Connie Marshall is me—

Mother's Loving Daughter

Mikie

Technicolor

starring

BETTY GRABLE
with DAN DAILEY

and

MONA FREEMAN • CONNIE MARSHALL
Vanessa Brown • Robert Arthur • Sara Allgood • William Frawley • Ruth Nelson

Directed by WALTER LANG • Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti • Based on the Book by Miriam Young
Yes, it's fun to be an editor! This month we were in New York until 5 o'clock Saturday, then took the airport car at the Waldorf (where we splurged and had cocktails) to LaGuardia Field where we boarded the Constellation for Hollywood—and home. Isn't that something? ... While in N. Y., lunched with Hollywood celebrities Dolores Del Rio and Jimmy Stewart. Met Richard Basehart, who does such a fine job in "Repeat Performance" and "Cry Wolf"; Benay Venuta, Irina Koschetz, Lucille Ball, Marilyn Nash and scads of other Hollywoodites who came to the main stem for much the same reason we did: to breathe the New York air again; to see the shows—and in our case, to visit the gang in our New York office . . . This may sound like rank disloyalty to California, but the food is better in New York—anyway the sea food. Such lobster salads, shrimps and fried scallops! . . . Back in Hollywood we found the desk piled high with work which we ploughed through in record time in order to catch some new pictures (see Reviewer's Box, page 22), and a number of wonderful parties. Also soaked up a lot of sunshine which was missed while living in a New York apartment . . . Most sensational press party given in many a moon was put on by Allied Artists to introduce their new picture, "Black Gold," starring Katherine DeMille, Elyse Knox and Anthony Quinn. Entire Farmers' Market was turned over to the press for the evening. Really a gourmet's dream of heaven with Chinese, Mexican, Italian food—and the most delectable pastries. One disappointing feature: we couldn't eat at least three complete meals—everything was that delicious . . . Opening of the Coronet Theater proved a gala event with Van Johnson and his Evie attending the first performance of "Skin of Our Teeth" starring Keenan Wynn. Which proves just how friendly Hollywood can be . . . Caught up on the latest gossip (see Inside Hollywood, page 6), which includes a few marital break-ups. The one we regretted most was the Mark Stevens'. They're both such swell people; ditto the John Loders. . . . Now for a promised shopping spree. Clothes in N. Y. are very smart—but we'll take Hollywood casuals—these are what we wear most. Bye till next month.

B.L.
When you're Mrs. Gregory Peck
life is full of surprises
—and they're all wonderful

he's just my greg

* Being married to Gregory Peck is a lot like being married to a milkman—only not quite.
  Like the milkman's bride, I never see my husband until evening. He gets up when the sun rises in the next State, breakfasts in his dressing room at the studio, and comes home for a late dinner and Sundays.
  While I never planned to marry either a milkman or an actor, I had hoped when I was a little girl in Helsinki, Finland, to meet a nice fellow someday and make him a good wife. I guess this modest hope is what prompted the beginning of my romance with Greg.
  It started back in October of '41 on the westbound platform of the Union Street Station in Philadelphia.
  I was working as Katherine Cornell's hairdresser at the time, and I was touring with her stage production of Doctor's Dilemma. The company was to meet in Philadelphia for the first performance of a six-months road tour. The only new addition to the cast was to be a bit player—a two-line bit player—and he was (Please turn to page 67)

by greta peck

as told to
MARVA PETERSON

Here Greg laughs as he asks me to dance.
He knows I would rather dance than eat.
Presenting Mrs. Aumont

*Ever since Maria Montez, the Caribbean cannonball, became Mrs. Jean Pierre Aumont, the mailman has been staggering to their doorstep with huge stacks of letters demanding they appear together in a picture.

This happens each time two Hollywood stars marry. Fans everywhere, it appears, are eager to see a couple, who are really in love, make love on the screen.

But they seldom get their wish.

The history of divorce in Hollywood is crowded with instances of star couples who were living happily together until they were rash enough to appear as sweethearts—or man and wife—in a movie.

Since their wedding day, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor have never worked together in a picture. Nor June Allyson and Dick Powell. Hedy La Marr and John Loder recently challenged the jinx in “Dishonored Lady.” Before the film was even released, the gossip columnists were publishing rumors of their separation.

Oddly enough, bombastic Humphrey (Please turn to page 69)

Maria is finding Atlantis a very thrilling picture to make—for Jean Pierre is on hand to give her that look and to whisper sweet nothings in her ear!

The Aumonts’ (seated) household is very gay when Maria’s lovely sisters (l. to r.) Adita, Lucita and Consuela visit. Consuela is married to a Hollywood press agent.
He Knows What He Wants

Presenting Cary Grant, the man with the wanderlust and wings—and great plans for the future.

* It was a hot summer day, but I found Cary Grant standing in front of a Christmas tree. He was doing a scene in pantomime for the role of an angel which he plays in *The Bishop's Wife*. He lifted his long arms slowly, raised his eyebrows in surprise. His whole face took on a look of bewilderment.

Between takes, the handsome male angel glanced over his shoulder, saw me—and winked. The wink said a good deal: "Be with you in a moment . . . How have you been? . . . Nice to see you again . . . This mightn't seem the most sensible way of making a living, but it pays fine."

Cary, like all our best actors, can tell you more with a split-second wink than both houses of Congress seem to be able to say in a full month of oratory, debate and filibuster.

I was waiting to interview Cary because of a rumor I'd heard that he'd made plans that would change the whole direction of his career. When I'd phoned the Goldwyn studio he'd sent back word that I could choose my own time, see him on the studio set, at his home, or both. That's the kind of star, the sort of man he is.

When he was free for a few moments, Cary told me, "During the next few years, I'm going to make a series of pictures all over the world, in China, Persia, Portugal. We even hope to make one in Tibet where white men are forbidden to go."

Alexander Korda is to produce, Carol (Odd Man Out) Reed will direct them."

"But why go to those countries to make them?" I asked. "You could produce them just as easily in Hollywood, or London."

"Of course," he said, giving me the Cary Grant smile that has always been his trade mark. "But by going into those far-off countries, I have a hunch that we (Please turn to page 72)"
Mrs. Hutton and Betty laugh as they recall her early struggle for fame, but they haven’t forgotten the hardships, either!

My Betty

Betty’s first picture since the birth of her baby is “Dream Girl.” Here she is with husband, Ted Briskin.

How can you tell you have a talented child? You’ll know!” says Mrs. Hutton.

by Mabel Hutton

The mother of a famous daughter offers some wise advice to parents of talented children
* Every month I receive dozens of letters from mothers all over the United States, asking me how I determined in the first place that Betty had talent; how I helped her to get into show business; how I helped her over the rough places; and whether life in Hollywood is as great a triumph as is popularly supposed. At first I felt that these were questions I couldn't possibly answer, for reasons that will appear later in this story. Then, little by little, I began to realize that perhaps I did have something of interest to say to doting and ambitious mothers everywhere.

When Betty and Marian were little, I think my greatest interest was in their good health and their intelligence. I've always worked hard so I've always felt that any human being could get by in the world with a sturdy, well-functioning body and a fair share of common sense.

When I look at Betty and realize what a beautiful woman she has become (and both studio people and fans assure me that my conviction of Betty's loveliness isn't simply a mother's proud opinion), I can scarcely believe that she was once a skinny, tow-headed, freckled tomboy.

When mothers write to me, bemoaning their daughter's plainness, I can only say: No girl ever need be unattractive. The time of dull women has passed. Proper diet will give a girl lovely skin and hair; proper exercise and enough rest will give her sparkle and proper home training will give her charm. With this equipment, she can learn how to make the most of her good points, and how to minimize her defects.

Discovering the presence of real talent in a child is another thing. I firmly believe that talent — like gold — is where you (Please turn to page 80).
He's already your favorite swoon-man—
now read his answers to your questions
and you'll like the Guy even more

Guy tells all!
By ALICE L. TILDELEY

* It was a hot day. It was so warm even in Romanoff's that Guy Madison's blond hair curled in wet spirals on his forehead. He was absorbing very hot soup, his theory being that it would cool him off. Letters from Movieland readers cluttered the table and the leather seats of the nook where we sat. Guy ruffled through the heap, thoughtfully.

"I warn you," he said, "I'll say nothing more about my ideal girl, my dream girl, or the kind of girl I would marry. I have completely exhausted the subject."

Thus he automatically junked two-thirds of our already winnowed mail. Here you are:

Do you have a favorite song?  
(Imogene Skinner, Mooresville, Indiana.)

I have a new one every two weeks. Just now I'm finding it hard to choose between I Can't Get Started With You and If I Had You.

Would you rather marry a Glamor Girl who doesn't know a thing about keeping house or cooking, or a girl who is cute-looking who does know about it?  
(Elinor Way, Calgary, Alta, Canada.) (Please turn to page 95)
On "Honeymoon" set, I talk to the cameraman about movies. There's much to learn.

My mail is flooded with questions about the girl I will marry. I can't answer them, yet persuade me to join them. You can see that the attraction is Gail and not the same!

When I have my own house, I want it to be in the middle of lots of land with trees galore.

An acting career takes all your time. Many free evenings are spent studying movie scripts.
Conditions in insane asylums are shocking . . .
The character I play is in the "hopeless" ward . . .
I want to play her honestly, sympathetically . . .
Not only high-strung people go to pieces . . .

In 1945, when Anatole Litvak was still in the Army, he brought me the galleys of "The Snake Pit" while I was visiting New York. I read it, and immediately I felt a strong sympathy for the character of Virginia. She was tragic, but I was drawn to her and to the book.

You see, I had been conditioned for such a reaction because during the war I had visited Army and Navy hospitals and had observed many mental cases. I saw boys whose minds had cracked. I can't begin to describe the sympathy I felt toward them. I don't believe any suffering is as painful as that of a person whose mental and emotional processes have been distorted. There's nothing in normal life that compares with it. Our normal pain, our feelings about things that happen—they're (Please turn to page 92)
Even good, solid citizens crack up today . . .
We can help the insane if we understand them . . .
I want to tear the veil of mystery away . . .

If an actress adds to progress—however slightly—it's a wonderful feeling!
EXCLUSIVE!

Heartbreak Girl's

Ray Hendricks, Laraine's "ex."

Lee Dubber, the fabulous "Lip."

Laraine Day, conservative, courageous
Keeping busy has helped ease the strain of heartache. Laraine is hard at work on a new film, "Tycoon," with John Wayne.

Technically accused of bigamy after their Mexican marriage, Laraine and Leo can still smile in spite of legal tangles.

By KENYON LEE

* Much has been written of Laraine Day and her hectic marriage to Leo Durocher. But in all the thousands of words splattered over thousands of pages, no one has told the true story, the inside narration of the facts, the soul-struggle, the deep inner conflict which motivated all of Laraine's courageous moves.

The story of Laraine Day is the story of a disillusioned young woman's search for happiness.

It starts back in May of 1942 when she married handsome Ray Hendricks, an Army Air Forces instructor. I remember the day so well. It was May 16th. Laraine was beautifully dressed in a gown of white crepe dashed with gay print daffodils. She wore a green cartwheel hat, and a little bubble of a smile played constantly around her curve-some lips. The wedding was being held at her Westwood home. Her father, Clarence Johnson, gave her away. Her only attendant was her sister.

If ever a girl was happy, Laraine Day was that girl. She was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A successful screen career seemed imminent. And now, she was getting married—married to a tall, wavy-haired flier she had chosen as her leading man in an amateur play in 1940.

When Laraine Day got married to Ray Hendricks she was genuinely in love with him. She was twenty-two at the time, and she knew this was no girlish infatuation. With all her heart she hoped that the marriage would last.

Laraine, whose real

Here is the truth at last! The secret yearnings of Laraine Day's heart revealed

for the sake of her future happiness

Search for Happiness
Shirley's sparkling eyes tell the wonder of it all—her career, keeping house and being

Shirley's scrapbooks relate the story of her movie career. She'll start a book for Jack when he makes his film debut in "War Party."

"Guess who!" says Shirley. Jack knows it's his Shirl. They are considered one of Hollywood's happiest couples.
As the end of the second year of Shirley Temple's marriage to John Agar began to approach, I called her up and asked, "What do you plan to do for your cotton anniversary?"

"Work," she said. "Jack and I will be making a picture together; and I couldn't think of a nicer way to spend our anniversary. I'm so thrilled at getting the chance to play in Jack's first film that I couldn't ask for anything more."

Months ago, Shirley told me she'd like to make a picture with Jack. But she said he'd have nothing to do with the idea until he'd made a name of his own. He's a very independent fellow who, when he married Shirley, made it emphatically plain that he would not trade on Shirley's reputation.

For almost two years, he's been under contract to David Selznick; and he's been working very hard to prepare himself for an acting career. But it's doubtful that he would have agreed to (Please turn to page 86)

so much in love with John

Shirley couldn't cook when they were married, but went to cooking school. Now Jack says her meals are terrific.

Right. Their home is on the Temple estate but the Agars' private life is all their own. That's how they want it.
to the judge, and in six and a half minutes became free, single, and at liberty again.

She spoke very highly of Mickey and still does, "I just don't want to be married to him," she told me one evening, a few years ago. "It's like being married to a whole boy scout troop."

Of course, Mickey was very young at the time, only twenty-two. His parents were separated. He had no one to go to for advice. The Army was breathing on his neck. If he didn't take inventory of himself, he was hardly to blame.

A few months after Ava dissolved their marriage, Mickey was inducted into the Army. He was shipped off to Camp Sibert, Alabama, like any other rookie, he was simply and unattached. He had no one to go to for advice. The Army was breathing on his neck. If he didn't take inventory of himself, he was hardly to blame.

And then one day, Mickey met Betty Jane Rase, a 17-year-old beauty who had represented the city of Birmingham in the annual Atlantic City beauty parade. Mickey had been practically everything in the way of feminine beauty. But this girl was different. Her beauty was natural and plain. Her charm was simple and unaffected.

"I took one look at her," Mickey told a reporter from the "Birmingham News" who had accompanied him to Atlantic City, "and my heart started to beat in double time."

"There's just no telling what will happen when Mickey Rooney starts cutting up. Here he is, looking like Eddie "Banjo-Eyes" Cantor while duetting on a recent NBC broadcast."

There's just no telling what will happen when Mickey Rooney starts cutting up. Here he is, looking like Eddie "Banjo-Eyes" Cantor while duetting on a recent NBC broadcast. Mickey sent her back to Birmingham to have our second child, and was in a weakened condition. There's just no telling what will happen when Mickey Rooney starts cutting up. Here he is, looking like Eddie "Banjo-Eyes" Cantor while duetting on a recent NBC broadcast. Mickey sent her back to Birmingham to have our second child, and was in a weakened condition.

I told Mickey, "I want a separation. I couldn't believe it. Then Mickey flew in and told me himself.

Mr. Briskin's office at 1001 St. Louis St., also in Los Angeles, has been Mrs. Rooney's attorney, Morton Briskin.

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"I can hardly wait to wear this gown," says Peggy Ann Garner. It's of dubonnet and gray taffeta. The drop shoulder is trimmed with dubonnet velvet.
Peggy’s sweaters, suits and dreamy evening gown show how exciting a teen-ager’s wardrobe can be

Peggy Ann Garner is the typical teen-ager. She goes to school, loves jam sessions, new records, movies—and clothes. For the past year she has given quite a bit of thought to her wardrobe—the day of dungarees and soiled saddle shoes being past! The mainstay of her wardrobe is skirts, sweaters and blouses. She has arrived at the suit stage “because they’re so practical.” She’ll tell you that she chose a taffeta evening gown because she loves the rustle. With it she hopes to wear gardenias—from Lon McCallister, her co-star in “Bob, Son of Battle.”

Right: Here’s what happens when my friend Gail Rochlen and I get together! How do you like my plaid pedial pushers and flannel shirt?
I'm just discovering perfumes and I love 'em! I like "Blue Hour" best because it's so sweet.

When I lounge at home, I dress up in black velvet slacks, plaid taffeta blouse. Snappy!

This is a pet school outfit for me: green pleated skirt, pink sweater, brown moccasins.

PEGGY ANN GARNER
(continued)

As a rule I'm not too keen about jewelry but this rhinestone necklace and bracelet look lovely with my new evening gown.

Charms on the bracelet (left) are gifts from movie friends. Joan Blondell gave me the one on right after "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn."
When I'm on a date I wear this white wallaby coat with sequin trim. My beau this evening is Lon McCallister. He's so nice! We're co-starring in "Bob, Son of Battle."

I'm very grown-up in this black skirt and checked jacket. Accessories are black patent.

Pretty lingerie is a weakness with me. I like frilly, feminine underthings—in blue. With slacks though, I wear cotton briefs.

I gave up shorts after discovering pedal pushers. I have seven pairs. They're fine for cycling or playing with my pooch, Dubbi.
Saddle shoes and bobby-socks are mementoes of my youth. I seldom wear them now; prefer feminine playshoes and no socks.

My mermaid instincts call for swim suits to be practical and cute. This two-piece black-and-white checked taffeta is both.

Being a blonde has its drawbacks, believe me! The hot California sun isn't too kind to my fair skin; I usually cover up when I go outdoors. A thin cotton blouse is good protection. I think this blue one looks very nice with white shorts.
Nothing too terrific about this outfit, but it was comfortable when Scotty Beckett (left), Barbara and I were at Palm Springs.

I liked this striped jersey and shorts outfit till I saw Barby's darling windowpane play dress. That's Scotty Beckett following.

Scotty looks bored while Barby and I show a dance step. Come to think of it, he didn't even notice our new chambray dresses.

Ho-Hum! I'm ready for bed by ten, but before turning in I like a glass of milk. Incidentally, my nightie is a plaid tommie coat.
I wanted to be with John, and I needed a vacation. Lauren Bacall felt the same way, so we put our heads together and both of us tagged gaily along to keep our husbands company.

Lauren certainly kept in the background this trip! She's between Dad Huston, looking every inch the glamor boy—and Bogey, looking like a fashion plate, in a full beard.

This is no publicity picture! Those are real cactus needles make-up girl Betty Lou Delmonto is pulling out of Tim Holt. We told him not to lean against a cactus. He won't again!

By EVELYN KEYES

What happened when hubby John Huston and father-in-law Walter Huston went to Mexico to make Treasure of the Sierra Madre starring Bogart, and NO women!
That’s Dad, Walter Huston—John’s father, and mine by love and marriage. I’ve heard of father’s directing sons but I think this is the first time a director-son directs father.

You’ve got to hand it to Bogey. He doesn’t insist on Beau Brummell roles. On the contrary, I think he got a big kick out of wearing old clothes, not shaving and going native.

This is nobody’s birthday. The Chef at the Hotel San Jose Purua just liked us so he baked a very special cake. I guess he thought adding the candles would be a touch of distinction.

The photographer thought John and I ought to take a picture together. Everyone else looked so “elegant,” John suggested we include the mule to give our family portrait some class.

John and I really adore Mexico. The scenery behind the hotel is magnificent. This picture was really supposed to be of the scenery but somehow we came out bigger! More fun!
I. Vic Norman (Clark Gable), fast-talking advertising huckster, just out of service, is down to his last fifty bucks. He buys a $35 necktie for “sincerity.”

Kay's children, a cherub of a little girl (she loves Vic at first sight) and her son come in. Vic is entranced with the kids; they go for him, too.

2. Job-hunting Vic decides to start at the top, talks to agency executive Kimberly (Adolphe Menjou) who thinks Vic is the man to handle his biggest account—Beautee Soap, owned by tyrant Evan Llewellyn Evans.

5. That night Mr. and Mrs. Kimberly, together with Vic and Kay visit a night club where the singing star, brassy but beautiful Jean Ogilve (Ava Gardner), kisses Vic. Kay looks on calmly, but actually is jealous.

MOVIE OF THE MONTH

Clark Gable, top star of them all, at last has a role worthy of his talents. You'll adore Deborah Kerr, co-star, famous English actress. MOVIELAND takes pride in presenting this “quickie” to whet your appetite.
3. Evan Evans (Sydney Greenstreet), truculent, bombastic head of Beau¬
tee Soap Company, terrorizes everyone who works for him. Vic manages
to win his good will with the now famous slogan “Love That Soap.”

4. Vic’s first assignment at Evans’ order is to get Mrs. Kay Dorrance (Deborah Kerr) a society widow, to endorse Beau¬teee Soap. Vic succeeds—falls for Kay.

7. Evans decides he needs a new radio feature, sends Vic out to Holly¬
wood to sign Buddy Hare, washed-up comic. Reward for Vic—a bright
$30,000 contract—if he can work out a show that will please Evan Evans.

8. Kay, misunderstanding his reasons for the trip, gives him the gate. After he signs up Hare, she goes
to the Coast, confesses her love. They are re-united.

9. Back in New York after making Vic sweat it out, Evans declares
Vic is “on the beam” but Vic has had a bellyful, demonstrates Evans
is “all wet” by pouring a carafe of water over the surprised manufacturer.

10. He $30,000 contract has gone up in smoke, but Vic decides better poverty than working for the
old devil. Kay’s waiting arms and lips are enough.
Virgo—September 1-22
* Lucky Day: Wednesday
* Lucky Color: Green
* Lucky Flower: Goldenrod
* Lucky Number: Four

If so, happy birthday to you and

* If you were born between the 1st and 22nd of September, your astrological sign is Virgo. You are sincerely interested in people but are sometimes inclined to be critical of them. You enjoy moments of seclusion and you like to work hard. Your opinions are forceful and though you listen to the advice of others, you are very likely to adhere to your own ideas.

Janis Paige’s birthday is September 16th. She loves fun, Jack Carson’s jokes.

Who will help popular Yvonne DeCarlo celebrate her birthday on September 1st? The horoscope doesn’t tell; this evening her date is handsome actor Robert Stack.
Born in September?

to some of your film favorites!

* If your birthday is between the 23rd and 30th of September your sign is Libra. You have the ability to divide your attention yet merge interests; a dynamic combination! You're extremely generous but not necessarily extravagant because you buy with an eye to the future. Your favorite flowers might be Forget-Me-Nots or those deep blue delphiniums.

Newcomer Deborah Kerr is a shining example of Libra born—poised and sincere. She co-stars with Aquarius Clark Cable in “The Hucksters.”

Lizbeth Scott was born September 29; her pep and love of action are typical of those born at that time.

Libra—September 23-30
*Lucky Day: Friday
*Lucky Color: Red
*Lucky Flower: Violet
*Lucky Number: Six

Libra people, plan ahead. Here charming Greer Garson chats with director Tay Garnett about a film. She'll have her birthday cake September 29.

Walter Pidgeon is a Libra sport enthusiast. Here he is with pretty tennis star Pauline Betz.
Little Cathy is wide-eyed and excited as she arrives at Griffith Park with her movie star parents, Gloria DeHaven and John Payne. This is Cathy’s first trip to an amusement park and she’s eager to ride on the merry-go-round her mother is telling her about.

baby payne steps out!

A red letter day for the Payne family! John Payne and Gloria DeHaven introduce their 17-months-old daughter, Cathy, to the carnival wonders of an amusement park!
"Whose idea is this?" Cathy wonders. Gloria and John seem to be having lots of fun, but Cathy has not decided yet whether she likes to swing through the air.

"Fat the nice horsie," says Gloria, while John adds additional encouragement. Cathy, willing to let well-enough alone, isn't interested in touching the pony.

Now for a train ride on the miniature railroad. Watching the scenery pass by was exciting—until Cathy discovered the young man seated in front of her! From that point on, she used her feminine wiles to win his attention.

A trip to the amusement park is supposed to be play, but Cathy's first jaunt to Griffith Park leaves the Paynes completely exhausted. Here's what happened when they decided to rest a moment before starting home.
Only a real beauty could risk having her picture taken in this pose. Paulette can and does in "Unconquered."

This is my favorite portrait of Paulette. It best expresses her warm personality and—most important—her complete naturalness.

Paulette's beauty is vital, dramatic! Wait until you see those deep blue eyes, auburn hair, velvety skin in Technicolor!
Paulette is as lovely to look at off screen as on. Proof is this photo taken at the Stork Club, with husband Burgess Meredith. Looking pert and pretty, Paulette enjoys some ice cream with Howard daSilva between scenes of “Unconquered.”

An enviable instinct for striking the right pose at just the right time is another Paulette Goddard talent.

MY IDEA OF
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

By Bud Fraker, Paramount Portrait Photographer

The beauty crown is awarded to a favorite camera subject—lovely Paulette Goddard. Many girls have lovely faces but often lack the right bodies to go with them. Other glamorous visions are vice versa. But with Paulette—all is perfect: a rare thing even in Hollywood!

It really takes Technicolor to do justice to Paulette’s wonderful coloring! That’s probably why C. B. DeMille insisted on using her in his Technicolor film, “Unconquered.”

In addition to her beauty, another Goddard virtue is that of being most cooperative about picture posing. She’ll work night and day, if necessary.

And with Paulette, is that bad? I ask you!
The Nemeris got budget-minded when they learned they were having a baby. Infant’s clothes are expensive, but Mona isn’t worried about that. Her mother has sent the baby things Mona once wore.

Part of the budget plan includes returning “deposit” bottles. Mona takes them back to the market regularly and collects her two to five cents on a bottle. “Surprising how this adds up,” says Mona.

Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney found budgeting fun when they started saving for their hearts’ desire—the Nerney heir.

Mona studies women’s magazines for money-saving meals, too. She figures on $3 per day for food, but budget meals cut down on this amount easily. Money saved is put in baby’s furniture account.
End of the month Mona and Pat check bank book, find results good. They agree the first month’s budgeting is hardest, after that it’s easy.

After checking pantry supplies, Mona’s ready for weekly shopping at local supermarket. She does her own cooking, is proud of her biscuits. Occasionally she has help for heavy cleaning.

The Nerneys’ fifty-four dollar a month apartment has little room for Mona’s lovely antiques and silverware, but budget plans include building a dream house, too. It’ll be a Connecticut farmhouse type.
Betty Grable and Dan Dailey share honors and a bicycle-built-for-two in "Mother Wore Tights," Twentieth Century-Fox's lilting musical comedy about the gay 90's.
waiting for us on the station platform. His name was Gregory Peck and no one had ever heard of him.

As I well remember, he was tremendously tall, thin as aobby-pin; his face was ruddy; he wore tortoise shell glasses, and he was reading a book. He remained that way for most of the tour—reading, I mean. For the size of his role he was also the hardest working actor I had ever seen. He used to arrive at the theater long before any of the stars, and he would rehearse his two lines over and over, trying every possible inflection. I was amazed that anyone so unimportant would work so hard.

Such unabated energy will be rewarded, I thought, and this was one of the reasons I agreed to marry him. I felt sure that anyone who worked so tirelessly was bound to get ahead. I also loved him.

He proposed during Christmas week while the show was in San Francisco and while we were visiting his mother. Because Greg was both considerate and conservative, he introduced me to his mother before asking me to marry him. I, in turn, was cautious enough not to accept his proposal until the following October. I had noticed that with actors it’s either feast or famine.

As it turned out, we got married the day after Greg’s new show closed, and he was broke. We had counted so much on the play, “Willy and I,” being a success that when it opened on Thursday and closed on Saturday, we felt like weeping along with the ill-fated willow.

To cheer us up, a couple of our more prosperous friends took us to the Yankee Stadium to see the final game of the World Series. Between innings they argued that the best time to get married is when you’re out of work.

“Let’s go ahead with what’s when,” they explained, “you have time to enjoy each other’s company!”

By the seventh inning they had convinced us. We decided that fate and Actors’ Equity wouldn’t let us starve, so we brushed the cracker-jack and peanut shells off our clothes and called the minister whom we’d been stalling for months. We were married that evening in the Fifth Avenue Christ’s Church.

Married life for us started in a furnished apartment off Lexington Avenue. It wasn’t bad as apartments go but I could soon see that we’d have to move into a storage warehouse if Greg had his way. He’s a born collector. He collects records, books, matchcovers and stamps. He saves letters, theater programs, and college notes. He has a cache of just about everything from seashells to gum wrappers.

After three months of living with this single-handed salvage agency, my neat housewife nature became strained to the snapping point. In desperation, I was about to drop a match in the clutter when Greg’s agent, Maynard Morris, called one evening to say that Hollywood was interested in Greg.

It was at this point that I realized actors sometimes have a slight edge on milkmen.

We returned to New York long enough for Greg to appear in one more play, Irwin Shaw’s “Sons and Soldiers,” and for me to pack up the records, books, letters, programs, and bottle tops. Then we returned to Hollywood, to work and to find a home.

Luckily, our tastes are alike. We both love horses, dogs, cats, children and a house with a view. We moved into a shingled house that overlooks the San Fernando Valley on one side and all Los Angeles on the other. Here we live surrounded by a menagerie and two small children: Jonathan, two-and-a-half, and Stephen, six months. When we’re at home, sitting on our hilltop, it’s like being astride the Trojan Horse.

Our house is as full of surprises as the legendary horse, too. The surprises take the form of blessed events. There is always a new puppy, kitten, or little Peck at our house. This means that practically every form of blessed events. There is always a new puppy, kitten, or little Peck at our house. This means that practically every discovery—it could be a book on Lincoln or a jive record.

Greg is also a big tease. He makes fun of my height and calls me “midget.” (I’m exactly 5 ft 2 in., one foot shorter than he is.) He laughs at my attempts to act when I cue him on his lines at night. And he ribs me because I’d rather dance than eat.

He likes a good party when he’s not working. When we entertain at home we usually show movies. He’s conscientious about all the entertaining and has a secretary three times a day for this purpose. He wants a dozen or more children—or at least, until we have some daughters. He’s monotonously healthy and doesn’t have to diet. He likes radio acting and wants to do a play on Broadway soon.

If I have any personal preference though, it’s to see him in sympathetic parts, nearer to his own character. I like to see him on the screen as he normally is because that’s the way I like him. Most of all, though, I like being Mrs. Gregory Peck.

The End
A LAD IN WONDERLAND

By ROSS HUNTER

Gosh, it's been a long time; yep, almost three years since I became a part of the Hollywood scene. But as far as my enthusiasm is concerned, I might as well have arrived only yesterday. For the happenings in "our town" thrill me as much today as they did when I first stepped through a studio gate, onto a sound stage and in front of a camera. I constantly think about the way I practically did nip-ups when I met Rita Hayworth and danced with Marlene Dietrich and talked things over seriously with Clark Gable and my idol, Ronald Colman; and I can't help wondering if the camaraderie I see in these more established stars will be existent when our so-called "bobby-sox" favorites gain stature. It's something to think about and I do—often.

Certainly a pensive mood to have so early in the morning, but I forgot it for the moment when the telephone interrupted my thoughts:

"Hello, you ham!" That was all I heard and that was all I needed to hear. Couldn't be anyone but that Prince of Butlers, that Gentleman's Gentleman, Arthur Treacher. What a guy! But why was he calling me so early in the morning?

"My lovely lady (that's what he calls his wife) is waiting in the car. So pop into some clothes and come on down to the City Hall. Your theater project has been approved, old boy." That was enough for me. I rubbed my eyes, dropped the phone, bent to the floor and talked into the mouthpiece without picking it up.

"Are you sure? I can't believe it. You mean I'll be able to produce summer stock in the Valley? Has the Fire Permit gone through? What about the building laws? I'll be right there." In no time at all I was down to the City Hall with Treacher and back in my room ready to make contacts. The plans were to build a stage, a big ramp for seating facilities, a wooden framework, put a tent over it, do thirteen weeks of summer stock and simply call it the "Tent Theatre."

The problem of casting the first play, "Dream Girl," really proved to be something; and, I truthfully can say that I never thought "motherhood" would threaten my career—but it did—almost made me give up hope for anything. Constance Moore, Gale Storm, Barbara Britton, Joanne Dru, Anita Louise, Elyse Knox and Anne Shirley had either just given birth to a baby or were expecting to any day. After calling Jack Carson and discussing my troubles with him, we decided that no married woman would ever play the role. Who was single? Who was lovely to look at? Who was an excellent actress? Who was singly? Who was lovely to look at? Who was an excellent actress? Virginia Grey, the gal whose name has so often been linked with Gable's, came to mind.

"Hello, Ginnie."

"Hi, Ross—long time no see."

"You—you don't have any children do you?"

"No, and I'm not married and I'd love to do 'Dream Girl' for you."

(Please turn to page 93)
PRESENTING MRS. AUMONT

(Continued from page 28)

Bogart and his self-igniting "Baby," Lauren Bacall, seem to be one of the few acting couples who can coo, kiss, quarrel and make up before the camera without mayhem, screams of jealousy and bitter counter-charges of scene stealing bursting out all over the sound stages.

When I heard that temperamental Maria Montez, and her handsome French husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, had given in to public demand and were co-starring in "Atlantis," I knew there would be a fascinating story in what happened when they faced one another for the first time under the Kleig lights.

But I wanted the truth, and there were difficulties. The beautiful Montez, among other things, is the biggest lily-gilder in show business. Jean Pierre seldom talks much. So I started by interviewing him alone, then talked to both of them together, then to Maria after Jean Pierre left. What they told me surprised me so much that I checked on what they said with other members of the cast and, the tough, straightforward fellow who comprised the working crew. It turned out to be a still better story than I expected to get.

"Working with Maria was like a dream come true," Jean Pierre told me. "We'd always wanted to do 'Atlantis' together. But after we were married we had commitments at different studios. There was the war, then the baby.

"Nothing I'd ever done before was either so easy or exciting," he said rapturously. "You see, we've always been very honest in our criticism of one another's acting, and we rehearsed our scenes at home and in the car going to the studio. She taught me things I never knew before about camera workings. For instance, that I should avoid the camera when it is low and shooting up. From that angle I photograph very badly because the proportions of my face don't stay the same somehow."

The dreamy-looking French charm boy took a deep breath. Out of the corner of his eye he had seen Maria approaching our table in Mike Romanoff's. "Don't tell her I said so, but it is her picture absolutely. Maria's! But then perhaps I may be a poor judge. She is so lovely, so wonderful that when I looked at the rushes I saw only Maria—nothing else!"

Jean Pierre leaped up and kissed his wife's hand. She smiled, then scowled. "I heard what you said. It's a lie," she declared as she seated herself between us. "A big black lie! 'Atlantis' is your picture without a doubt."

"No, no, no," protested Aumont. "You steal the picture. You make me look like nothing in it."

"My part is the longest, Jean Pierre. Yours is the best. My role, it is true, is the most difficult I have ever played. But it's on one note, Yours is on many notes, runs the whole scale." She turned to me, and winked, "I will tell you the truth, my friend, when this stubborn man leaves."

"I will not leave."

"You have to leave. You have to get your transportation for England, where you are to play the starring role in 'The First Gentleman.'"

"Such a clever business woman," Jean Pierre laughed, "always getting in the free ad."

"Why not? Go away, my darling. Get your transportation to England where—"

"He knows. He heard it the first time, the ad," roared Jean Pierre. "But it is your picture, 'Atlantis.'"

"Yours! Yours, my dear!"

Then they both laughed.

"This is wonderful, my darling, beautiful, clever French husband," Maria said. "All through 'Atlantis' we do not till. Not one spot. And now we are fighting—like Alphonse and Gaston, those polite gentlemen—over who stole the picture. Go, Jean Pierre—"

The blond movie star rose, kissed his wife's hand, telling her, "Always I give in."

"Only in the little things," she turned to me again. "In the big things he is the iron fist in the velvet glove. Polite but firm, hard, the master, the boss."

"Remember what I told you," he said to me, and went out.

Maria settled herself. As always, she had glowed in Jean Pierre's company. Now she glowed just talking about him. "Thanks to Jean Pierre, I'm a better actress now. How he worked, how he coached me, taught, instructed. Every day as we drove to the studio he begged me, 'Maria, my pet, today let yourself go. Don't worry about the cameras, your steps, what I and the others are doing. Be the woman in 'Atlantis.' Think like her, dream like her, walk like her! Don't think of anything else. If you spoil the scene, they will do it over again. Relax!' " She sighed as her husband had.

"It was heavenly. Always before I am wooden on the screen, no good, like a stick. Before, when I act, I am what you call muscle-bound. In front of the camera, my nerves feel all coiled up, like the tightly-wound spring of a watch. I can't let go of myself."

"With Jean Pierre there, whispering things in my ear, coaxing, coddling, the springs loosen up. But it is really his picture."

"It's a terrific performance he gives," she said, "better than even his best French pictures. He's more mature in it."

Montez smiled, something that always makes the pretty picture she makes prettier. "And now I will tell you a secret. When I married Jean Pierre, he was a boy, a boy with an open heart, understanding, conscientious, a hard worker, kind, gentle, but manly, always manly."

"Sometimes that frightened me. On my wedding day, I said to myself, 'Look out Maria! This boy who is to be your husband is too good! If he ever grows up, he will be a monster! For he had no badness, no evil in him. It will all come out in a rush, the badness—when he matures, I think."

"But no! I do not worry about that any more. He has grown up, that sweet, carefree boy that I married. The war did that. And the charm, the goodness, that lovely combination of dreaminess, intelligence, gaiety and thoughtfulness is unspoiled."

"But the picture, I repeat is my husband's."

"Somebody came to our table, and we looked up. It was Jean Pierre. "I trust we are not going to start the Alphonse and Gaston routine all over again," I said.

"One more thing. The love scenes, Maria started to say. "I loved the love scenes. They were the best part of the picture. I didn't have to act them, was just myself, Maria's husband."

"I don't know how you felt when we were making them," Maria commented, "but you certainly looked more passionate than I ever saw you look before on the screen. I only hope that the Johnston office doesn't get too angry after all, a husband and wife making love. What is wrong with that? It is most moral."

Before they walked out, arm and arm, I asked one last question: Whether they planned to make any more pictures together.

"Just one a year," Maria explained. "After all, my husband has to make love to me at home. If he has also to make love to me on the screen all-year round, he will quickly get bored with me."

"Bored with you?" asked Jean Pierre, rubbing his forehead. "Who could get bored with Maria? A fool, maybe! A dunce! A dead man. Certainly no Frenchman could!"

The End
Hi, everybody! The Tommy Dorsey disc jockey deal is all set, and he starts as turntable man on September 8. His show will be transcribed and will be heard on over two hundred stations around the country... And Kate Smith may become the first “name” girl jockey with a record show this fall, which would be in addition to her daytime chatter program. This platter spinning business has taken on a new importance the last few months and several of the top bandleaders would willingly lay down their batons for a good disc jockey contract. They can make more money with a lot less work... Perry Como has been breaking it up on his theater tour and has done as many as seven shows a day in some cities. He finishes his personals about the middle of August and then plans to play golf every possible moment until he returns to the Chesterfield Supper Club on September 8... Dinah Shore says she is absolutely the happiest girl in the world because of her expected baby, which is due in December. Her husband, George Montgomery, who made most of the furniture for their home, is hard at work on a nursery suite... Joan Edwards and her husband are expecting their second baby any day now. Joan is suing the “Hit Parade,” claiming she had a long term contract with them, but was replaced without notice after she had moved to California... That star Stafford gal surprised everyone when it was discovered Jo was the “Cinderella G. Stump” who did the hilarious vocal on Red Ingle’s “Tim-Tayshun” record. You'd never in the world guess it’s Stafford, but it is. The platter has gone over the half million sales mark and may turn out to be Capitol’s biggest hit.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:
VICTOR: Vaughn Monroe’s new one combines two old favorites which are being revived, “All of Me” and “I Kiss Your Hand, Madame.” The latter tune is featured in Bing Crosby’s new picture, “Emperor’s Waltz.”

Perry Como, with Lloyd Shaffer’s orchestra, sings two ballads, “When Tonight Is Just a Memory,” a brand new tune, and the old standard, “I Wonder Who’s Kissing Her Now.” Helen Carroll and The Satisfiers back Perry on the first side.
print content
HE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS

(Continued from page 351)

For new COMFORT—
try MEDS!

Have a happy vacation—free from nagging worry! Pack a box of Meds tampons in your bag—be secure on "difficult" days!

Meds are so different—the famous "Safety-Well" for extra protection; soft, luxurious cotton for added comfort; tidy, compact applicators, so easy to use! Enjoy EVERY day! Say goodbye to pads and belts, binding and chafing!

Ask for Meds TODAY at your favorite store—or use the coupon below for trial package of REGULAR Meds—the absorbency most mature women need.

Slender MEDS with REGULAR absorbency in the light blue box
De Luxe MEDS with SUPER absorbency in the dark blue box

29c for 10 in applicators

Martha Steele
Personal Products Corporation
Milltown, New Jersey

Dear Martha Steele: I want to try REGULAR Meds. Please send, in plain wrapper, with full directions, trial package for which I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to cover mailing.

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City_________________________ State

Acceptable for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association

can help America's relations with foreign countries.

"We're not going to make pictures in any studios at all, but in the streets, the houses, the public square, using natives as actors whenever possible.

"These pictures will not be documentaries or travelogues, but comedies in which I will play a well-meaning American businessman, who, without intending to, gets into trouble because he doesn't understand the customs, habits and traditions of the foreign people he is trying to do business with.

One of Director Henry Koster's assistants came up, and told Cary, "We're ready to try that shot of you again, this time with two Christmas trees."

"So soon?" asked Cary. Turning to me, he excused himself. "This always happens," he said, "when I start talking about anything that interests me. I hope you won't mind waiting. I shall not be long."

I watched the shot with the two Christmas trees, then saw him play a lengthy love scene with Loretta Young, who is co-starring with him in "The Bishop's Wife." Though Loretta and he have been great name players for years, both of them seem as youthful as they did the first day they stepped through the golden gates of a studio, and into fame, glory and the big money.

From the little he'd told me about his plans I suspected that Cary, whether he knew it or not, was attempting to join these two so different worlds, the one, the fans live in, the one he has dwelt in for so long.

For my money, Cary Grant is one of the most extraordinary performers in pictures. He's an actor who has and can play any role. But always, no matter what role he played, Cary carried the look with him of a man who had missed something in life, of a fellow who wanted to jump fences forbidden to him.

Frankly, I'd long believed the failure of his two marriages—to Virginia Cherrill and Barbara Hutton—was largely responsible for pictures. He's an actor who has and can play any role. But always, no matter what role he played, Cary carried the look with him of a man who had missed something in life, of a fellow who wanted to jump fences forbidden to him.

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The whole idea is progressing, "Imagined! vi the business! I will not contest it, another doing the business of the screen."

"We'll be there. If we're going abroad, we'll need friends who are doing whatever is necessary to have our national problems solved."

Of all the stars in the man of two worlds, we'll be the man of two worlds..."
MY IDEAL

I love living in a little town like San Benito, and I love white
rooms and a child's room. I love the idea of a Cape Cod
atoll, open and empty.

We would be to the
farthest place in the
world when we
were there.

For any other
thing,

My

end.
her husband was not as tough.

"Last night was an
occasion—your idea," she
went over to the
phone, and said, "Leo, are
you free right away?"

"I think I'm
promised in love with
someone," she said.

"Hes very drunk,
right away?"
Twenty minutes later, Durocher arrived. Right off, he admitted that he loved Laraine more than anything in the world and wanted to marry her. He said, however, that he didn’t know how she felt about it.

According to Laraine, her husband then turned to Leo and said, “It’s my fault, not yours, Leo. Laraine has tried hard to make a go of it. She loves the children. You two should be allowed to go out to dine together. Take her brother so there will be no scandal.”

After her divorce from Hendricks, Laraine flew to Mexico and married Durocher. Judge Dockwiler, who granted Miss Day the divorce, accused her of flouting the State law. This is a law which declares that no divorce, accused her of flouting the State law. The parties to it have remained separated one year. Laraine was technically accused of bigamy. This was exactly the same charge launched against Rudolph Valentino in California twenty-two years ago.

Laraine was therefore ordered back into court and all the dirty linen was washed in public again. She was asked to tell the court how she fell in love with Mr. Durocher.

“I fell in love with Mr. Durocher,” she courageously answered, “because he lived up to all of my ideals. He happened to fit the ideal I carried in my mind for a husband. I cannot tell you the exact year, date or season I fell in love. I have had an ideal all my life about the kind of man I should want to marry. When he came along I listened to him, and gradually I realized I was in love with him.”

Baseball fans and sportswriters who have seen Leo Durocher on the diamond, find it difficult to visualize “The Lip” in such a romantic role. As a youngster he called Babe Ruth “a big shark”, as a player and manager, he has been thrown out of more games than he likes to remember; and only last year, he broke a fan’s jaw because the fan was razzing his team. He settled the case for around $6000.

Durocher has also had his marital troubles. His first wife Mrs. Ruby Hartley, testified in Cincinnati in April, 1934, that her husband, then captain of the St. Louis Cardinals, had struck her. Leo agreed that he had, but with good cause.

The court granted Mrs. Durocher a divorce. Leo agreed to pay alimony. Four months later, Lippy Leo was married again. This time to Grace Dozier, a dress designer from Dallas. The marriage lasted until 1941. Grace wanted a divorce right then and there, but Larry McPhail, president of the Dodgers, called her in and told her that a divorce at that time might cost the Dodgers the pennant.

In Leo Durocher, she sees the realization of the ideal I carried in my mind for a husband. He happened to fit me, along with $2.00 (C.O.D. if you prefer) and $2.00 enclosed to cover post-paid delivery. Please rush me FREE Style Book for stout women.
Jimmy Stewart had to be taught to imagine himself a lazy man. Here he is with Jane Wyman.

**An outstanding dramatic coach tells you the secret of charm and poise in lesson No. 2. It's RELAXATION!**

**Ben Piazza**, supervisor of new talent and casting director for RKO-Radio Pictures, has discovered many of Hollywood's brightest stars.

Beginning his career as an actor, he has been theater manager, general manager of the RKO vaudeville department, motion picture industry's first talent scout.

In this series, he will tell YOU how to bring out your own personality, explain what qualities attracted him in players he has discovered, show you how new talent is groomed for stardom, and help you apply the knowledge to yourself.

Relaxation is the secret of grace. It's also the secret of poise, which means the ability to stand perfectly still with no sign of tension.

Don't pull at your tie or your ear, if you're a man; don't play with your beads, tug at your dress or smooth your hair, if you're a girl. Before applying for a job, heading the reception line at your club, or stepping on a platform, take a long, critical look at your mirrored self; correct whatever faults you observe; then march off and forget them. This calls for self-discipline, but after all, relaxation is mostly mental and strong mental control takes away bodily tension.

That promising discovery Sean McGlory, young Irish actor RKO has brought over from the Dublin Abbey Players, says that Americans are all too fast. Except in rapid farce,
there’s no reason for an actor to rush through a scene. In private life, you aren’t attractive when you dash wildly about, making jitterbug motions. Watching you only makes people tired.

If you’ve acquired the habit of jerky movement, pretend you’re doing slow-camera: Let one step glide into another, one gesture melt into the next. Imagination is a great help in overcoming faults.

When Jimmy Stewart first came to Hollywood, he was so nervous, so intense, they had to slow him down. He was told to imagine he was a lazy man, to make every movement as if he were one, to think that way, so that instead of jumping up like a jack-in-a-box, he’d rise leisurely, move slowly, stop burning up energy.

The unrelaxed person is the one who has accidents. As all who took Red Cross courses learned, you avoid trouble by concentrating on what you’re doing. If you would be graceful, be definite; when you open a door, take hold of the knob firmly, operate it quietly, without fumbling. Make sure, definite motions when you draw curtains, rearrange cushions, light a cigarette, handle any object.

Sometimes a girl tries so hard to be graceful that she becomes self-conscious about it. That’s bad. Jane Greer, starring in “Out of the Past,” is naturally graceful, entirely unself-conscious. Watch her scenes, if you’d know what I mean.

To my mind, the best preparation for a screen career, also the best training for those who wish to be attractive, graceful and poised, is ballet dancing and fencing. Joan de Tuscon, girl fencing-champion, advocates the study of fencing if you’d begin your picture career well ahead of other young players, because it gives you absolute command of yourself.

Here are some little tricks to help you:

1. Keep the tips of your ears in line with your shoulders and your posture will be restful.
2. If you’re nervous, your throat will be tight. Yawn widely and deeply to relax it. Take deep breaths before speaking; this will tend to relieve body tension.
3. Sometimes you can work off a fit of nerves by playing a strenuous game. Lawrence Tibbett stands on his head before stepping on a stage, to relax himself. Once you’ve trained yourself to relax thoroughly, poise will become automatic.

Sex Appeal with Wheaties—
that’s Esther Williams!

Read about this vivacious star in October

MOVIELAND on Newsstands Sept. 10th
MY BETTY
(Continued from page 371)

find it. If it’s there, it certainly can be mined; but if it isn’t there, nothing will install it. It’s a vein threaded through by nature. Man can’t duplicate it; he can only discover it.

I always recognized dimly that both of my girls were interesting human beings, alert, humorous, and fun to be with. Their coming home from school or from a party was always the occasion for a family gab fest— a talkative lot, thank heaven. I used to report some of the girls’ comments or stories to my friends (when I knew I wasn’t violating a confidence), and often I was amazed at how little other children confided in their parents.

Even then I didn’t realize that Betty had the one thing necessary for theatrical success—showmanship—until she was in high school and did an impersonation of Mae West. Betty had told me about the skit, adding, “The faculty adviser won’t let me say ‘Come up ‘n’ see me sometime.’ That’s out.”

“It’s just as well,” I said. “It isn’t a becoming statement for a girl to make in a school skit, even if it is sort of a universal catch phrase right now. Besides, you don’t need it to put the impersonation over.”

It was wrong about that. I knew, in the midst of Betty’s monologue, that she had to have a topper or the skit wasn’t going to go over. Everyone in the audience was expecting that celebrated West phrase as a climax.

“She mustn’t do it,” I thought. And then, in the next breath, “But... she must!”

Betty finished the monologue and sailed into the wings while I listened, astonished, at the applause. They wanted her to make another appearance. She had to take a bow.

As she did, she rolled her eyes and chirped the sentence forbidden by the faculty adviser: “Come up ‘n’ see me sometime.” That brought down the house.

I let my hands relax. Across the palms were four purple semicircles left by my finers. I had nearly lost my mind during those minutes, but I had gained something which has never left me since: Confidence in my daughter’s ability to sense a situation and to meet it successfully... even if it might cause her later discomfort.

I think I knew that night that Betty would light her own way to the top; that my job would be to stand ready to help in whatever way I could.

Perhaps it isn’t true in every case, but I think usually that REAL talent is partly timing, partly a knack of projecting personal individuality, and a lot of DRIVE. If a mother has a talented child, the child will let her know it in a dozen different ways. If a woman must coax her child to take driving lessons, or music lessons, or vocal training, she is wasting her time and complicating the child’s life.

I don’t think it would have occurred to me, ever, to suggest doing many of the things to further Betty’s and Marian’s careers, as expertly and as determinedly as the girls themselves thought to do.

And then, too, I always let my girls know that my arms were open to them. Ambitious people are always in need of the open arms of family love.

It was always easy to tell when Betty had been bruised by the world; she would crawl into my bed and cry her heart out upon my shoulder. One of her first organizing disap-
I want every girl who worries because her hair is faded, dulled, drab, or perhaps streaked and graying to try this new home hair beautifying method at my risk. First, shampoo your hair with the new Tinz Creme Land Shampoo. It's rich in lanolin and contains certified SAFE color. It's the new easy way that tints hair to a lustrous colorful beauty while it washes out dirt, grease, loose dandruff scales. Tinz Creme Land Shampoo, by itself, does marvels for your hair.

**Now Use New TINTZ LUSTRE RINSE for EXTRA Color and Hair Sparkle**

In the rinse water, after shampooing with your shade of Creme Land, add a spoonful of the new Tinz Liquid Color Lustre Rinse. Wow! Your hair will sparkle so bright with natural-looking color highlights your heart will beat faster. Your hair will be cleaner, sweeter, softer, yet wonderfully easy to set in your most flattering style. Tinz Liquid Color Lustre Rinse will make your hair gleam with a luster you never dreamed possible. And there are no tangles. Yes, this double dose of Tinz certified SAFE hair color is something you just have to try for yourself. And here's how I make it easy for you to test for yourself.

**Special Introductory Combination Offer TRY AT OUR RISK**

The coupon order blank at right entitles you to your shade both Tinz Creme Land Shampoo, the regular 2 oz. jar; and your shade new Tinz Lustre Rinse, the 8 oz. sizer (enough for 16 rinses) at a $1.54 value, for only $1.00 plus tax, SEND NO MONEY. Just fill in coupon. On arrival deposit only $1.00 plus tax and C.O.D. postage with postman on guarantee I may try and if I am not satisfied in every way, I can return what's left in 10 days for full refund.

**Hurry! Hurry! To See THE CANDID PARADE**

**Screen Guide**

- **Spend**
  - A Week End With
    - AVA GARDNER

- **Travel**
  - To Mexico With
    - BOGART AND BACALL

- **Take**
  - Tips on Kissing From
    - SUSAN HAYWARD

- **Cut**
  - Capers at Catalina With
    - JANET BLAIR
**MOVIELAND’S CROSSWORD PUZZLE**

**ACROSS**
1. "Penny Baxter" in "The Yearling"  
5. Clark's famous role  
10. "Detective Stevenson" in "The Dark Mirror" (abbr.)  
14. Dolly Madison is Ginger's ... in "Magnificent Doll"  
15. Jack ...  
16. "Monsieur Beaucarre"  
17. Richard, Dinah, Alan and Ann (init.)  
18. With Merle in "Temptation"  
19. "Louis XV" in "Monsieur Beaucarre"  
20. "The Green ..."  
22. Grandma McSweeney in "Margie"  
24. Miss Talmadge in short  
25. "Hit the ..."  
27. Eskimo goddess  
29. Sylvia Sidney in Mr. Ace  
34. Make harmonious again  
37. George Raft  
38. ... of a Chambermaid"  
40. Swedish inventor and philanthropist  
41. Peggy, Ann, Betty and Gracie (init.)  
43. Donald ...  
45. ... Hamilton  
46. Rosalind, Merle, Lew, Dorothy and Gracie (init.)  
48. "Cora" is ... role in "The Posman Always Rings Twice"  
50. Ina ... Hutton, band leader  
51. Hobart C. Stiles in "No Leave, No Love"  
53. Elsa Lanchester's mate  
55. Jack London's cruiser  
57. "Horatio" in "The Time of Their Lives"  
58. Mrs. Phil Harris (init.)  
60. "Kim Walker" in "Because of Him"  
63. "Elizabeth Van Doren" in "Claudia and David"  
64. "Frances Ransom" in "Nocturne"  
69. "Julia Benson" in "The Jolson Story"  
71. Most movie animals are ...  
72. "Jane ..."  
73. "Phil Gayley" in "Never Say Goodbye"  
74. Luise Rainer in "The Good Earth"  
75. Not so much  
76. "Steve" in "The Virginian"  
77. Rex Stout's ... Wolfe

**DOWN**
1. John Payne in "The Razor's Edge"  
2. "Specter of the ..."  
3. "Louise Bradford" in "White Tie and Tail"  
4. Gary in "The Pride of the Yankees"  
5. Portrays Jerome Kern in "Till the Clouds Roll By"  
6. "Bre' Rabbit" in "Song of the South"  
7. Pieces out  
8. Seen in Technicolor movies  
9. Restrain  
10. Dame May Whitty in "Devotion"  
11. "... Green Was My Valley"  
12. "... City"  
13. Transmitted  
23. A paradise  
26. The movie czar  
28. "Marie Audet" in "The Catman of Paris"  
29. Esther Fernandez in "Two Years Before the Mast"  
30. "Black Beauty" is an equine ...  
31. Night-club owner is ... role in "Swing Parade of 1946"  
32. Harry James in "If I'm Lucky"  
33. "Children on ..."  
35. Kelly, Cantor, Lupino, Smith and Kruger (init.)  
36. Eleanor Parker in "Never Say Goodbye"  
39. Robert, Joseph, Edward and Nils (init.)  
42. "... Lucky Day"  
44. John Garfield in "Humoresque"  
47. Wings  
49. Ginny, Cary, Maureen and Sara (init.)  
50. Donna's lover is ... role in "Faithful in My Fashion"  
54. "Carol Page" in "Nocturne"  
56. "Steve" in "The Virginian"  
57. "Horatio" in "The Time of Their Lives"  
58. Mrs. Phil Harris (init.)  
60. "Kim Walker" in "Because of Him"  
63. "Elizabeth Van Doren" in "Claudia and David"  
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Prevents irritation and soothes the skin. Can be used on sensitive skin with safety.

WILL NOT STAIN OR HARM FABRICS
Non-greasy. Doesn't contain dye or whitening agent. Protects the most delicate fabrics from perspiration rot.

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Special blending prevents drying and hardening in jar.

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Amazing New Plan! **DRESS FOR YOU for Ordering 3!**

THRIILING New Plan! Your choice of Gorgeous New Dress or Suit—in your favorite style, size and color, given to you for sending orders for only Three Dresses for your friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That's all. Not one cent to pay. Everything supplied without cost. 

EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY
Spare Time Will Do! Famous Hartford Frock will send you their big, new Style Line showing scores of latest fashions, with actual fabrics, in dressess, lingerie, children's wear, etc., at absolutely low money-saving prices. Also sportswear, suits, suits and coats. Show styles and fabrics to friends, neighbors, and family—send in only 3 orders—then your own dress is included without paying one cent.

BE FIRST IN YOUR TOWN
Write Today for big Style Line showing scores of latest fashions, with actual fabrics, in dresses, lingerie, children's wear, etc., at absolutely low money-saving prices. Also sportswear, suits, suits and coats. Show styles and fabrics to friends, neighbors, and family—send in only 3 orders—then your own dress is included without paying one cent.

HARFORD FROCKS
CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

(FOR SOLUTION SEE PAGE 85)
HOLLYWOOD WANTS TO KNOW

The film producers are waiting for your answers to these important questions.

Your frank answers to the ten questions on this page can help Hollywood producers make the kind of pictures you want to see.

The first 100 readers to send in their answers will receive a set of Goody Elastic Curlers. This is a complete curler kit consisting of various size curlers to suit all hair-dos. Goody curlers are so easy to use, you'll probably want to change your hair-style, too, so we'll also send you the thrilling Goody Curler booklet, "What's the Best Hair-Do for My Shape Face."

All MOVIELAND readers who send in answers and the coupon will receive the booklet, but only the first 100 will receive the set of Goody Curlers. Send your answers in to Hollywood Wants To Know, 535 5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

1. Do you like musicals that feature a galaxy of stars ("Variety Girl") or musicals with one or two name stars?
2. Should stars vary their roles or should they stick to type?
3. Would you like to see Jackie (The Kid) Coogan and Jackie (Skippy) Cooper teamed again? They're in "Kilroy Was Here."
4. Which is more important to you, the star or the story?
5. Would you like to see Joan Crawford in lighter-type films?
6. Do you prefer pictures like "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer" to a more realistic film with a message like "Crossfire?"
7. In western films do you like to see the same team play together over and over again or do you like each film to have a completely different cast?
8. Would you like to see Jackie (The Kid) Coogan and Jackie (Skippy) Cooper teamed again? They're in "Kilroy Was Here."
9. Do you prefer Technicolor films to black and white?
10. What is your favorite feature in this issue of MOVIELAND?

Mail your answers to Hollywood Wants To Know, 535 5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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ADDRESS __________________________

CITY ________________________ ZONE __________ STATE ________

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

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83
with Danny Kaye, and innumerable dowager roles in other pictures, consider her truly an actress of versatility.

From a lovely Slavic mother Florence acquired good looks; from a Portuguese father she inherited an insatiable quest for knowledge and verity.

It was her father who instilled in her a passion for sincerity in people. As an antique dealer he used to take Florence from the two-wheel bicycle he called "Robbie's," his antique shop in San Antonio, Texas, where Florence was born, was known throughout the country for its rare, authentic pieces.

After his retirement, Florence and her older sister took over the shop. It meant buying trips to Europe, and Florence and her sister visited Mexico for the lovely Mexican glassware which they first introduced in this country.

"Here again," avows Florence, "I was being primed for drama. The education I received in esthetic appreciation sharpened my taste in all artistic lines."

At the age of six, Florence started her music lessons. By the time she was in her teens, she was accompanying concert singers.

A sprained left wrist halted her concert career. Undaunted, she continued in another direction—to get an education. Because she was only fifteen, special legislation had to be passed before she could enter Texas State University. Within three years she had earned a degree and set out to teach school.

Teaching music presented a terrific challenge to Florence Bates.

"I used a method of my own," she explains gaily. "But the Texas school board considered my approach too radical. As usual, I was about thirty years too early. Today, the system I tried in Texas is used nationally by progressive-education schools."

Many years later, after the jolting and full-time one, but not Florence Bates. Her next endeavors were in radio. This time she was in a different role. She initiated a series of radio broadcasts about the drama she put into the reading, he decided then that her real career was that of an actress.

Without confiding in her, he plotted to get her to California. One day he announced that he had purchased a bakery-shop in Los Angeles—using up their very last savings. She didn't question his move, and not suspecting his reason (she would have laughed if she had), she packed and came with him to Pasadena.

Florence pitched in with everything she had.

With the bakery thriving and time weighing heavily on Florence's hands, she consented to go with a friend to the Pasadena Playhouse.

That's how Florence Rabé Jacoby, a woman of fifty—and rather plump—became Florence Bates, character actress. A director heard her laugh and she was given a role then and there. Offers from talent scouts followed soon after.

A sensational appearance as Marie Dressler in Zoe Akins' "Oh Evening Star" led to the aforementioned interview with Hitchcock, which launched her Hollywood career.

"It was the most exciting year of my life," she reminisces. "We lived on the River Ta¬

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"It was the most exciting year of my life," she reminisces. "We lived on the River Ta¬
screaming at us to vacate. And Brenda is working over at Paramount in 'Whispering Smith' and I'm working here—and we don't have a minute even to pack."

P.S. Later I found out all parties concerned moved on the same day! The Holdens employed a moving company to pack them up and move them out, and in, completely without supervision. When I last checked, everything was chock-full anyway. *

* *

Down at Laguna Beach for a weekend, I was stepping off a street curb when a jeep whizzed by me as fast as the law would allow. I did a double take, because Bette Davis was bouncing around in the front seat, her hair completely askew, and looking as though she were enjoying it immensely. I told her about it later and found that these excursions are daily occurrences for Bette and her husband. Sherry is a painter, and he piles his canvas, brushes, paints and Bette into the jeep and they whirl around the hills until they find a particularly lovely view. He adjusts the windshield until it is horizontal, giving him an unobstructed view, puts his canvas on top the steering wheel, and paints away for hours.

Bette told me an interesting story. It seems there was a strong wind one day that broke loose a weather vane that had long perched on the roof of the house. Immediately, Bette was flooded with phone calls from neighbors who phoned to ask that the weather vane be replaced. They explained that they consulted this weather vane for wind direction in connection with sailing, fishing and storms; that its existence was imperative for the neighborhood. Bette finally had a handsome weather vane imported from her New Hampshire farm and installed on the roof, whereupon all phone calls stopped, except a few thank-you calls.

It could have been that they wanted an excuse to talk to her, for Laguna residents are ardent fans as anyone. Bette once attempted to take her small daughter out in the baby carriage, but got only a half block away from home and was hemmed in by curious people. Frightened for the baby's safety, she hasn't tried it since.

The End

ANSWER TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 82

GREG HETT THOS ROLE OAKIE HOPE ASLH BRET WOEN YEARS ESTHER NT ICE SEDNA MARGARRET RUTUNE ACE DIARY NOBEL RTGB CRISP NEIL IOALA LANAS RAE ARNOLD LAUGHTO SNAKALOU AF DEANNA ASTOR BARI KENBAKE TAME EYRE ERROL OLAN ESS SONNY NERO

Inside Hollywood (Continued from page 101)

Mail Coupon for FREE OUTFIT with sample stocking

Enjoy taking orders from friends, in spare time, for amazing Yours-Truly Nylon Hose in a new Individual Customer Fit Service. Fit is perfect—lim, slim, average, short, long, extra long. No twisted seams, no baggy ankles, or binding at the top! Yours-Truly Nylons are more beautiful because they fit perfectly. Delicious customers buy time after time. Be First! Mail Coupon

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TIMELY FASHIONS

Page 85
do the picture with his wife, had not its pro-
ducers resorted to a little ruse. Knowing Jack’s feelings about the matter, they signed him for the film first. Then they got Shirley.
The picture should offer a difficult task for
neither of them. They can just carry on from where they leave off at home. In it, Shirley plays a colonel’s daughter who catches the eye of a young lieutenant, in the person of John Agar. She’s woed, won, and wed by that gentleman, which is exactly what hap-
pened in real life.

"War Party" is the title of the film. Be-
sides marking John’s screen debut, it’ll re-
unite Shirley with two of her old friends, John Ford and Victor McLaglen, with whom she made "Wee Willie Winkie" ten years ago. That was her favorite picture as a child; and you can count on it that the sentiment which is exactly what hap-
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pended in real life.

So, said Shirley, "we’ve had to watch
money to furnish our homes. So when we
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Shirley had before starting to work in pictures; wooden dolls made by African natives and presented to Shirley by Osa Johnson, the famous explorer; dolls whose faces were fashioned by Indians from dried apples; French dolls with heads made of bread crumbs; a doll wearing a real ermine coat with muff to match; a framed "Blue Boy" doll modeled after the famous painting by Gainsborough; and a "Pinky" doll to serve as a companion piece. In a glass case is a Japones doll as tall as a woman and elegantly costumed.

"This," explains Shirley, "is why this place is also sometimes called the Doll's House. The cases used to be made of glass. But when we began dancing down here, I was afraid that someone would break them. So I had wood substituted for the glass."

Again she opens a door; and this time you enter a small room filled with costumes that Shirley has worn in pictures. She has at least one from each of her films. "I'm saying the costumes for a daughter that I hope to have someday," she says.

"And the dolls?" you ask.

"Of course, she can have those too," says Shirley, which means that she's grown up.

Though the Agar house is within a hundred yards of the Temple abode, Jack and Shirley manage a completely private life of their own. "Sometimes," said Shirley, "I don't see my mother for a whole day. I have a dog and mother has one. They get out of the house. And I often run into mother while she's looking for her dog and I, mine."

Then you and Jack solve your problems and make your decisions without the advice of your families?

"Why certainly," replied Shirley. "I think it's important for all newly-married couples to live their own lives. Staying with your in-laws puts you in a spot. I know, because I have girl friends who do."

There's no reason why a husband and wife shouldn't get along together if they'll only talk over whatever differences arise.

When I was single, I kept all my peeves to myself; and they accumulated and grew until I was ready to explode—and sometimes did. But when Jack gets mad, he'll tell you he's mad and lets you know why. Then he forgets the matter. So I've taken up that idea myself. It works. When I get angry now, I just go into a room, shut the door, and play symphony music till the mood passes.

"A husband and wife should learn to like the same things so they can share them. Jack is very fond of golf; so I took up the sport. On the other hand, I like to play bridge, so Jack learned that game.

There are times, however, when one of us will come out for an evening. But not the other. Jack, for instance, is crazy about wrestling matches. I can stand them about once a month, but why should I keep him home just because I don't want to see the fights. But this is important; it's nice to consider the wishes of the other person instead of making plans without discussing them."

She's dead set on having a baby. Some time back, she told me she hoped for the blessed event in two years. But with her career going full swing, and Jack starting a picture, she thinks now that they may wait a while. "However," said she, "I want to have a baby while I'm young enough to be a friend, as well as a mother, to it."

Meanwhile, she's perfectly contented in working, organizing her home, and being in love with Jack.
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GORDON McRAE, JOHNNIE JOHNSTON,

IL ARE A BOTTLENECK; THAT IS, THREE WELL-KNOWN CLUBS ARE TIED FOR FIRST PLACE. THE JACK CARSON GROUP (LORETTA VERBIN, PREXY), THE JANIS PAIGE CLUB (PREXY, PATRICIA SEMENETZ), AND THE LON McALLISTER ORGANIZATION, WITH VIRGINIA PINK WIELDING THE GAVEL. THIS CLUB JOURNAL WAS A VERY CLEVERLY EDITED PIECE. WE'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR FAN CLUB "YOUR FAN CLUB" COLUMN, COMPLETE WITH PICS, DEVOTED TO YOUR CLUB'S HISTORY, ACTIVITIES, AND WHAT HAVE-YOU! THIS PUBLICITY WE KNOW YOU CLUB PREXIES HAVE ALWAYS WANTED—SO LET US HEAR FROM YOU!

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WHAT HAVE-YOU! THIS PUBLICITY WE KNOW YOU CLUB PREXIES HAVE ALWAYS WANTED—SO LET US HEAR FROM YOU!

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OUT OF THE MAILBAG
We’re still gasping over CARSON’S COLLECTIONS from L. Verbin’s club for Jack. It was their second birthday, and the book celebrated the big event. Adorned by five snaps (not to mention the sensational, printed cover) it carried some of the cleverest articles we’ve read to date, specially “Hey Youse,” written in strict Brooklynese by a character named “Pology”—the article is a prexy’s complaint with a sense of humor. SPOTLIGHTING ALLEN (from the Jones corner) was a very newsy edition and, as always, carried a sincere and welcome letter from the likeable Mr. Jones. OUR GINNY (from the Simms huddle) was a beautiful book, featuring interesting articles and many nice snaps. LON’S LEDGER, though small, was newsy, and just what all you McCallister fans want. Roberta Guteritz is doing a fine job as prexy. Incidentally, thanks for the honorary membership, Roberta.

CLUB CHATTER
Our favorite job is pouring over our mail to find out just what’s with our clubbers, so keep those letters coming in! Any question about clubs will be gladly answered, and when you prexes come up against a problem, just drop us a line. Also, don’t forget about putting LISTED WITH MOVIELAND on the index page of your journal. We want all your mems to keep in touch with us, so let us know you’re on file, hmm? For info on new clubs, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to your Pan Club, MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 916 N. La Cienega Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif.

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REPRESENTATIVE

Dear Miss Crawford:

Four years ago, my wife got tired of life in a small town and ran off with a travelling salesman. I was completely broken up when I came home from work and discovered she had gone.

We have an eight-year-old daughter, and I shouldn't abandon her. Now comes a letter from Chicago. My wife says she realizes her mistake. The travelling salesman turned out to be a rotter and she wants to come back. I know she will only run away again. For my part, I guess I still love my wife and wouldn't like her back. Do you think I would be foolish in sending her train fare?

Lem P.
Peru, N. Y.

I don't think you would be foolish in sending her train fare if for the rest of your life you went around regretting that you didn't. This woman is still on your mind and still in your heart, and obviously, you think she deserves another chance.

Maybe she does. I don't know all the circumstances. I know, however, that she may do the same thing again. You must reconcile yourself to that particular possibility. Of course, she may have learned her lesson. She may have changed. And if, as the mother of your daughter, she deserves, you feel, another try, by all means give it to her. Don't ever throw the past in her face. She may only want a clean slate to work on. I hope it comes out all right. Let me know.

TALL, SHY AND RESERVED

Dear Miss Crawford:

I want dates like any normal girl. But I'm tall, rather reserved and give an uninteresting impression—thus breaking down the courage of perhaps some interested man. I believe in telling the truth—the plain stark truth to any one. I am intense in my likes and dislikes. All these characteristics which I've been taught to regard as virtues, are getting me nowhere. Shall I change tactics? I'd like a bit of masculine companionship.

Marie A.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

All I can say is that you're not going to get the masculine companionship you want by giving "an uninteresting impression," by being "intense in my likes and dislikes," and by telling "the plain stark truth." You must know that by now, since these qualities haven't attracted very many men to you. The thing to do, therefore, is to modify them. Truth is a wonderful virtue, but it must be modified with tact and diplomacy. Suppose you run into a short man, what purpose would it serve for you to say to him, "Gosh! You're short, aren't you?" That kind of frankness will get you nowhere. Tell him how you think is a pretty tough trick getting dates as it is. You've got to learn to smile frequently. A smile never hurts. When people talk to you, try to appear interested. What you call "shooting a line" is just being feminine, understanding, and gracious. These are qualities which every young woman should cultivate if she ever expects to cultivate some man. You try them and write me. I'm sure you'll find they work.

LOVE COME BACK

Dear Miss Crawford:

I have quite a problem to face and I'd be very grateful to you for your help.

I am seventeen years of age. About two years ago, I met a boy named Joe and I fell in love with him after our second date. He told me he was very much in love with me, too. After I had gone with him about a year, we had a quarrel. I broke with him. He called me the next day about four times and hung up on him.

That night I was crossing the corner near my home. Joe grabbed me and told me he needed me. He asked me to marry him. Naturally, I couldn't answer him right then and there. I needed time to think. But he was insisting. He asked me what my answer was. I told him to go away and leave me alone. The next day he joined the Army. I hadn't heard from him since, although I know where he's stationed.

Since he went away my heart's been breaking. I'd marry him in a second if he ever asked me again. Shall I write and tell him that or keep on waiting, hoping that one day he'll return?

Elaine T.
Springfield, Mass.

There's no use in being coy when your heart's breaking. Write Joe and tell him exactly how you feel. Tell him that if he still feels the same way about you as he once did, you'd like to marry him. If he doesn't, well, then, the thing to do is to start going around with other fellows and forget him.

There's no point in doing nothing, however. Time, you know, never stands still. Write Joe today.

The End
WHY MONA BUDGETS

(Continued from page 16)

says, "Except cakes. I’ve baked more cakes for the garbage-pail than I’ll ever tell! It cuts into the $3 a day, but I’m a persistent witch! For the record, biscuits aren’t bad.”

If you’re wondering about that boxful of old bottles you see in the corner of the combination living-dining room, it’s part of the budget plan. They’re deposit bottles. Mona takes them back to the market regularly and collects her two-to-five cents a bottle. Just how and in what column Pat writes down the refunds, she doesn’t know. That’s Pat’s worry.

The piggy-bank Pat brought home is a problem. The idea was to save the pennies, nickels, dimes and dimes. It worked fine, until it fell down and broke a leg. When the leg broke, it left a hole. Pat tapped it up with adhesive but the adhesive is too easy to unpeel. Maybe that’s why the piggy doesn’t grow fatter much later.

Mona and Pat own a building lot. It’s in Pacific Palisades, which looks out on the ocean. Even since they got married, they’d been saving for the purchase. Pat, with fourteen combat months in the Pacific during the war, was as eager as any GI for his own home; so was Mona. They didn’t buy recklessly. They shopped for their lot, and finally found what they wanted. Now they’re studying house plans in a big book. The book has envelopes built into the covers. In the envelopes they tuck clippings from magazines, so that when they build, they can incorporate all the ideas they’ve picked up.

“But not until building prices come down!” Mona swears. “This little apartment will have to do for Pat and me and—well, if it’s a boy, it’ll be Michael Timothy Nerney II, after Pat’s grandfather, and if it’s a girl, it’ll be Mona.”

Meanwhile, they’re buying things for the house-to-be-built. Both of them are avid bargain-hunters, trending toward the antique. They’ve decided their house will be a Connecticut farmhouse type, and whatever they buy now is with that idea in mind. Pat picked up a battered old watering-can the other day. Mona, who polishes and opposes in the living room, boasts that she has become an expert at sandpapering and scraping second-hand furniture and re waxing it so it looks like a Wilshire-Boulevard-Shoppe antique with a three-figure price-tag, even though the original cost was only $4.87 plus the cost of sandpaper and wax.

The Mona-Pat budget column headed “Entertainment” is not very full. "Stepping out with the original cost was only $4.87 plus the cost of sandpaper and wax.

The Mona-Pat budget column headed “Entertainment” is not very full. "Stepping out with the original cost was only $4.87 plus the cost of sandpaper and wax.

One thing Mona does not do. She is not knitting or sewing tiny garments. There are five grandchildren in hubby Nerney’s family, so there are lots of baby clothes available. Besides, Mona’s own mother has sent her some of the baby clothes Mona herself wore. When Mona’s own mother has sent her some of the baby clothes Mona herself wore. That will lighten the bud- get somewhat!

For pictures of the Nerney home see page 64. The End
I'M GOING TO PLAY AN INSANE GIRL
(Continued from page 40)

sad, yes, but the particular hurt that happens to the mentally ill is in a different range of pain.

I think one of the most wonderful things that happened as a result of the book, "The Snake Pit," was the spotlight of attention it focused on mental institutions. The evils that were uncovered were shocking! Back in the dark ages, when people were in ignorance about the workings of the abnormal mind, brutal treatment could be understood. But in our more enlightened world, the conditions that investigators have unearthed about our insane asylums are staggering.

In "The Snake Pit" there is an example of how just one sadistic, unsympathetic personality in a mental institution can endanger the mental progress and health of many patients. There is one particular character, Virginia, thrown into confusion because an unsympathetic nurse heckles her about the "dry wet mops" and the "wet dry mops." This gives Virginia a sense of inadequacy which plagues her back into the "hopeless" ward.

Well, "dry wet mops" and "wet dry mops" are confusing terms. They would be confusing to a normal person. No wonder, then, that Virginia, a person of normal mind should never have been placed in charge of any one with mental disorders. This is only so-called mental cruelty. Think of the hundreds of examples of actual physical cruelty.

When Mr. Litvak asked me to play Virginia, I realized that although insane people have been used as characters on the screen, this was the first time a serious clinical study of an insane person had been attempted. That meant I faced a great responsibility in making the film almost documentary.

For instance, he discussed every situation with eminent psychiatrists, and I decided to talk with several of them myself about my role as Virginia. I want the characterization to be honest, right down to the last detail. For this reason, I'm even losing weight. I lost five pounds in the last three days by exercise and diet. I want to look ill and undernourished. Maybe then I'll feel more like Virginia. I'd like to make her real and human. I'd like to make the audience feel sympathy for her.

Many believe it is only the high-strung neurotic person who will "go to pieces." To play a victim like Virginia and in a different pattern; a different plot. You don't get a characterization that is difficult and sensitive. If you don't tackle a character, you don't grow. If you don't grow, you don't develop. This is the first time a serious clinical study of an insane person had been attempted.

Finally, ten men came in and they strapped him down so the doctor could administer the drug to calm him. I won't ever forget the look of Virginia, I realized that although insane people can be lifted from such people. We can never help them if we don't try to understand them. They are human, sensitive, suffering. We can't just lock them up and forget about them. Many of them will be a drain on their families and their states until they die. But the point is—many can get well. To restore a human being to a useful life is no small goal. It's one we should all have a part in. It's one we all have a part in.
A LAD IN WONDERLAND
(Continued from page 68)

Lovely, talented Virginia Grey was my gal. No worries, no headaches, no babies! Had to dress in a hurry and off to pick up Audrey Totter to take her to the opening of Michael Grossznisky's Cheese Cake Parlor—and it was really something! When we arrived late as usual, we were "hello'd" by our favorites, Dodo and Jimmy Pendleton who were in the throes of discussing the New York scene with Agnes Moorehead and Ginny Simms and their Hattie. I left "Teeter-Totter" to get some cheese cake and coffee for her and bumbled into Michael North and Martha Vickers. A short yak with them and a fun gab with Gene Page and Anne Jefrey's. Annie, who was the belle of all New York with her great singing performance in "Street Scene" is back to do the lead opposite Randy Scott in "Return of the Badmen." Saw Jerome Courtland's folks and waved a greeting. Finally got back to Aud and after a second helping we were off.

Goal! I never have a moment to breathe, it seems, and so when I got back to the apartment and was about to jump into the shower, my phone stopped the proceedings. It was Gilda Dahlberg asking me if I could come over this evening to help entertain the paraplegics from Birmingham Hospital. As tired as I was, I couldn't refuse and told her I'd be there at eight sharp. After changing clothes I was off to make a personal appearance with "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" and then back to the Tent Theatre site to help build the stage. At 6 o'clock my back was breaking so I quit my so-called "manual labor" and was on my way to May Mann's little dinner party for Wally Beery. It was such a riot to see Wally doing his antics and he was surrounded by so many stars I couldn't stop blinking for all the glitter.

I never can stay at one place for any length of time, so after a fond farewell, I was off to the Dahlbergs' mansion in Beverly Hills. When I arrived the party was in full swing. I saw Martha O'Driscoll sitting in a corner with eight men surrounding her. They seemed thrilled to be with a star as friendly as she is. In the middle of the room, Cesar Romero was showing Arline Judge and about fifty soldiers how to do the boogie-woogie rhumba. And can that man dance! In another part of the large room Sonny Tufts was singing "Egyptian Ella"—pounding out the tune on the piano to the joy of the people around him. This was a great thing the Dahlbergs were doing, for everywhere you looked, you saw a war casualty who was forgetting his "hurt" and was having some fun. In a voice that can only be as corny as mine is, I sang until I was hoarse. When it was time to go home, I grabbed Adrienne Helde and drove to the opening of Xavier Cugat and his orchestra at Ciro's. Everyone was there—or so it seemed. Saw Kim Hunter dancing cheek to cheek with debonair Robert Abbot. Right next to them were Hard Hatfield and Cathy Downs; Claire Trevor with Milton Breen; Gail Russell with that Paramount comedian Billy de Wolfe, and Diana Lynn and Bob Neal. The music was wonderful, and the food—well—but I was so sleepy I could hardly keep my eyes open.

I took Adrienne home and went wearily but happily to my home. Once in bed, I couldn't help thinking that this Dreamland will always be a Wonderland to me. See ya soon.
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Frances Rafferty, Eagle-Lion starlet appearing in "Kenny,"
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By
JULIA RANSOM

Trim ankles and pretty legs will make a man look * at you twice

Frances suggests slapping calf on floor for those who
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* Your figure looks like a million after a summer in a bathing suit or abbreviated sports costume—but have you noticed your legs? Has outdoor exercise made them muscular? Perhaps they're still too thin—or too fat? Better do something about it right now, for those long skirts predicted for fall won't hide your legs. As a matter of fact, long skirts will accentuate them! So in your leisure moments exercise, exercise and exercise some more for eye-appealing gams!

For general instructions on how to keep your legs trim, write to Beauty Editor, Movieland, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York for "Figure Findings." Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request.

To develop legs, rise slowly on toes, then with great tension bend knees. Come up straight slowly. Repeat 10 times.
GUY TELLS ALL
(Continued from page 38)

Why can't I have both? Some Glamour Girls can cook!

Is your engagement to Gail Russell really true? (Betty Heil, Lackawanna, N. Y.)

No.

What was your childhood like? (Goldie Vold, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.)

Very happy. I have three brothers and a sister. We lived in Bakersfield, California, where we had grand neighbors. There was always someone to play games with, lots of things to do, looking back, it seems we lived outdoors in the sunshine, always laughing, never worrying. . . . It can't have been quite so good all the time, but that's the way I remember it.

What do you think of bobby-soxers? (Eva Foster, Blacksburg, Va.)

I like them very much. They're wonderful when they keep their heads.

I heard "Truth Or Consequences" the night you had to take the girl to her senior prom. I would like you to tell what happened and if you enjoyed yourself? (Kay Boggs, Chicago, Ill.)

I had a swell time. It was a high school prom, and it made me think of my own schooldays. I danced a couple of dances with the girl and we were partners for the grand promenade, but she was engaged to a guy, you know, and he was there that night, so after that I sort of faded into the background and let him take over. The girl won a lot of prizes at the broadcast, among them a $500 diamond ring, and stuff she could use in a house, so the two of them were pretty thrilled. She was terribly excited. I could imagine how she felt, so I was a little excited, too.

If you had to be stranded on a desert with three people, whom would you choose? (Mary Lou Lippert, Bronx, N. Y.)

I'm not a bridge fiend; I don't play cards at all, so having four on a desert island wouldn't be necessary to me. I don't think you can know how anyone would work out as a constant companion when all you had was a pair of hands and a hope.

What was your most thrilling experience? (Goldie Mae Berry, Rockville Center, N. Y.)

Shooting my first deer with a bow and arrow. I'm mad about hunting . . . Or else it was doing my first stage play "Dear Ruth" at the Laguna Playhouse.

If you could be free from work for one year, how would you choose to spend it? (Mrs. Helen Talbott, Gardena, California.)

I'd like to have a boat, sail from one place to another along the West Coast, go down to Lower Mexico, up to Vancouver, maybe on to Alaska, depending on how good the boat. Was "Honeymoon" really made in Mexico City? (Janet Marie Witte, Fort Wayne 6, Ind.)

Part of it was. The second unit was down there for some time, but neither Shirley nor I want down. Sorry—it would have been fun.

Do you think teen ages should marry? (Kathryn June Schonberger, Littl., Pa.)

If they are in love, and know what the score is.

What was your toughest break in life? (Edna Lindsay, New York 34, N. Y.)

I haven't had one yet.

Do you believe in girls drinking and smoking? (Miss Pat McInerney, Chicago 24, Ill.)
It depends on the person. Someone with a weak will, or someone with some sort of ailment, probably shouldn't do either. But as a rule I think you can do anything in moderation. To be safe, ask your doctor.

What is your plan for the future? (Rosalie Mae Gordy, Salisbury, Md.)

I don't make plans. I sit back and do what I can with the present, and let the future take care of itself.

What do you want most that you don't have? (Pat Rhea, Lubbock, Texas.)

A little more security. I suppose no one is completely secure in this business, but I'd like more than I have. I'd like a home and some land, all paid for!

What do you think of love at first sight? (Shirley Ann Forkel, Oak Park, Ill.)

I don't know. Sometimes you see a girl and that instant—click—you think she's wonderful. As you get to know her, love grows. Then perhaps you believe it was love at first sight. But sometimes a second look, for further acquaintance reveals her to be selfish, bad-tempered. See what I mean?

What is your idea of a dream house? (Margaret C. Brodner, New Hope, Penna.)

An early California type house, made of flagstone, redwood and huge glass windows and doors, set in lots of ground, with trees and perhaps a field of alfalfa.

What were you doing when you were discovered? (Betty Jane Simpson, Bridgeport, Conn.)

I was standing in line, waiting to get into a radio broadcast. Janet Gaynor was giving some sort of radio audition show. I was in uniform, and a lady asked me if I'd like a ticket for the show. I said I would. While we stood in line, Henry Wilson, a scout for Selznick Studios, came along. The lady knew him and introduced me. Henry asked if I'd like to be an actor; then he said he'd take me out to see Mr. Selznick. Mr. Selznick signed me to a contract, gave me a little part in 'SINCE YOU WENT AWAY,' and then had me take dramatic lessons. Of course I had to finish my Navy stint first.

What is your pet peeve where women are concerned? (Caryl Stone, Baltimore, Md.)

I don't understand them.

Are you the outdoor or the nighthawk type? (Florence A. Biskupiak, New Britain, Conn.)

I'm versatile—I'm both.

Do you feel your wartime service contributed anything to help your movie career? (Racine DeKay, Jackson, Miss.)

Maybe it was the uniform that did it.

If you marry an artist, do you want her to continue to work, or to dedicate herself to the home? (Toni Serrano, Habana, Cuba.)

I hope she won't want to continue to work, if you marry an artist. 

What do you think of love at first sight? (Doris Petriello, Garfield, N. Y.)

I was in the Navy when I was discovered.

What is your idea of a dream house? (Doris Petriello, Garfield, N. Y.)

I suppose no one is completely secure in this business, but I'd like more than I have. I'd like a home and some land, all paid for!

Where are you working now? (Doris Petriello, Garfield, N. Y.)

I'm not a movie star yet. I'm just a guy trying to get along.

Is it very hard to get into motion pictures? (Doris Petriello, Garfield, N. Y.)

It's not easy. I was lucky to get my break, and I hear that such luck happens seldom. But work in films isn't easy. Nothing is easy that's any good.

The End
1. **WHY SO SAD?**

**Dear Editor:**

I have a complaint to make about the movies now being released. It seems that every time I go to see a picture, I have to take a handkerchief, either the hero or heroine gets killed, or they part. When I go to the theater, I go for a little enjoyment and not to cry and come home in a depressed state of mind.

I wish someone would do something to make the going to the movies something we like to remember and please get rid of the terribly depressing ones!

Mary Ann Pexa
Hannibal, Missouri

2. **THE STARS BEHIND THE STARS**

**Dear Editor:**

I thought "Talent School" by Ben Piazza (July) was marvelous. It was something different and revealed little-known facts about some popular stars.

There should be more stories concerning the people behind the motion pictures: directors, producers, manuscript writers, designers, make-up men, cameramen, etc. These people should have more first-hand information about the actors and actresses than anybody, since they work with them daily.

Helen Warren
Paterson, New Jersey

3. **MOVIE MUSIC**

**Dear Editor:**

It seems that a few men in Hollywood who sometimes make a potential "B" picture a success, receive little credit. I am speaking of the composers of many of our fine motion picture scores. I am no great music lover, but as far as I'm concerned, the music from "Duel in the Sun" was half of the picture. Composers like Max Steiner, Alfred Newman, but as far as I'm concerned, the music from "Duel in the Sun" was half of the picture. Composers like Max Steiner, Alfred Newman, Dimitri Timokin and Miklos Rossa deserve more screen credit.

Roland West
Ozone Park, New York

4. **JEWEL SWISS WATCH**

**JEWEL SWISS WATCH**

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Everything Beginner or Expert Needs to Know—
COMPLETE PATTERNS—SCORES OF THINGS
FOR YOURSELF, CHILDREN, AND HOME
HERE it is! "The Complete Book of Crochet"—to show you exactly how to crochet expensive clothes and accessories for yourself, children, and home. It’s so easy to follow this book’s amazingly simple directions for crocheting lacey cream bedspreads and tablecloths . . . dainty doilies . . . expensive-looking handbags, sweaters, gloves, hats, dresses.
Mail 7-day examination coupon now and have fun making luxurious afghans . . . delicate lace edgings for sheets, pillowcases, handkerchiefs . . . gorgeous gifts—skillful creations that will make your friends round-eyed with wonder.
So SIMPLE a Child Can Follow—
So COMPLETE Experts Are Delighted
This is the EASY WAY to crochet. Every stitch is clearly indicated. Every item is shown in a sharp-focus photograph. Every little detail is cleared up with a simple "show-how" drawing. You are always told the size, type, quantity of yarn you need and the correct crochet hook to use. You simply can’t go wrong!
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In stores crochet work brings fabulous prices because it is all HAND MADE—the one hand craft which machines cannot duplicate! So you save hundreds of dollars when you crochet it yourself! Just imagine crocheting a $157-piece luncheon set for only $1.50 . . . a $20 baby blanket for $4! Imagine saving $80 on an afghan . . . $5 on a baby sacque . . . $8 on a throw rug!
MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY EXAMINATION!
WIN A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD!
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ENTER MOVIELAND'S TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL CONTEST
... See Page 48
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□ The Strange Woman □ Foxes of Harrow
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He Knew the Whole Town's Secrets

D. O.CTOR DAN FIELD knew everything that went on in Willowspring—the whispered scandals and the love affairs, the hopes and the sordid regrets. But no one knew that within Dan Field's lonely great house—in the bedroom where no woman ever had slept—he kept a huge white bride's bed, reserved for the wife of another man!

Was it because Dan wanted so desperately to cross the line of professional and moral ethics that kept him from Prix Albright that he delighted in watching the social barriers of Willowspring crumble? For Dan served everybody, the people across the tracks in Mudtown as well as the royal families of the town. The Mudtown children couldn't play with the Albright and Sargeant youngsters—yet Dan knew that the penned-up little darlings of society had a way of sneaking over to Mudtown to learn the facts of life first-hand...

This great prize-winning novel combines an extraordinary love story with a lusty, living picture of a small town... the Nice People and the Not-So-Goods. It is filled with characters who are so astonishingly real that you will never forget the events in their lives. Before the Sun Goes Down was awarded two of the country's greatest literary prizes—the publisher's $20,000 award and the M-G-M annual novel award of $125,000. Now you may have a copy for just a 3c stamp with FREE membership in the Dollar Book Club!

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When you see your copy of "Before the Sun Goes Down"—which you get for 3 cents—and your first $1.00 selection; when you consider these are typical of values you receive for $1.00, you will be more than happy to have joined the Club. Mail the coupon now.
Every few years we get the Ten Best craze. You know—What ten books would you like to take to a desert island? What ten films? What ten girls?

The last time we had it was when “Mrs. Miniver” was released. Everybody sent in his or her ten-best list.

Now we’ve got it again. We’ve seen M-G-M’s “Song of Love” and we’re going to tell you about it. In turn, when you’ve seen it, we want you to tell us.

We want you to list the TEN BEST LOVE STORIES EVER PRODUCED. And then we want you to see where you classify “Song of Love”.

To us, “Song of Love” is the ten most exciting love stories melted into one. It’s almost the story of love itself—the kind of love that sings in the heart.

Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid and Robert Walker are in it. Katharine plays a gifted piano virtuoso; Paul and Robert are two young composers. For her ears both wrote immortal music; for her heart both would have given their lives.

M-G-M has caught the tenderness and the joy, the inspiration and the intimate details of their three-way friendship. Caught them, and set them to unforgettable music.

There’s a wonderful supporting cast: Leo G. Carroll, Henry Daniell, Henry Stephenson, and others.

Clarence Brown, who brightened your life with “National Velvet” and “The Yearling”, is both director and producer. Ivan Tors, Irmgard Von Cube, Allen Vincent and Robert Ardrey did the screenplay.

You’re invited to send in your list of love stories to Leo, c/o M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. We want to hear from you—whether you include “Song of Love” or not.

We think you will. — Leo

P.S.: A few titles to get your “Song of Love” started:

A Farewell to Arms
A Guy Named Joe
Cavalcade
Dark Victory
Eyes of the Devil
Gone With The Wind

Everyday My Darling
Kitty Foyle
Oklahoma
Pride of the Yankees

catherine Eyras
Kitty Foyle
My Darling Mrs. Miniver
Rebecca
San Francisco
Seven Deadly Sins
White Cliffs of Dover

They're playing that "10 BEST" game again!
Everyone's listing the Screen's Most Exciting Love Stories! Try it! It's fun!

To help get your list started, here are some all-time great love stories from M-G-M:

- 'Random Harvest'
- 'A Guy Named Joe'
- 'White Cuffs of Dover'
- 'Gaslight'
- "The Great Ziegfeld"
- "San Francisco"
- "Gone with the Wind"
- "The Philadelphia Story"
- "Mrs. Miniver"

Yes! We could go on... but you get the idea! Get up your list of 10 favorite Love Stories... and send it to M-G-M, 1540 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y. We want to hear from you!
Wedding bells chimed at The Little Church of the Flowers for Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea. The reception and enthusiastic cake-cutting took place at O'Shea’s Valley home.

By BEATRICE LUBITZ

STOP! If you want the latest news about the stars

* Now that the “Black Narcissus” premiere is over (see review on page 22) and the party in honor of the visiting J. Arthur Rank has gone down in Hollywood history as “the best ever” (pictures on page 64), Hollywoodites can settle down and relax a bit. Of course that doesn’t mean that things aren’t still happening ... 

Ava Gardner tells us that she’s temporarily through with love. It’s not that she’s soured on romance. “I want to keep my personal life as uninvolved as possible,” she explained, “while I concentrate on my career. When I was married, I practically quit my film work so I could devote my time to building up a home. Now I want to try the same thing for my career. If I become important enough to do just the number of pictures—perhaps one or two—each year that I want, I’ll be ready to try marriage again. But marriage is a full-time job; and in the present situation, I don’t believe I could do justice to either marriage or film work if I attempted again to combine them.”

Laraine Day and Leo Durocher forget their legal woes for the evening, join notables at elaborate “Black Narcissus” premiere.

Lizabeth Scott grabs a flash bulb, and no reasoning by Helmut Dantine will convince her she should return it to the cameraman.

The Cornel Wildes (Pat Knight) greet friends at the Crillon. Pretty Pat is under contract to 20th, and will begin work on a picture soon.
SHE WAS SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard

Cecil B. DeMille's

UNCONQUERED

Color by Technicolor

with Howard Da Silva, Boris Karloff, Kellaway, Bond

Produced and Directed by Cecil B. DeMille

A Heart As Fiery As Her Crimson Tresses...The Most Desirable Prize In All This Fabulous Continent...Bought By The Most Dangerous Man Of Those Dangerous Times!

Screenplay by Charles Bennett, Fredric M. Frank and Jesse Lasky, Jr. - Based on the novel by Neil H. Swanson - A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Movieland goes to a party

Through Frank Sinatra has been trying to get his father to quit his job as a fireman in New Jersey for years and come out here and live, Dad won't be budged. All of his cronies live around the old neighborhood, and Papa Sinatra likes his work. Frank even offered a friend a huge bonus if he could persuade Dad to come to Hollywood. But Papa Sinatra's staying right where he is.

The war changed Marlene Dietrich as much as it did anybody in Hollywood. While the conflict was going on, studios couldn't get her back here from overseas, where she was entertaining troops. Now she's been working on another cause: Collecting food parcels for hungry French children. She toured Sweden and got the people there to contribute 500,000 packages of food, which she brought back and had distributed in Paris. She writes that she's still wearing some of her pre-war clothes. "As long as the French are so destitute, I have not the heart to buy the clothes they sorely need," she writes.

CONTINUED

Helene Carter likes conversation while dancing, but Peter Lawford pays strict attention to the music. They are at the Hillman party.

Mrs. Alan Curtis spins a yarn and the punch line rates a chuckle from Rory Calhoun and Carole Landis, a blush from Henry Willson.

Here's an interesting twosome. Handsome Peter Shaw squired Angela Lansbury to the Hillman party. They're a new romance.
WARNER BROS. PRESENTS
America's Most Beloved Comedy
Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER
ON THE SCREEN IN TECHNICOLOR!

All the happiness
of the play that ran
longer, the laughs
that were louder than
any known before!

starring
IRENE DUNNE * WILLIAM POWELL

with
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Edmund Gwenn - ZaSu Pitts
Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart
From Oscar Serlin's Stage Production
Music by Max Steiner

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ
Produced by
ROBERT BUCKNER
Tony Martin always has feminine hearts a-flutter. Lately he's been squiring Cyd Charisse to popular night spots. Above, at the "Black Narcissus" premiere, Tony's chatter amuses Cyd.

When David Niven arrived in England, the customs officials must have been shocked and puzzled to discover 24 comic books in his baggage. Before he left Hollywood, David asked C. Aubrey Smith's niece if there was anything he could take over for him. "Yes," said she, "comic books for his grandchildren. He writes that the comics are a phase of American life which the English children sorely need." So David loaded up with funnies. Before he left here, David was house-guesting in his own home. He'd rented his house to Phyllis Calvert and her husband on the eve of his departure. They moved in; then David had to cancel his plans for several weeks to do added scenes on "The Bishop's Wife." So rather than disturb Phyllis and her husband, he slept on a living room couch.

Although Dame May Whitty is 82 years old, she tells us she has no intention of quitting work as long as stage and studio wants her. Said she, "I've been acting for 66 years; so why should I retire now and just be a useless old lady in private life?" Those are words that youngsters should take to heart.

Bill Powell, made up for his role in "The Senator Was Indiscreet," looks exactly like Mark Twain.

How'd you like to hire Gregory Peck for $40 a week? That's what his salary was for working with The Actors Company in the La Jolla Theatre last summer. Greg tells us (Please turn to page 97)
OH-OH-OH WHAT A GAL!
What a Man! What a Musical! What a Mix-up!

...When two hungry showfolks get a seven billion dollar bite on the U.S. Mint...and can't let go of it!

RKO PRESENTS

EDDIE CANTOR • JOAN DAVIS in
"If you knew Susie"

with ALLYN JOSLYN
CHARLES DINGLE • BOBBY DRISCOLL

Produced by EDDIE CANTOR • Directed by GORDON M. DOUGLAS
Original Screen Play by Warren Wilson and Oscar Brodney
Chaplin's Leading Lady

By FAITH SERVICE

As "Monsieur Verdoux," Charles Chaplin once again shows his mastery of the motion picture art. The above scene from the picture shows Verdoux meeting "The Girl," Marilyn Nash.

What it means to be Mr. Chaplin's leading lady? Marilyn Nash answered my question in surprise. "It means the break of breaks for any beginner in pictures. Why, there can't BE a better break! I can't imagine how things would have been if I had started working with any other Hollywood star.

"Why? Well, think about it. There was I, an amateur, starting my very first motion picture. And I not only played opposite a great star, but he also tested, coached, directed me.

"Now, in other studios a beginner seldom is cast opposite a name star. For instance, if I had been the star, he certainly would not have coached me and directed me; he probably would not have bothered about me at all. But Mr. Chaplin was as interested in my work as he was in his own. Greater luck hath no novice than this!"

Detroit-born, twenty-one-year-old ash-blonde Marilyn Nash, "The Girl" of "Monsieur Verodux" was speaking. She added, "If it hadn't been Mr. Chaplin who asked me to make a screen test the odds are ten to one I never would have made one, because I wasn't too interested. I had never done anything professional, I had never even thought of such a thing. At school, in the few school plays in which I appeared, I was so tall they always stuck me in boys' parts. In keeping with this precedent, my first reading for Mr. Chaplin was the part of 'King Lear' in 'King Lear.' But this comes later...

"I wasn't interested in the theatre and wasn't even remotely 'movie-minded' because my interests were distinctly elsewhere. At the age of seventeen, I'd decided I wanted to become a plastic surgeon. A great many of the boys would be coming home from war in tragic need of reconstruction. I wanted to be one of those equipped to help them. When I made my first visit to Hollywood, during Christmas vacation, three years ago, I already had had two years of pre-Med at the University of Arizona.

"But one of the boys in the group (half a dozen girls and boys from school, chaperoned by my mother, made the trip to Hollywood) knew Mr. Chaplin, and was invited to bring his school friends to the Chaplin home. "It was Mrs. Chaplin who brought up my name for the part of 'The Girl' in 'Monsieur Verodux.' What Mr. Chaplin's first reaction was, I don't know; but he acted upon the suggestion. Charlie relies a great deal upon Mrs. C. When he is working, she is on the set with him practically every day, and although he has very definite opinions of his own, he always listens attentively to what Mrs. C. has to say."

A few days after the visit with the Chaplins, the phone rang for Marilyn. The Chaplin's butler was calling: "Mrs. Chaplin asked to speak to Miss Nash." Mrs. Chaplin asked (Please turn to Page 95)
IT'S Heaven…

AND ALL THIS TOO!

THIS IS A Love Story

The kind that will sweep you from head to heart! It's the wonderful love of a lifetime!

THIS IS A Comedy

Oh-h-h that "Mr. Mike"! He's an angel with angles... and some very down-to-earth ideas!

THIS IS A Spectacle

You'll see strange things that happen here... things that are out of this world—and no fooling!

THIS IS AN Experience...

An experience that perhaps only four other motion pictures in history have ever given you!

SEYMOUR NEBENZAL presents

ROBERT CUMMINGS • BRIAN DONLEVY

"Heaven Only Knows"

with MARJORIE REYNOLDS and Bill Goodwin • Edgar Kennedy Stuart Erwin • John Litel and JORJA CURTRIGHT

Produced by SEYMOUR NEBENZAL • Directed by ALBERT S. ROGELL • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

The gun-spitting, side-splitting kind... with the skies the limit for action!
Hollywood joins the fight against a dread killer. Here's how you can help, too

ARREST CANCER—IT'S WANTED FOR MURDER!

Someone you love may live because of Walter Winchell's untiring efforts to raise funds for cancer research.

The day following this broadcast each studio received huge bundles of envelopes which were turned over to the stars to whom they were addressed. They took out the money, sent it to the Fund, and mailed each donor their autograph.

It's still possible to do this. Please let us assure you that this is not to be considered a contest as to which star can collect the most money. In fact, Mr. Winchell has arranged it so that only the Fund organization will know how much each star has accumulated in this way.

Your favorite star personally will handle all money sent in. In return you will receive the star's acknowledgment.

Here's a way everyone can contribute in a simple manner that will not take any time or trouble; that will not require you to make any sacrifices in order to help a worthy cause.

Just slip a coin—any size coin—in an envelope, address it to your favorite star, c/o the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. Be sure to include your name and return address so that the star can acknowledge your contribution.

All stars are making generous donations to the Fund. Yet they are glad to help you make YOUR contribution in this way.

Remember! Cancer respects no one. Tomorrow one of your loved ones could be stricken—or you, Heaven forbid! Arrest Cancer—It's Wanted for Murder!

Frank Sinatra and Dinah Shore record "Tea for Two." Profits from this disc go to Runyon Memorial Fund.

No busy man has ever thrown himself into any cause with the selflessness and enthusiasm that Walter Winchell has into the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund. Walter Winchell is not seeking this money to erect a monument for Damon Runyon, or to build a big hospital, or even to endow beds in hospitals. The money is being used for cancer research—to track down this killer.

The Motion Picture industry has responded to Mr. Winchell's appeal for funds with its always-open heart. When Frank Sinatra and Dinah Shore made a duet phonograph record entitled "Tea for Two" and "My Romance," everyone—including the publisher, author, ASCAP—turned over all profits of the record to the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund. Surprisingly enough, the Fund expects to realize about $250,000 from the sale of this recording. You are hopefully asked to buy it—and we assure you it's sweet music for anybody's money!

On his last radio broadcast before coming to California for a rest (during his vacation Mr. Winchell is spending every minute of his time working for the Damon Runyon Fund), Winchell urged all motion picture fans who wanted to do their bit for this humanitarian cause to send one penny, or any coin of the realm in any amount—to him for his autograph and to a favorite motion picture actor or actress, c/o The Postmaster, Los Angeles, California, and to mark on the envelope: Damon Runyon Memorial Fund.

Someone you love may live because of Walter Winchell's untiring efforts to raise funds for cancer research.

Arrest Cancer—It's Wanted for Murder!

In emergency, DeLong Bob Pins have been used as letter-openers... door keys... paper clips—but that's not why women buy so many of them. Smart women who pride themselves on being value-conscious and well-groomed, know there's nothing like the DeLong Bob Pin, with its Stronger Grip, for keeping your hair-do neat from morning 'til night... They've learned that it's foolish to buy poorly made bob pins that slip out, when they can get the extra-strong, extra-snappy DeLong product everywhere. Just remember—

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

| Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years |
| BOB PINS | HAIR PINS | SAFETY PINS |
| HOOKS & EYES | HOOK & EYE TAPES | SNAPS | PINS | SANITARY BELTS |
The Howl in the Night is the Voice of Danger!

Errol Flynn  Barbara Stanwyck

His first mis-step will be his last mistake!

If she weren't so in love she'd be so afraid!

Warner Bros. present

"Cry Wolf"

Directed by Peter Godfrey
Screen Play by Catherine Turney
From the Novel by Marjorie Carleton
Music by Franz Waxman
Produced by Henry Blanke

With that rising young star
Geraldine Brooks

Clarence Day's

Welcome! Welcome! Warner Bros. bring "Life With Father" to the screen! Color by Technicolor!
Glamour in Chenille
At $4.99 prepaid
this cuddly Rainbow
chenille is priced
to beat any store in
the country by $1.00!

Glamour... glamour... glamour is yours
in beautiful chenille. And this wonder of
a Rainbow Robe is especially wrinkle-
proof! There’s quiet comfort in its luxuri¬
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tone sunfast dyed rainbow colors. And to
clean it—simply suds it!

Order by mail today—get the robe di-
rect from manufacturer—use the dollar
you save (at least $1.00) for that new
trinket you’ve been hankering for!

Immediate shipment.

Money Back Promptly If Not Absolutely Satisfied.

The Detroit Tigers missed a star player when
Cameron Mitchell decided on a movie career.

Strictly Big League

* Until his decided dramatic success as Van
Johnson’s co-pilot in “High Barbaree,” curly-
haired, boyish Cameron Mitchell was torn
between struggling for recognition as an ac-
tor, and returning to his first love—baseball.
Since the rave reviews for his sensational
acting in the Van Johnson vehicle, Cam has
turned in another distinguished performance
as Lana Turner’s boyfriend in M-G-M’s “Cass
Timberlane.” Now film stardom seems very
close for the personable newcomer.
Coincident with his dramatic success, Cam also has “arrived” in his cherished
baseball world. When a scout for the Detroit
Tigers recently dangled a tempting contract
in his face, Mitchell fans almost lost their
favorite actor.
Cam’s love for baseball started when he
was a tot haunting the Pennsylvania sand-
lots with a new leather baseball glove given
to him by his dad, the Rev. Charles Mitchell.
By the time he was twelve, he had progressed
to regular second baseman on the Shrews-
bury town team, and a few years later was
on an American Legion nine that won the
Northeast Regional championship.
You can tell how much the game meant to
Cam as he recalls the unhappiness he expe-
rrienced when his dad nixed an offer from the
St. Louis Cardinals to join one of their farm
teams. The Rev. Mitchell was a baseball
fan, but he wanted his son to finish school
before he started on a baseball career.
Meanwhile, Cameron the actor was sow-
ing the seeds of stage success as a seasoned
(Please turn to Page 92)
Are you in the know?

What's this paper doll trying to do?
- Get into print
- Scoop the news
- A slight-of-hand trick

Ma Nature gave this little girl a great big hand. Outsize paws seem smaller if you make them less conspicuous. With one hand, practice crumpling a sheet of newspaper into a ball. That's a trick to limber hands, lend them grace (a confidence builder!). At "those" times, too, you can gain self-assurance — with Kotex, and that exclusive safety center. Because it gives extra protection, it's a can't-miss for confidence.

What type calls for this neckline?
- Pudge
- Pee-wee
- TNT

Scarves are neckline news again. Top 'em off with a fancy stickpin — maybe made from your own sorority pin. But mind you — chin-chucking scarves are not for the short or chubby. It's the TNT gal (tall 'n' terrific) who can best wear the style shown here. And by the way, it's smart to know Kotex comes in sizes! 3 of 'em! So — from Regular, Junior and Super you can choose the napkin suited to you.

What the lonesome lass lacks is —
- Goldilocks
- Good standing
- Gorgeous gams

It takes more than honey-hued tresses and trim pegs to make an impression. Avoid that Leaning Tower look. Since it comes from toting textbooks on one favored side — shift the ballast! Good standing improves your poise. Of course, poise is yours for the asking on difficult days — when you’ve asked for Kotex. Naturally! Because Kotex is the napkin with flat pressed ends that prevent telltale outlines.

Will you scone with your stadium squire, if you're
- Cheer-happy
- Sweet and silent
- A quiz kid

Gals should know football! — squires complain. Block that "kick"— by boning up beforehand. Then get with the game!

Have fun! Better to cheer your head off than be sweetly mute or a question-box. And don't let calendar interference faze you. Just depend on Kotex; it's made to stay soft while you wear it. And teamed with a Kotex Sanitary Belt (all-elastic — snug-fitting — adjustable!) Kotex keeps you in blissful comfort, from kickoff to final whistle!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins
YES! If you have a round, oval or heart-shaped face. NO! If your face is oblong, diamond or triangle-shaped. A page boy’s contoured roundness will soften a pointed chin, counteract square boxiness and make a round face appear longer.

Send now for thrilling free booklet!
"Hair Styles that Glorify the Shape of Your Face."

CAN I HELP YOU?

**Joan may help solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 916 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles 46, Calif.**

**I'M MARRIED, BUT IN LOVE WITH MY SECRETARY**

**Dear Miss Crawford:**

I have a private secretary, a girl of twenty-five, very efficient and very attractive. I'm also a married man, have a fine wife and two children. Despite a very happy home life, I find I'm falling in love with my secretary.

Perhaps it's her youth which is attracting me. I don't know. I'm twenty years older than she. Perhaps it's just the way she walks, the way she looks at me but I find her very desirable. I think she senses all of this.

I realize that this infatuation, if that's what it is, can break up my home. I've even thought of firing my secretary, of never seeing her again. But I haven't got the courage to do that. It also seems to me that it would be unfair. On her part, she seems very attracted to me. I think she is waiting for me to make the first move.

I'm at my wit's end and would appreciate any kind of sensible advice from you.

Leon J.
Chicago, Ill.

My advice to you is to get this girl out of your office as soon as possible. Unless of course, you're one of those iron-willed self-control men. Frankly, I know of no girl who can't get the man she's set her sights on.

You say your secretary is waiting for you to make the first move. Before you know it, she will get you to make that move; and you'll be lost. You're married; you have two children; you're a respectable member of the community. What have you to gain by philandering about? You say it wouldn't be fair to fire your secretary. Probably not; but you can have her transferred to another department or get her another job.

I strongly recommend either one of those moves. In other words, remove temptation from your path, or being human, you will succumb. While it may not affect you too much, you have your wife, your children, and your good name to oversee. They are worth infinitely more than a transient fling, a transitory affair with a girl young enough to be your daughter. You're at a susceptible age. Try to live it graciously rather than like a college sophomore.

**DO ALL STARS HAVE FALSE TEETH?**

**Dear Miss Crawford:**

What I'm going to ask you isn't exactly a problem, but a thing that has been bothering me for some time, and I hope you'll help me. Tell me, how come all the stars have teeth?

( Please turn to page 94)
Young round neckline. Stunning nail-head belt has double buckles (one on each side). It's a dress to wear year 'round. Colors: Gold, Brown, Gray, Green, Aqua and Beige. Sizes 12 to 20.

**10-DAY TRIAL**
...Wear this lovely Side Drape Gabardine at MY RISK. If in 10 days you are not completely satisfied, return for refund.

**SEND NO MONEY**
...Just fill out coupon, check color, size ... and pay postman C.O.D. postage.

**CLIP AND MAIL COUPON Now**

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Order 2 dresses for $28.90 □
It's easy to see

FIBS tampons are

EASY TO USE

Rounded end like this

One glance at that gently rounded end —
and you know insertion can be really comfortable with Fibs. Try Fibs next month and you'll agree — it's the easy-to-use tampon.

and FIBS are quilted!

For comfort — You scarcely know you're wearing Fibs — because quilting makes this tampon really comfortable. You see, quilting keeps Fibs from fluffing up too much...to an uncomfortable size which could cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

For safety — Quilting is a Fibs safeguard women always appreciate...because it helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues. See how safe, secure you feel with Fibs. Next month, switch to Fibs.

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY (Goldwyn) ... RECOMMENDED

Please note that we've given Danny Kaye an extra ♦. He's that wonderful one-man show. The canny Goldwyn, knowing Danny's potentialities, doesn't spend an extra dollar on sets, music or assisting talent. Danny boy does it all alone!

As Walter Mitty, Danny gives a brilliant interpretation of a Milquetoast; the fellow who is nagged by his boss, managed by his mother, kicked around by his mother-in-law-to-be and snubbed by his fiancee. But in his dreams Danny is a hero: first, a brave, fearless sea captain; then a dashing R. A. F. pilot; a sharp designer of women's hats; a daring English gangster defying Scotland Yard; and a Man among Men.

Even a worm will turn and Danny eventually becomes, if not the he-man of his dreams, at least a guy who knows what he wants (in this case it's Virginia Mayo) and goes after it.

The story doesn't matter. Nothing matters except that Danny Kaye's in fine form. He does two hilarious word-twister songs (arranged incidentally by Sylvia Fine, his wife) that will throw you off your seat. Don't miss this!

LIFE WITH FATHER (Warner Bros.) ... RECOMMENDED

If you've visited New York in the past six years or any of the big cities covered by touring companies, you're one of the millions who saw the play made from Clarence Day's delightful reminiscences of his father and mother. Unbelievable as it may seem, the picture, superbly acted by William Powell as Father and the incomparable Irene Dunne as Vinnie, is even better than the play.

The lovable and engaging comedy certainly will give you the happiest two hours' entertainment in many a moon.

By magic of color, sets, script and acting, you are transported to New York in the 1880's, to the beautiful brownstone-front house of the Days. Father, the beloved tyrant, asks only of life that it be run his way! Mother, who is all feminine charm and guilelessness, somehow always manages to get her own way.

The four red-headed Day boys are beautifully acted by Derek Scott, Johnny Calkins and Martin Milner, and Jimmy Lydon. Elizabeth Taylor is exquisite as the adolescent love interest.

Movieland predicts the whole world will fall in love with the red-headed Day family.

SONG OF LOVE (M-G-M) ...... RECOMMENDED

This picture offers a rich and satisfying evening at the movies. The story is the life of composer Robert Schumann and his gifted pianist wife, Clara Wieck Schumann, and it is one of the most beautiful and moving love stories in the musical world. Katharine Hepburn plays the role of Clara with great understanding. (Not a single Hepburn mannerism creeps out!) She is Clara Schumann!

The music is Liszt, Brahms and of course Schumann. There probably has never been so much or so varied a concert ever before in one picture.

The basic story follows the lives of Clara and Robert Schumann and Johannes Brahms pretty closely. Space doesn't permit a synopsis because we want to tell you about the players. Paul Henreid gives a fine and sensitive performance as Schumann, and you believe unquestioningly in his and Clara's love story. A splendid performance is handed in by Robert Walker, who plays Brahms.

All the supporting performances are outstanding too; but special mention must be made of Henry Daniell as Liszt, and Else Janussen as Bertha, the over-worked maid.
A GENE EVANS STYLE HIT ... FASHIONED IN HOLLYWOOD

THE "Hollywood Magic" DRESS

A gorgeous basic dress with a separate "magic" draped scarf that may be worn 6 or more different ways, a complete wardrobe at one small price!

Super-fine quality rayon crepe, with flower design in contrasting colors. You'll love the new LONGER length, draped hipline, and shirred sleeves!

$19.98

Sizes: 10 to 20
Black, Kelly Green, Grey, American Beauty Red, Cinnamon Brown, Royal Blue.

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept. F-117

Please send "Hollywood Magic" Dress at $19.98
Sizes: 10 12 14 16 18 20 (Circle size wanted)
Colors: Black □ Royal Blue □ Kelly Green □ Grey □ Cinnamon Brown □ American Beauty Red □
(Mark 1st and 2nd Color Choice)

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ORDER BY MAIL FROM HOLLYWOOD

JANE RUSSELL
Star of Howard Hughes' "THE OUTLAW"
Hear her new Columbia Record Album "Let's Put Out the Lights"

SAVE TIME AND MONEY
Send payment with order and we pay all postage.
OR WE MAIL C. O. D.

OUR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE PROTECTS YOU!

BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD
DEPT. F-117, 6402 HOLLYWOOD BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 28, CALIF.
Every woman who discovers Tampax through this advertisement will probably be very glad she acted for herself instead of waiting for other women to lead the way.... Make up your own mind! Start right now to use this Tampax method of sanitary protection, which does away with belts, pins and external pads. Tampax is a simple internal absorbent, invented by a doctor. When in place, it is neither seen nor felt!

Tampax is intended for use on every one of those “less pleasant” days of the month—and the difference it makes is real. No bulk to hamper you or show an edge-line under dresses. No extra warmth in overheated or crowded rooms. No worry about odor because odor cannot form.... Made of pure absorbent cotton, each Tampax is compressed in an applicator for easy insertion. Quick to change; and so small it is discreetly managed in restrooms; readily disposed of.

Get Tampax this very month. At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Month’s supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

BLACK NARCISSUS
(Universal-International)......

This is a J. Arthur Rank “special!” You may never see a more beautiful picture; at least as far as scenery, Technicolor, and sets are concerned. Every scene fills the eye with loveliness; the music played by the London Symphony Orchestra is a pleasure to listen to; the acting is tops.

This picture has everything—except a good story. Oh, the story is interesting enough; it concerns the experiences of a group of five Anglo-catholic nuns (not to be confused with the Roman Catholic), who journey to the Himalayan wilderness to establish a health and educational center. These nuns renew their vows yearly and are dedicated to a life of service all over the British Empire.

In this wild, windy, lonely spot the valiant women, under the guidance of Sister Clodagh (Deborah Kerr), try to cope with nature, bad plumbing and the superstitious natives. Each nun has a problem, but the worst struggle is that of Sister Ruth (superbly played by Kathleen Byron) against her passionate love for the hard-drinking local British agent, Mr. Dean, played by David Farrar. The conflict suggests an emotional situation which may not meet with the approval of some; but the story is handled delicately, carefully avoiding the sensational touch which would have marred the mood.

HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS (Naebanzel)....

For those of simple faith “Heaven Only Knows” will prove a satisfying evening in the movies. The picture is superbly acted by Robert Cummings as Mike—who is really Saint Michael, and Brian Donlevy as Duke—a man without a soul. Interesting newcomer Jorja Curtwright is the minister’s daughter who falls in love with bad man Duke. But an amazing youngster named Peter Miles practically steals the picture.

The story starts in heaven—which seems to have become suddenly popular as a stepping off place—and it follows the conventional pattern of Saint Michael reluctantly returning to earth to save the lost Duke who runs a wicked gambling saloon.

What keeps this from being a top-flight picture is simply that the story is familiar and has been done so many times before that it has lost its zing. After Mr. Iordan, any heavenly characters coming to earth are just too commonplace. They can’t fool us any more! We know they’ll return to heaven, all missions accomplished. Maybe one day a heavenly emissary will fail; decide to stay here and enjoy life as a sinning mortal! But that’s not the plot of “Heaven Only Knows.”

HER HUSBAND’S AFFAIRS (Col.).....

How can it miss? The original screen play was written by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer, the stars are those two masters of gay banter, Lucille Ball and Franchot Tone, the cast also includes Edward Everett Horton, Mikhail Rasumny, and Gene Lockhart.

Tone plays an account executive, who is constantly trying to hit upon an advertising scheme that will bring him fame and fortune; at least enough fame and fortune to give his wife, Lucille Ball, the honeymoon he’s been promising her for a year.

His wildest dreams come true when Professor Glintka (Mikhail Rasumny), hits upon a cream that magically removes whiskers within a minute. A spectacular promotion campaign follows. Mr. Winterbottom (Gene Lockhart), wants to manufacture the cream, invites a throng of notables to a dinner party where everyone removes his whiskers with the new cream. Wild things take place after this with the little woman coming to the rescue of her advertising wizard husband time after time.

The picture’s purely slap-happy with lots of belly laughs for the whole family.
In Addition to Cash Awards We Offer a COMPLETE SONGWRITING SERVICE!

* Song Poem Examined FREE * Song Completed for Presentation to Publisher

Our staff of professional Hollywood composers and arrangers will write the music for your words. We furnish you with excellent professional recordings of your song—sung by vocalist with piano accompaniment. We also furnish you with copies of the record and manuscript lead sheet for submission to song publishers, band leaders and radio stations. In addition, you are furnished with a list of leading, legitimate song publishers and their addresses together with complete instructions for submitting your work for publication.

SEND US YOUR SONG POEM OR LYRICS TODAY FOR FREE EXAMINATION!
YOUR SONG MAY WIN ONE OF OUR BIG CASH AWARDS! WRITE TODAY!

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Stay Sweet with...

Autumn time is football time... action and excitement fill the air... LEAF Gum time is all the time... cause LEAF's delicious mints flavor is longer lasting.

THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

Hank Daniels, Virginia Patton, Raymond Bond, Betty Roadman and Dick Rich have the leading roles in the film.

The End

MERTON OF THE MOVIES (M-G-M)....◆◆

If you like Red Skelton (and who doesn’t?) you’ll like "Merton of the Movies." Old timers who remember the silent "Merton of the Movies," will groan at this version; however, you younger fans, seeing it for the first time, will get a kick out of it.

Merton is a movie-struck, not-too-bright usher in a small town, a graduate of a phony dramatic school, who accidentally captures two bandits by using the tricks of his screen idol Laurence Rupert (played by that experienced scene-stealer, Leon Ames). Rupert, smelling publicity, invites Merton to Hollywood, poses for a bunch of publicity shots and then gives Merton a fast brush.

On his rounds of the studios trying to find a job, Merton meets Phyllis (Virginia O’Brien, playing her first straight role) who gets him into a burlesque picture—only Merton, poor dope, plays it straight. At the preview, of course, when the audience howls with laughter, Merton realizes what they’ve done. He’s terribly hurt, but there’s a happy ending.

WILD HARVEST (Paramount)..........◆

Unfortunately director Tay Garnett couldn’t compensate for the lack of a good script in the production of "Wild Harvest" and the finished picture is fairly discouraging.

Alan Ladd, Robert Preston and Lloyd Nolan head a group of men who are out to make some big money harvesting wheat. They combat every conceivable obstacle: the most dangerous of which is Dorothy Lamour whose yearning for Alan Ladd and ultimate marriage to Robert Preston almost splits the buddies. There’s an exciting fight scene between the two heroes. They fight for Dorothy, then discover their friendship is more important than all else, which leaves Dorothy to her own devices. Had she been a bit more subtle, we would have been more convinced that she was really a "bad" girl; as it was, we only knew that she was trying hard to be the vixen the script called for.

Lloyd Nolan makes the best of poor dialogue and steals the show, and Allen Jenkins, in several funny drinking sequences, gives a much-needed lift to an otherwise ordinary picture.

THE BURNING CROSS

Screen Guild (Somerset Production)......◆

The picture is advertised as an expose of the Ku Klux Klan, and so it is; but how sorry we are that the important subject of intolerance and racial prejudice could not have been presented in a higher budget picture.

The story concerns a returned war veteran who can’t quite adjust himself in his home town. His girl friend, to whom he didn’t write, is engaged to his pal. The pal now owns the gas station where the veteran formerly worked. With no job and no girl, he is fertile material for intolerance; in this case the Ku Klux Klan. Embittered and disillusioned, he does not realize the full intent of the organization he has joined until after he has been party to a murder, and then it is too late to withdraw from the Klan, except by death.

This is truly an important subject and there are several interesting and gripping scenes: the initiation of the veteran to the Klan, and the tar and feathering of a "foreigner."

Hank Daniels, Virginia Patton, Raymond Bond, Betty Roadman and Dick Rich have the leading roles in the film.

The End
Too much between them for anger!
Too much between them for love!
Emotion as violent as the era
that spawned them!

The Foxes of Harrow

Starring REX HARRISON, MAUREEN O’HARA
with RICHARD HAYDN, VANESSA BROWN, VICTOR McLAGLEN, PATRICIA MEDINA
GENE LOCKHART, CHARLES IRWIN, HUGO HAAS, DENNIS HOEY
Directed by JOHN M. STAHL, Produced by WILLIAM A. BACHER
Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock, Based on the Novel by Frank Yerby
What a month this has been for visitors! But it's fine in a way because we visited more sets as "guide" than we usually get around to see. We escorted a wide-eyed, thrilled party to Universal for lunch in their Sun Room and then on to the set of "The Exile" to watch Doug Fairbanks Jr. and Paule Crosset do an exciting scene. At Warners' we caught Shirley Temple doing the death scene from "Romeo and Juliet" as part of her high school activities from the picture "That Hagen Girl." We arrived on set just when Shirley was acting. Literally hundreds of extras, production men and grips had been milling around, yet when Shirley started to read her lines, it was as if a magnet attracted them and everyone stopped to listen—men to whom this is old stuff, mind you. . . . Right after this the Boss, accompanied by Mrs. Hillman and a young house guest, arrived unexpectedly for a ten-day visit. This was when we really went to town! Such dinners! Such parties! (For the one at Ciro's see page 8.) The Hillmans stayed at the beautiful Bel-Air Hotel—one of the beauty spots of the world—and we dunked in the pool and had lunch under the flowered umbrellas and enjoyed somewhat vicariously through the eyes of the young house guest, all the lush beauty of California which she was seeing for the first time. . . . The highlight of our Boss' visit was the premiere of "Black Narcissus" at the beautiful Carthay Circle Theater and the party afterwards (see page 64 for pictures). Everyone turned out for this preview, which was the colossal, pre-war type with colored Klieg lights criss-crossing the sky. A red carpet had been laid and fresh flowers were festooned from pole to pole supporting the canopy. The fragrance from these flowers was almost overwhelming. Along the side, bleachers were built for the fans to sit; and as the stars walked along the carpeted, flower-strewn path, there were shouts and applause from the excited fans. Can you imagine how impressed the English producers were?—even your Editor was breathless! . . . Are we giving you the impression that life's just a series of parties out here? Well, it's not. In between time we all work hard and are good, progressive citizens, with the stars doing more than the average American for the Veterans who are still hospitalized; for the Cancer Fund; for the United Jewish appeal; and many other worthy causes. . . . Of course we love parties (and who doesn't?), but here in Hollywood life is as real and earnest as anywhere else—and don't believe it if you hear differently.

B.L.
Yes, it’s Esther Williams! Dark make-up, bright sarong turn Esther into a Polynesian enchantress for M-G-M’s “On an Island with You.”

A peek through the Gages’ kitchen window shows Esther in her favorite role: the perfect wife.

By CHARLES SPENCER

Here’s Esther Williams—of the lovely face, breathtaking figure and the most heartwarming smile in America

Happiness is the keynote of Esther Williams’ personality. Even her smile seems to be a personal “hello.”

In Los Angeles there is a handsome, middle-aged woman who has never missed a sneak preview of an Esther Williams picture. Esther’s studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, always contrives to spot an employee, a fellow with alert, busy ears, in the seat next to her. His job is to report to the lot’s high command everything this woman says about the scenes the great swimming star appears in.

After watching Bathing Beauty, Esther’s first starring film, this lady said, “Oh, she looks beautiful on the screen, of course. Yet, I have a funny feeling that I’m not seeing the Esther I know.”

Her comment on Esther’s second picture, Thrill of a Romance, was “They have caught a little of her real personality this time, but not enough, not nearly enough.”

Each of the subsequent Williams films—Ziegfeld Follies, Easy to Wed and The Hoodlum Saint—pleased this fan a little more. Yet, it wasn’t until she’d seen the recently released Fiesta that the handsome, middle-aged woman said what M-G-M executives had been waiting to hear: “This is what I’ve been looking for. Now, for the first time, I’m seeing my Esther, the girl I know so well, in a movie.”

And after the preview of this (Please turn to page 46)
KERR
as in star

This lovely Scotch lass is fabulous—even for Hollywood!

*Of all the British imports shipped to the United States since war's end, the most delightful is a young Scottish actress named Deborah Kerr (pronounced Car).

Cast opposite Clark Gable in The Hucksters, Deborah is being given the fastest star build-up in the entire history of the movies. And with good reason, too.

She has everything: talent, youth, looks, and experience.

Take first the all-important subject of looks. Deborah Kerr has what Gabriel Pascal, the British director, calls "a spiritual face." It exudes warmth, refinement, understanding. Her complexion is as delicate as Staffordshire china; her personality wears as well as Harris tweed. Her hair—well, her hair is an incredible soft brown touched ever so lightly with reddish highlights. And her eyes—they are rhapsodies alternating in moods of blue and green. She stands 5 feet 7 inches tall and speaks of herself as a "strappling wench." But she's small-boned and this makes her look smaller. Her fine, (Please turn to page 81)
There’s Mickey Mouse in his most hair-raising adventure.

There’s Mortimer (Hayseed) Snerd vs. Donald (The Temper) Duck. Timber-r-r-r!

There’s Bongo, the famous circus bear who wants to get away from it all...

...and little Lulubelle, who causes Bongo plenty of heartaches.

There’s Jiminy Cricket, who’s full of fun—and fancy free.

There’s the only Goofy, who is more confused than ever.

There’s Edgar Bergen... Charlie McCarthy... Mickey Mouse... Mortimer Snerd... Donald Duck... plus three rollicking, new Disney characters... all together in one of the funniest feature-length pictures you’ll ever hope to see.

Walt Disney’s
FULL-LENGTH MUSICAL CARTOON FEATURE

“Fun and Fancy Free”

FEATURING
EDGAR BERGEN — DINAH SHORE

IN TECHNICALCOLOR

EDGAR BERGEN in the flesh with his radio pals Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd.

DINAH SHORE singing and narrating the tuneful story of Bongo—the little circus bear.

with

Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Goofy and introducing 3 lovable new Disney characters Bongo, Lulubelle, Willie the Giant.

Released through RKO Radio Pictures © WDP

Parade of hit songs

“Fun and Fancy Free”
“Lazy Countryside”
“Too Good To Be True”
“Say It With a Slap”
and others you’ll be humming soon.
I didn’t know what to expect when I interviewed Danny Kaye. It’s no dark secret that comedians often aren’t when you catch them without rehearsed lines; so I was very curious about what would happen once the Soundmirror recording machine started picking up our words. You see, I took no notes during this interview; everything we said was recorded on the whirling disc. Here’s just what happened after I started conversation by saying:

You look so comfortable. Sort of all done up for yachting. Is that your favorite way of relaxing, or do you just like to do nothing?

I find that doing nothing isn’t very relaxing — gets on my nerves. As a matter of fact, if I have a day in which I don’t have to do any work, I either play golf or try to plant some seeds in the lawn. I like to keep busy. Now that we have a new three-and-a-half-months-old baby in the house, I guess she’ll take up most of my time.

Have you other children?

No. This is the first one. It looks like I’m not going to be the boss in the family any more. The little princess is taking over.

Has she given you any evidence yet?

Has she? She’s a redhead!

Where’d she get her red hair?

Are you kidding? What do you think mine is — green?

It looks blond.

That’s because of the way the light strikes it. It’s a beacon for the baby.

Does she recognize you already?

Just (Please turn to page 88)
Irene Dunne has an explosive temper and an explosive sense of humor. When the two come into conflict, however, the sense of humor nearly always triumphs.

Take, for instance, the time when Irene decided to go for a short drive, and found the small car which she particularly likes to drive missing from the garage. Reluctantly, she got into the large chauffeur-driven limousine. As she rode along she boiled with anger because her husband had taken the small car which she very much prefers.

Straight ahead in the next lane, she suddenly spied the small car and directed the chauffeur to drive up to it. When they got within speaking distance of the smaller car, she proceeded to give Dr. Griffin a piece of her mind.

"Why," she asked, "did you take the car you know I like? You know how I hate to use the limousine! Don't you trust me to drive a short distance? Is that, darling, your opinion of me as a driver?"

By the time the two cars had reached a red light, Irene got a good look at the occupant of the car for the first time. Her cheeks grew red. The man inside the car was not her husband but a stranger. The car, so deceptively like her own, was actually just a similar model.

Irene's sense of humor came to the rescue. She laughed heartily and so did the occupant of the other car. Irene was no longer annoyed at having to ride in the limousine. In fact, the whole incident became a family joke.

On another occasion, when Irene was making *Anna and the King* (Please turn to page 71)
By DON MERRILL

Happy birthday, Glenn! On set of "Man from Colorado," crew members and co-star Bill Holden bring out a cake.

The usually reserved Mr. Ford shares a hearty laugh with Rita Hayworth. They were together in "Gilda."

that masterful FORD!

Since Glenn tamed that vixen Gilda—things have been happening fast!

* If you were to query a group of fans on whom they think is the most masterful man in pictures today, I'll make book that to a girl they'd exclaim: Glenn Ford. And they'd be right, too. There is something about the strong planes of his face, his controlled mouth and natural reserve that women adore. Besides, didn't he tame Gilda? And Rita Hayworth's dynamic Gilda was quite a vixen to tame.

Reserve is not a pose with Glenn. He is by nature a dignified, thoughtful person. And this doesn't mean he is "stuffy" as so many studiedly dignified men are. Glenn's reserve springs from a deep, inner conviction that people are more interested in other things than in him; so he doesn't talk about himself. And, since he is more interested (Please turn to page 72)
Jimmy Stewart says there will never be a "new" Jimmy Stewart.

Through the years, there have been several "new" Joan Crawfords, "new" Olivia de Havillands, one or two "new" Errol Flynn's, Tyrone Powers and so on, whose changes in personality, type and roles have been duly and dramatically recorded by the Hollywood Press.

But Jimmy insists, with that wry smile of his, that there will not be a "new" Jimmy Stewart. "Because," he explains apologetically, "I just don't seem to change.

"At thirty-nine," Jimmy added, "you're liable to be set in your ways. You know, I don't feel much about being thirty-nine; it's being in my forty year that stops me short. Well, at least I'll have no feeling about my forty birthday," he said with a slow smile. "To me, it's already happened!

"But back to this business about nothing 'new' in the way of Stewart. About eight or ten years ago, I made a picture at M-G-M called It's A Wonderful World. A few weeks ago I had a hank to see it again; so I got M-G-M to run it for me in a projection room at the studio and took some friends along, including Jane Wyman, who co-stars with me in Magic Town. When I first got a gander at myself as I was those years ago, I thought I looked a bit dated, a little young, but very debonair. Then I took a look at the suit I was wearing and let out a laugh that echoed round the lot. The suit I was wearing in that picture is the same suit I wear all these years later in Magic Town!

"A fellow who doesn't change his suit of clothes in ten years, even in the movies, isn't likely to change his skin, or his personality, or his character, or any of his habits. Or himself, period." Matter of fact, Jimmy has had quite a time getting a new suit of clothes since he's been out of uniform.

"It isn't as if I didn't try!" he groans. "When I first got home, I ordered a suit. I was told it would be eight months before I could expect delivery.
Actually, I got the suit in four months, but couldn't wear it—too small.

"After some weeks at home, I was heavier. On me a pound shows!" he added defensively. "Anyway, I got my pre-war clothes out of the moth balls. They fit as well as they ever did and I've been wearing them ever since."

The locale of *Magic Town*, as is usual in a Stewart picture, is a small town; but, whereas Jimmy usually plays the small-town guy who goes to the Big City, in this picture he plays a Big City guy who goes to a small town, which he bewilders!

Moreover, in the role of Rip Smith, a public opinion expert, who conducts polls, James is a sharp character, a fast operator, always looking for the short cuts.

Jimmy likes the reversal, but hasn't any real hankering to get away permanently from the homespun characters. After all, he's really a homespun character from Indiana, Pa. Here his grandfather founded, and *(Please turn to page 86)*

---

**Think of Jimmy Stewart and you picture**

**a kind of comfortable fellow you’ve known all your life—or wish you had**

---

In "A Miracle Can Happen," Jim and pal Henry Fonda try some mood music, don't seem to like it.
In Hal Wallis' film, "Desert Fury," Liz Scott creates a mood of sultry glamor. Off-screen you'll find her in casual clothes and little make-up.
Are You the Man for Lizabeth Scott?

Her Prince Charming hasn’t arrived yet; but Liz knows exactly what he’ll be like

* Lizabeth Scott’s dream man goes back into the far reaches of her childhood, back to her little girl days. He is the tall, handsome, blond, warrior-like man of twenty-seven with whom she was violently in love when she was a diminutive charmer of six. He is also the serious intellectual boy to whom she was devoted when she was fifteen. Lizabeth’s dream man not only knows the kind of person she is today, he looks back to the girl she was yesterday. He is sensitive and perceptive, recognizing she is a jigsaw of everything she has been and will be: unpredictable, emotional, disturbing.

Her dream man does not keep his eyes on the ground, placing (Please turn to page 78)
As a good will gesture from Great Britain to the United States, we'll take Michael Redgrave.

The filming of "The Secret Beyond the Door" with Joan Bennett (above) brought Mike to America. He's also in "Mourning Becomes Electra."
Michael Redgrave, says his English publicist, "is retiring, studious and almost shy . . . in a roomful of people his athletic frame, which towers above the crowd, makes it difficult for him to be as inconspicuous as he himself would desire. He is serious-minded and a student of national and international affairs . . ."

Mike Redgrave, we say, is a swell, regular guy; tall, not handsome in a classical way, but plenty good-looking; rugged; an exceedingly enthusiastic and friendly young man with a brisk sense of humor, and a hearty laugh. And that's our impression!

Six feet three inches tall, weighing 180 pounds, with light brown hair, blue eyes and a freshly acquired sunburn, a disarming smile and that friendly enthusiasm, Mike seems more like some mid-western ex-football star.

If you had the idea that all English actors are sophisticated, charming but aloof, a type which fits neatly into the mold of a Noel Coward comedy, meet Mike Redgrave and change your mind!

One of England's top stars for the last eight years—you may have seen him in The Lady Vanishes, Dead of Night and other British films which have been shown here—Mike is in Hollywood on one of the exchange deals between British film colossus J. Arthur Rank and our own Universal-International.

(Please turn to page 84)
Johnnie met Kathryn during the filming of “Till The Clouds Roll By.” Although their scene landed on the cutting room floor, the ditty they sang, “The Song Is You,” has since become their very own theme song.

Everything’s wonderful! They don’t even have a housing problem. Johnnie moved into Kathryn’s Santa Monica house-with-a-view.

Love at first, second and third sight; in fact, it’s love every time they see each other, agree Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston. Here’s how Johnnie greeted his pretty bride when she visited him on the set of his new picture, “Texas Man Hunt.”
Important member of the Johnston household is Kathryn's 200-pound St. Bernard, Throckmorton. Johnnie swears he had to get Throckmorton's okay before Kathryn would accept his marriage proposal. Even Throckmorton could see they were meant for each other, but Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston didn't want to risk unhappiness again and waited to be very sure. They are now; so meet Mr. and Mrs. Johnston

* Two years ago Johnnie Johnston strolled onto the set of Till The Clouds Roll By and blinked at the bewildering chaos of wild walls, lights rigged with shutters and bits of greenery, electrical conduit running in every direction, step ladders arising at odd intervals, workmen charging off in hot pursuit of some elusive bit of equipment, musicians arguing over instrumental passages, and members of the cast being perfected by makeup men and hairdressers.

Johnnie stood still, legs wide, hands thrust deep in his pockets, head back, and dark eyes gleaming. “I don’t believe it,” he said out loud.

Originally, when Johnnie—who was born in Kansas City, Missouri, but had made his success in New York—was approached by M-G-M to make a picture called Thrill of a Romance opposite Esther Williams, he said, “It’s sort of silly to make the trip for just one picture,” so Metro packaged Thrill with Till The Clouds Roll By. The two-picture deal looked good to Johnnie, so out he came.

When he said, “I don’t believe it,” upon viewing a sound stage, he meant a number of things: It was too good to be true; it was incredible that a motion picture ever got made amid all that confusion; it was amazing that all this eventually turned into something inspiring on the screen.

When he caught sight of Kathryn Grayson, Johnnie repeated in an awed whisper, “I don’t believe that either.” And for the second time that day he meant that it was too good to be true.

With all the dignified reticence of a box of tacks resisting a horseshoe magnet, Johnnie leapt to the first reliable person on the set and demanded to be introduced to Miss Grayson. The introducer said, “You two are the only pair I have ever introduced with the statement, ‘You could make beautiful music together,’ and meant it.”

Their first conversation was casual enough; they talked about the picture, about music, about New York, about Winston-Salem, North Carolina where Kathryn was born and about St. Louis where she grew up.

But each was fascinated by the other; each was (Please turn to page 67)
The socks June Haver’s knitting aren’t for Mark, but he’s interested anyway. June and Mark co-star in “I Wonder Who’s Kissing Her Now.”

Mark Stevens made a vow to reach the top, but
In some ways screen success hasn’t brought happiness to Mark and his pretty wife, Annelle. They separated shortly after this picture was taken at the Tony Martin (above) party.

even he’s a bit surprised at his rocket-like ascent.

* If we play the game kids enjoy, we’d start with M for Mark Stevens.
  
  Movieland introduced you to him over a year ago. Since that
time he has jumped from the best-bet-of-the-future class into star¬
dom. And no one is more surprised at this rocket-like ascent than
Mark.

Many of us in Hollywood knew he had the stuff, after seeing
him at a press review of From This Day Forward. The next morn¬
ing, I called up Twentieth Century-Fox and asked to meet him.

We had lunch in the commissary and I knew from the start
that I wasn’t simply interviewing an actor. Here, I was sure, was
a personality. With the passing of time, I found out I was right.

A is for Annelle, his wife, from whom Mark has recently
regretfully parted. They were married just a year and a half ago.
Their marriage which started so auspiciously, unfortunately hit
the shoals which surround Hollywood marriages.

R is for the remarkable assortment of jobs he’s had.

He has been successively dishwasher, bill collector, shirt,
 cosmetics and punchboard salesman, sign painter, gas station
 attendant, factory worker, radio announcer; he even ran a gen¬
 eral store. He also slept on park benches when things were tough.

When you look at Mark, you know that his dark brown eyes
have seen hard times. It’s not that they’re sad. They simply
have a “knowing” look about them.

One of the unusual things about his face is that you can’t say,
“He looks like so-and-so.” Because he doesn’t. He looks like
himself and that’s all there is to it.

Mark could easily pass for a college boy; probably captain of
the swimming team, or the star outfielder (Please turn to page 75)
The middle-aged woman whom Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was using—without her, knowledge—to measure their success in transforming America's most glamorous woman athlete into a skillful, clever comedienne was her mother, Mrs. Bula Gilpin Williams.

They were impatient to get her reaction because she knew little about pictures and everything about Esther. And, like her famous daughter, it has always been Mrs. Williams' habit to be outspoken and frank.

From the beginning the studio had one main aim in handling Esther. They knew that if they could succeed in bringing to the screen the delightful, uncomplicated and effervescent personality that is Esther Williams' in real life, they would have a long-distance box office champion.

If you've seen "Fiesta" and "This Time for Keeps" you know that they have achieved their purpose. Only a few people know the fascinating story behind the difficult, delicate task of changing Esther from a freak attraction into a permanently established star.

I'm going to tell the story here, for the first time. Let's begin by appraising what the big Culver City lot had to work with, at the beginning.

Esther started in pictures a half-dozen years ago with no acting experience whatever. She had a lovely, wholesome face, a breath-taking body and the most heart-warming smile in America. While starring in Billy Rose's Aquascade at the San Francisco World's Fair she had become the most photographed girl in the country. Before that, she had been a swimming champion who had won a place on the United States Olympic Team for the 1940 international games that were called off when Europe went to war.

Nine times out of ten, a star whose name and face are known to the world because of work in some other field attracts fans for only a first picture. Sonja Henie is the sole exception to this rule, besides Esther. That's why show business calls them freak attractions.

But in Esther's case, Louis B. Mayer and other M-G-M executives saw at once that she had something else: a cheerful, exuberant personality, and a natural, healthy gaiety that could carry her beyond the novelty attraction stage.

It has often been said that anyone with intelligence can be taught to act in pictures. That is only partly true. They must also have a driving vanity that convinces them they can be great, if they only work hard enough.

Though, like all champions, Esther had determination, she lacked that egoistic conception of herself. She lacks it now. But since her marriage to Ben Gage, the radio announcer and actor, she has a driving force just as powerful.

More than anything else in the world, she wants Ben to be proud of her. Until she married him she never had any close relations with a theatrical person. The job that confronted M-G-M from the beginning was to get Esther to project from the screen her natural humor and other attractive qualities. Ben, whom she adores, helped teach her how to do that.

One M-G-M bigwig, after meeting her, described her as a "human bubble bath." Another called her the most natural human being he had ever met. But it took a year to get her to the studio to talk to Mr. Mayer. She was working in I. Magnin's store at the time. Her biggest dream was to become a buyer in that store. She finally consented to visit the studio because M-G-M promised to send a limousine for her.

"The idea of driving away from Magnin's in such grandeur," she says, "appealed to me. I could imagine the other girls' faces." You've probably read about Esther's first interview with Mayer, the wealthiest and most powerful of all Hollywood tycoons. "Why don't you want to be in pictures, Miss Williams?" he asked. "Why do we have to have a man call you up every month for a year to so much as get you into this office?"

"I can't act," Esther told him. "I'll never be able to act. If you don't believe me, send for a test I once made at Fox. It was a nightmare, I don't want to make another one like that here."

"You won't have to make a test until you feel you're ready," the M-G-M chief told her.

"All the facilities for training you will be made available to you, meanwhile."

Esther signed up at $200 a week, much more than she had been earning at Magnin's. Even as star of Billy Rose's Aquascade, she'd drawn only $110. From the first day, she was handled with kid gloves at the studio.

This astonished her because for years she'd read how Clark Gable, Bette Davis and many another star had been kicked around in Hollywood before finding themselves.

She, in turn, amazed the studio by reporting at nine in the morning to work out with Dramatic Coach Lillian Burns and her other instructors, never leaving before five in the afternoon. At no studio is there any such compulsion to work so hard. When asked about it, Esther said,

"Why shouldn't I keep the business hours I had at Magnin's? They pay me better here. I like to give my employers their money's worth."

At the end of six months she announced she was ready to take a test, but was overwhelmed when the one and only Clark Gable appeared to do it with her. Later she played bits in an Andy Hardy picture and "A Guy Named Joe."

By that time she was one of the most popular players on the M-G-M lot, winning friends with her cheerful gaiety, high spirits and indefatigable desire to earn her salary by taking eight hours of dancing, singing and dramatic lessons.

Despite all her hard work, the real, carefree Williams personality did not project itself from the screen in her first starring pictures. So she was given roles like "Fiesta," her debut picture, and "Ziegfeld Follies" where she had something else: a cheerful gaiety, high spirits and indefatigable desire to earn her salary by taking eight hours of dancing, singing and dramatic lessons.

Next to her husband's influence, I think the change in her to a light, clever comedienne came about in "Fiesta" because it was presented to Esther the greatest challenge of her life. She loved the story in which a Mexican girl takes her brother's place in the bullfighting ring.

Actually, the role presented a physical challenge that no one but a superbly trained woman athlete could have met. Bullfighting is an enormously difficult, back-breaking profession. Matadors are trained from childhood. Esther's job was to learn in a few months an art that required grace, stamina and courage, one at which husky men spend their whole lives striving for perfection in.

Esther started her training at the studio, working with the cape an hour at a time as she was in another film at the time and had to dash out between takes for her sessions with Antonio Marquez, a star bullfighter.

"It was like dancing," she says, "but infinitely harder. It was necessary that I learn the most difficult maneuvers of the matador, including the VERONICA, FAROL, CHIQUE-LINA and GOANEIRA."

"After four weeks of this practice, I was sent to Mexico City to work with three instructors on the roof of the Reforma Hotel. It was such hard work that I lost a lot of weight. But I had only a month and a half before the scenes were to be made, so I (Please turn to Page 83)
Win a trip to Hollywood . . . 17 thrilling prizes await the Wild Calendar Girl . . . Movie-
land's Movie of the Month: "Mother Wore Tights" . . . Play Tennis with Barbara Stanwyck
Ginger Rogers, herself a typical American girl, will help pick the winner of Wild Calendar Girl contest. She'll give the lucky girl a chance to appear in her new film, "Wild Calendar."

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Wild Calendar Girl Contest
Movieland Magazine,
916 N. La Cienega,
Hollywood 46, California

Full Name ........................................................................
Street Address ....................................................................
City ................................................................................. State
Occupation ........................................................................
Age................................ Weight........................ Height
I am unmarried ..............................................................
Signature ........................................................................

NOW! YOU CAN WIN

ENTER MOVIELAND'S CONTEST TO
THE WINNER WILL SPEND A WEEK IN

ARE YOU THE
WILD CALENDAR GIRL?

Today, perhaps, the biggest opportunity of your lifetime awaits you. YOU may be the winner of the contest for the Wild Calendar Girl sponsored by Ginger Rogers, Lincoln Pictures, Inc., Enterprise Studio and Movieland Magazine. This is a contest any unmarried girl between 16 and 26 years of age may enter—and win! It is not a search for the most beautiful girl in the United States, nor the most talented. It's a search for the typical American girl as portrayed by Ginger Rogers in many of her pictures, and in her latest film "Wild Calendar."

All you have to do to enter the contest is fill out the coupon on this page, attach it to a snapshot of yourself in a bathing suit, along with a head shot of yourself, and mail to: Wild Calendar Girl Contest, Movieland Magazine, 916 N. La Cienega, Hollywood 46, Calif.

Remember these pictures need not be elaborate. Good, clear camera portraits made with your own camera, or inexpensive professional pictures will do. They Will Not Be Returned, so please do not send expensive photographs or return postage.

The judges of the contest will be GINGER ROGERS, star of "Wild Calendar"; EDWARD RUBIN, famous talent scout; WOLFGANG REINHART, producer of "Wild Calendar"; JACK BRIGGS, associate producer; and BEATRICE LUBITZ, Executive Editor of Movieland Magazine.

The Wild Calendar Girl will enjoy a thrilling week's vacation in Hollywood, plus a chance for a movie career. Why, it's like having something you've dreamed about come true!

The BIG prize, of course, is the trip to Hollywood with all expenses paid. But there are 17 prizes in all as you will see when you turn this page for more about this breathtaking contest.
DISCOVER THE TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL
HOLLYWOOD WITH ALL EXPENSES PAID

The Rules

1. You must be a citizen of the United States.
2. You must be unmarried.
3. You must be not younger than 16 and not older than 26.
4. You must submit a full length snapshot of yourself in a bathing suit, facing the camera.
5. You must also submit a head shot of yourself, size not less than three by five inches.
6. You must fill out the attached coupon and send with both pictures to: WILD CALENDAR GIRL CONTEST, MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 916 N. La Cienega, Hollywood 46, California BEFORE November 2, 1947. No entry postmarked after November 1st will be eligible.
7. You must print or type your entry, except your signature which must be in your own handwriting.

Act With Ginger Rogers!

Here's your chance to see Hollywood from behind the scenes. Along with other fabulous prizes (see next page), the lucky winner of Movieland's exciting Wild Calendar Girl contest will have the opportunity of appearing with Ginger Rogers in her newest Enterprise film, "Wild Calendar."

More than any other star, Ginger Rogers personifies Miss America—the Miss America who earns her way, the Miss America who goes to school, the girl we see every day. That average American girl is the Wild Calendar Girl. That girl may be YOU!

You don't have to be talented, an actress or a glamour girl. You just have to be YOU—a typical American girl.

This is the opportunity of a lifetime. The winner will have jumped the first hurdle of a movie career.

Today you fill out a coupon and—who knows—tomorrow you may be a movie star!
The Prizes!

1. Your train fare to and from Hollywood from any point in the United States.
2. Fifty dollars spending money while traveling.
3. A week in Hollywood, all expenses paid.
4. A walk-on part in the Ginger Rogers picture, “Wild Calendar.”
5. Board and room at the Hollywood Studio Club, where such famous celebrities as Marguerite Chapman, Donna Reed, Linda Darnell and Barbara Britton once lived.
6. A night at the Mocambo with a movie star as escort.
7. Lunch with Ginger Rogers.
8. A condensed grooming course given by the Mary Webb Davis school for models.
9. Your pictures in MOVIELAND magazine.
10. A tour of Enterprise Studios.
11. Complete hair-styling and make-up job by Perc Westmore.
12. A basic black date dress designed by Renie, designer of clothes for RKO-Radio’s “The Long Night.”
13. A date hat designed by Kenneth Hopkins.
14. Three pairs of Orchid play shoes, assorted colors, for California sight seeing.
15. Lunch at the Brown Derby with a movie star.
16. Your portrait by Enterprise Studio’s glamor photographer, Charles “Scotty” Welborne.

YOU will stay at the famous Studio Club!
There are few places in the world as famous as Hollywood’s Studio Club. Such glittering screen personalities as Linda Darnell, Donna Reed, Marguerite Chapman, Barbara Britton lived here while starting their movie careers. Think of it! The winner of the Wild Calendar contest will stay here one week.

A Perc Westmore make-up analysis for YOU!
Every movie fan knows the name of Perc Westmore, considered by many to be Hollywood’s top make-up artist. Mr. Westmore will style a star’s coiffure AND provide a special make-up analysis for Movieland’s Wild Calendar Girl! Here’s Westmore in his own studio, applying lipstick brush to star Martha Vickers.
Lessons at Mary Webb Davis' Model School!

Many Hollywood models have learned the a-b-c's of poise, posture and correct dress from Mary Webb Davis (right) at her popular school for models. The Wild Calendar Girl will attend this school for a concentrated one-week grooming course. Just one of the things YOU'LL do if you win this thrilling contest.

Shoe comfort while YOU see California!

Three pairs of Orchid play shoes in assorted colors will be YOURS—and how you'll love them! There's going to be so much to see in Hollywood; and your tootsies are going to appreciate the freedom and good looks of these shoes. You'll find them a great comfort when you tour Enterprise Studios.

"We'll be seeing YOU!" says Ginger!

Ginger Rogers crosses her fingers and wishes YOU luck in the Wild Calendar Girl contest. Her husband, Jack Briggs (above), associate producer of her new picture, "Wild Calendar," also will act as one of the judges of Movieland's amazing contest. Incidentally, winner also gets to lunch with lovely Ginger.

REMEMBER!

- You don't have to be beautiful
- You don't have to be an actress
- You just have to be typically YOU!

Opportunity is knocking; your future is just around the corner. Enter the Wild Calendar Girl contest TODAY!
Ella's tricky jockey hat was designed to complete the outfit on the left. It's a Lily Dache model in soft brown felt.

Fluff and frills are tabu in this beautifully designed wardrobe of traditional classics.

★ There's a clean-cut look to Ella Raines' smart wardrobe that many girls would do well to follow. Like the star herself, her clothes gleam with good taste. They are well-modulated, keenly tailored and exactly right for the life of a busy, young career woman.

Ella is lucky enough to have her clothes designed by Universal's Travis Banton who has helped her to develop a distinctive clothes style by introducing her to the rich brocades and damasks, the lovely colors that seem so right for her.

Married to handsome Major Robin Olds, Ella is a happy girl both at home and in her career. After her success in Universal-International's The Web, she has just been given a plum role in The Senator Was Indiscreet—a triumph for any actress.

A sleeveless beaver jacket highlights Ella Raines' smart suit of natural wool. Turtle neck sweater is natural wool also.
Her jewelry is simple but expensive. I-Love-You bracelet was an engagement gift from husband Major Robin Olds.

Ella typifies today's tailored woman. These three suits are representative of her large daytime suit wardrobe.

Raines Wears

White wool skirt, pale green and gold jacket (left), and blue damask are Ella's favorite suits for evening wear.

Cocktail suits of rich brocade are Ella's trademark. Here are brown (left) and white. Both have bugle bead trim.

Travis Banton designed this black velvet suit with gold lame dickey. Accessories are black velvet beret and bag, black suede shoes, gloves.
Ella's ready for formal occasions with this brown and gold damask gown. She wears gold slippers with it, carries a gold satin bag.

Clothes of simple design are Ella's choice but her lingerie is frilly, usually heavy satin with her name embroidered.

Fancy belts don't fit in Ella's wardrobe. Her collection includes only gold, green wool with nailheads, a pony belt with a hat to match.
Dining out with her husband Major Robin Olds, Ella wears a strapless gown of white cotton eyelet. Very fetching!

Casual shoes include brown walkers and natural leather sandals. Dress shoes usually are high-heeled sling pumps.

One dresser drawer contains sweaters in every color and yarn. There are a few cardigans but most are pull-ons.

Ella's tailored white satin negligee has gold initials E.R.O. (Ella Raines Olds). High heel gold kid mules are of oriental design.

For quiet evenings at home with Robin, Ella likes to wear these turquoise satin pajamas, white angora sweater. Mules are turquoise.
Promises of candy won't make Elizabeth Taylor's spaniel Twinkle budge from his retreat. Her dungarees and sweater mean b-a-t-h!

Ah! Revenge is sweet. Elizabeth gets a dousing while trying to rinse off Twinkle.

Elizabeth just finished filming “Cynthia.” Twinkle wishes studio would call her now.

Ah! Revenge is sweet. Elizabeth gets a dousing while trying to rinse off Twinkle.
Elizabeth Taylor shares honors with her spaniel, Twinkle, in The Battle of the Bath. Battle of the Bath ends with a dip in the ocean. Twinkle likes this, so does Elizabeth.

“I've got you!” Elizabeth yells triumphantly after Twinkle tries a slick get-away. He's stopped by a fast tackle, sadly gives up.

“Nooo! Don't roll in the sand,” Elizabeth shrieks. Twinkle thought it a good idea.
MOVIE OF THE MONTH

1. Pretty Myrtle McKinley (Betty Grable) has told her grandparents (Sara Allgood and George Cleveland) that she has a secretarial job. By chance they discover she's a chorus girl. That is shocking in 1900!

4. The team of Burt and McKinley is a big hit. But Frank resumes his single act when they decide to have a family. With two children, Myrtle doesn't miss the footlights.

5. When Frank's partner leaves him, he wires Myrtle to meet him in Albany to rejoin the act. She hesitates to leave the children until Grandmother convinces her a woman's place is with her husband.

Mother Wore Tights

Betty Grable, in Technicolor and tights, brings back the good old days of vaudeville

* The adventures of Frank and Myrtle Burt—a real-life vaudeville team—were first chronicled by their daughter Miriam Young, in the best-selling biography “Mother Wore Tights.” 20th Century-Fox’s film version of the happy hilarious life of the lovable hoofers loses none of the nostalgic charm of the turn-of-the-century story. Betty Grable, Dan Dailey, newcomer with a first-rate movie personality, and a splendid supporting cast make the most of a lively plot and batch of old and new tunes you'll be humming long after leaving the theater.
Always exquisitely gowned Norma Shearer smiles for the cameraman while chatting with Constance Moore and her husband, Johnny Maschio.

Ida Lupino looks pensive and utterly beautiful as she arrives with new beau, handsome producer Collier Young.

The Cornel Wildes greet Maureen O'Hara. Since everyone turned out for the party, there was much tablehopping.

With so much to see, there was hardly time to eat! Here John Payne, Gloria DeHaven (right) and Mrs. Donald O'Connor watch late arrivals.

Intent on what's happening elsewhere, Angela Lansbury completely misses Keenan Wynn's dexterous tray juggling.

Many stars wore white. Joan Bennett looks cool and lovely in her lace gown. Even director Fritz Lang favored a white dinner jacket.
Contrasting expressions show how Lana Turner and Tyrone Power reacted to a story they heard at the Club Mocambo recently. Glamorous Lana has resumed her visits to swank Hollywood spots and, for the time being, she’s restricting her romancing to one man—Tyrone. (Photo by Nat Dallinger)
breathless with the suppressed discovery that Anything Can Happen. Each, after having made a valiant effort to save a marriage, had given up in dejection and was seeking divorce. Each was not entirely pleased with the career progress made to that date. Each was scanning the horizon for some promise of future happiness. And each fell in love at first sight. 

In discussing this spontaneous combustion several months later, Johnnie asked how Kathyrn had known that she had fallen in love on the instant. "Because you gave me butterflies," dimpled Kathryn. "And you still do . . . and I know you always will." 

Johnnie, a quick man with a quip, took this statement literally and started a collection of tangible butterflies for her. When he was in Chicago on a personal appearance tour, he prowled around odd shops until he located a pair of antique Czech-Slovakian cloisonne butterflies to be worn as lapel ornaments.

Up to this point you have probably been thinking idly, "But I don't remember Johnnie Johnston's appearance in 'Till The Clouds Roll By.' There must be some mistake about Johnnie and Kathryn having met on that picture." 

Well, Johnnie actually sang a duet with Kathryn in the finale. Remember when the camera swept upward from Tony Martin on one pedestal to Katie on the higher level? The crane by-passed Johnnie, who was on the middle level. The finished picture turned out to be so long that some deletions had to be made, so Johnnie landed on the cutting room floor. But a wonderful memory came from the picture: Johnnie and Kathryn's theme song: "The Song Is You." 

During their long, sweet months of getting acquainted, Johnnie and Kathryn learned a lot about each other. First they fell in love, of course. Next, they told themselves that such glorious things simply didn't happen. Then they became friends just to test the old aphorism that a true love affair is a friendship caught on fire. 

Then they discovered that their previous convictions about many things were wrong—one particular theory being that shopping was a one-man project. They discovered it was best when done in duet.

One of the most successful Johnston-Grayson shopping sprees to date was enjoyed in Clayton, Missouri, a city not far from St. Louis, and noted for its antique shops.

It happened this way: when Johnnie and Kathryn signed to do a four-month personal appearance tour of the East last spring, they thought it would be all right if they had not Throckmorton approved. Throckmorton is Kathryn's 200-pound St. Bernard, an emphatic animal with a strong sense of social discrimination. It had long been Throckmorton's practice to interview Katie's boy friends, then to express an opinion. Because Throckmorton's dissenting opinions could be very rough on bachelorhood, Throckmorton had sometimes been confined to quarters during the visits of gentlemen of whom he disapproved.

When Johnnie made his first date with Kathryn, she explained about Throckmorton. "He's the best chaperone a girl could have. Besides, I value his opinion; which has usually been right in the past," she said.

So, feeling like a defendant facing a hanging jury, Johnnie arrived at Katie's house in a state of mind far more disturbed by worry over Throckmorton's attitude than over Katie's. The worry was needless. Throckmorton sniffed Johnnie carefully, then tried to climb onto his lap.

Mr. Johnston had passed the Throckmorton Test.

It would have been all right with Throckmorton if Katie and Johnnie had married the next day. But they, wary because of one unfortunate experience each, wanted to wait to get fully acquainted, to allow time to test their love. Two full years passed before Katie and Johnnie spoke their vows on a late summer afternoon and set out by automobile to honeymoon along California's magnificent northern coastline.

A friend of Johnnie's, upon tendering a wedding gift, observed, "I wish I'd given this to you two kids at least a year ago. I think it was a shame for you to delay so long."

"I wanted to understand Katie," Johnnie explained with simple sincerity. "I wanted to be sure that I was going to be a good husband.

The friend was skeptical. "No man ever understands a woman, but good for you for trying!"

In Johnnie's case there was clear refutation of this cynicism. While Johnnie was in Chicago for a personal appearance, he strolled into the French Millinery Department of one of the city's swankiest shops and said purposely, "I'd like to see some hats, please."

Glancing toward the entrance, the saleswoman asked, "Will the lady be along in a moment . . . or are the hats to be sent out on approval?"

"I'm buying them as a gift," explained Johnnie, the teasing dimples beginning to show in his cheeks. "I want about three. One with a veil, and one with feathers, and one—well—anything glamorous that you have."

"What headsize?" asked the saleswoman in the tone of someone saying, "A bottle of aspirin, please."

Mr. Johnston was not fazed. "Twenty-two."

The saleswoman thought of one more major hurdle. "But hats do different things for different people. One can't tell much about a hat until one has tried it."

"I know every line of Katie's head, every plane of her face so well that I'll know what will be good for her," insisted Johnny, "I've studied her for many, many months; I know her tastes and her reservations as well as I know my own.

So he bought three hats. One was a black satin pillbox trimmed with a pink feather pompon. One was brown felt with a sweeping willow brown ostrich plume arising from the low back line of the crown and sweeping softly to a curled tip just above the eyebrows. The third was a huge white number complete with white plumes.

When a friend, who did not know the hats' history, admired her hats, Katie boasted of Johnnie's prowess in selecting them. "I'm not sure I'd like to have my husband to select my hats. After all, no two people have quite the same idea . . ." her friend marvelled.

To which Kathryn replied serenely, "Johnnie and I have the same ideas about everything. That's why we know that our marriage is going to be one of the best on record."

The End
By JILL WARREN

* Hi, everybody! Now is the time to get back to school and back to work after a joyful (we hope) summer; but first, let's pause for a glance at what's been happening in the music world.

Al Jolson, whose success story was written all over again via "The Jolson Story," will be the star of the Kraft Music Hall radio program this fall at a salary figure of $7500 a week. (Whew!) And Columbia Pictures is planning a sequel to "The Jolson Story," with Larry Parks again playing the Jolson role and Al doing the singing. Ginny Simms still pleasing fans as the vocal star of the Sunday Night Coca-Cola program over CBS, sharing honors with Percy Faith and his orchestra. Andy Russell, who has been having all sorts of financial arguments with his manager, is hoping for an amicable settlement, without going to court. Stan Kenton is still on the "recovering nicely" list, but in all probability will not reorganize his band until sometime next month. The music business was shocked by the sudden death of Jimmy Lunceford in July. Lunceford succumbed to a heart attack while autographing records at a platter shop in Seaside, Oregon. For the time being his band is finishing up dates already contracted, but its future status is unknown. Vic Damone, the eighteen-year-old baritone who has been causing such favorable comment, landed the male vocal spot on the Pet Milk program. Incidentally, swooning fans already have tagged him "Da Moan." Vic got his start by winning one of Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scout contests. Another young lad who has been doing more than his right this past year is Mel Torme, who continues to please listeners of his own air show, "Torme Time," over NBC Saturday nights. Harry James and his orchestra will trek east again in November, for a schedule of mostly one-nighters.

VICTOR:
Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra offer "You Do," and another tune from "Mother Wore Tights," "Kokomo, Indiana." Vaughn and the Moon Maids sing both vocals. Phil Harris, with quartette assistance from the Sportsmen, does two novelties in his usual novelty style: "Smoke, Smoke, Smoke" (That Cigarette) and "Crawdad Song." Tommy Dorsey, with Charles Dant's orchestra, dashes the Yuletide season a bit with a new ballad called "Christmas Dreaming" (A Little Early This Year). He backs it up with one of the dialect ditties he does so well on the Jack Benny show, "Ya Sure, You Betcha."
Sammy Kaye and his Swing and Sway crew give a smooth interpretation to "Serenade of the Bells," which is sung by Don Cornell and the Kaye Choir. The flipover is a novelty, "That's What Every Young Girl Should Know," with Laura Leslie on the vocal. This is a follow-up to "I'm a Big Girl Now," Kaye's big platter hit of last year.

CAPITOL:
Hol Derwin makes his first appearance on the Capitol label as a maestro with "On the Avenue" and "How Lucky You Are." Hol does the lyrics with the vocal aid of the Co-Eds.

That "Tim-Tayshun" record really started something with Jo Stafford's fans. And as an answer she comes up with "Feudin' and Fightin'," with Paul Weston's orchestra and the Starlighters. She sings it in a semi-hillbilly style. The backing is "Love and the Weather," which Jo does in her usual ballad manner.

The King Cole Trio come forth with "I Think You Get What I Mean" and "I Miss You So," with both vocals and piano solos by Nat Cole.

Peggy Lee, with hubby Dave Barbour's orchestra, sings a new novelty blues tune which is right up her alley; "It Takes a Long Long Train with a Red Caboose" (To Carry My Blues Away). On the reverse side she does "Just an Old Love of Mine," the tune she wrote with Dave.

DECCA:
You can just about take your pick of Crosby releases this month. Bing has four records in all. First, he sings two oldies with Eddie Cordon's orchestra: "Blue" and "After You've Gone." Then, with Carmen Cavallaro and a rhythm section, he gives an intimate treatment to "You Do" and "How Soon?" (Will I Be Seeing You?). The latter tune, written by crooner Jack Owens of the Breakfast Club radio show, is a beautiful ballad and may turn out to be the sleeper hit of the season.

The Groaner also did a date with Fred Waring and the Glee Club, and the result is a wonderful record of two favorites: "The Wiffenpoof Song" and "Kentucky Babe." Last, but not least, with John Scott Trotter's orchestra, Bing is represented with "Kokomo, Indiana" and "I Still Suits Me." On the first side, Crosby sings with the Skylarks and on the second he does a duet with Lee Wiley.

Danny Kaye has a most unusual release in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" and "What's the Use of Dreaming?" with the Ken Darby Singers. The unusual thing about the record is that Danny sings both sides without the usual Kaye capers and reveals that as a straight singer he has a very pleasing voice.

Lous Jordan and his Tympany Five have waxed a solid jump special: "Boogie Woogie Blue Plate," with Louis on the vocal. It should be as popular with Jordan fans as his "Choo Choo Ch' Boogie." On the reverse side Jordan does the oldie, "Sure Had a Wonderful Time."

In the Collectors' Series, Decca is releasing two of Woody Herman's most popular hits of the past: "Blues in the Night" and Laughing Boy Blues.

NEW ALBUM BY THE THREE SUNS


Eddy Arnold and his Tennessee Plowboys: It's a Sin and I Couldn't Believe It Was True. Record 20-2241, 60c.

Maurice Chevalier: Maurice Chevalier Returns! Album includes Place Pigalle, Weeping Willie, Quoi de Berey, Valentine, Vingt Ans. With Henri René and his Orchestra. S-51, $3.75.

Bill Johnson and his Musical Notes: Don't You Think I Oughta Know (vocal by Gus Gordon and Quartet) and Shorty's Got to Go (vocal by Bill Johnson and Quartet). Record 20-2225, 60c.

Freddy Martin and his Orchestra: The Lady from 29 Palms (vocal by The Martin Men) and Cumana (Barclay Allen at the piano). 20-2347, 60c.

Prices are suggested list prices, exclusive of taxes.

Read "In the Groove" every month. News and pictures of your favorite bands and singers, the latest records! Get yours from your RCA Victor dealer.

of Slam," she had to appear in certain scenes with an elephant. One day the elephant came over to Irene and began to use his trunk to explore underneath her voluminous skirt. Irene, instead of venting her temper on the animal trainer for being careless enough to let the pochayderm wander around loose, laughed gleefully.

"After all, what could I do," she explained. "You can't very well slap an elephant's face for getting fresh!"

When Irene was making "Life With Father," her sense of humor rescued her once again from a situation which might have made any actress of her importance hit the ceiling. Warners' suggested that in order to save shooting time, it would be a great help if Irene, Bill Powell and the young boys in the picture would devote part of their Sunday to visiting the Westmore beauty shop to have their hair dyed.

They all agreed. After the henna had been applied, however, the operators discovered the water had been turned off. They had to wait until the plumbers arrived. By that time everyone's hair had turned a giddy shade of orange. This was not too serious an inconvenience for Bill or the youngsters, who could pass it off as a gag; but a woman with such a brilliant shade of red could look cheap and vulgar.

Irene could have berated the studio and the beauty operators for not making sure ahead of time that everything was ready, but instead she took one look at herself and burst out laughing.

"Just look at Mother," she cried. "If she'd gone out in the street with that shade of hair in the days of 'Life With Father,' wouldn't everyone have been scandalized?"

What made the mistake particularly embarrassing was that the Griffins had a dinner date that evening with some friends in a restaurant. Irene trembled a little before she went to dinner, but she could not break appointments, so she walked in with her head and chin high. Any other actress appearing in public with that shade of hair would have caused stars. But Irene has such innate poise and dignity that even the loud shade of red passed almost unnoticed that evening.

The one word that has been used most frequently for Irene is "lady"—a description which Irene has disliked from the beginning.

In fact, right at the start of her career in Hollywood, a writer got a scoop from Irene by threatening to expose the truth—that she was a nice, normal and thoroughly unsensational lady—unless Irene gave her a startling story. As though she had been threatened with a fate worse than death, Irene then gave in, and told the story which her studio at that time wanted her to keep secret—her marriage to Dr. Griffin.

It is only in recent years that Irene has stopped arguing when anyone accused her of being a lady. A writer for a national magazine recently described her as "the lady Irene." Irene thought such a description would bore all her fans to tears; instead she began getting some very nice letters, expessing gratitude for the fact that there was one star who could always be depended upon to behave like a lady.

"Maybe the world needs women who behave like ladies," she said recently, startled at the idea.

She still thinks that writers describe her in much too laudatory terms. "I get so bored with writers who put me on a pedestal," she said. "They make me appear so aloof."

Mary Frances, Irene's eleven-year-old daughter, could tell them how far off the beat they were, if she were permitted to give interviews. She has led a happy, sheltered life because of the warmth and kindness of Irene and Dr. Francis Griffin.

From the beginning Irene protected her from the trappings of a movie star's daughter. She was never put on exhibition; never photographed for publicity purposes or even mentioned more than briefly in interviews. It was Mary Frances who recently presented Irene with the necessity of making one of the most serious decisions of her life. Mary is a talented pianist, and several music teachers have said that she could easily become a concert pianist with special training.

Since Mary was too young to decide so momentous a question for herself, Irene had to
decide for her. In the end, she ruled against any professional career for her daughter. "It's such a hard life," she told me. "It would mean that Mary would have to make many sacrifices. First of all, she would have to leave the Marymount school where she is so happy and study privately. Then she would have to spend at least four or five hours a day at the piano, practising. That doesn't seem to me the ideal life for a girl as young as Mary. At the present time she leads the life of a typical girl: she swims and rides, plays the piano when she wants to, and has all the recreation and activity she needs. I think that kind of life is best."

Just the same, Irene believes that every woman should have a hobby or try to cultivate a talent in addition to running a house. Her home in Holmby Hills is a distinct reflection of her personality. French Provincial on the outside, it is formal and subdued within. The house isn't done in the current vogue of chintzes and brightly colored cottons. Instead, like Irene herself, it is conservative and has a quiet elegance.

The living room is done in pale grays with touches of rose. Irene didn't turn over her home to a decorator as so many stars do. Instead she and her husband, while spending some time in France, bought each piece of furniture meticulously, selecting rare antiques, and shipped them back to this country, one by one. Irene is a perfectionist about her home, just as she is about her work and about every phase of her life.

When she knew that she would have to play a Norwegian woman in "I Remember Mama" she wasn't content to wait until the picture began before studying with a coach. Knowing that the Scandinavian accent is one of the most difficult of all and is usually burlesqued on the stage, she made up her mind that she would absorb the accent. To do so, she went to Ojai Valley, where several Norwegians have settled, and became friendly with them. Before she left, she engaged a Norwegian companion to spend a few months with her. In order that this woman, who had a baby, should have no distractions and should be able to devote all her time to conversing with Irene and improving her accent, Irene hired a nurse for the woman's baby, and moved them all into her home.

Even though she is a perfectionist about her work, Irene would give it up in a minute if it ever interfered with her marriage. Many actresses say that; Irene has proved it. When she was first offered the role in "Anna and the King of Siam," she turned it down because her husband was ill. The studio appealed to her again and again, but each time she refused until her husband told her, "Why don't you make the picture? I have a nurse to take care of me and I'll feel happier if I know that you're working and aren't worrying so much about me."

It was only then that Irene finally gave in.

She regards herself as Mrs. Griffin first, and Irene Dunne second. Even when she approves a story, which is part of her career, she signs it with the initials "I.D.G."

In certain respects Irene is very much like Mrs. Clarence Day of "Life With Father." Like Mrs. Day, she exercises a calming influence on those around her. Like her, she is dignified, deeply religious and very warm. In only one respect is Irene different. As far as we can tell, Mrs. Day seldom lost her temper. But maybe they're not so different after all since Irene's tempers, like Mrs. Day's, are as swift and fleeting as summer storms.

The End
pleated perfection

In a

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Smooth as honey . . . this dress of luxurious spun rayon. It's a dream for dancing and romancing with its full pleated skirt that swings so gayly. . . . The waist-hugging jacket emphasizes slimness . . . bell sleeves are romancing with its full pleated skirt that is a matter of fact, Rita Hayworth had been set to play opposite me in my new picture, 'A Stolen Life.' It had to be Glenn Ford. Easy as this may appear in retrospect, and even now Glenn deprecates his efforts by ascribing his success to lucky breaks, his career in Hollywood can be described, "the long way up the ladder." Some actors appear in one or two stage shows, are brought to Hollywood, click in one movie, and bingo—stardom.

Because his climb was slow; because he knew the theater so well, Glenn Ford is as fully rounded a personality as Hollywood has to offer. "Sure I've changed a lot in the last few years," he admits. "It might be that I'm maturing as an actor, but I think the war made me change my attitude on a lot of things." Just getting away from Hollywood was an important factor in the changes that have taken place in Glenn.

"We were inclined to live in a little world of our own here," he says earnestly. "All wrapped up in our work and our industry, we didn't take much notice of what was going on in the world—what other people were doing. Things are different now." Living as an enlisted man in the Marines, Glenn met all kinds of men, from all walks of life, from all parts of the country. "Listening to them talk, learning of their interests, was educational in itself," he says. "I find now that I'm not as absorbed in strictly movie affairs as I once was." Did the time he spent in service change his ambitions? Glenn always has been a serious actor, as well as a serious person. Eleanor Powell, his lovely wife, has often amusingly complained to interviewers that Glenn brings his movie roles home with him. If he's a gangster at the studio, he's a gangster at home; poker-faced, staccato-voiced. If he's a drawing room gentleman at the studio, he kills Ellie with courtesy and polite small talk in the evenings. He studies his parts for long hours, and is always striving for the perfection he seldom finds in his own work.

Glenn always has been this way; but now he is more choosy about the parts he accepts. "I've learned to say 'No,'" he says. "For the first time I'm turning down parts I don't like—"
feel I'm suited for. I want to appear in movies that not only entertain but also have a reason for being made. Every movie must have a reason—or a message, if you prefer to call it that; but this message must be carried by the entertainment value of the picture.

Speaking of messages and the influx of plays with messages that have hit Broadway, Glenn said seriously,

Oh, sure, the theater is an art. But so is the motion picture an art. I've no interest right now in going back to the stage; the motion picture is my medium and it's just as difficult an art to master as the stage is.

"What about all those young actors who are always pining to go back to the theater?" I prodded.

Glenn grinned. "Confidentially I believe these young kids who come out here, get fabulous salaries, and then complain all the time that they can't wait to get back to Broadway, are putting on an act. They say they don't like movies; they don't like interviews; they don't like publicity. It's a kind of temperament a lot of people here believe they have to display to be different."

Glenn was thoughtful for a moment.

"You know," he continued, "I get letters from boys and girls asking me how they can become actors. I always refer them to a couple of my friends who are great actors— I mean Thomas Mitchell and Claude Rains. They're real troupers. They know acting. Shucks, I'm no one to give advice.

"Getting into movies," says Glenn, "is ninety per cent luck and ten per cent ability. But once you've gotten your break, and landed a contract, the ratio reverses itself. Then it's ninety per cent ability and ten per cent luck whether you'll stay in pictures."

Glenn had been digressing from the question of how he had changed during the war. He swung back to the subject and was off on politics. Usually stars have a pet answer for the question: "Do you believe movie stars should be active in politics?"

"I have definite political views," he said. "I know how I'm going to vote and I feel very strongly on what line I believe our government should take. But I don't like to talk politics. I keep my views to myself."

The more mature Glenn Ford—rather than the "new" one, for he thinks his change in attitude is due to a steady growth over a long period of time rather than any sudden change—hasn't yet played his "favorite" role. He likes nearly every part he does; the more action the better. He's still waiting for that one smashing good role that is every actor's dream.

"There is a wonderful thing that helps me keep my feet on the ground," he said. "Every time I think I'm pretty good and am getting to be a big shot, I look at Ellie's scrap books. When I see what she did and then go downstairs and watch her sewing for me or washing dishes, I realize I'm pretty small potatoes. I'll never be as big a star as Ellie."

Glenn was proud of the crowds that stormed theaters and night clubs to watch Eleanor Powell's personal appearance tour.

"Her first night club show in Buffalo had lines standing outside for an hour. And it was twelve below zero! She is wonderful!"

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture inside the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges just don't chafe.

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YOUR HIDDEN BEAUTY

Everyone has at least one lovely feature. Have you overlooked yours? Then discover it—emphasize it—and make yourself beautiful!

How often have you resigned yourself to the despair of not being as pretty as you’d like to be? How many times have you just admitted defeat by acknowledging you don’t have a Hedy Lamarr face, a Lana Turner torso, Betty Grable legs? This unhappy state happens to the best of us; particularly after we glumly watch a No. 1 glamour doll pass by.

Well, you might as well stop worrying about what you consider your beauty shortcomings. You’ll only succeed in making yourself self-conscious—and heaven knows that’s a major step toward being unattractive. Just for a change, try concentrating on your hidden beauty. When you discover your beauty—emphasize it!

There are lots of pretty things about you—only you won’t admit it. Or maybe you’re really not aware of the loveliness that waits for discovery. Take a good look in the mirror. You’ll be amazed when you find that your own hidden beauty may be a smooth jawline, a pert nose or well-shaped lips. Other key points of beauty are lovely hands, expressive eyes, slim ankles. You’re probably secretly proud of the fact that your eyebrows are nicely shaped. Of course you haven’t done anything much about that...but there you are.

You may be dimly aware of these beauty marks—perhaps a few others are; so bring them to attention—emphasize them—and make yourself beautiful.

For more specific information about discovering your hidden beauty, you might consult Éri and Westmore’s new book “Beauty, Glamour and Personality.” This book not only goes into definite phases of make-up art but gives valuable information on how to acquire that elusive quality—glamour!

Lois and lovely looking Eve Arden, who soon will be seen in Warner Brothers’ “The Voice of the Turtle,” is a splendid example of how to make the most of your best features. Eve knows her eyes are loveliest when eyelashes and brows are lightly touched with a little mascara. Her shining hair is the result of one hundred vigorous strokes—daily. Even her ears are a beauty mark worth special attention. Note how her hair-do is drawn up to show her shining hair is the most of best features. Eve knows her eyes are loveliest when eyelashes and brows are lightly touched with a little mascara. Her shining hair is the result of one hundred vigorous strokes—daily. Even her ears are a beauty mark worth special attention. Note how her hair-do is drawn up to show

Discover YOUR beauty—then make the most of it!

By JULIA RANSOM
on the baseball nine. You know the type.
E is for the fact that he was kept out of
the Army by a bad back.
In 1934 he was trying out for the Junior
Olympic Diving Team. He missed his timing
and the net result was a back bruise that
developed into a tumor.
"I didn't think the Army would catch it," he said ruefully. "But they did, and they
told me I'd better get it fixed."
Up until recently his income never per¬
mitted the luxury of complicated surgery.
Now, he's recuperating from the first of two
operations.
S is for his sincerity.
When I told him I was going to tell MOVIE¬
LAND's readers something about the real
Stevens, he said, "For gosh sakes, don't say
I want to be the world's greatest actor!"
"Well, what do you want to be?" I asked.
"Just a darn good one," he said reflectively. "I'd like people to know that I can
and do want to act. That's the only thing
that I know I can do."
"What's the use of kidding myself," he
continued earnestly, "I know I got the breaks
because men like Tyrone Power, Jimmy
Stewart and Hank Fonda were away at war.
Now, I've got to prove that the studio's con¬
fidence in me was well placed."
T is for Technicolor. His next picture, "I
Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," is in color.
He made the test with June Haver, who
may very well be called "The Technicolor
Kid." All of her pictures have been in color.
"I don't know how they were able to tell
anything," he grinned. "I made the test in
black face."
E is for his eagerness to build his future
by hard work. He is constantly studying to
improve himself as an actor and is a per¬
fec tionist in every scene he plays.
V is for the vow he has made to reach the
top without kow-towing to anyone. There
have been times when the studio was wor¬
rried about his frankness and other times
when they were perturbed by his modesty.
"There's no sense in telling anyone the
tough times I've had. Everybody has a tough
time getting to do what they really want," he
says, summing up his climb to stardom.
E is for his endurance.
Mark was down to his last couple of bucks
when he got a small contract at Warners'.
It was discouraging for him to find that
most of his work in "Objective Burma," "God
is My Co-Pilot," "Pride of the Marines," and
"Roaring Guns" remained on the cutting
room floor. But he was determined to stick
it out.
Finally he got his break in "Within These
Walls," at Fox. "From This Day Forward"
was his best break. "Dark Corner was a
compliment to his endurance. "I Wonder
Who's Kissing Her Now" proves his versatil¬
ity as an actor, dancer, and singer, too.
N is for naturalness. Mark Stevens is as
straightforward and unaffected as a man
could be. There are no artifices, no man¬
erisms, no affectations about Mark. He's just
a regular guy—straight from the shoulder.
S is for stardom.
Mark has it now.
Put 'em all together and they spell Mark
Stevens. Success couldn't come to a nicer guy.
The End

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**LIP·STAE**

by Renoir

76

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Dreams came true for pretty Nelda Clough, national prexy of the Charles Korvin fan club. While attending the L. A. convention, she and editor Carol Whelchel (right) visited the star.

---

Another prize for the outstanding Fan Club Journal!

By CAROL WHELCHEL

☆ First of all, we suppose you're all anxious to know how your club stands in MOVIE-LAND'S bang-up journal contest. It's been quite a job judging those terrific journals you're sending in, as well as trying to figure out just who's cooperating most, and who's made the most noteworthy contribution to a charity. However, we carefully considered all these, and here's how it stacks up:

- JANIS PAIGE CLUB—50 points.
- LON McCALLISTER CLUB—50 points.
- JACK CARSON CLUB—50 points.
- BURT LANCASTER CLUB—50 points.
- NELSON EDDY MUSIC CLUB—25 points.
- CHARLES KORVIN CLUB—25 points.
- VIVIAN BLAINE CLUB—25 points.
- VINCENT PRICE CLUB—25 points.

You still have a little time to score in the contest, so get going! Remember, journals count the most—50 points—and from the six prize-winning journals we'll pick the one article we like most and add an extra 25 points, which will probably mean a winning total! The grand prize is this column completely devoted to publicizing the winning club, and a beautiful plaque bearing the name of the club, the president's name and date of award.

FAN-FUN

Pat Maben's Dan Duryea club is offering not only the usual club privileges, but a personal letter from Dan to each and every new member. The **Vincent Price** official club has adopted a little French boy, and they'll be sending him food, clothing, and toys. So that all their mems will be able to "get acquainted" with their ward, they'll also feature him in the next issue of their journal, with snaps. The newly organized **Bobby Beers** f. c. has inaugurated a point system similar to our contest, and they'll be giving out such lush prizes as albums of Bobby's recordings, autographed photos, compacts, tie pins, wallets, club memberships, etc., to the lucky winners. The **Barbi Hale** group (L. Carnahan, prexy), sent an album full of congratulatory letters when the Williams heir arrived—thought the album would mean more to Barbi than cards! Annette Sterling's **Richard Conte** group is offering an 8 x 10 still from one of Dick's pics to each mem bringing a new recruit.
into the fold. Birthday time, and Bev Montalbano and the Majestic Masons presented James Mason with a lovely, brown leather briefcase—engraved with his name—to help him celebrate!

We know all the other clubs listed with us have been active, too. Just to make sure we get all the information on your group, how about appointing a “Movieland Correspondent” to keep us supplied with news each month! Just a write-up of the club’s activities: parties, meetings, plans, etc., is what we want; preferably around the first of the month. We’ll be looking forward to hearing from your fan club correspondent!

WHAT’S NEW

The official Carole Landis club is really getting back in the swing of things with the most capable Shirley Baxter at the helm. Up in Canada Helen Ewart has formed a John Dall group. Determined to make it a huge success, Helen already is planning special contests, charity drives, and special snaps for the journal! There’s been a change of prexies for the Virginia Field club, since Pearl Tice has turned the gavel over to Lilyan Miller.

OUT OF THE MAILBAG

The very first issue of the Dan Duryea Journal, from Pat Maben’s club, has been aptly titled Merchant of Menace and is a fine edition. Next, print, lots of snaps, and excellent articles put this book on its way to being the best Parker Papers from the Willard Parker club. It is small, but oh, so newsy. It carries a clever article called “Parker Penning” by Mrs. P., no less!

We’re still screaming loud and long for a table of contents in all journals, no matter how small. It adds so much to the looks of your book, and it certainly takes no effort to put one in; so how about it?

And about journals—don’t forget that Listed With Movieland on your front page. We’ve got all sorts of activities brewing, and we want your club to be included.

INCIDENTALLY

We’ve got scads of clubs listed in our files, so if you’re in the market for joining, just drop a line (a self-addressed, stamped envelope) telling us the name of your movie favorite, and we’ll send the necessary info. Also, if you’re a brand new club prexy and want your club listed, let us have a peek at your letter of permission from the star, which will make it official with us. Address all letters to Carol Wheelchel, c/o Movieland Magazine, 916 N. La Cienega Blvd., Hollywood 46, California.

THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY

Quite a few out-of-towners turned out for the big fan club convention held in Hollywood this summer, ‘n’ between convention activities they spent lots of time getting acquainted with their honorary prexies. Edith Clemens, prexy of the Joan Crawford club, was Joan’s quest on the set at 20th Century-Fox where Joan is making “Daisy Kenyon” — and at Warner Bros. Jack Carson played host to Lorretta Verbin on the set of “Romance in High C.” Harry Lewis went all-out to show Vernell Haines, his Chicago prex, all the famous Hollywood landmarks, ‘n’ Charles Korvin had Indiana-lie Nelda Clough up to his hillside home where the two spent hours browsing thru his scrapbooks, pig collection, and record albums.

The End
one foot stolidly before the other. He has his eyes on far horizons; he's a man of vision, depth, kindness, and imagination. Lizbeth's dream man can visualize that period of her life when she was completely the tomboy. She played cops and robbers with enthusiasm and determination, pitting her strength against every boy in half her neighborhood. Her tomboy and her tomboyishness still shows itself in little ways: her carefree manner; the fact that she lets her hair fly and never wears a hat; her direct, honest, almost masculine way of talking. After the tomboy period, Lizbeth went feminine. Her young idea of femininity was to wear extremely short skirts. All at once she was aware of how she looked. You would have looked. Small details of grooming, such as the right shade of lipstick, were suddenly of glaring importance. Her dream man would see touches of this femininity today; the way she uses her hands in graceful quick gestures; the scent of illusionary perfume, subtly used; her amber-lit body. He would listen to her speak on weighty and intellectual subjects and remember that her mind, at fifteen, was conditioned for such opinions. For it was at this time that Lizbeth was first attracted by men who were interested in things beyond their own four walls. She liked intelligent-looking men; the fact that the boy with whom she was in love at fifteen wore horn-rimmed glasses only gave him glamour in her eyes. She thought the glasses made him look smart, and passionately wished she could wear horn-rimmed glasses, too.

This intense romance was mostly by letter, since the boy was going to Johns Hopkins University and they only saw each other during vacations. But Lizbeth's letters were not the usual I-love-you-dearly type. She wanted to impress her college friend with her mind. To do this, she concentrated on her vocabulary. First she would write the letter in simple, everyday language, discussing such things as the Japanese situation, the war in China, the value of the dollar. Then she'd look up these simple words in the dictionary and substitute the longest, most learned synonyms she could find. Her letters might have been dull, but they were certainly weighty. Today, her dream man would see how that year of her life influences her now. She still refuses to write letters about the weather, or what Sadie or Sally said. She still believes letters should be serious, intelligent, worthwhile. If she must deal with nothing, then she thinks these trivialities should be grayly and interestingly written. Her conversation is the same. She is not a gossip. Her talk centers on cultural subjects. Her ability for analysis is intriguing. She always wants to know the "why" of things. She would much rather discuss academic subjects with him who is divorcing whom. Her dream man, therefore, could never be the petty type. He would have to possess this same objective viewpoint toward the world and its peoples.

If you were Lizbeth's dream man, you would have to understand her chameleon ways: her rapid changes from gayety to depression. You would have to understand she is a moody person, and that anything can bring on this state. Her imagination is vivid. She doesn't have to experience a broken heart to know what it's like. Quite recently a friend of hers went through the emotional upset of a divorce. Lizbeth wept for her friend, literally lived her friend's heartbreak. Lizbeth's dream man would appreciate her strongly sympathetic nature, and yet have the ability to make her smile again.

Her dream man, of course, is not English. The Russian shows in her darkening moods, in her passionate enthusiasms, in her intensity. The English shows in her blond hair and blue eyes, her manner of carrying herself, her love of casual clothes. This latter would mean that you'd never see her in restaurant hats, or cocktail dresses glittering with sequins. You'd never see her wearing an elaborate coiffure. If you were her type of man, you wanted his girl dressed formally and to the teeth. Lizbeth would not be for you. She hates stiffness of any kind.

You'd know, if you were Lizbeth's dream man, that after innumerable gay infatuations, and after her one romance at fifteen, she went through a period when nothing mattered to her but work. First she was in New York and intent upon succeeding in the theater. Later, in Hollywood, she was as equally intent upon succeeding in motion pictures. During this long period, romance didn't interest her. She didn't have time for it. As a result, she has never been completely in love in her life. Today, she feels she has missed something, and speaking earnestly will say: "No life is complete without love. Women were put on earth to find a mate and to bear children. Any substitute is a frustration." Yes, today Lizbeth is waiting for love.

That doesn't mean her dream man will rush in like a prince on a white charger and sweep her off her feet. For Lizbeth wants love to come unexpectedly, and rather gently, like someone tapping her on the shoulder. She'll turn around, and that will be it. Although her dream man hasn't tapped yet, she knows what he will be like. He'll be kind, mature, wise. He will possess certain spiritual beliefs. He'll have a sense of humor. But more than anything else, he'll possess a certain sensitive perception which will help him understand her. His appearance doesn't matter. He can be tall or short, fat or thin. If he's understanding and tender, she won't notice what he looks like. There is only one thing upon which she has made up her mind. He must be older than she. "Some girls want to marry older men because those men are generally better established, or have more money. These things are not important to me. The reason I like older men is because they have maturity, a way of looking at life that isn't all confused and mixed up. I'm kind of grown up for my age, and I feel out of place with kids who are not yet settled. I think a mature man has a wonderful sense of values that you usually count in life, and I believe such a man has mental assets few younger men possess."

Young admirers might try to change Lizbeth's views on this by pointing out that when a young girl marries an older man, the chances are that he will die first, leaving her to a lonely old age. To such an argument, Lizbeth will answer: "You know the way I feel about life? I feel that loving someone very intensely, very completely, is
You'd be a family man, for you'd remember that Lizabeth comes from a family of four children: three girls and one boy. She wants just as big a family of her own some day. She would hope she wouldn't have to give up her career, but if it came to a choice, the career would lose.

Just the same, if you were Lizabeth's dream man, she would hope she wouldn't have to forget her career completely. She would like to take time out to have a family, and she wouldn't ever put her work first. It's just that she feels it isn't good for women to be inactive. "I would rather work than kill time playing bridge," she says. "I don't think women should sit home waiting for their husbands. I think women should have things to do. I believe in progress and development even if you are married." Lizabeth doesn't want to stagnate: she wouldn't want you to, either.

If you were Lizabeth's dream man she'd also like it if you were on the sentimental side. She is. It isn't the kind of sentimentality that runs to nostalgic love songs, but rather a sentimentality about certain periods of her life. For instance, she remembers the little room she rented when she was a struggling actress in New York. The room was no bigger than a postage stamp, yet often she remembers how many ideas sprung from that room, how much ambition those four walls saw, what inspirations she had while there, and what dreams she dreamed. Her sentimentality lies in such memories. Since she has never really been in love, those memories are not of a romantic sort. This doesn't mean that when she does fall in love she won't remember anniversaries, birthdays, Valentine's day and Christmas. It just means that she will also remember your first home, together, the first present you gave her, the first piece of furniture you chose together. You'd have to be sentimental, too. She would be hurt if similar things meant nothing to you.

There's one thing you would never be, if you were her dream man. You would never be casual with her. This quality Lizabeth hates above all others. She would hate to be taken for granted. She would hate the velvet to be gone from living. She feels that marriage should have sparkle even after a number of years. She expects that loving you, and being loved, will be as exciting on your twenty-fifth anniversary as on your first. And somehow, with Lizabeth—vital, vibrant, tempestuous, tender, alive—even to bored Hollywood playboys this suddenly seems quite possible.

The End
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DO YOU WRITE LIKE

Bill Holden has just finished his latest picture, "The Man from Colorado." Here he is with his wife, Brenda Marshall.

BILL HOLDEN?

At first glance it would seem that Bill Holden had taken his pen and slashed straight lines on the paper; but second glance shows that Columbia's energetic young actor is so full of vitality and pep that he automatically transfers his enthusiasm to the pen in hand. Here's a fellow-who knows what he wants out of life—and intends to get it!

Do you make your letters full of "points" the way Bill does? If so, you're analytical, shrewd, and you aren't going to be fooled by very many. Just look at the top of each letter; there's hardly a curve in the three lines of writing. Bill's a canny young man who has specific ideas of life, love, and career.

If your writing ascends the paper in the Holden style, you're an ambitious individual, anxious to get ahead and willing to take a few extra knocks to attain your goal. If your letters are as large as the sample shown, you also find you're happier when working with people rather than with objects or projects.

Do you make little knots when crossing some of your "t's"? Then you are persistent, you hang on to your beliefs through adversity and discouragement. You can accept life's challenges and conquer them.

There isn't too much patience in the person whose writing shows variations in pressure. If you do this, you're inclined to rush through things, to skip boring details, but yet to demand perfection. This type drives himself diligently on the job and then demands "more."

Notice how far from the letter Bill dots the "i." This shows he has a vivid imagination; he doesn't have to be told too much as he can see with his mind's eye. Those semi-printed capitals reveal his clarity of thought and good taste. The tapering off of the signature tells us that Columbia's Bill Holden can be most diplomatic when the occasion requires it.

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aristocratic features are dotted with a hint of California freckles. When "Clark Gable was originally introduced to her some months ago, he looked twice. He couldn't believe her beauty the first time.

"The most arresting thing about her," he says, "is her constantly changing expression."

This, in part, is due to her great acting ability, an ability so apparent in her British movies that American producers have been falling over themselves for the past two years in the rush to sign her. This year, M-G-M finally won the battle by buying out Gabriel Pascal, the man who discovered Deborah in a London restaurant in 1940. They offered the young lady from Scotland a contract which is even fabulous for Hollywood...$3,000 a week, 52 weeks a year for seven years; Miss Kerr to be starred or co-starred in all films; nothing less.

Needless to say, Deborah signed the contract. This done, she was then ordered to leave England "soonest," as they say in the transatlantic cables; with the afterthought, "But don't fly."

These instructions from her new employer were quite to Deborah's liking. Although married to Anthony Bartley, a former crack RAF pilot, she doesn't like to fly; as a matter of fact, she doesn't care for speed or fast living of any sort. Her idea of a perfect day is to take a long walk with her cocker spaniel, play the piano a bit, snuff a few dozen lemons, and then crawl into bed with a good book.

There wasn't time for that sort of thing once she and husband Tony packed their baggage and boarded the Queen Elizabeth. A week later, Deborah Kerr was in California; and the build-up began.

A studio car met the actress and her husband in Pasadena. They were driven to the Beverly Hills Hotel. "The next day, after a good night's sleep, Deborah was introduced to the studio's top executives. They looked and they liked.

Deborah was then introduced to L. B. Mayer, head of the studio. He ordered a quick screen test. It was so successful that within three days of her arrival, she was announced as Clark Gable's new leading lady.

Now, if all this sounds like the lucky story of a lucky young actress, it's only because I've left until this point the story of Deborah Kerr's background. Whatever success she's achieved, she's earned only after years of grueling work. Luck happened to enter her career just long enough to give it a boost when she needed it most.

Deborah Kerr was born in Helensburgh, Scotland, a ship-building town on the river Loch Lomond. Her birth date is September 30. Her father died when she was 14 and left her little but his good looks and imagination. With her mother and younger brother, she moved to Bristol, England. Here, she attended a dramatic school run by her aunt, Phyllis Smale. She won a scholarship to a ballet school, and she studied the dance until her weight and height made it evident that this was not her calling. "I realized then," she says, "that my face was the only
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Deborah Kerr's face reflects her mood so vividly that she seems to change almost physically right before your eyes.

At the age of 18, she persuaded her mother to let her go to London in search of a job. Permission granted, she moved into the Y.W.C.A., at $7 a week; then starting making the rounds. No stage producer would have her. Eventually, through a friend, she got a few walk-on parts in the Regent’s Park open-air theatre. She also read children's stories over the radio. After a while, she dropped the "Trimmer" part of her name. By walking all over London, job-hunting, she also dropped a good deal of weight.

"When the war came and the theatres were closed," she says, "I thought there was nothing left for me but to enter a rectorcy." But then came that one lucky break. She was sitting in a London restaurant one afternoon when Gabriel Pascal, the Hungarian producer-director, waddled over. "Sweet lady," he said, "you have a spiritual face. How would you like to be in one of my pictures?"

That was enough for Deborah. Given a small part in "Major Barbara," her career was launched. In rapid order, she appeared in four more pictures, including "Love on the Dole." This was followed by "Colonel Blimp" and "Vacation from Marriage."

In 1945, when she was entertaining troops on the Continent, love entered her life. She was introduced in Brussels to Squadron Leader Anthony Charles Bartley, eldest son of Sir Charles and Lady Bartley. The Allies were about to launch the attack into Germany and Deborah never knew whether she would see Bartley again. "We were tremendously attracted to one another," she says now. "We hoped we'd meet again."

They did. They were married on November 28, 1945, in St. George's Hanover Square Church. Not long after, came the offer to come to Hollywood.

Today, being skyrocketed to stardom, Deborah Kerr, sweet and gentle as ever, manages to keep both her feet solidly on the ground. She has two main ambitions: a full, successful career and a full, successful family of young Bartleys.

The End
worked with the cape eight hours a day."

Thirty-five bulls, three bullfighters and ten cameras were used in making the scenes. A double—they had to get a Spanish matador worked with the cape eight hours a day."

The thin dust of the ring while waiting to be gored by a trick make-believe device.
MICHAEL REDGRAVE
(Continued from page 46)


Born in Bristol, England, in 1908, Michael is the third generation of a theatrical family. He made his first stage appearance in Melbourne, Australia, at the age of two when he was carried on the stage by his parents. After early schooling in France and Germany, as well as in England, Michael went to Magdalene College at Cambridge where he attained a Bachelor of Arts degree.

After graduation in 1930, he accepted a post as modern languages instructor at Cranleigh, a well-known school for boys. His inclinations were for the more insecure fields of writing or acting, but the depression years made both fields unprofitable.

During his school holidays he had had a few walk-on bits in plays at Stratford-on-Avon and in London, and while at Cranleigh he produced and played in practically every school play presented there. Later he became an active member in a nearby repertory company. In 1934 he decided that acting was more to his liking than teaching, so he resigned from Cranleigh.

After an interview at the famed "Old Vic" company in London he was offered a job at fifteen dollars a week. With this offer in writing he went to see the director of the Liverpool Repertory Theater who promptly gave him a contract at twenty dollars a week. Shortly after his debut with the Liverpool company, where Rex Harrison had served his stage apprenticeship several years before, Michael unexpectedly found himself playing leads after two male stars left for London.

In 1935, a promising London actress, Rachel Kempson, joined the company to co-star with him in "The Flowers of the Forest." Before rehearsals were over, they were engaged and a few weeks later they were married. Now they have three children: Vanessa, 9; Corin William, 7; Lynn, 3. Rachel reassured her acting career, and again co-starred with her husband in the motion picture "The Captive Heart."

Michael graduated to success on the London stage, including a season with John Gielgud. Strangely enough, for two years he felt he was not photogenic. In 1938 he agreed to a screen test which resulted in a five-year contract, and he proved an immediate film favorite in his first picture, "The Lady Vanishes."

Early in the war he joined the Navy as an ordinary seaman which he remained until being invalided out. During his Navy service, he had his first visit to New York—and under odd circumstances.

"We came over on a troop ship, down the St. Lawrence to Montreal; then some of us were sent to Norfolk, Virginia, to pick up another ship. On the train trip from Montreal, I kept thinking how wonderful it would be to see New York, fully expecting we'd have time to look around. At 125th Street our train went underground. When we reached Grand Central Station we were told our train for Virginia was on the next track and to step lively. A fine view of
New York—all in tunnels," recalls Michael. After arrival in Norfolk he discovered that he would not be allowed to leave town unless on a specific invitation. Michael, who doesn’t lack in resourcefulness, wired Paul Lukas and Ruth Gordon, whom he had known in London, asking that even if they didn’t want to entertain him, would they please wire invitations so he could get a pass to come to New York.

Both responded with real bids. He used his last case of money by cable, and depended on borrowing money for the return trip.

Michael spent three months in Norfolk, waiting for his ship. He found people there, especially hospitable, particularly an elderly couple named Massingall. After he had dined at their home one evening, they told him a plate would always be on the table for him when he returned. "I visited them several times later, always telephoning first, but I really believe they did have that extra plate out every night," he insists.

After his medical discharge in 1942, Michael returned to the theater and motion pictures. About the same time he and his wife bought their home in Chiswick, on the banks of the River Thames. The house is very old and the garden is spacious, which pleases Mike; for he enjoys lawn mowing and digging and finds the activities nearly as beneficial in keeping fit as swimming and squash. He is especially proud of his collection of Iris, which includes more than a hundred varieties. In his vegetable garden he specializes in prize tomatoes.

His collection of books runs into thousands and on the walls of his home are the paintings of such artists as Picasso and Toulouse-Lautrec. He has become quite an amateur photographer and he’s never without his camera as he explores Hollywood and the surrounding country.

He’s pardonably proud of his family. Vanessa, who is studying ballet, had the honor of presenting a bouquet to Princess Elizabeth at the command performance of "Stairway to Heaven." Papa Michael had the jitters for her.

"I’ve never had such a case of nerves in my life and it was so unnecessary. She was utterly calm and couldn’t have been more composed," her father reports. "She’s a great pianist. Michael says he wouldn’t dream of objecting to acting careers if they should come. That’s a very good girl.

He likes American coffee; thinks our tea is dreadful; has developed a taste for all our food except sweet potatoes, despite his three months in Virginia—or maybe because of them. Like many actors, Michael’s cooking as a hobby and an oyster risotto is his culinary masterpiece. The day of our interview, heunched on blue points, calves liver with onions and cole slaw—which didn’t seem like an English lunch, except that he used mustard on the liver!

On the subject of laughter Michael thinks the Americans have the most robust sense of humor; the English the most unconscious. Just before leaving on his current visit, he was wandering among tables of books in a London bookstore. Each section was carefully marked with signs such as Plays, Historical, Biography. On the table designated For Lenten Reading he found “Forever Amber”!

Who said Englishmen can’t laugh at themselves?

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Newspaper advertisement sections
AVERAGE AMERICAN

(Continued from page 37)

his father operates, the local hardware store. No wonder he feels "at home" playing them.

"But it's not the part that matters so much," Jimmy said, in his slow, cogitant way, "it's the story. You get a good story and you're in. Even with a good story there are limitations to what an actor can do; or perhaps I should say there are limitations to what I can do.

"I would be very uncomfortable, as a glamour-boy, or a smoothie. As a wolf-in-pin-striped pants, I'd be kind of a sheepish wolf. If, for example," managing a leer, "I had to kiss a girl's bare arm all the way up—like THIS"—and fluttering the word to action, Jimmy bared his teeth, leaned forward, made like nuzzling your reporter's arm from wrist to collar-bone—"I would be pathetic.

"What I want to do next is a western, I like the idea very much. 'Destry Rides Again' was a very successful picture. Truth is, I've got my sleeve right now. It will probably be my next picture, I think, for RKO. 'Blood on the Moon' is the present title of the story but since Cagney did 'Blood on the Sun,' I think we'll do a rewrite job on the title.

"Of the pictures I've made since I first came to Hollywood in 1935, 'It's A Wonderful Life' is my pet. Not that the picture was a failure, or that my friend Capra directed it; but because it was a story with a good idea.

"Main things I want to do in this world," Jimmy said, seriously, "are to improve as an actor and to make good pictures. Lots of people ask me whether I find making pictures as satisfying now as it was when we first started the war, I find it more satisfying. You don't realize, until you are away from it, how much business it is. Besides, it's a wonderful thing to get back to what you like best to do.

"When I gave up my original intention of going back home and carrying on the family hardware business," Jimmy says, "I knew the harm I had for what it was and called it by name."

And ever since the summer following his graduation from Princeton when he and Margaret Sullivan, Hank Fonda and Kent Smith played summer stock with the Falstaff Players on Cape Cod, Jimmy has been aactor.

One of Hollywood's favorite quiz questions is, "Why has Jimmy Stewart never married?"

There have been many guesses made but no solid answer. Some suggest an early love affair from which he has never fully recovered. Others lay it to his love of acting, which fills his heart and his life. Still others brush it off saying, "What in thunder—he just hasn't met the right one yet."

Could be. But the why of Jimmy's bachelorhood remains a question, and no help in answering it is to be expected from James.

When your reporter, casting around for a deft way to ask the question without which any Stewart interview would be a collector's item, brought forth, "Do your plans for the future include marriage?" Jimmy laughed himself red in the face.

"VERY good," he said. "Very new and fancy. Well, now, let's see . . ." He thought a moment, brow furrowed, lower lip protruded, then drewl, "Well, I'll be very disappointed if in the future I look back and find
AT LAST—AN AMAZINGLY EASY WAY TO OWN THESE EXQUISITE 14K SOLID GOLD GUARANTEED GENUINE DIAMOND RING SETS ON CREDIT

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Jimmy Stewart's having fun these days. He's in the New York play "Harvey." Above shows Jimmy as Elmer Dowd, friend of a 6' rabbit.

"that my plans did not include marriage!"

Then going back with obvious relief to shop-talk which is the sweet-talk to Stewart.

"Kent Smith and I began our careers together, worked side by side, that first summer on Cape Cod. We never worked together again until we made 'Magic Town,' in which Smith plays the part of an intellectual high-school teacher.

"Magic Town," Jimmy says, "was sort of Old Home Week for me. In addition to my reunion with Kent Smith, I hadn't worked for producer Bob Riskin, since his Academy Award winning picture, 'You Can't Take It With You,' back in 1938."

Jimmy's house, which he bought shortly after he first came to Hollywood, is still home to Jimmy. "Not a piece of furniture changed," he says, "or even re-arranged." He still has the same housekeeper since he set up housekeeping in Hollywood.

"Her name is Daisy Dooley and she takes wonderful care of me," Jimmy says, "Cooks, serves, cleans, washes, irons, sews on buttons, runs interference. I'm allergic to telephone. Daisy knows this and my best friends can't reach me unless they are cunning enough to find a vulnerable spot in The Iron Curtain. That's what I call Daisy."

Jimmy loves to collect junk.

"I'm a sucker," he explains, "for street hucksters, the ones who sell the little-men-that-walk, the ten cent watches, etc. My house is filled with the gimmicks I buy on the streets: no-good razors, sleazy ties, no-good hucksters, the ones who sell the little-men-that-walk, the ten cent watches, etc. My house is filled with the gimmicks I buy on the streets: no-good razors, sleazy ties, no-good shoes and socks and 'objets d'art.'

"When I go to lunch at Lucy's in Hollywood, I generally arrive with three flowers, a pair of shoes, a china lamp and four pair of nylon stockings. The only thing that can save me from a street huckster is a black cat. I won't cross a street a black cat is crossing. How the cat feels I don't know," Jimmy adds.

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A recent poll of motion picture audiences showed that 53 per cent consider star Stewart the typical American; 25 per cent consider him a comedian; 10 per cent name him the romantic type. One resident of Elizabeth, N. J., thought he was a ball player.

Jimmy considers himself an Average American and will continue to be one for as long as he lives: unchanging and unchangeable.

The End
beginning to. Not really, though. You couldn’t say that when I walk into the room she’s exactly delightful with joy. Doesn’t say “Daddy” yet? Not yet. But she will soon, I hope. Of course, I’m going to rehearse her for days!

Making a trouper out of her straight off? Does she look like you or Sylvia? It’s a funny thing. When I first saw her, she looked like—well, a baby. She didn’t particularly look like either of us. But then I looked at her hands. You know, if you took my hands and photographed them and reduced them in size . . . well, those are exactly the shape of her hands. It’s uncanny. I suppose this is something parents have discovered before, but it was new to me.

We were talking about relaxation once upon a time. I don’t know how we got all on the subject of children, unless it’s because you’re making like a fond parent. What do you like to do?

I like to play golf when I have the time. What’s your score?

I like to play golf when I have the time. What does it feel like to be dead? Better, I’m sure.

Well, anyway, you’ll know how to portray a seascott person should you ever have to. You’ve done your research, as it were. Incidentally, how do you study for a screen role, Danny?

I usually have an idea of what we’re going to do in a picture, like “The Secret Life of Walter Mitty,” before they write the script. Besides, I’ve spent so many years in this kind of business playing different parts, I have a built backlog of remembrances. I have what they call a photographic memory.

You mean you can remember lines easily, things like that?

Not only lines, characterizations. If I see somebody smoke a cigarette in a peculiar way, or someone walk in a strange manner, or a guy with a little speech habit that’s nervous, studied or careless, I kind of remember those things. Then, when I play that sort of a part I put them together, and make the whole characterization in my own mind.
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BONOMO CULTURE INSTITUTE
Dept. B, 1841 Broadway, New York 23, N.Y.

Tony Martin and Danny Kaye enjoy a little horseplay before a CBS broadcast.

You see?

I know nothing about acting. It always seems like witchcraft to me. I've often wondered how you go about imitating people. I mean, if someone told me to make like somebody, I wouldn't know—

Well, you do it by observation. In a sense, it's like being a newspaper reporter. Reporters report with words what they see. I report what I see, but I act out impressions instead of putting them down on paper.

I think that a wonderful gift. Tell me, what did you think the first time you saw yourself on the screen?

I didn't like it much! I don't think anybody ever does. What happens is this: after spending years on the stage—as I did—you have a mental picture of what you must look like. But to sit back, and suddenly see yourself in action—gosh, you say to yourself, "Why isn't what I had in mind at all. That isn't the way I wanted to look!" That's disappointing. It's quite a shock when you think you're making one kind of an expression on your face, and you see it come out entirely different.

I think seeing the back of yourself on the screen must be interesting. No one ever sees his back unless he is trying on clothes in front of a triple mirror.

Or when you get a haircut and the barber holds a mirror in back of your head to show you how well he's cut your hair. Does he cut it well, or do you have flts like most men?

No, it doesn't matter to me. I resist going to the barber—like almost every other man I know—but I go once in awhile, and whatever way they cut it is all right.

Do you want to be acting twenty years from now, Danny?

I want to play golf better!

You won't mention that score yet will you?

Nope. I've only been playing golf about two and a half years. As in most athletic endeavors, I'm kind of a tyrant with myself. I'm determined to be fairly good in almost everything I take up; so, when I started to play golf, I spent days and days just practicing before I ever went out to play golf.

Did you have an instructor?

Yes, I did. And the other day, I went out to the golf club and I shot a 77.

That's wonderful!

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performer in his dad's Christmas and Easter pageants. When a Broadway actress happened to see him hatch the role of 50-year-old Franz Gruber, composer of "Silent Night," she congratulated young Cam, then suggested he begin a serious study of dramatics in New York. This was the first inkling Cam had that his baseball career was headed for red-hot competition.

At eighteen, Cam approached his father on the possibilities of studying acting in New York City. Rev. Mitchell was decidedly opposed. "If you want to become an actor," he told Cam, "you'll have to do it entirely on your own."

Cam accepted the challenge. He borrowed the insufficient sum of $350 from his ex-French teacher, then set off for Manhattan with a pocketful of money and a heart full of hope.

By day he worked as mail boy in a department store. By night he studied at the Theatre School of Dramatic Arts. Cooped in his $3.50-a-week room by the Sixth Avenue elevator, Cam studied and worked and slept. But the dramatic school's diploma failed to unleash his pent-up fury on Alfred Lunt in what Cam now claims was undoubtedly the broadest letter ever written.

"I described myself as every bit his equal, if not superior in the realm of acting," Cam remembers. "I told him I lacked only experience, and that was due to lack of opportunity. I was angry, disheartened and I actually诅咒 the word of what I wrote. But when it was all down on paper, I felt better and mailed the letter."

A few days later Cam was onstage at the famous Schubert Theatre reading a scene from "Moor Broom." From out of the darkness came a voice of Lynn Fontanne saying, "My boy, you are not only destined to be a great actor."

"I felt better and mailed the letter."

From that day on the celebrated actress was a constant source of inspiration and help. She helped Cam snare a role in the Theatre Guild production of "Jeremiah" in 1938; all three chuckled over the new adjustable "bra." From out of the darkness came a voice of Lynn Fontanne saying, "My boy, you are not only destined to be a great actor."

"I felt better and mailed the letter."
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NO REJECTIONS!
I wish I could tell you how many thousands of dollars the movie stars spend on dentists’ bills annually. Unfortunately, such statistics aren’t available. But you have my word that it’s plenty. Every care is taken to see that the natural teeth are preserved. Movie stars visit their dentists at least once every three months. Frequently, a great actor will come to Hollywood whose teeth are in bad shape. Immediately, he’s sent to the best dentist in town and no expense is spared to give him teeth which are as you say, “bright and even as a string of pearls.” There are some actresses, of course, whose teeth are capped with plastic coverings. Those coverings fit very snugly upon their natural teeth and it’s almost impossible to detect that they’re artificial. As regards braces, most stars used them long before they came to Hollywood.

THREE-DATE GIRL

Dear Miss Crawford:

Why must there be such a thing as a “three date girl”? I’m unlucky enough to be one who is. It’s easy enough for me to get first and second dates but no boy ever makes it more than three.

Three dates and the boy is gone and I rarely ever see him again. It’s gotten to be a joke around my house. For example, the other day, my brother said, “Is Kenneth looking you out for the third time?” I said, “Yes.”

And mom answered, “Well, I guess that’s all we’ll ever see of him. It was said jokingly and we all laughed, but it’s no longer a laughing problem to me.

What do you think is wrong with me? I look all right to myself.

Betz B.

When you ask, “What’s wrong with me?” — you are of course, asking an impossible question. I don’t know you, I don’t know how you look or how you act or how you conduct yourself. I gather from your letter, however, that you lack what I call social stamina. You have a flattering power with the boys. To find out why, you’d best take inventory of yourself. Do you talk too much?

Do you exhaust your supply of conversation in three dates? After the third date, do your boyfriends have anything to look forward to? I suggest that you let your dates do most of the talking. You ask questions and let the boys give the answers. I have met relatively few modest men in my life and practically none who under the proper stimulation, won’t pour out their autobiographies.

Better yet, be ready with a flock of suggestions of where to go and what to do. Most boys like a positive answer when they say, “What would you like to do tonight?”

The End

CAN I HELP YOU?

(Continued from page 18)
Miss Nash if Miss Nash would be interested in a screen career? If she would like to make a screen test for a role in Mr. Chaplin's next picture? "Mr. Chaplin," said Mrs. Chaplin, "is looking for a newcomer to play the part of 'The Girl'."

I was too taken aback to speak for myself; I called my mother, repeated Mr. Chaplin's words to her, asked her what she thought about the whole thing. 'Why, I think that would be a most interesting experience,' dear, said Mother, 'Very exciting . . .'

The next day Marilyn went to the Chaplin home; this time, alone. She says, "I sat in the living-room with Charlie and Oona—and wondered what they were going to do to me. Then," Marilyn gave with a reminiscent groan, "they handed me this thing of 'King Lear'!

"But if it was—and nothing can convince me that it wasn't—the great 'Charlot' couldn't have been kinder. He said he thought I read it very simply. 'With understanding,' he said, 'With thought ...'

"A few weeks later, I made the test. In the meantime, however, I went back to school to take my mid-year exams. I wanted to make sure I had my credits in the very probable event that this thing, this fabulous opportunity should fall through . . ."

"The test was an interview test, just questions and answers. It couldn't have been an acting test because I couldn't act! I'd been on a studio lot just once before as a tourist, and was about as much at home on a sound stage as I would have been in the Land of Oz! Moreover, it was a rainy day, my hair was un-curling and I felt an utter fool. But Mr. Chaplin sensed my jitters and saved face for me by saying, matter-of-factly, 'Come along now, get some makeup on, stand up there and we'll grind away.' And that's what we did, with Mr. Chaplin, who supervised the test, telling me, to 'Look over here, now look over there' meanwhile talking to me all the while the camera was turning. What he talked about, I don't remember—except that he made it sound so easy, by conversa

"When the test was run, Mr. Chaplin said I photographed all right, but that I needed voice and diction lessons. These shortcomings did not dissuade him from putting me under contract then and there. The next step was to send me off for a course of voice and diction studies with lamed coach Nina Moise, who directed many of Eugene O'Neill's first plays."

"Monsieur Verdoux" was scheduled to start rehearsing the first scene six hours every day. The next picture? "Monsieur Verdoux" was scheduled to start rehearsing the first scene six hours every day. The part of 'The Girl'."
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"During that month and a half, I really got to know Charlie Chaplin. I got to know his patience, his infinite, infinite patience."

"I got to know his passion for perfection, how observant he is about hair and clothes down to the very way a pair of shoes are tied. My hat, for instance. For my first scene in the picture, he wanted me to wear a hat that not only looked, but actually was bedecked with a bow. After an exhaustive search for such a headdress, I finally swooped down on a hat our cameraman had had in the back seat of his car for years and years, and that was it. But when I wore it, on the first day of shooting, he didn't like the way they had put it in my head and held up production for three quarters of an hour trying it all angles until he found THE angle."
that he and the other stars in the company are going to keep their organisation on a complete non-profit basis, as far as any individual is concerned. The money earned by the company will go to building a new theatre for the town of La Jolla, "whose people," said Greg, "have been wonderfully cooperative with us."

Noel Coward, the acid-minded British playwright, made this crack about an American star (Mary Martin), who'd been working in one of his shows. "There are only two adult things about her—her ego and her 17-year-old son."

Claude Jarman, Jr., has grown so fast since he completed "The Yearling" that his stand-in now is Sam Lukfin—one of the original Keystone Kops in the early days of picture making.

Fred MacMurray's cows took 20 ribbons at a California fair; and he was as pleased as if he'd got an Oscar.

Rex Harrison would like to explain that it isn't snobbishness but near-sightedness that causes him not to greet acquaintances occasionally. Rex doesn't like to wear glasses; so, often he doesn't recognize friends when meeting them in public places. "It happened with my own wife," he recalls. "When we were engaged, Lili (Palmer) was having lunch with an agent in the Savoy in London. She told him that she was going to marry me. About that time I walked in, stared right in her direction, but made no sign of recognition. To save face, Lili had to come over to my table, lead me over to the agent, and let me explain the situation."

Bonita Granville is so happy with her new marriage that she says she'll do only one picture and devote the remainder of the time to building up her home.

Voili, Sezlowicz's new star from Italy who won the coveted feminine lead in "Miracle of the Bells," tells us that her two-and-a-half-year-old son already has learned to speak English without an accent, while she has to labor with a voice coach. Voili believes that the solution for world misunderstandings is travel by all people. "During the war," said she, "no Italian who'd been in America and known its people wanted to go to war against the United States."

The End

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 10)

All eyes were on Joan Fontaine when she arrived at Rank party wearing this smart black satin gown. She's with hubby Bill Dozier.
"I LOST

98 lbs.

Very FIRST Week"

says Miss Mae Rehok, Chicago, Ill.

LOSE UGLY FAT

OR DOUBLE YOUR

MONEY BACK!

Get a Slender Figure

Enjoy Your Meals

YOU cannot have a slender, graceful figure, which is every woman's desire, unless you rid yourself of the flabby excess fat which covers feminine curves. Now you can rid yourself of this ugly, excess fat in a simple, healthful way.

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More Orchids For Crawford

I have been interested in the career of a young actor named Horace McNally ever since I first saw him in "An American Romance". He was then under contract to M-G-M but never managed to get the breaks. He appeared in several pictures but always in small roles and just barely managed to show that he did have talent. He is now under contract to Universal-International, and I'm sure you remember his performance in "Magnificent Doll". He revealed in that picture that he deserves something much better than the type of thing he has been given until now. He is young, very good-looking, and a fine, experienced actor. What more could a studio ask for? Apparently something more, because Horace McNally hasn't appeared in anything at all since "Magnificent Doll." And why?

Clayton, New Jersey

Naomi Roth

Teenagers Complain

I always read Movieland magazine and I think it's simply super. Now, how about having some stories on the teen-aged kids in it? I never saw him in "An American Romance," what about Dickie Moore, Peggy Ann Garner, Scotty Beckett and others? We kids would like to know how our teen-aged idols live in Hollywood as well as the older stars.

Brons, New York

Josephine Aprae

Webb's Sense of Humor

To judge from the 20th Century-Fox picture "Laura," I think Clifton Webb did an sensational job to make the picture the hit that it was. "The Razor's Edge" proved to everyone that he is an Academy Award contender. He has something that many of the other actors lack and that is a real sense of humor. So let us have more of Webb.

Joa Boogdanian

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- How to make your hair grow
- How to brush your hair
- How to keep your teeth clean
- How to keep your hair healthy

YOUR HAIR
- How to wash it
- How to comb it
- How to cut it
- How to style it
- How to set it

YOUR HANDS
- How to use them gracefully
- How to groom them
- How to remove marks
- How to keep them soft
- How to keep them clean

YOUR FEET
- How to take care of them
- How to keep them balanced
- How to strengthen them

YOUR CONVERSATION
- How to talk naturally
- How to talk to strangers
- How to start a conversation
- How to keep a conversation going
- How to use words
- How to make your words sound pleasant

YOUR BODY
- How to be slim
- How to be graceful
- How to walk like a dancer
- How to stand like a queen
- How to sit gracefully

ELEANORE KING
Miss King's personal conversations include radio, television, NBC, NBC, and struggling women's groups; "Glorify Yourself," instructor before hundreds of women's groups; "Personal Persuasion," for the Adult Education Assn., Los Angeles; and "Glorify Yourself," for the University of Southern California.

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This month we're roaring about one of the most dramatic and Technicolorfully beautiful movies that we've ever had the pleasure of roaring about.

Now we do sound a little adjective-y.

You know what we mean. Whenever you hear the phrase "One of the most" you sort of know the etcetera.

Instead we're going to take a different stance. We're going to tell you what the picture is called and who's in it. Then see if you don't agree that this one is different.

Very good. The title is "The Unfinished Dance." The producer is Joseph Pasternak. The director is Henry Koster.

They are responsible for many memorable musicals. But while "The Unfinished Dance" is not strictly a musical, it is a dramatic story that deals with dancers.

The star is Margaret O'Brien—the biggest little star on the screen. (Adjectives again!)

The leading girls are Cyd Charisse, a poem on legs, and Karin Booth, ditto.

A new personality, Danny Thomas, seen on many a stage, is introduced in this—may we say unusual—picture.

Myles Connolly's screen play is based on the story by Paul Morand.

Now you know the facts. But what you don't know is this:

Little Margaret—in one sense of the word—plays a heavy.

At a rehearsal of the most wonderful eye-filling ballet (those adjectives again!) she pulls a certain backstage switch.

Her heart makes her do it. But had she commit a crime? Did she end the career of a person who would later grow to love?

What a great part does Conscience—the inner thing—play in this adjective-worth film.

One could go on. But 'tis better p'raps to leave the column "unfinished"...

For you will surely see "The Unfinished Dance."—Leo
From the pulsating pages of M-G-M's Prize Novel—enjoyed by 20 million readers—comes the thrilling story of a fiery girl who dares the dangers of the sea and a savage land... to fight for the love of a bold adventurer.
While the editor is away, a guest reporter brings you sidelights on the stars and the latest news about what's going on in the fabulous town of Hollywood!

Michael North shot to stardom in his one big picture "Unsuspected" for Mike Curtiz at Warners, and is scheduled for three more in rapid succession, "Sugarfoot," "No Common Clay" and "Shadow of Fear."

Mike's name has been connected with many lovelies during the past months including Joan Caulfield, Janis Paige, Sonja Henie, Martha Vickers, Natalie Draper, Marion Carr and Lana Turner, but there's safety in numbers . . . his career comes first and Mike Curtiz states his favorite find will remain single for at least five years!

The current teen-ager rage both male and female, Michael has over nine hundred and fifty fan clubs and is considered the hottest newcomer since Guy Madison.

John Agar will gift Shirley Temple with a piece of jewelry bearing her birth-stone when...
On the screen in Technicolor for all America's millions the play all America loves best!

Warner Bros. present Clarence Day's Life With Father

Starring William Powell, Irene Dunne

Welcome! The longest-run stage hit in history (24 straight years) is a Warner Picture now! Heed the happy word of all who've already seen it and head for Warners' finest the first moment you can!

-directed by Michael Curtiz
-produced by Robert Buckner

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart
From Oscar Serling's Stage Production
Music by Max Steiner

Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
their child is born and on the occasion of each succeeding addition to the family. Shirley was born April 23rd., that’s a diamond, isn’t it?

Eleanor Powell, no longer under contract to M.G.M., has been breaking all personal appearance records on her recent tour. Though the theatre claims her as its own, hubby Glenn Ford has never seen her on stage, so Columbia gave him a holiday from “Mating of Millie” to fly to Las Vegas when she appeared at the famous Flamingo.

Derek Scott, Irene Dunne’s youngest son in “Life With Father,” is the brother of Major Douglas Scott who played her son in “Cimarron.” Major Scott is now assistant to the chief of political affairs division for General MacArthur’s Headquarters in Tokyo. You might say Irene is never “Scott free.”

Dick Lang, juvenile in “The Egg and I” and now playing Susan Hayward’s brother in

Among notable guests at gala opening night of Charles Laughton’s stage production of “Galileo” were screen favorite Charles Boyer and wife, Pat Paterson.

“Red Stallion” premiere was a big treat for Linda and Toni Hope, here with their mother, Mrs. Bob Hope, and back row chatters Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers.

Too bad Movieland cameras don’t record conversations. The one Cary Grant and Betty Avery are listening to at the Chanteclair restaurant must be amusing!
A kiss from a stranger led to strange dangers!
Here's adventure to thrill—and love to enthrall!

IDA LUPINO
DEEP IN LOVE!
DANE CLARK
DEEPER IN DANGER!
WAYNE MORRIS
BORN FOR VENGEANCE!

TORRENTS OF EXCITEMENT
ROARING OUT OF THIS
VALLEY OF VIOLENCE!!
The Red Skeltons (left) and Ricardo Montalbans pause for refreshments at Dempsey party. Montalban was a hit in “Fiesta.”

Old friends meet at “Red Stallion” premiere. Margaret O’Brien smiles as famous dog-star Lassie seems to whisper in her ear.

Finish of their new film, “Dark Passage,” calls for a Mocambo celebration for Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart.

Nora Eddington Flynn, wife of Errol (left), tries to fix her orchid lei and watch guests arriving at the huge Mocambo-Winchell party.

“Tap Roots,” was a Hollywood High School boy with no previous professional experience. Pals hitch-hiking were picked up by casting director Jack Merton. They told him about Dick who was appearing in a class play. Merton was impressed with their enthusiasm, covered the performance and spent weeks trying to get the kid to return his calls for a test—Dick thought his pals were pulling a gag!

Right now, Dick is pretty discouraged; while in North Carolina on location for “Tap Roots” he was thrown from a horse, breaking his wrist; back at Universal-International, a horse stepped on his foot, bruising it badly; in battle sequences, the horses knocked him into the brush scratching him all up. Henceforth he’d like strictly drawing room roles!

Gregory Peck’s pure white German Shepherd, “Perry” is his constant companion. Greg acquired the dog during “Keys of the Kingdom” and considers him a good-luck charm.

Pet pooches are no problem on the Fox lot. They grow up in the industry with a thorough knowledge of sound-stage etiquette.

Tyrone Power has an almost identical dog, same breed, age and coloring who answers to the name of “Olaf.” Ty even took him to Mexico for the “Captain from Castle” trek and took him along when he flew his own plane to South Africa on the completion of “Nightmare Alley.”

Gene Tierney’s police dog “Butch” accompanies her everywhere acting as body-guard. His extreme patience is amazing. Victor Mature has a huge Boxer named “Genius!”... Anne Revere’s Cocker Spaniel is called “Friday” and Joan Crawford’s dachshund answers to “Pupchen.” Joan’s dog was a gift from director Otto Preminger.

All the dogs on the lot get along fine. * * *

CONTINUED

INSIDE

Hollywood

CONTRIBUTED FROM THE STUDIO

Joan Crawford is knitting vigorously these...
I

Well, look here! Asta, famous "Thin Man" dog, seems to be snubbing onlookers Yvonne De Carlo, Dan Duryea.

Opening nights are always gay. Here the Van Heflins join first nighters attending Laughton's "Galileo" production.

days. Preminger's niece wanted to make her uncle a scarf for his anniversary and in order to get it done in time, she and Joan are knitting in relays—Joan on the day shift!

Patricia Medina, the tiny dark-eyed girl playing "Desiree" in "Forever Amber" is the wife of Richard Green. They met doing a picture together in England. You'll also see her in "The Foxes of Harrow."

Linda Darnell returned from Europe vigorously denying nervous breakdown rumors. She tells me the story started when she was bedded by a stubborn cold in Brussels and Paris.

Peroxide was scarce abroad, but the studio ordered her to keep her hair blonde until after the "Forever Amber" premiere (which will probably be held simultaneously in key cities) at which time she plans to return to her customary dark tresses. I think her fans will like her so well as a blonde they will never stand for her returning to a brunette—maybe she will really be "Forever Amber."

Rod Cameron is also planning to enter the producing field. He has bought the script "The American Gaucho" by Benson George and will shoot background shots in Brazil. He leaves for South America as soon as he finishes "River Lady" with Yvonne De Carlo.

Yvonne has issued invitations for a mammoth Halloween party at Universal-International when the picture is finished; guest of honor is to be Boris Karloff who will don his Frankenstein make-up for the occasion.

'Tis rumored Mark Stevens will wed Hedy Lamarr when he gains his freedom from Annelle Hayes. He is currently with Olivia De Havilland in "The Snake Pit."

The set was even closed to the working press for a week while Olivia removed all make-up and with stringy hair, donned a shapeless Hoover apron for scenes in the mental institution. She told me it took a double dose of bubble-bath and her loveliest negligees to shake the depressed feeling when she got home at night.

The End
Movieland Applauds

Movieland's "bests" this month are tops in fine film entertainment. Extra honors go to Enterprise Pictures for outstanding film fare.

Enterprise Pictures for its spectacular record of five pictures despite its youth as a producing organization. Any company that could undertake to produce so complicated and involved a novel as "Arch of Triumph" deserves our admiration. While we haven't seen the picture yet, we hear by the famous Hollywood "underground" that it is outstanding entertainment.

We have, however, seen "Body and Soul," and "The Other Love"—two Enterprise productions now being shown, and we are happy to salute these pictures as vital and compelling entertainment for all movie-lovers to see.

Take it from Movieland, both these pictures are Academy Award material from standpoints of acting, direction and story material. The casts of each picture do a superlative job of understanding and "feeling" their pictures. Katharine Hepburn has never been better than she is in "The Other Love." The same can be said for Paul Henreid; particularly for Robert Walker, whose performance as Brahms puts him in the Movieland Hall of Fame.

"Body and Soul" really is John Garfield's picture, and he makes the most of each second of it. He's so believable as the ambitious prizefighter. Helping Garfield make this movie one of the pictures of the year are Canada Lee, Lilli Palmer, Anne Revere and Joseph Pevney. The latter is an actor to watch. Incidentally, Pevney came to the attention of Hollywood after a role in the Broadway production of "Home of the Brave." His performance in the film merits loud applause and, no doubt, will be responsible for making him a permanent fixture in Hollywood. We hope so, anyway!

... Danny Kaye for his inimitable artistry and his integrity. Put them together and you have the very best entertainment possible. In "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," Danny does it again and again and again! At the Hollywood premiere, the most critical audience in the world—an audience of actors, writers, producers and technicians—rolled in the aisles over the Kaye antics.

... Orson Welles, Laurence Olivier, Ronald Colman and all those in the motion picture industry who have discovered Shakespeare is good box office. What Olivier did for Henry V, our own Orson Welles is doing for Macbeth. Since America doesn't present royal honors (Olivier was knighted by the King of England for his performance), Movieland offers as a substitute sincere congratulations to Orson Welles for his courage to familiarize the vast movie audience with Shakespeare. Orson is acting in and directing "Macbeth"; in fact, he's even rewriting it, but that's okay with us since not even Shakespeare had the Welles gift for showmanship.
Bonnie Gaye

Dramatic NAILHEAD

...a Bonnie Gaye
Original from
HOLLYWOOD

Gleaming Nailheads achieve a striking new effect on this wide-shouldered, deep-arm-hole, fine Gabardine dress. Radiant gold buttons twinkle down the front and the wide belt is nailhead studded too. Smart cuffs on the sleeves and dramatic draping make this truly the newest of the new. Colors: Beige, Aqua, Green, Brown, Gray, Gold.
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Hotter than a skyrocket
and bound higher than the
sky—that’s what everyone’s saying about the Latin
bombshell, Olga San Juan

* Would you imagine, even for an instant, that a fireball could be patient . . . ? Well, here’s one that is!

We’re talking now about the little bombshell, Olga San Juan, that flashingly spectacular Paramount discovery with the volatile Puerto Rican blood in her veins, with the audaciously fiery delivery of those Latin numbers, with the flashing feet that never seem to be still.

Patient? That one? YOU BET! And she has learned the hard way—the Hollywood way. You can believe her when she says that even a movie star—well, better make it especially a movie star—has to have patience and patience and patience. For a twenty-year-old honey whose ancestors saw to it that her corpuscles run fast and hot, this is no easy thing to have learned.

Let’s tell you about Olga, and you’ll catch on.

We’ll start with the baby girl who was born to Luis and Mercedes San Juan, in Brooklyn—yes, Brooklyn—on March 16, 1927. The San Juans were Puerto Ricans; and when little Olga was but three, the family returned to the island for two years. When they came back to New York, Olga was sent to a Spanish Neighborhood School. You see, the child was utterly Latin from infancy, even though born in America’s biggest city. Why, even today there is only Spanish (Please turn to page 80)
BODY AND SOUL (Enterprise).....✦✦✦
You will see we have bestowed an extra ♦ on this truly wonderful picture, which we hereby nominate for an Academy Award. It is as nearly perfect a movie as is humanly possible to make, and one of the most exciting to come out of Hollywood in many a year. John Garfield, who plays the prize-fighter Charley Davis, gives the performance of his career. He is ably supported by Lilli Palmer who plays the woman who loves him.

Anne Revere gives a moving performance as Garfield's East Side mother, and Joseph Pevney as Shorty, John's pal and fight manager, is so wonderful that the sophisticated opening night audience applauded his acting. Canada Lee, as the colored ex-champion, is magnificent in his part.

The story concerns the rise of Charley Davis from a poverty-stricken, fighting boyhood in the jungle of New York's lower East Side, to the eminence of middleweight champion of the world. What happens to Garfield is inevitable and the tragedy unfolds with grim, inexorable brutality.

The suspense of the latter sequences is almost indescribable. You get the feeling that you're seeing a newsreel of the real thing. Don't miss this picture.

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS (20TH CENTURY FOX)............✦✦✦
Twentieth has done it again! Another smash-hit musical that has a charming story, a nostalgic feel for the past, beautiful costumes, pretty good music, lovely Technicolor and Betty Grable.

If it were possible to set lights around type, I'd illuminate the name of Betty Grable, for she's excellent as Myrtle, the prim school girl who becomes a vaudeville headliner. She, of course, is Mother.

Dan Dailey, who reminds one a little of the late Hal Skelly, is Father, and he brings just the proper amount of swagger to the role. The plot is simple. Betty and Dan are a devoted couple, lavish every luxury on their two daughters. Iris, played by Mona Freeman, unfortunately develops into a little snob. How Mother and Father handle this problem is beautifully dramatized and makes a genuinely sincere and moving episode in a picture that is entertaining all the way through.

As for Betty Grable, she has never given a better performance as Myrtle. That she is beautiful is no news; that her legs are from another world is also an accepted fact; but Grable can act! From here on in, she's real competition for top dramatic actresses.

GOLDEN EARRINGS (Para)............✦✦
The amazing Marlene Dietrich proves once again that she's a bewitching actress; even dressed in dirty, tattered gypsy clothes she's glamorous and alluring, and still one of the most exciting personalities on the screen.

The story opens on the eve of the second World War and Marlene is wonderful in her portrayal of Lydia, the gypsy woman who helps English Colonel Denistoun (Ray Milland and his lieutenant, Bruce Lester) get an important formula from a German scientist right under the noses of the Gestapo.

Ray Milland is excellent too as the Colonel and he brings just the right amount of bewilderment to his role of the polished English officer who, in spite of his esthetic distaste of the beautiful gypsy's primitive ways, falls madly in love with her.

The parting of the lovers, after the exciting chase, is deeply moving. She has learned what true love means from him; he has learned the meaning of life from her. This ought to end the picture—but some misguided genius at Paramount decided on a happy ending and after Milland tells foreign correspondent Quentin Reynolds how his ears happen to be pierced, he goes back to claim his gypsy love.
UNCONQUERED (Paramount)

How does one describe an epic which doesn't come off; a spectacle which doesn't excite; a super Technicolor production which falls on its face? One can only say sadly that the mountain labored and gave birth to a mouse.

Cecil B. DeMille was once the greatest creative genius in Hollywood. To Cecil B. DeMille the Motion Picture Industry owes many of its finest techniques—and also its most glamorous screen sequences. But Cecil B. DeMille has somewhere lost his touch. "Unconquered" as a story is filmed in an unfortunate period in our history, before the American Revolution when the colonists were still under the rule of King George so that we are placed in the untenable position of applauding the British flag when it finally flies triumphant over the besieged settlements.

The story of "Unconquered" concerns Paulette Goddard, a reprieved murderess (although she killed in self-defense) who is a bound slave, to be sold at the auction block in the new world. Gary Cooper buys her largely to spite Howard da Silva, who plays the part of a rival trader. Of course Paulette and Gary fall in love even though there are hundreds of feet of conflict, Indian warfare, humiliations, a public bath, a public whipping and an escape over a waterfall that DeMille used brilliantly twenty years ago.

The cast assembled by DeMille is excellent. In fact some individual scenes are breathtakingly beautiful, but the parts are better than the whole.

MAGIC TOWN (RKO RELEASE)

This is the story of a town—and it just doesn't quite come off. It labored to be another "It's a Wonderful Life" but Robert Riskin, who wrote and produced it, seems to have lost the magic touch. And Jimmy Stewart will be losing his fans if he doesn't get a good meaty role to his credit, and get it quick.

It seems a shame, that with all the ingredients of a good picture—fine actors, Jimmy Stewart, Jane Wyman, Kent Smith and Ned Sparks; capable direction; and a good basic story idea—the picture should have collapsed because of weak motivation. The story is that of Rip Smith (James Stewart), young, ambitious, eager to find a short cut to the public opinion poll. He strikes a gold mine when he discovers the perfect town for testing public opinion. As this town thinks, so thinks the nation. Rip is going to make a fortune—until he discovers that Mary Peterman, editor of the local newspaper (Jane Wyman), has a plan for a new civic center that will modernize the city, bring in new industries, and ruin his public opinion poll.

Rip pleads with her not to tell the townspeople that they are special, tells her that the place they love will be ruined. In a misguided moment, she writes an article telling the world of Rip's discovery—and the town, true to Rip's predictions, is ruined. People, industries, profiteers, pour in from all directions—destroying what the town has made a commercial product—its opinion.

Here we became confused. Rip, who is supposed to be in the wrong, seems to us to have done nothing really bad. Mary, who is supposed to be a very righteous character, seems to have pulled a prize boner that but for the grace of Rip would have completely ruined her town. I don't know, folks, maybe you'll know the reason why.

The End

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Here it is—your loveliest, most important suit, to invite the loveliest, most important events in your life! New longer jacket, flaring out at the hips in a full, flirtatious, double peplum. The top tier of the peplum and the jaunty collar smartly match the skirt. New, longer skirt with zipper closing. Superbly tailored of sleek, rich rayon faille. In enchanting colors:

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YES! If you have a short, pert, square or diamond shaped face. NO! If your face is round or long and narrow. Pile your upsweep high for added height and an oval look. Keep curls soft and concentrate on side fullness to flatter angular features. SEND NOW FOR THRILLING FREE BOOKLET! “WHAT’S THE BEST HAIR-DO FOR MY SHAPE FACE?”

Robert Mitchum is the relaxed type, but he acts roles without being indistinct or dull.

I admire Shirley Temple’s acting. Her face mirrors her thoughts and she speaks clearly.

“Hamming” is an art, says our dramatic coach, only he calls it by another name—it’s Animation

Talent School

By BEN PIAZZA
Famous RKO Talent Scout

★ Maybe the idea of animation is revolutionary; but I think it’s time for a new acting trend. In our present repressed style, the actor’s face is perfectly blank, he mumbles his words, throws away so many lines in an effort to be casual that it’s hardly worth while paying good writers to set them down. The actor slouches about the set—apparently he’s exhausted—his audience can’t understand half he says, and the result is they’re exhausted.

Critics complain about “hamming” on the screen, but it would be a relief to have more of it, so we’d know what actors were thinking; so we could find out what is supposed to be going on.

In real life, interesting people have vivacious faces, or at least their faces show some expression. When they say they’re sorry you are ill, they look sorry. If they’re having fun, it’s no secret. Believe me, no would-be actor gets a second glance if he drags into the room, looks wearily at the casting director, and mumbles some offhand phrase. The same goes for you if you’re trying to make a favorable impression.

Shirley Temple, currently in “That Hagen Girl,” is a bit of a ham—the sort I admire. Her face mirrors her thoughts, she speaks clearly and never makes a gesture that hasn’t a definite meaning.

Robert Mitchum is the relaxed type, but he does a casual job of acting without becoming indistinct, blank-faced or dull.

The late Irving Thalberg used to say that people want pictures to move; you can’t entertain audiences with stand-still films.

Steve Brody, starring in “Crossfire,” is a good ham-actor, the 1947 brand. When Steve is in a scene you know you’re watching a moving picture.

Stage actors usually have to overcome mannerisms before they click on the screen; their gestures are too many, too wide, too exaggerated. The stage canvas needs exaggeration. On the screen, much of the acting is done in close-ups, and the successful screen player must tone down his movements and concentrate on revealing his thoughts in his face.

I remember making a test of Melvyn Douglas when he was doing a play called “Tonight or Never.” Irving Thalberg and I used to kid about actors who use their elbows to express emotion; this is an old stage trick, by the way. Irving saw the Douglas test and said: “Here’s an ‘elbow’ actor!” We didn’t sign him. Melvyn overcame this fault so well that he just got a hundred thousand dollars for his latest show.

Fredric March does a marvelous job in “Best Years of Our Lives”; every tiny inflection of his voice, every slight lift of his lip, turn of his head, glance of his eye, counts. When Freddie first came from the stage, he was too stiff. He had to learn to relax, but he did so without sacrificing his animation.

Get before a mirror, turn on the radio, and show by your expression what you are thinking as you listen. Listen with an animated face. ... Unless you don’t mind being dull. ... A dull person won’t break into pictures or into much of anything else.
Steve Brody (left), starring in "Crossfire" with Robert Ryan, is a good ham-actor. He puts across his ideas easily, but forcefully.

Watch Fredric March's marvelous acting in "Best Years of Our Lives." Every inflection of his voice, every turn of his head counts.


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Do you write like Roy Rogers?

Many Movieland readers have asked if it is possible to detect a person's nationality from his writing and if there is a "typical American way of writing." Those who have been educated in other countries, or who "think" as their ancestors do, in strictly nationalistic lines, definitely reflect it in their writings. But those who have become a part of the United States, who have taken the best from both the Old and the New World, write a freely flowing hand, fairly large, usually slanting to the right. If there is such a thing as a "typical American writing," Roy Rogers has it. He is a symbol of strength and courage to his followers, and his writing justifies their faith in him.

Our typical American star shows a vital love of people, of action, in his slanting rapid script. He shows an impatience to keep abreast of conditions, to keep on the alert, to move, work and think rapidly.

If you write like Roy Rogers, if you have a tendency to cut off final strokes in your script, you too eliminate unnecessary things in life, dispense with formalities; usually get right down to facts. Or maybe you find your writing creeps up the side of the paper? That is usually found in a person who is smiling, optimistic, active.

That slant in the Rogers script indicates an affectionate young man, one who believes in letting others know when he likes them. But that tightly closed "D" shows he is a bit reserved; thus he may be something of an enigma to those who don't know him well.

The unusually large capitals in the cowboy's signature show a desire to appear well, to retain the goodwill of his friends and family.

Do you write like Roy Rogers? If so, you have many friends, many outside interests, and have the happy faculty of being able to throw off sorrow as you live for the future. You don't forget the past, but you realize that time tears on and that you have much to do. If you write like Roy Rogers you are somewhat independent in your manner of thinking and acting. You won't necessarily follow styles, customs, just because everyone else does.

If you write like Roy Rogers you have a healthy outlook on life, like to keep both mentally and physically alert. Keep busy, and you'll keep happy.

The End

Dear Helen,

I want you to analyze my handwriting! Thanks for asking me and I'd hope you read something good out of these lines.

Always my best,

Roy Rogers

Roy Rogers' newest Republic film is "The Gay Ranchero."

By HELEN KING

Don't clip this coupon!

Unless you want Helen King to tell you what secrets are revealed by your handwriting. If so—

If you want a personal handwriting analysis from one of the foremost American graphology experts—send this coupon, together with 25c and a sample of your penmanship, to Helen King, care of MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 555 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Envelope a stamped, self-addressed envelope. You will receive a personal analysis—no form letters!

NAME:

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Bandleader Spike Jones liked Roy's fancy boots until he helped him tug on this pair.

"Have one on me," suggests Roy as he pours himself some milk before broadcast starts.

Wonder-horse Trigger smiles for the cameraman—or is he laughing at a Rogers joke?

---

So young, so slim, so right for all-occasion wear. Button front dress of Flannel Weave Rayon, gaily highlighted with multi-color checked Rayon Taffeta. Has bow-tied neckline, double pocket flaps, three-quarter sleeves and softly pleated skirt. Colors: Brown, Peacock Blue, Green or Cherry Sizes 9 to 17.

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CAN I HELP YOU?

By Joan Crawford

Joan may help solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 916 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

DO ALL MEN CHEAT?

Dear Miss Crawford:

I have been married for six years. I thought my marriage was a great success. You know, the perfect union, the kind of marriage all your friends are envious of.

I find out now that my husband, while professing his great love for me, has been going around with another girl, younger and prettier than I. He doesn't know that I know. I am beside myself with worry, especially since I have a two-year-old child. I have sought advice from my sister. She's told me that all men cheat, that I might as well realize the fact. Miss Crawford, is that true? Do all men cheat? Shall I overlook this and act as if nothing has happened? Or shall I make a fuss and ask for a divorce or what? I don't know what to do.

Mrs. P. J. L.
Ames, Iowa

I know how you feel, angered, perplexed, bewildered—but you must realize that a good percentage of married men stray from the straight and narrow during their marriages. They do this for several reasons—to re-live their youth, to bolster a sagging ego, but most important, to find those things which their wives lack. In much the same way that a husband takes a wife's love for granted and stops paying her little courtesies and little respects, the wife similarly neglects the husband. She gets to know him well and frequently deflates his ego. She brings his faults to light and hides his good points. Whether you've done that or not, I don't know. Whether you've become sloppy and careless about your personal looks, I also don't know. I'm sure of one thing, however, that your husband is philandering about because you can't maintain his interest in you.

That's begging the question, I know, but before I came right out and told you to do nothing but wait, I wanted to give you my thinking on the matter. It may be that your hubby is merely sowing wild oats. This frequently happens with men who've married too young. All men don't cheat, however. Don't let anyone tell you that. The thing for you to do is to see if you can win your husband back completely. If you try, I know you can do it. You have righteousness on your side. For your own peace of mind, please try to win him back.
Dear Miss Crawford:

I've been going steadily with a gentleman now for four years. Each time I raise the subject of marriage, he says something about the economic situation and how we'd better wait until he's really well-heeled.

I'm not getting any younger, and I'm beginning to wonder whether I've wasted four years of my life keeping company with this fellow.

Shall I bring things to a head by asking him, "Are you going to marry me or aren't you?" or shall I let things drag on?

Carlotta M.
Toronto, Can.

That all depends on how old you are. If you're relatively young, and by that I mean under 25, by all means get a direct answer to your question. If your gentleman friend answers in the negative, you're young enough to get yourself another boyfriend. If you're in the thirties, however, think twice before you make your move.

Rather than ask a direct question, see if you can't maneuver this man you love into the position whereby he will pop the question. The bare-faced fact is that few men propose marriage of their own volition. They are justifiably afraid. We women have to make the move and at the same time, let the man think they're running the show. It calls for delicateness and diplomacy but it's certainly worth a try.

IS SECURITY EVERYTHING?

Dear Miss Crawford:

I'm a girl of eighteen, considered attractive. A man of forty has fallen in love with me, desperately in love, so he says. He wants to marry me.

My feelings towards him are difficult to describe. I like him—I guess it's more than like—but I don't love him. I'm a poor girl, however, and he's got quite a lot to offer in the way of money and position. I've never had very many of the material things in life like clothes or a car or a vacation. I work as a salesgirl in a department store. I stand on my feet all day. I contribute some of my salary to my mother.

Shall I marry this man for security without loving him or shall I give him up? My husband truly loves you, then he certainly will not continue to object. If he does, I submit for your consideration that he does not love you as ardently as he's claimed.

INDECISION

Dear Miss Crawford:

When my boyfriend got his discharge from the Navy and we started going around together, I was sure I loved him. We got engaged and even built a house. Now I have met another man and really tumbled head over heels in love. I am supposed to get married in two months. As I said, we have our house, our furniture, everything—only I'm in love with another man. What do you think is the best thing to do? I am eighteen.

Doris P.
Kannapolis, N. C.

I think you're too young to know your own mind. I think, too, that you shouldn't get married, that you're tickle, adolescent, and incapable at this point, of being a good wife. By all means, don't go through with the marriage if you're not in love with your husband-to-be. You would be defrauding him and yourself and the move would lead only to trouble. Tell your fiance the situation you're in. Perhaps it's only an infatuation. Perhaps he'll be willing to let you ride it out. Don't, however, go through with the marriage feeling the way you do.

More unhappiness can develop from a union of this kind than you ever believed possible. Be fair to yourself!

STRAIGHT JEALOUSY

Dear Miss Crawford:

I have been married six months. I am desperately in love with my husband. Two weeks ago, however, we brought my son, 8—born of a previous marriage—to live with us. I made that move with my husband's consent.

My husband now wants me to send the boy back to a home. He claims he's jealous of him. He says, in fact, that he can't stand to share my love with anyone. Things have come to such a pass where he has put me in the position of choosing between him and the boy. What do you think I should do? I'm wondering what kind of man I've married?

Carol P.
Harrison, Idaho

Your husband, I think, is infatual, neurotic, and completely unfair. Any man who would undertake to split mother and child for the reason he advances is not going to make a good husband. His ultimatum that you must choose between him and the boy is unsound on any grounds, moral or legal. If you want that boy with you and your husband truly loves you, then he certainly will not continue to object. If he does, I submit for your consideration that he does not love you as ardently as he's claimed.

HOW TO DANGLE THE BAIT

Dear Miss Crawford:

I've been thinking very seriously about taking up modeling as a career. Only one thing prevents this. I am rather self-conscious. I would like to know how to overcome this. Is it also necessary to take a course at a modeling school? How is the best way to begin? Where can I obtain complete information about this career?

Carol T.
Phila., Pa.

I think the best thing for you to do is to contact the Better Business Bureau in Philadelphia or the Chamber of Commerce and ask them to recommend to you a Grade A modeling school. There are many model agencies and many schools in existence, but a lot of them are phonies. If you're going to spend your money, make certain that you're getting the best course of instruction your money can buy.

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In This Smarter
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with
Glenn Langan • Richard Haydn
Jessica Tandy • Anne Revere
John Russell

Directed by OTTO PREMINGER
Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

From the Novel by Kathleen Winsor
Screen Play by Philip Dunne and King Leiner, Jr. • Adaptation by Jerome Cady

Color by TECHNICOLOR
I am writing this in a plane flying over the Rocky Mountains. I was told to sit in the front of the plane, and it turned out to be good advice because up here the plane seems surprisingly steady. My destination is Denver, Colorado, where I am to meet my boss, Alex Hillman, and his wife. From there we will drive 175 miles to Glenwood Springs to a ranch where we will be guests of old friends of the Hillmans. For me, this is a wonderful holiday and I'm tingling with excitement.

Every month when I plan this editorial, I can't make up my mind whether to begin at the beginning of the month, or to look backward. Either way it's exciting!

Outstanding feature in Hollywood this month has been Walter Winchell—that one-man dynamo who has been spending his vacation (and what a travesty of a vacation that has been) raising money for the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund. While doing this he has managed to give Hollywoodites quite a whirl! But Walter had a whirl all his own, as you can see from pictures on Page 62.

We have a real Academy Award picture-threat in the new picture "Body and Soul." (See review page 20). Here is one of the finest examples of good story writing combined with splendid direction and superlative acting. Here, too, is a gem of a picture!

One of the most enjoyable parties I attended this month was the small, intimate cocktail party at Greer Garson's. What a charming hostess she is! You know her home is one of the most beautiful—if not the loveliest—in Hollywood. Being a woman with one eye always peeled for picture stories for my magazines, I quickly arranged to have a "profile in pictures" of Greer for a forthcoming issue.

I hate to see the Hollywood season drawing to a close because this means I must be flying back to New York. Not that I don't enjoy my native city, too—but there's something fabulous about the long, sunny Hollywood summer that starts in May and ends in November. It's sort of a Never-Never Land.

The little sign over the pilot's door says "Fasten Your Safety Belts." We're about to land at Denver. I'm off to enjoy my first real vacation in a long time. See you next month!

B.L.
**I don’t believe the Bergman legend. You publicists have made her too good—too perfect. I want to do a real story on her,** is the start of a scene which occurs every so often in some studio publicist’s office. The speaker is a cynical reporter outraged by what he considers the biggest fabrication ever whipped up by publicity departments. The reporter usually continues, “Now I’m out to break down that story. I’m going to talk to everyone who ever worked with her and I’m going to blast that story you’ve built up.”

At that point, the publicist smiles happily. He turns the writer loose to talk to anyone who has a word to say about the first lady of stage and screen.

“Does she ever lose her temper?” the reporter asks.

The first person to tell you that Ingrid Bergman does lose her temper is Ingrid Bergman; however, the reporter usually asks her co-workers first. I remember one sunny afternoon at Enterprise Studios during the making of *Arch of Triumph* when Ingrid Bergman lost her temper. And a fine dramatic scene it was, too. The turmoil occurred over some photographs. By the time the session was over, there were some twenty-five photographs which had to be changed. It seems the retoucher hadn’t done right by the actress.

I’ve heard many an actress berate the retoucher because he failed to correct faults such as thick waistlines, overplump legs, wrinkles or too-square jaws.

But Ingrid Bergman’s complaint concerned the way the retoucher had turned her own firm jawline into the Hollywood glamor mold.

Her firm jawline is a tell-tale about her state of temper and that jawline must have been pretty prominent in another little drama where she lost her temper. Once, as a guest of honor at a big important party of Canadian dignitaries, Miss Bergman stood (Please turn to page 76)
By BETTY GARRETT PARKS

I became Mrs. Larry Parks at a ceremony in California. I wore a blue dress and a dreamy expression. Our careers kept us apart for over two years, but now we’re together and I’m like a dewy-eyed bride.

the man i love

They met by mistake, fell in love by accident—but that’s only the beginning of the love story of Betty Garrett and Larry Parks

* Until a few months ago, my life with Larry Parks was strictly coincidental.

We met by accident. We fell in love by mistake. And after we married, we lived apart for two and a half years, each of us following his own career. Whenever these careers happened to cross, either in New York, Chicago, or Hollywood, we acted like a real married couple. When they didn’t, we made love via long distance telephone and the U. S. Mails. Both of these are very poor substitutes for the genuine thing.

But now we’re together—actually together. We live in a five-room cottage in Nichol’s Canyon; we ride the same motor bike; we sleep in the same bed; and both of us are in pictures.

Because I caught the public’s fancy singing South America, Take It Away in the Broadway revue Call Me Mister, Metro has signed me to a contract.

As for Larry—after his phenomenal success in The Jolson Story—I guess he’s a fixture at Columbia.

Anyway, we’re both living in Hollywood. And although I’ve been married three years, I tell you, I feel just like a dewy-eyed bride being carried across the threshold. Like most brides for whom the newness hasn’t quite worn off, (Please turn to page 68)
During lunch Valli and director Alfred Hitchcock talk about "The Paradine Case." For one of Valli's dramatic scenes see page 52.

What is the mystery of this actress who became a star overnight?

* The tragic, beautiful woman standing in the witness box wore drab prison garb, but even its gray shapelessness couldn't conceal the grace of her slim figure. Nor could the severely caught-back hair detract from the beauty of her classic face. She was not a large woman, but she projected a regal dignity as she stood facing her accusers. The charge—murder of her husband.

"... Maddelena Paradine, answer my question, why did you wash that glass?" A pause. "Come now, you must answer!"

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear." Her voice was a sad throaty music. Her thoughts were birds flying miles away.

"Counsel has repeated the question twice!"

The full, sensuously-curved mouth trembles now.

Tears well up in the wide blue eyes, sloe-tilted at the corners—huge tears full of the flavor of bitter hopelessness—roll over the soft curve of the high cheekbones and fall to the wooden ledge of the (Please turn to page 74)
The scene: A Hollywood premiere. Hundreds of police officers try to regulate the seething crowd. People are everywhere; seated in the temporary bleachers lining the walk in front of the theatre, gawking from windows of buildings, surging along Hollywood Boulevard and stopping traffic for blocks. Searchlights roam the skies; a background of music filters through the loudspeakers; automobile horns and sirens fill the air; this sound is topped only by the shrill shrieks of the bobbysoxers each time one of their favorites steps from his chauffeur-driven limousine.

The discordant screams rise up and over the theatre marquee time after time for Guy Madison, Gregory Peck, Tom Drake, Peter Lawford, and many others. Suddenly a long black limousine pulls up in front of the theatre; there's a moment of silence among the onlookers. It's like the lull before the storm.

A figure appears; he's tall, dark and ruggedly handsome; six feet three of evening-clothed muscle. And then an amazing thing happens. The crowd, down to its last bobbysoxer, joins in a full-throated roar, which increases in volume and intensity as the man so honored gives (Please turn to page 84)
She’s Myrna Loy—but to thousands of fans she’ll always be Mrs. Thin Man

* I have sometimes thought I would like to do one of those dot-dot-dot portraits of Myrna Loy. An article to go like this: Many of her best friends call her “Minnie” . . . I don’t . . . she is even lovelier off-screen than on because her coloring is something out of Renoir . . . her voice, unlike most voices, is not a single note, but a chord—listen and you will agree . . . she is so conscientious that she inspires other actors to heights they didn’t imagine themselves capable of . . . she is no woman to bait unless you are prepared to defend yourself . . .

However, such brief notes could never do justice to the fascinating woman who has been my cinema helpmate through thirteen pictures, and from whom I have never heard an unkind word.

Unless you count some of those long silences, or that Far North Experience:

During the early days of the war, when transportation was crowded, tempers were short, and hotel rooms were even shorter, Myrna and I—along with a troupe of players and technicians—(Please turn to page 91)
He's William Powell, the other half of the screen's slickest sleuthing team

*I have a good many memories of the man, but one I certainly shall never forget was my "formal" first meeting with Bill Powell, an incident distinguished by its informality.

I had been playing oriental slinksters to the extent that not even my best friends could recognize me on the screen. I wouldn't have recognized myself, for that matter, if I hadn't had a preview in a makeup mirror.

Bill had been playing oily cutthroats like the thief in *Beau Geste* and the condemned murderer in *One Way Passage*.

Then he achieved respectability by being cast as a lawyer in *Manhattan Melodrama* while I was given the gun moll part opposite Clark Gable in the same picture. Because Woody Van Dyke, the director, liked to catch as much spontaneous, natural reaction as possible from his players, he frequently tossed them into scenes for which they were unprepared. This is known as the Boo! or How White Can You Get technique.

You may remember the sequence from that (Please turn to page 92).
Mickey Rooney and Judy both know that fate isn't always kind to child stars. Judy thought marriage to Dave Rose could satisfy her hunger for the gaiety she missed as a child. Vincente Minnelli's great sensitivity made Judy feel he would understand her.

When Liza Minnelli was born, Judy felt that nothing could mar her wonderful happiness.

Judy still believes that somewhere over the rainbow she will find her happiness.

* About a year and a half ago, when Judy Garland was expecting her baby, I saw her at the Malibu Beach home she and Vincente Minnelli had rented while waiting for their own home on the hills above Sunset Strip to be redecorated.

Judy's eyes were shining that day as though lighted candles were behind them, and her cheeks were flushed with happiness. She talked gaily of how she and Vincente were re-doing the home that had once been his bachelor quarters. They were having a nursery added for the baby; it would have its own kitchen and laundry. Judy was taking deep joy in helping
During the filming of "The Pirate," Judy knew her marriage was in danger but she kept a cheerful face and worked hard so friends wouldn't know.

to plan the decorating. It was she who had suggested that their bedroom be done in maroon, while Vincente with his excellent taste planned the living room with dark green walls and a pale gray rug. Judy and Vincente were so enthusiastic about the living-room that they even went up to the house on the hill before it was ready, and painted the fireplace themselves.

Judy was all enthusiasm, all happiness the day I saw her. She told me how she and Vincente loved to walk along the beach at night, and how a sense of peace descended on her when she looked upon the waves. It seemed to me that I was talking to a very level-headed girl who had really grown up at last, and who had found real happiness. Secretly I sighed with relief, for I have known Judy for a long time, and have often worried about her.

A few weeks ago, however, all the worries came thronging back to my mind when I read that Judy was in a state of collapse, that she was to be sent to a sanitarium for a rest.

What happened, I wondered, in that short year and a half to change an apparently serene, happy Judy into a sick, nervous girl?

Then I remembered back (Please turn to page 78)
Macdonald Carey's

The girl of his dreams, Betty Heckscher, gave up her promising stage career to become Mrs. Macdonald Carey.

Memory of 3 war years as a Marine. Above photo of Mac and natives on Bougainville.
Scrapbook

By CONSTANCE PALMER

Golden memories are here—more precious because they show Dad’s pride in his son

* Macdonald Carey’s very first appearance on any stage was as Simple Simon—and the leading lady buttoned up his pants.

However, be calm! The occasion was a Mother Goose Bubble Party; our hero was six, the buttoner four. Besides, she had five brothers and the gesture was purely routine.

It’s all there in the scrapbook: the invitation, the cast’s formal picture taken by Sioux City’s leading photographer: There’s the stage, the players, the costumes made by loving hands at home. There’s the leading lady, obviously sick and tired of the whole thing.

And there’s Mac, scrubbed and eager, center- (Please turn to page 88)
My Favorite Wife

Bob and Mary with their favorite book: the daily account of Robert Jr.'s doings.

The perfect wife always laughs at her husband's jokes. Here Mary (left).

There's no place like home: especially when Mary's on hand to greet her Bob.

On "The Lost Moment" set, co-stars Bob and Susan Hayward chat while Producer Walter Wanger (left) and Director Martin Gabel look on.
Marjorie and Jack Reynolds are amused by the Cummings wit.

Valedictorians aren't supposed to look like valentines—but Mary did; so hark to the conquest of Cummings!

Bob's mother approved of his decision to wed Mary; even performed the ceremony at Flyers Chapel in Riverside.

By BOB CUMMINGS

★ For nearly every guy, nearly every gal is bound to be something of a surprise package. Men are almost entirely devoid of knowledge or intuition regarding the species called Woman. Man can make an atom bomb, chart the stratosphere, fly faster than the speed of sound. It's a cinch. But figure a dame? Never.

Me, for instance. I was vanquished by a valedictorian who looked like a valentine. Hark to the conquest of Cummings!

To begin with, our romance—on Mary's part, that is—began and ended rather abruptly way back when my name was Brice Hutchins. If this sounds involved, it's only because it is. I was in a little picture called Touchdown Army in 1937; Mary was then of the genus Bobby Soxer, about 14, and when she saw me in this football picture about West Point, she was impressed. One of her brothers wanted to go to West Point. (He is now in the Navy.) Anyway, she thought she'd write for a fan picture; she did—and never got one.

This I don't quite understand. In those days, I ran, not walked to the post office with any and all requests for fan pictures. My mother handled all my fan mail—and still does, although she's seventy-two years old—and saw to it that anyone who took an interest in Her Boy was properly rewarded. But by some quirk of fate, (Please turn to page 86)
Andy Russell sits on the plush throne of croondom along with Sinatra and Bing. He's in "Copacabana."

Remember the name of Steve Brodie. You'll be seeing more of him after his fine role in "Crossfire."

Richard Basehart acts with the brain, not the profile. Watch for him in Eagle-Lion's chiller, "Repeat Performance."

Edmond O'Brien has reason to grin. His part in "The Killers," assures him of bigger, better parts.

Jimmy Lydon has been in lots of films, but "Life with Father," with Elizabeth Taylor, was a break.
By HELEN HOVER WELLER

* They’re handsome. . . . They’re young. . . . They’re swoony. . . . They’re mostly unmarried. . . . And they’re the new dream men of America and the outside world. They’re the stars of tomorrow; the Clark Gables and Cornel Wildes and Ty Powers of the future and here they stand, on the threshold of idolatry, to coin a phrase.

How will they stack up? Will the adulation and the money and the worshipfulness of the fans spoil them? Will they remain the same swell guys they are now, five years hence? There is a saying that whom the gods love die young. Whom the fans love—will they too die young? Have these handsome, promising young men the character, the sticking power, the integrity of the Gables, the Wildes and the Powers?

Time alone will tell.

So, if you like to make prognostications; if you like to spot stars (and who doesn’t?) here is the most promising crop of newcomers, introduced to you one by one. Paste them up in your memory book and let’s talk about them again five years from now and let’s see how they stack up then. Okay? It’s a date!

The gentleman who is probably the most familiar to you is Andy Russell of the smile ingratiating, the face boyish and the voice oomph. It’s said that when Andy croons Besame Mucho the couple who can’t make up their minds about (Please turn to page 94)
Ginger Rogers, Lincoln Pictures, Inc., Enterprise Studio and MOVIELAND magazine are looking for the Wild Calendar Girl. She could be YOU!

* Last month MOVIELAND launched the biggest contest to emanate from Hollywood this year. The result has been overwhelming—but the contest is still on! You still have a chance to win a free trip to Hollywood and all the exciting prizes that will be the Wild Calendar Girl’s.

You don’t have to be talented, beautiful or an actress to become the Wild Calendar Girl. You just have to be a typical American girl—the type of girl portrayed by lovely Ginger Rogers in so many of her pictures.

Enter Movieland’s Wild Calendar Girl contest today!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Wild Calendar Girl Contest,
Movieland Magazine,
916 N. La Cienega,
Hollywood 46, California

Full Name .................................................. Street Address ...........................................
City ........................................................... State...................................................
Occupation .................................................. Age.................................................. Weight.................. Height..................
I am unmarried ............................................. Signature ...................................................

The Rules

1. You must be a citizen of the United States.
2. You must be unmarried.
3. You must be not younger than 16 and not older than 26.
4. You must submit a full length snapshot of yourself in a bathing suit, facing the camera.
5. You must also submit a head shot of yourself, size not less than three by five inches.
6. You must fill out the attached coupon and send with both pictures to: WILD CALENDAR GIRL CONTEST, MOVIELAND MAGAZINE, 916 N. La Cienega, Hollywood 46, California, BEFORE November 2, 1947. No entry postmarked after November 1st will be eligible.
7. You must print or type your entry, except your signature, which must be in your own handwriting.

The Prizes!

1. Your train fare to and from Hollywood from any point in the United States.
2. Fifty dollars spending money while traveling.
3. A week in Hollywood, all expenses paid.
4. A walk-on part in the Ginger Rogers picture, "Wild Calendar."
5. Board and room at the Hollywood Studio Club, where such famous celebrities as Marguerite Chapman, Donna Reed, Linda Darnell and Barbara Britton once lived.
6. A night at the Mocambo with a movie star as escort.
7. Lunch with Ginger Rogers.
8. A condensed grooming course given by the Mary Webb Davis school for models.
9. Your pictures in MOVIELAND magazine.
10. A tour of Enterprise Studios.
11. Complete hair-styling and make-up job by Perc Westmore.
12. A basic black date dress designed by Renie, designer of clothes for RKO-Radio’s "The Long Night."
13. A date hat designed by Kenneth Hopkins.
14. Three pairs of Orchid play shoes, assorted colors, for California sight seeing.
15. Lunch at the Brown Derby with a movie star.
For the first time! Scene of the Month from "The Paradine Case" . . . Everything Evelyn Keyes Wears . . . Gary Cooper At Home . . . Walter Winchell's "little" party
7 P.M. Time to start. Martha cleanses her face with cream before starting her shower.

7:15 What shade lipstick to use? She tries several, settles for a light pink.

7:30 Pale pink polish will be just right for the black lace bodice gown she'll wear.

8:00 Everything's going according to schedule. Hair, makeup, nails are fixed. Now for the misty, sheer nylon stockings, nailhead shoes.

Tonight at 8:30 Martha Vickers and what happens before and after they

8:20 Pretty as a picture, Martha's ready with ermine stole, compact, so there'll be no last minute rushing.
7:30 Mike ponders over brown check and blue serge suits, decides on the serge.

7:45 Better hurry! He puts out a white shirt, knit necktie—navy blue, of course.

7:50 This takes time. After all, he can't arrive at the Vickers' swathed in bandages!

8:00 Mike's bathroom baritone reaches new heights as he takes a cold shower. It's stimulating; so is the thought of a date with Martha.

8:15 It's getting close to date-time. Mother rushes Mike into his jacket. Fortunately Martha lives nearby.

Date

Michael North have a date. Here's start an evening of fun, romance.
8:30 When Martha answers Mike’s knock, she’s greeted with a long whistle of approval. She doesn’t seem displeased with the way Mike looks either!

The evening’s young, so are Mike and Martha. The next stop is Ciro’s where talk turns to lucky coins.

Martha and Mike drive off in his new club coupe. They’re headed for the swank Sportsman’s Lodge.
Dinner conversation is light and gay. Martha's the perfect date; she listens carefully, laughs at all the right places.

Martha is sure she can't eat another bite, but Mike takes her to the dessert table where she spies—strawberry shortcake!

Time for one more dance—darn those early studio calls! Mike's filming "The Unsuspected"; Martha's busy with "Love and Learn."

Midnight. Mike kisses Martha goodnight at the front door. Such a wonderful evening—and not the last, they both agree.
Barrister Malcolm Keane (Gregory Peck) and his wife, Gay (Ann Todd), have been happily married for years. Their domestic bliss is threatened when Malcolm defends Maddelena Paradine.

MOVIE OF THE MONTH

The Paradine Case

David O. Selznick’s $3,000,000 mystery-romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, brings fans an exciting behind-the-scenes drama of the English law courts, and an imposing cast which includes Gregory Peck, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Charles Laughton, Joan Tetzel and Italy’s most beautiful woman—the fascinating Valli.
1. Malcolm Keane pays his first prison visit to his client, Maddelena Paradine, accused of murdering her husband. Keane is conscious of her unusual loveliness, but doesn't realize that he's falling in love with her.

2. Keane: I'd like to talk to you about yourself, before you met Dickie Paradine. What was your life? Mrs. Paradine: How far back will the inquisition go?

3. Keane: We'll have answers for whatever they say. You loved him, he needed you. From now on I want you to look at this whole thing as an unpleasant adventure—an unpleasant adventure we'll share equally.

4. Keane: We must be ready for the courts to take it back to the beginning—as far back as your parents. Mrs. Paradine: My parents—were dishonest, I guess.

5. As Mrs. Paradine tells of her unhappy life, Keane's emotions conflict. Guilty or not, he wants to help the tragic beauty. Says Keane: I've tortured you enough for today. We'll get you free—only you must trust me.

6. Aware that Keane is sincerely sympathetic about her situation, Maddelena turns her large, dark eyes on him as he leaves, says: I...shall...I...do...truly trust you.
Welcome to the ranch,” Evelyn Keyes says to Movieland’s photographer. She’s wearing a two-piece black and white peasant outfit with handmade lace trim.

Skirts and blouses are practical, so Evelyn has many in her wardrobe. Blouses usually are handmade.

Comfort is the prime requisite when Evelyn selects her clothes, but she looks glamorous anyway!

* When pert and lovely Evelyn Keyes answers the door of her San Fernando Valley ranch home she’s very likely to be wearing a handmade peasant outfit, espadrilles (those rope soled shoes that tie around the feet), and gobs of Mexican silver jewelry. If not that, then she’s in tailored blouse, slacks rolled up at the cuffs and—again—espadrilles, her favorite footwear.

Evelyn believes in being comfortable, and the type of clothes she wears fits beautifully into the background her husband, producer-director John Huston, has provided for her. Their low, rambling ranch house, incidentally, designed and built by Huston before the war, is essen-
Evelyn Keyes Wears

Initially a man's house with oversized furniture, doors, windows. But the diminutive blonde Evelyn fits into it as beautifully as does the Mexican interior decoration, the pre-Columbian art and ancient Mexican Indian statues and masks that make the Huston home so unusual.

Evelyn and John Huston constitute one of Hollywood's busiest couples. While she's hard at work filming *The Mating of Millie* for Columbia studios, husband John is busy producing and directing the latest Humphrey Bogart movie, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*.

When the Hustons entertain or are entertained, Evelyn relinquishes slacks or peasant costume and dons one of her exquisitely designed tailored suits or a simple silk dress. For really dress-up occasions, Evelyn likes to put on something as fancy (see Page 57) as the dress father-in-law Walter Huston gave her.
For dressy summer costumes, Evelyn likes these white doeskin sandals with matching bag. Scarf is green and brown realsilk.

Smart accessory combination: black patent satchel bag, ankle strap shoes, yellow suede gloves, yellow scarf with green design.

Navy wool suit with gold stripe. Shoes, bag are blue; gloves, yellow.

Smart but simple cocktail dress has taffeta trim. With it Evelyn wears 3-strand pearls.

Pale blue wool suit has black lace touches. Note Huston’s Mexican mask collection on wall.
White quilted morning robe. Note wedding rings. First is emergency ring; second was bought after wedding. She wears both for sentimental reasons.

Long sleeved silk pajamas or satin Tommie coat (center) are Evelyn's favorite sleeping togs.

The white chiffon nightgown and negligee were Evelyn's wedding gift from friend Jennifer Jones.

For dress-up occasions, Evelyn likes this black lace gown, gift from father-in-law Walter Huston.
Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper start off the day with a stroll around the spacious grounds of their beautiful Brentwood estate.
The outdoor lounge is Gary's favorite spot for relaxing or studying script. His new film is Paramount's "Unconquered."

Gary Cooper at Home

Movieland visits the seldom-photographed home of Gary Cooper and discovers an estate tailor-made for charm and comfort.

* Home, sweet home for Gary Cooper is a rambling, comfortable house which nestles neatly on three-and-a-half acres in fashionable Brentwood. The design of the house doesn't conform to any particular style of architecture, looks smaller than it is because it was designed with an eye to comfort rather than ostentation.

Here the Coopers (she was film actress Sandra Shaw), and their 10-year-old daughter, Maria, enjoy outdoor living, a view of the Pacific Ocean, their own tennis courts and the varied blessings of Mr. Cooper's conscientious farming.

The outdoor patio is an important part in the Coopers' pattern of living. It is here that Gary relaxes, reads scripts, rests from the busy life of making movies for eager Cooper fans who see to it that he remains one of moviedom's most popular stars.
The Coopers have their own courts. Both are good players, but Mrs. Cooper has a slight edge on Gary.

So Topper and Arno won't feel left out of the activities, Gary gets a tennis ball, plays catch with the two dogs before the chores begin.

A day of relaxation from his latest film, Paramount's *Unconquered*, finds movie actor Gary Cooper much busier than the average American man he usually typifies on the screen.

Between pictures, Gary spends time working his three-and-a-half acres of land.
The game room is a store place for cowboy equipment. Certificate on wall officially states Gary's a Texas cowboy.

Cooper is an expert on guns, has a collection of more than a dozen. He claims none is just a showpiece; each one is in good working order.

Gary is ready to relax on the hammock after the day's work, but Arno has other ideas, thinks a romp would be more fun.
Guest of honor Walter Winchell places an orchid lei around the neck of Mrs. Bob Hope while Bob (right) and Frank Sinatra look on.

Newlyweds Herbert Marshall and Boots Mallory receive good wishes.

Van Heflin politely looks away as the Bob Huttons (Cleatus Caldwell) pause for a kiss.

Jimmy Durante forgets about Umbriago as he laughs, dances with pretty Mary Kennedy.
FOR WALTER WINCHELL

Mocambo-boss Charlie Morrison does his bit for the Damon Runyon Cancer Research Fund by tossing a party "on the house"

* The Stork Club won't seem the same to Walter Winchell after the spectacular party held in his honor at Hollywood's famous Mocambo.

The reason for the gala event? This was Mocambo-owner Charlie Morrison's way of doing something for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund; a way of saying "thanks" to all movie people who have cooperated with Winchell in his effort to raise money for the Cancer Research fund.

The invitation list could be likened to a roll of honor. Everyone there had participated willingly, unselfishly in the battle against the dread killer. In a way, they too were saying "thanks" for having had the opportunity to do their share for such a worthy cause.

Vanda orchid leis, flown from Honolulu for the occasion, were favors for the ladies; so Bob Hope looks surprised when Sinatra tosses one over his head.

Jack Dempsey (right), in Hollywood for a film deal, chats with Cesar Romero, Felice Ingersoll.

Red Skelton almost misses a step as he watches Lizabeth Scott, Fefe Ferry dancing the rhumba.

Sarong queen Dorothy Lamour makes sure that husband Bill Howard has a posy for his jacket.

The dreamy music has pretty Ann Miller humming softly as she dances with best beau Vic Orsatti.
I'll never forget that kiss. We were in Mexico, shooting "The Captain from Castile." I didn't know the love scene was next.

Without warning, Ty put his arms around me. I was embarrassed, shoved him away. I guess I really didn't know what I was doing.

Ty looked surprised; I realized it was a rehearsal and lost no time putting myself in the mood, as his arms went around me again.

Then Tyrone put both of his hands under my chin. Like this... and tilted my head back gently. I almost forgot it was a scene.
Pretty Jean Peters, co-ed turned movie actress, finds her first screen kiss a momentous occasion.

Mmmm! I thought I was in heaven. Then... he kissed me!
(Note: an actual love scene from the film is shown above right.)

* One of the biggest thrills in Jean Peters' life was her first screen kiss. The fact that she was kissed by handsome star Tyrone Power—whom she plays opposite in 20th Century-Fox's *The Captain from Castile*—made the event an experience she's not likely to forget.

There's so much for pretty 21-year-old Jean to remember about this thrilling business of becoming a movie star. It all started when Jean, a student at Ohio State University, won an "All-Around Girl" contest. The prize was a trip to Hollywood where she had a screen test at 20th Century-Fox, saw the town, had fun, and that was that. It was after she had returned to school that Hollywood came knocking at her door.

About this time, producer Darryl Zanuck was in the throes of a casting headache: Was there a girl who would be just right for the role of Catana in his new production *The Captain from Castile*? A look at Jean's screen test showed him there was; and Jean became a movie actress.

Two years ago Jean thought she'd be a school teacher; now she's concentrating on an acting career, instead. A logical switch for the girl who leaped from the classroom into Ty Power's arms.

PHOTOS BY THEDA AND EMERSON HALL
Bob Hope looks calm, collected and lop-sided as he waits for Bing Crosby to start a zany golf sequence in Paramount's all-star musical comedy hit Variety Girl.
ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR’S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

by Betty Memphis

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

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

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

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

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

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

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor’s directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 295, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor’s directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could-only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn’t cost you a cent.
I like to examine our life in the minutest detail. For one thing, I love to trace all the parallels in both our backgrounds. We're both only children. Larry was born in Olath, Kansas; and I in St. Joseph, Missouri, but I was reared in Seattle.

Both Larry and I stumbled on to dramatics while aiming at something else. He was taking a pre-med course at the University of Illinois when he discovered that he liked a theatre stage much more than he liked the operating room. I, in turn, won a scholarship to the Annie Wright Seminary in Seattle on the basis of my poetry and painting. While I was at the seminary, however, I took up dancing, and thanks to Martha Graham, I won a scholarship to the Neighborhood Playhouse School In New York.

While I was studying there, Larry was studying at the Group Theatre. The two dramatics schools used the same teachers, staged the same plays in collaboration, and more or less fostered the same group of actors. Why we never met then, I'll never understand. We shared the same friends, frequented the same delicatessens, read the same call-boards, and saw the same movies. But like Evangeline, we just missed.

I WENT my way, playing engagements in summer resorts and night clubs, singing and dancing. And Larry returned to Joliet, Illinois, where his father had just died. Larry knew full well he couldn't support his mother on occasional acting checks; so he became, of all things, a Pullman inspector on the New York Central. The only thing he liked about the job was that the trains ran on time. Larry's a stickler for punctuality.

At the slightest hint of another job, however, he resigned from the railroad. The slightest hint in this case came from his friend Julie (now known as John Garfield). Larry had acted with Julie in a good many of California's plays for the Group Theatre; and when Julie learned that Warner Brothers intended to make a picture called "Mama Ravioli," he wired Larry at once.

The man who is now my husband caught the next bus for California. While he was en route, the studio cancelled the picture. Larry hit Hollywood with no job and no return fare. I don't know how he managed it, but he talked Columbia Pictures into giving him a screen test. The test caused little or no comment among Columbia producers, but they offered him a contract to make "B" pictures anyway. Larry accepted. Then he found out what a "B" picture was.

In three years, he made thirty pictures. He was always determined to be more than a grade "B" hero. And that's how I met him. He was working at the Hollywood Actors' Lab in the evening, teaching and producing plays.

When I look back now on that May evening, it seems very important. But at that time, it was just another evening to me. I thought I was doing a friend a favor. As things turned out, the friend, comedy writer Sam Locke, did me the biggest favor imaginable. To hear Sammy tell the story, he introduced me to Larry, turned around to say hello to a passing friend, and we were married. This is sheer exaggeration.

What really happened was that Larry had asked Sammy to write a sketch for one of the Actors' Lab's Sunday nights. Sammy agreed, providing he could name the performer. So long as the performer charged nothing, Larry agreed.

Needless to say, I was the performer. That night, Larry invited me out for a cup of coffee and then changed the offer to champagne. He also took me riding along Mulholland Drive, sometimes called the Flirtation Walk of Hollywood. During the rest of my stay in California, we had a standing joke. Larry would say, "You're the girl I'm going to marry." And I'd answer, "That's right."

Somehow, our emotions got confused with our senses of humor. While I was singing at the Drake Hotel in Chicago, Larry flew home for a weekend. He introduced me to his mother and winged back to the coast. I moved on to New York and mentioned to my mother that I was in love.

In the weeks that followed, I was the typical lovesick girl. I lost my appetite. I lived by Pacific Coast time. I cried whenever the mailman brought a letter. Exasperated, Mother finally said, "You might as well marry that boy and regain your senses."

We took the train out to California at once. Larry never proposed but he had all the legal documents ready. Two days later we were married. The wedding took place at St. Thomas Episcopal church. I wore a blue afternoon dress; a picture hat, and a dreamy, far-away expression. Larry was at sixes and sevens. He's a great worrier even when things are perfect.

The only calm individual at the ceremony was Marc Platt. He gave me away.

Our honeymoon lasted two months. Even though Larry worked all during this time, it was perfect. We had a cottage on the beach, and, when he had some free time, we lived like a couple of royalties up at noon ... breakfast by two ... lying on the sand till sunset ... dinner at eight. But like all idyllic periods this one came to an end, too. Larry started on another picture. And I returned to New York to fill an engagement with Olsen and Johnson in "Laughing Room Only."

"I had a small part in the success of 'The Jolson Story' even though I was in New York while the picture was being shot. When the film was released in New York it was shown at the Radio City Music Hall. The marquee of the theatre read "The Jolson Story with Larry Parks." I went in and talked with the manager, and I arranged the letters on the marquee.

I changed the sign to read "Larry Parks in The Jolson Story." I climbed the 20-foot ladder one gusty Fall day and at the theatre where Larry had once been an usher, I put his name up in lights. What a thrill! I don't think any other wife in show business ever had that experience.

I feel that Larry and I are together, I am discovering again how much of marriage is compromise. I've always been a kind of happy-go-lucky helaenser girl. Nowadays, however, I find myself arriving on time, making lists, and actually organizing my thoughts. Mr. Parks likes me that way.

The End
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WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

VICTOR: Tony Martin, with Victor Young's orchestra and the Jeff Alexander chorus, does a good vocal job on "Stanley Steamer," the novelty tune from the M.G.M. picture, "Summer Holiday," and a new ballad, "Julie."

Count Basie chooses a timely topic for the title of his new record, "Take a Little Off the Top," with the boys in the band sharing the "lyrics."

"The Little Old Mill," an English song which is on Britain's Hit Parade, is given the Swing and Sway treatment by the Sammy Kaye band, with Don Cornell and the Glee Club. The backing is "Forgiving You," sung by Laura Leslie.

Charles Spivok and his orchestra do "Tennessee," a new novelty reminiscent of "Kalamazoo," with a vocal by Irene Day, coupled with "And Mimi," a ballad, with Tommy Mercer on the lyrics. Fredric Martin, who always strives for something different on records, has waxed "Honeysuckle Rose" with a "whistle" solo by Gene Conkling. On the flipover there's a pre-Yuletide ditty, "On The Santa Claus Express," with Stuart Wade and the Martin Men handling the singing chores. COLUMBIA: Here's "Stanley Steamer" again, this time by Dinah Shore and The Modernaires, with Sonny Burke's orchestra. The other side finds Dinah crooning a new torch ballad, "I'm Out To Forget Tonight."

Harry James comes up with two old songs, both of which are getting a new shot in the arm via the revival route, "Too Marvelous For Words," and "My Future Just Passed." Buddy Di Vito does his usual smooth singing on the first side, and Marion Morgan dittoes on the second. Harry plays an especially pretty trumpet solo on "My Future."

Frank Sinatra, who has sung just about every type of song there is, now tries his talents on two well-known spirituals, "I've Got A Home In That Rock" and "Jesus Is A Rock In The Weary Land." He gets able assistance from The Charioteers.

If you want to make a superb addition to your collectors' items, be sure to get the Bessie Smith Album. Bessie was considered by many to be the greatest of all blues singers. Included in this set are several of her best and most famous songs: "Gimme A Pigfoot," "Buggy Ride," "Do Your Duty," and "Nobody Knows You When You're Down"
she'll tour the whole country. I've been so busy! Why, I did not even manage to go to the Academy Award party. We worked very late, and I had to be on the set at six in the morning. It was impossible to go."

Valli's beauty is no exaggeration. She looks like no one in Hollywood. She has something of the old slumbersome appeal of the former European star, Pola Negri; also something of Theda Bara. She has an elusive charm you cannot hang a tag on. To say she is five feet four, weighs 114 pounds, has blue eyes and dark auburn hair, covers the physical outline. But to describe her strange haunting loveliness, one must go much deeper.

She is bittersweet; the eternally desirable Woman; the one whom man cannot attain and hence keeps enthralled on the altar of dreams in his heart. She is a study in contrasts, loved two women, in appeal. She combines the sorrow of Paradise Lost with the promise of Paradise Regained. She mingles the purity of an Asti Spumanti wine with the headiness of a Marsala. She is Italy.

Men will adore her without ever entertaining the hope of attaining her. They'll call her "Darling," but they'll never call her "Cutie." For she has the warmth of a night fire, but the aloof remoteness of a Mona Lisa. She should live in the light, for some reason.

If Valli cries at will for the camera, with no previous half-hour preparation of getting in the mood or getting the glycerine treatment, perhaps it is because she has seen enough to make tears easy. All she has to do is to remember.

One of Valli's most engaging qualities is her shyness—not a self-effacement—but a retiring shyness born of innate gentleness. She gives the impression of great energy, but a wisely harnessed energy, with no wasted motion. She is affectionate and demonstrative with those she loves, but she does not give love or confidence easily.

Whatever Vassar register with the movie goers of America, will be completely on her own, because in both her roles she wears simple hair-dos, no jewels, or expensive wardrobe.

The bored, hard-boiled audience of workers and watchers on the sidelines of a movie set have seen everything. They'll tell you there isn't anything new. But that was before they saw Valli!

Valli—the new contender for the title of Queen of Hollywood; Valli the beautiful. In short, Valli, the Miracle woman. The End
in line meeting one diplomat after another; suddenly became puzzled over a slight matter of protocol and asked her hostess, "Where is the Swedish consul?"

"Oh, he’s one of the lesser consuls," replied the hostess. "We didn’t invite him."

While Ingrid Bergman has adopted the United States as her country, she loves Sweden with all the love a person can have for his first home. Diplomatic courtesy calls for the presence of the representative of the country or former country of a guest of honor.

Simply, directly and firmly, she said, "Well, I think you’d better invite him immediately or I must leave."

After the Swedish consul arrived, Miss Bergman remained at the party for another half-hour chatting with the guests. Then she turned to the special consul and said, "May we go to your house now?"

She spent the rest of the evening at his house.

Some people get hysterical and throw things when they lose their tempers. But not Ingrid Bergman. She takes direct action.

She used the same directness in New York City when mobs of so-called fans followed her whenever she attempted to go out. She refused to sign autographs under such conditions, and on occasions was known to deliver lectures to them.

Usually movie stars bear with the hysterical mobs of celebrity hounds, by saying consolingly, "After all, they just pay my salary. When they don’t come around, I’ll begin to worry.

Some stars find that being just plain rude to the fans pays dividends.

Miss Bergman takes neither attitude. She honestly respects fans and realizes what they mean to her. She tried to make that clear after her last matinee performance of "Joan of Lorraine." Theatre officials advised her there were close to five hundred fans outside the stage door waiting for her to come out. They suggested she go out another door to avoid them. But she had a different idea.

"No, I’ll not do that. Why don’t we invite them into the theatre? Then I’ll talk to them from the stage," she suggested.

By the time the doors could be closed, the crowd had nearly doubled, and there was a near riot as word quickly spread about this unprecedented invitation.

Then Ingrid Bergman walked out on the stage and spoke to them. There have been times when I may have been abrupt with some of you. That’s because you made shopping and walking unpleasant for me.

Many of you never seemed to understand that if I ever started signing autographs in public places, I would never have peace.

Day after day I have seen the same faces, and I have wondered many times if you had nothing better to do. Don’t any of you ever go to school or do any work? I am grateful for your loyalty and your appreciation of my work. Thank you for all the flowers and presents; but I hope you soon find something which will keep you so interested and busy you will not have time to waste circulating among celebrities to get autographs. Good luck."

Time was when a reporter could philosophize that there must be something wrong with an actress who doesn’t care one whit about fashion in clothes. But Ingrid Bergman has become noted for her dirndl skirts and flat heels rather than inspiring or following fashion dictates.

Cynics say she wears dirndls because her hips are large.

If anyone needs proof that there’s nothing wrong with her hips, he has only to take one look at the new Ingrid Bergman, made fashion-conscious by her visit in New York City. She brought back to California an exciting wardrobe designed by Valentino, famous for her classic, clinging gowns which reveal every contour of the body.

The new clothes still have touches of the pre-New York City Ingrid Bergman. Her love for bright red is shown in a scarlet satin cocktail suit. Contrasting apron fronts, suggestive of the peasant motif, are features of one afternoon dress and one evening gown.

As yet, no one has sold her on hats. When they don’t come around, I’ll begin to worry."

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travagance to spend much time and money
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avoid needless waste. Turn off the lights as
but in New York, where you live mostly in
wardrobe. Must seek another
fitted look about them.
by the quantities of food thrown into the
garbage cans.
be shocked
what you are going to say before you make
any new bad habits?” the reporter asks
“Any new bad habits?” the reporter asks hopefully.
“Well, I’m trying to cut down on smoking
a little. You see, I had never smoked until I
played Joan Madou in ‘Arch of Triumph.’
Since Joan was a chain-smoker, I became
one for the duration of the picture. Now I
have a real taste for cigarettes,” she smiles.
Having talked to this symbol of the finest
human beings, the cynical reporter goes
back to the publicist. Shortly you see the
two huddled over a table, the publicist smil-
ing as the reporter babbles his panegyric
praise—on Ingrid Bergman.
One remembers Cervantes’ statement,
“There are but two things that chiefly excite
us to love a woman: an attractive beauty
and an unspotted fame.”
One remembers Cervantes’ statement,
“There are but two things that chiefly excite
us to love a woman: an attractive beauty
and an unspotted fame.”
Certainly Ingrid Bergman is one of the
outstanding examples of how a woman can
achieve the pinnacle of fame and not sacri-
fice one whit of her integrity.
Bravo Miss Bergman!

The End
THE TRUTH ABOUT JUDY GARLAND'S ILLNESS

(Continued from page 391)

into Judy's history and I realized that her illness wasn't as sudden as it seemed. All her life Judy had been searching for something she never found. When she failed to find it, even in the experiences to which she had looked forward the most, her body just couldn't stand up under the terrific weight of disappointment and resulting depression.

To begin with, Judy never had a childhood. She was a tiny little thing, perhaps a foot high, when her father first began to teach her to sing. She was only three years old when she sang for the first time in vaudeville. It never occurred to her parents that perhaps it would have been better for Judy to play with dolls than to sing in tank towns all over the United States. Her father loved the theater and her mother was a good musician, so they put on an act together which included little Judy.

They had told them what Judy's fascination with music to the exclusion of almost everything else was going to mean to her future, they might never have let her sing that first song, "Jingle Bells."

Even as a youngster, Judy decided she would do everything in her power to be a success. Year by year, by dint of extremely hard work and concentration, her talent was developed—but with each gain in her professional status, there was a corresponding loss. She was losing her childhood. It was an irrevocable loss never to be regained and it left a gap in her emotional makeup that they would do everything in her power to be a success. She was losing her childhood. It was an irrevocable loss never to be regained and it left a gap in her emotional makeup that she would do everything in her power to make good.

Judy was fascinated with the competition, the hard work that required great adjustment—greater adjustment than young Judy was able to lose weight while exercising your food. While all people do not lose weight exactly the same rate, the Del-Dex Method is bound to delight you with its results. Del-Dex gives you a daily normally required vitamins and minerals. Contains no drugs—absolutely harmless.

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IMPERIAL LABORATORIES
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he had married Lana Turner, Judy's face turned white and her whole world seemed to collapse.

She was still heart-broken and completely shaken when she saw David Rose, the talented composer. From the very beginning, she was a very fine, sensitive musician who was intensely serious about his work. The gay bowing very low. The whole action was so absurd that Judy began to giggle.

Judy was about twenty when they married; she was a very young twenty, actually, she was a very young twenty, actually, she had no well-known male lead and was in love with Dave, she tried to act ma-

When things like this happened, Judy was probably more upset than anyone else. She'd gone into marriage was her idea, and she wanted her idea to work. Why couldn't she be like other wives—efficient, careful, with a beautifully organized household? Her mother had been blessed with a great talent, and while it was nice and wise to learn how to cook and sew, a girl must not expect too much from her husband.

When she knew that her marriage was failing, she worked harder than ever at her career as an escape. This was the time for her to have gone away and tried to catch up on some fun. But instead, she was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was still heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated. She was heart-broken and completely devastated.
FOR THE GIRL WHO CARES...

AND DARES... to be thought of romantically... and wants to be remembered as different!

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

It is probably that in a few months Judy will be well again and that she will once more be the radiant girl who loved in “The Wizard of Oz,” the girl who believed there was a rainbow in the sky and that she would find it one day... We who love Judy will be hoping and praying that she ceases to suffer and that overwhelmed her...

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BALL OF FIRE

(Continued from page 14)

spoken in Olga's home out in North Hollywood.

Olga's talent sparked young. Hardly in her 'teens, she was one of a group of children who, as students of the famed Valencia in flamenco and ballet, performed before Franklin Delano Roosevelt in the White House.

When she was but in the ninth grade, her father's illness left the family truly poor. Olga then spent her days as a messenger in the head of the house. True, her father lived to see her success grow, but he is gone now. Olga left school, studied the art of the Latin song and dance in earnest. While with Estaban Roig, she learned bolero and other types of Latin music, and learned so well that, although still in her 'teens, she began to flash higher and higher in the New York night-club sky. The Astor, El Morocco, then the Copacabana. The Copacabana was her last stop to Hollywood. When a Paramount scout saw her, she signed her. Olga had every right in her world to expect that now her fame and fortune were signed, sealed and delivered.

But now, she was already an assured star in her field in the Edward W. Van Sloan production of "Ball of Fire," and this time it was worse. This time, her lovely daughter would be affected. She now turned a cheerful face to the world. For a few weeks, Judy rested at her beach home in Malibu under the care of a doctor. She returned to her work. With her smile, she took her anguish, and the emotional and physical exhaustion... yet another step—a half inch closer to life.
She sought and found guest-artist spots on radio shows. And that paid off—for now she has her own radio show, "Fiesta." At Paramount, they call her one of the most cooperative girls they've ever had.

Olga herself offstage, and offscreen, isn't quite the dynamo you might expect. There's a strange little shyness about her. But if ever the good old homespun phrase "cute as a bug's ear" applied to anybody, it's this one. And yet, there's that exotic sultry quality about her.

Although she was imported to the movies because she's the Latin type with dark hair, flashing eyes and the swing of Latin dances and rhythm, the latest thing they've had her do is "Variety Girl," and she didn't dance a step or sing a note in the whole picture. And the studio had her change her dark tresses to blonde. Today with her blonded hair, she looks very much like a junior Lana Turner.

When she talks, she's full of little gestures. Nothing flamboyant, but an endless series of little handwaves and pinwheels and flashing fingers.

She lives now in that house she bought in North Hollywood. She was patient about that, too. Five evictions hit her before she found the "right place." Then she bought it, but pronto. Big enough for Olga, her sister, mother and grandmother. And for "Tulfy"—an odd name indeed for a Dachshund, even though he is a musical dachs. When Olga practices at the piano, Tuffy sits there and gazes soulfully out of those great limpid sad eyes. And when she turns on the radio or phonograph, Tuffy sits before it, staring enraptured.

The home life of the San Juan family is simple. Mother cooks; and when Olga tells you about mama's cookery, her eyes roll ceilingward like Tuffy's when he hears music.

As for Grandma, she's something of a minor problem. Grandma insists on going to the radio studio when Olga broadcasts. Grandma always picks a seat pretty well up front and when Olga finishes a number, Grandma always picks a seat pretty well up front. Big enough for Olga, her sister, mother and grandmother.

Olga smiles impishly. "It embarrasses me," she says. "I tell her she does not need to put her hands way up over her head. But when I do know—well, I'll even give up my dream of a career, if he is the right man. But when I do know—well, I'll even give up my dream of a career, if he wants it that way!"

Marry? Let her answer: "Like every girl, I am waiting for the right man. I think I shall have patience there; too; patience to wait and make do. And when I do know it is the right man. But when I do know—well, I'll even give up my dream of a career, if he wants it that way!"

Hm—San Juan and O'Brien. Two fine names to link!

The End
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Don't miss the final news about how to win the beautiful plaque Movieland will give the winner of the Fan Club contest

Vernell Haines, prexy of the Harry Lewis fan club, is lucky to have Harry show her Hollywood sights.

Helmut Dantine and Helen Stevens discuss a new Dantine fan club journal. Helen is Helmut's secretary; she is also a very active member in his fan club.

* Best news this month on our big fan club contest is, of course, our special MOVIE-LAND AWARD—that big 'n' beautiful plaque, which will be presented to the winning club. 'Tis gold, and will be engraved with the name of the club, name of the club prexy, and the date of presentation—and we guarantee that it would look terrific on the shelf of any club headquarters. Plus this will be our original prize: the full spread on the winner in "Your Fan Club," with pics of the honorary and active prexies, and mems. Contest closes October 1, which doesn't leave much time; so you'd better hurry. Winner will be announced in the December issue, and to celebrate "Your Fan Club's" first anniversary in January, we'll have the layout on the winner. Better get to work and send in your prize-winning journal before October 1st.

WHAT'S NEW?
The ol' file box is just overflowing with new clubs this month, 'n' they're all bound-for-glory! To start the ball rollin', there's Lee Garber's MEL TORME group—the only official club for Mel. Lee would like to hear from the smaller Torme clubs so they can all band together and make a really big organization. The new BOB TURNER club, prexied by Marybelle Mason, is having a bang-up membership drive and the grand prize is something to swoon about—a whole day's visit from Bob himself at the winner's home! Should be a beeeeeg success. Darlene Hammond has rec'd permission and is

By CAROL WHECHEL.

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all ready to go on the ESTHER WILLIAMS contest. Up Canada way, Mary Lou Coyle 'n' way out on the West Coast there's Coleen right, stacking up 25 points in our current VIC DAMONE club is really starting out MACDONALD CAREY huddle. Tina Zulli's man's "Mitchellettes" for newcomer CAMERON MITCHELL. Shirley MacLaine has been given the go-ahead sign on a club for radio and stage action. ARTHUR NEAL, their main campaign is to secure his movie career. Other "newbies" are Ginger Bagnall's JACK BERCH club, the JOAN CHANDLER club, headed by Hedy Doreakowski, the PERRY BERCH club, the JOAN CHANDLER club, main campaign is to secure his movie career. (JOHNNY LONG) with Barbara Quick as la's organization for ANDREA KING, the PETER KARSON club, prexied by Donald Katz' PAUL HENREID group, Florence Fulton, prexied by David Gilby, Arlene Blaha, Long's Loyal Lads and Lassies (JOHNNY LONG) with Barbara Quick as president, and the Dinah and Frankie Applesaders (for SHORE and SINATRA, natch!) organized by Jack Simpson. For addresses of any club headquarters, just send your query, plus a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

OUT OF THE MAILBAG

We're simply overwhelmed by the journals coming in lately—they're that good! Firstly, Arthur's Echoes, the initial issue of the Arthur Kennedy group, was not only a huge affair, with the best of articles, but was loaded down with those much coveted candid snaps. Geraldites, from the Helen Gerald group, was terrific throughout—but what caught our eye was the printed cover—"twas neat! Should stop to catch our breath before we try to describe the first Agnes Moorehead Journal. From the very professional-looking slick cover right on down to the last "signature," this book is tops! Packed with pics (with a promise of even more), filled with tip-top articles and letters from the very cooperative Miss Moorehead—this journal can't be beaten! The sixth anniversary issue of F'rench from the Bob Crosby club, was a beautiful multi-colored edition, as always—neat, newy, and just what the crooner fans want! The Lon McLellan club comes forth with another super issue of Lon's Party Line, with lotsa cute candida, some very clever articles by Lon himself, as well as the mems, and newy chatter about Lon's career.

INCIDENTALLY

If you've organized a brand new fan club for your favorite and want it Listed with Movieland Magazine, just let us take a peek at your letter of permission. This makes you, "officially" with us, and if your journal carries "official" with us and, if your journal carries any info about your club headquarters, just send your query, plus a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

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his escort’s arm, flashes a smile of thanks to his audience and starts for the theatre entrance.

You realize this amazing roar you are hearing is coming from a volume in and that the crowd is actually saying something. At first you hear the word ROAR drawn out, long and full like a football cheer, brought to a climax with a second syllable . . . a “Y” sound; and then you understand. You have witnessed perhaps the most amazing tribute the youth of America has yet developed for one of its idols; for you see, the crowd is shouting RORY to RORY Calhoun. It’s the first time since Frankie Sinatra’s fans originated the swooning routine that a young star has been the object of a type of adoration all his own. After all, you can’t roar for Jim or Joe, or Ted or Sam. It doesn’t make sense unless you roar for RORY when the movie-going public goes wild this way over a young man—a young man who at the time had only a couple of brief puffs in pictures—you know there must be something about him that should be told.

And so the girls ask: “What’s he like? How does he feel about all the girls who are mad for him? Is he in love? What does he do in his spare time?”

Well, one question at a time. You’re right. RORY Calhoun does have something. It’s not easy to describe RORY in a few words. He’s an excellent athlete, an experienced boxer. He weighs about 190 pounds, and he’s six feet three inches tall. He’s dark and mellow and incredibly human. At the same time, he’s extremely quiet and modest.

The Calhoun saga started some twenty-four years ago in Los Angeles where RORY was born. Shortly afterward his family moved to Santa Cruz, California where RORY was brought up. His father, who was a seaman, was drowned when RORY was very young. His mother now lives with RORY’s stepfather in a home in North Hollywood which the young actor rents for them. RORY went to high school in Santa Cruz, played three years of excellent football and was a Golden Gloves boxer. He never lost a bout in all of his fifteen fights. But a professional career in the ring didn’t appeal to the young super-man. He had litching feet—wanderlust, it’s called.

RORY worked at several jobs before he found a spot as a logger in the beautiful mountains of Northern California. From logger, RORY moved up the ladder to fire-fighter for the State of California. A fire-fighter in the State of California gets four days off a month. RORY saved up his days off for three months so he could have a twelve-day vacation. He planned to visit his great grandmother who was eighty-nine years old at the time. To this day, RORY rates her as his number one girl friend.

During his stay in Hollywood, RORY paid a visit to the DuBrock Stables in order to catch up on his horseback riding. While riding he met a representative of the Sue Carol talent agency. Sue is Alan Ladd’s wife. The agent spotted RORY’s giant build, handsome face and great strength of personality and talked RORY—then Francis McCowan—into a picture career.

The agent obtained a couple of bit parts for him. He played the part of a prize-fighter in “The Great John L.”, and had one line in “Nob Hill.” Shortly afterwards Sue and Alan gave a dinner party to which RORY was invited, as were all players represented by the agency. Henry Willson was invited for these reasons.

Henry recalls his first meeting with RORY: “I noticed RORY particularly when I was introduced to him because the girl who was with me was very attractive young lady, looked fixedly at RORY. In fact, every girl in the room was sneaking glances his way. I thought . . . Maybe this fellow has what it takes to be a star.”

“I took RORY to see Mr. Selznick and he was signed to a contract without a screen test—which, as you know, is very unusual in Hollywood.”

“The name Francis McCowan must be changed,” said the experts. “It’s not a good name for a picture star.” So Henry Willson leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes and thought. The last name had to be changed, Henry decided. “Calhoun or Donahue, take your pick,” he said.

“Calhoun,” said Francis McCowan.

“Now for a first name,” Henry mused. “What name could we use that’s typical of his background and temperament?” The lad’s nickname was “Smookey” from his fire-fighting days. “Smookey” wasn’t the answer, however. “Where there’s smoke, there’s fire,” murmured Willson. “How about Firey? No. Tory—maybe that’s it—Tory. Firey? No. Tory—maybe that’s it—Tory. ‘Maybe this fellow has what it takes to be a star.”

The day I interviewed RORY, we lunched at Romanoff’s while we chatted. I admired his good-looking brown suit. He said in passing, “You know this is the second suit I bought when I came to Hollywood. The first one was a gabardine. It wasn’t that I couldn’t afford to buy a suit before, added RORY, “but up in the mountains we just had no need for them. We wore sport shirts and slacks all the time. I like casual clothes best even yet.”

RORY still goes for loud plaid shirts and light jackets. You can tell the swift transition from Francis McCowan, fire-fighter, to RORY Calhoun, movie star, hasn’t changed him basically at all.

To the question, “How do you stand in the romance department?” RORY grinned, then answered, “Well, things are pretty quiet at the moment. I haven’t been out on a date in three weeks. Right now I’m enjoying my mother’s home cooking. After working hard during the day, I haven’t felt much like going out at night. And that’s the truth. I’m a young man who has the cream of Hollywood to pick from! RORY has everything it takes to make a gal lose her mind over him, but he’s also a man’s man and men respect him.

I asked him what his philosophy of life was. “I like the way I feel, so long as I’m not hurting anyone else,” he answered after a pause.

When you think of it, that single sentence represents a world of thought and a world of understanding in a youth of twenty-four, especially when the attention he’s getting now would make it very easy for him not to care whether he’s “hurting anyone else” or not.
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THERE are lots of things that give an insight to Rory's personality. He's constantly fixing his car, although now he can well afford to buy a new one. He has trouble with his budget he's on, but at the same time he insists that his agent keep him on it. He lifts weights to keep in shape when he doesn't have a chance to exercise.

His best friends in Hollywood besides Henry Willson are Guy Madison and Johnny Sands. He likes to go hunting and he's an excellent man with a gun. He has a fine collection of antique guns, all of which actually shoot.

In his more serious moments, Rory writes poetry. He lets few people see it—only a few close friends—but in it he demonstrates an exceptional feeling for rhythm and the use of words.

And here's a tale that's never been told: Rory Calhoun went on a weekend trip to Phoenix, Arizona. Lana Turner was there at the same time, visiting some friends. They all went horseback riding. Lana, who is a good horsewoman, mounted a seemingly mildly steed, but as they were riding, the horse suddenly got frightened. Lana, startled by the sudden rearing of her mount, lost control, and the horse went flying wildly.

Without a moment's hesitation Rory, an expert horseman, spurred his horse in frantic pursuit. He overtook the now thoroughly frightened Lana, pulled up alongside her galloping horse, grabbed her around the waist with his left arm, pulled her off onto his own horse, brought the horse to a stop and deposited Lana safely on the ground.

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Amaze your friends with a new YOU—A
their hundredth anniversary. They're putting up bronze plaques of the names of the valetudinarian of each class. "Miss Daniels was one. She was Southern. Is she small, blonde, pretty?"

I said, "Yes, but, I still think you've got the wrong girl. She's too young to have graduated from college. Besides—"

Well, I couldn't say blumly, she just isn't smart enough! I mean, she never opened her mouth about anything...

He said, "I'm sure she's the right girl."

"I'm positive, Steve!"

I assured him calmly. "I know Mary Elliott is no valetudinarian no matter what school she's been exposed to. She's a very young, sweet child. That's all. It's two other people you're interested in. We're not engaged—and I'm going back to sleep."

Wham!

I settled back and then suddenly sat up in the dark, utterly panicicky. What if it were a dream? Dr. deSilva's gong. I woke up in a panic. I calmed down and I thought:

Just for more laughs, I casually mentioned the subject to Mary on our next date.

"Why, yes," she admitted quietly. "Yes, that's I."

Since then, I've never opened my trap around her except once, to say, "Will you? She knows everything, for crying out loud! French, Philosophy, Spanish, Psychology!

I worked on "You Came Along long when we decided to name the day. I got a half a day off from work, and Mary and I went down to the Flyers Chapel at the Mission Inn in Riverside. It rained like mad all the time. Mary wore a pink suit and carried a parasol—in the rain. It was so dark in the church, I can't remember how she looked. My mother, who is a minister, presided at the ceremony.

W had neither time nor money for a honeymoon right away. We went to New York after finishing the "Bridge Were Boots," but it was sort of business, interviews, public appearances, etc. The next time we went to New York, it was for "The Chase."

We flew to New Orleans, slept for forty-eight hours and planned to go from there to Florida for a real honeymoon. We had reservations and everything—at the Breakers Hotel. We arrived the day the Big Wind blew the Breakers Hotel away. We attended a place called The Patio while we were there. I wore a Palm Beach suit. With an overcoat and ear muffs. We nearly froze. The best thing about that evening was the fact that the orchestra leader beamed over at us and played our "theme song," "You Came To Me From Out of Nowhere." We felt very romantic, and sat closer together. It was warmer that way. Nowhere. We felt very romantic, and sat closer together.

"My mouth about anything..."

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Our son, Robert Richard, was born a year ago at the Flyers chapel at the mission Inn in Riverside. He came in the direction of the sun. Among other things, he is "friend" and I have come to a definite parting of the ways. Among other things, he is "friend" and I have come to a definite parting of the ways.

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(Continued from page 41)

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where Mac was a member of the NBC stock company at a hundred dollars a week. Besides organizing AFRA, the radio union, these players were heard in practically every soap opera you can think of. Mac himself was The First-Nighter and Young Hickory as well as the weakling brother in Stello Dallas who faded off the air regularly for two weeks every September because Mac had hay fever.

Then New York, more radio and soap operas but with Mac's weather-eye turned always toward the stage. Many young players, when not otherwise busy, studied acting with Benno Schneider in his Green-which Village studio. This is where Mac met Betty Hecksscher, Philadelphia socialite who was studying with Schneider too.

"The afternoon I met Betty, we were given a scene to play together, so we went to her apartment to rehearse." Mac's white teeth flashed in a wide grin. "But we fell in love instead."

Betty's mother objected on the ground not only that Mac was an actor but that she wasn't sure Betty knew her own mind. Betty did, though, and continued to see Mac in spite of her mother's protests.

"Meantime I was playing opposite Gertrude Lawrence in 'Lady in the Dark,'" he went on. "And finally, after a whole year of Betty and I showing that our minds were made up, Mrs. Hecksscher and I had a long heart-to-heart talk at luncheon on the Terrace of the Barbizon-Plaza. She know by this time that Betty was serious and I suppose she'd come to the conclusion an actor wasn't so bad after all. Anyway, we both laid our cards on the table; she gave her consent and we're the best of friends today!"

The publicity on the wedding! That was something else again! Philadelphia and New York papers, particularly the tabloids, had a field-day. SOCIALITE WEES MATINEE IDOL stared out at them over the happy couple smiling from their limousine after the fashionable Bryn Mawr ceremony. After "Lady in the Dark" closed, Mac and Betty came to Hollywood to fulfill his Paramount contract. Under this he did "Dr. Broadway," "Take a Letter, Darling," "Wake Island," "Reckless," "Three," and "Shadow of a Doubt" on bonoout to Universal. When War came, Mac enlisted and served a three-year hitch in the Marines.

With the Paramount contract resumed on his return to civilian life, Mac finished "Suddenly It's Spring," for which critics gave him top notices. He and Betty bought Peter Lorre's house and he's putting in a dark-room for her. He and Betty are engaged, and after Mac went to War and live near Dallas who faded off the air regularly for two weeks every September because Mac had hay fever.

Then New York, more radio and soap operas but with Mac's weather-eye turned always toward the stage. Many young players, when not otherwise busy, studied acting with Benno Schneider in his Green-

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To soothe strained eyes, use an eye lotion—two drops in each eye. For added comfort and relaxation, saturate cotton pads with the same lotion and blanket your lids for ten or fifteen minutes.

Correct eye make-up begins with a touch of eye shadow. A mere whisper will shade lids just enough to make the whites of the eyes look clearer and brighter.

Apply a dot of eye shadow to the center of the lid, then fade upward and outward to the brows. It’s up to you to experiment to find the shade of shadow that does the most for you. The result will surprise you.

Next, following the natural line of the brows, apply eyebrow pencil—using in short feather strokes. Shade eyebrows a quarter-inch beyond the outer corners of your eyes.

The third, most important, and most rewarding part of eye make-up is mascara. For perfect results, mascara should be applied with a not-too-wet brush, sweeping upward and outward from the base of the lashes to their tips. Darken only the upper lids to prevent under-eye shadows. Before the mascara has had time to dry, go over lashes with a clean brush to remove all surplus mascara and to separate lashes.

Eyes are a feature people notice first and remember the longest—so treat them kindly!
NORA

(Continued from page 36)

went to San Francisco to shoot some scenes for one of the Thin Man pictures.

When we checked into the hotel, the beaming clerk tossed the bellboy a key and said to me, "I think you and Mrs. Powell will find this suite very comfortable. We managed to reserve it for you, despite heavy demands for space."

Myrna, giving me one of those enigmatic smiles for which she has become celebrated, turned to follow the bellboy.

"Er, ah, that is," I told the clerk eloquently, feeling a Palm Springs sunburn rushing to my forehead, "we won't be able to use a suite. That is... Miss Loy and I are not married... except in the Thin Man pictures."

The clerk chuckled. His air told me positively that he was accustomed to the wit of people from south of the Tehachoplis and that if things hadn't been so tough all over, he would enjoy my little joke more extensively.

"Yes, yes," he said, registering the rest of the company. By that time the blase Miss Loy had disappeared. Obviously she was on her way to "our" suite.

I waited until everyone was registered and assigned to rooms, then said with my forceful tone (it doesn't even scare quail), "Honestly, I'll have to have a separate room. You're mistaken about Miss Loy and me."

The clerk, wearying of the game, tossed another key to the bellboy and began to sort the mail.

I followed the grinning bellboy down three flights of stairs and across two storage dungeons and a potato cellar before we reached a broom closet in which he deposited my bag. (A slight exaggeration, but that will give you an idea.)

"Goodnight, sir. Oh, thank you, sir," he said, revelling in some private joke as he closed the door.

I rushed upstairs and banged on the door of Myrna's suite. She took an unnecessarily long time to answer, but then to try to compose her features during that period was useless; she still looked as if she were going to have delighted hysteric when I stalked in. With infinite restraint I said, "Miss Loy can't see me."

She explained the truth of our status—that we were excellent friends and co-workers—but definitely not legal residents of the same suite.

"Get me out of that salt mine," I begged.

Myrna stepped to the telephone and in answer pressed the bellboy and began to explain the truth of our status—that we were excellent friends and co-workers—but definitely not legal residents of the same suite.

"She doesn't have to be... or merely theatrical."

Of course, she said. Hmmmm. She has religious scruples about Myrna's".

I remembered one Friday that Myrna's birthday was the following Sunday. She had remembered it too, but because it didn't fall on a weekday, she had decided that the usual set party would be bypassed. We legged it to San Francisco to shoot some scenes for one of the Thin Man pictures.
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(Continued from page 371)
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A second after I had hung up, I burst into thankful tears. For Bill to have found such contentment seemed like a dream coming true and, like any woman, I could only shed tears to indicate my gratitude for a fate that had brought it about. The tears streaked down the mud pack, turning me into a nice place for swamp grass to grow.

I had been occupying the same booth with another patient, when I returned, and I returned to my bewildered operator. I explained my condition by saying, "I have been talking to Bill Powell. He and Diana Lewis were just married in Las Vegas."

The other client reached up to pat my hand. "I understand so well," she said kindly. "I cried for three days when my ex-husband re-married."
marriage head for a preacher before Andy's halfway through the second chorus; when he warbles "Amor," confirmed bachelors are afraid to go out after dark.

That may be putting it a little thick, but at any rate Andy sits on the plush throne of tomorrow right alongside Bing and Frankie, because his style of delivering love songs in both English and Spanish has them swooning on both sides of the border. When he reported for his first day of work on Sam Coslow's "Copacabana" the word spread like wildfire that Andy was on the lot. Immediately, the mail room department was devoid of messenger girls... anyone seeking messenger service that day had to call the Andy Russell set.

In high school, Andy drummed in the band and when studies interfered with his pet hobby, he quitted to join Gus Arnheim's band. Paul Whiteman auditioned him and gave him his own radio program. After that Andy's popularity skyrocketed.

He's deeply appreciative of his avid fans who call themselves the "Russell Sprouts." Think that's a pun? Wait till you hear what they've titled the monthly magazine they publish in his honor. "Della's Fella"—no less.

A NOTHER fellow—oops—who is heart-winning is Edmond O'Brien. Eddie always wanted to be an actor except for a brief period at the age of ten when his fancy strayed to magic... shades of the great Houdini, who lived on the same New York street.

Luckily it was only a passing fancy for today we have a vital actor who trained to attention with his work in "The Killers" and "The Web."

He was being interviewed by Mark Hellinger for the role of the hard-boiled insurance investigator in "The Killers." More than anything else, Eddie "wanted to be in that picture. But Hellinger had a problem. Burt Lancaster, who was an unknown at that time, had been given one of the lead roles. "I think I need a big name for the role he wanted slipping right out of my hands," says the producer. "It's you he's looking for. He'd make a fine husband and he's got a wonderful future."

"I guess that's a pun," Eddie remarked. "If I were you I'd get a bigger name actor than I am for the part." Hellinger laughed. "Spoken like a good actor. The part is yours."

Eddie was once married to actress Nancy Kelly, but it ended in divorce. What with a tough place in which to look for a wife. He made a fine husband and he's got a wonderful future.

Talking about good futures, Jimmy Lydon is a young actor who not only has a fine future but a terrific past—as an actor, of course.
If you want to get Jimmy's Irish up, just call him "Henry Aldrich." For the character or Henry, whom Jimmy portrayed on the screen for three years, almost foiled up Jimmy's career. Jimmy is serious about acting. "But how far can you get," he asks, "if you're always identified as a davy high school kid?"

Jimmy's career is in high again, what with such good pictures as "Cynthia," "Life With Father" and "Time of Your Life," the Jimmy Cagney starrer, displaying his talents. Jimmy has a likeable Irish face which makes him look younger than his 23 years, with a broad, sunny grin and a lean, lanky frame.

He had the acting urge as a child, even though none of the other nine Lydon youngsters evinced the slightest interest in the art, He was born in Bergenfield, New Jersey and when the family moved to New York Jimmy became a Powers model. "I was the freckle-faced kid eating an apple in the ads," he explains.

From there it was a hop-skip to the Broadway stage and then to Hollywood. He was nothing but the Henry Aldrich series, which was fine for a while until directors started to bypass him because he was too closely identified with the role. When the series ran out, he managed to keep working until "Life With Father" came along. One of the things that Jimmy is most proud of is that he's been working steadily since he was eighteen years old.

Jimmy is personable off the screen as he is on the screen, the same warm manner and adolescent gangliness.

The Cagney's liked him so much in "Time of Your Life" that they've signed him for their next, "The Strat Lamb." And Warners has him tied up to another picture, too. It looks like the boy who started acting at the age of 8 will be at it until he's 80.

Write down the name of "Steve Brodie" as one you'll be seeing on theatre marquees. Steve is a comer, and there's no stopping him. He's a guy's guy and has the forceful determination of a jeep. He's a guy with plans—a million of 'em.

Even the way he took the name Steve Brodie for himself shows what a smart cookie he is. His real name is Johnny Stephens. "But I wanted a name that managers would recognize," he explained. "Jimmy Stephens sounds like a cookie he is. His real name is Johnny Stephens. "But I wanted a name that managers and casting directors would remember," he explained. "Jimmy Stephens sounds like a million other guys. So I took the name of the man who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge. It had punch. When I gave that name to the men who could give me jobs, they'd ask, 'Any relation to the guy who jumped off the bridge?' I knew then they wouldn't forget me."

Steve is in RKO's powerful film, "Crossfire." He plays Floyd, the only witness to the murder committed in the picture. He's tall, rugged and frank and reminds you somewhat of a younger Spencer Tracy. No one helped Steve get into pictures but Steve himself.

After a spell in a Kansas plane factory, he came to Hollywood, but no agent would handle him. "Not good-looking enough," they told him. Did that daunt our hero? Not Steve. To show the perspicacity of the guy, he got a job in a parking lot. Two months later he had leased the place and had four fellows working for him.

He finally nabbed a small role in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." How he got the break is another tribute to Steve's head—
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Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
By BEATRICE LUBITZ

Rita Hayworth's first Hollywood date since announcing separation from Orson Welles is with her former flame Victor Mature. Here are Rita and Vic dining, listening rather dreamily to romantic violin music at the Chanteclair.

News, news and more news about the gayest, brightest spot this side of Bagdad—the one and only Hollywood!

* * *

There has been much speculation as to why a top male star—famous for his brashness and man-about-town ways—suddenly dropped out of the romantic news in Hollywood. The inside story is this: It wasn't a serious affair, but the star was going with a local girl when she came down with a dreaded illness that meant she'd be out of circulation for months. The star felt that the ailing girl must keep on thinking that her illness wasn't serious—and the fact that she couldn't go out with him—was only temporary. So rather than risk having his name linked with any other girl, he simply went into retirement. When he needs to relax, he slips off to hideaway spots where there are no newspaper people around.

Roy Rogers tells us that the reason he sold his huge Hollywood place and moved to a mountain-top sixty miles away is that he wanted his children to grow up in the great open spaces. He'll keep a small place near his studio to live in during the time he's making pictures.

While in the east last summer, Roy found an uncle who'd been blind since he was seven. Although he was then 69, he lived alone, did his own housework, even cooked. Roy got him to come back with him to Hollywood. The uncle, Roy laughs, didn't care about being photographed with him, but he did want a picture taken of himself...
New Heights in Suspense-creating!

A master-tale of mystery, false love and murder in a Michael Curtiz Production. From its very first scene you'll see how suspensefully the director of 'Life With Father,' 'Mildred Pierce,' 'This Is The Army,' has combined a crackerjack star line-up and an edge-of-seat plot. You'll witness mystery history with 'The Unsuspected'!

WARNER BROS.
FAREWELL PARTY

Romantic duo Lana Turner and Tyrone Power had Hollywood’s eyes on them when Lana gave Ty a farewell party before he left for Africa. The big question: Would she follow soon?

Busy hostess Lana Turner finds a moment to chuckle over Clifton Webb’s repartee.

Clark Gable looks serious as pretty Dolly O’Brien’s attention is directed elsewhere.

This must be important! Mary Livingston whispers confidentially to Cesar Romero.

CONTINUED -

by more subtle and delicate ways than osculation.

How would you like to see Danny Kaye play “Don Quixote,” the balmy Spaniard who went about the country imagining himself a great Knight? Well, that’s just what insiders tell us Danny will do as soon as he moves over to the Warners lot.

Dennis O’Keefe has written and sold a number of screen and short stories under the name of Jonathan Ricks.

Richard Widmark, who was so terrific as the meanie in “Kiss of Death,” almost missed that part. Director Henry Hathaway wanted Hume Cronyn for the role; but failing to get him, interviewed around 50 radio actors before he finally settled on Widmark.

Harry Sherman, the producer who’s perhaps the greatest exponent of western films in Hollywood, tells us that Tom Mix was the greatest film cowboy Hollywood ever saw. Sherman planned to make Mix’s life into a picture, but there were too many heirs involved in the Mix estate.

Jane Withers and Bill Moss had planned to build themselves an apartment building with a honeymoon penthouse on top for themselves; but due to the shortage of materials, they abandoned the idea temporarily, moved up their wedding date, and rented a house.

Joan Fontaine went shopping for a hand-
“Love me and
Love me
and Love me
and LOVE ME!”

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Ginger Rogers • Cornel Wilde

It Had to Be You

with Percy Waram • Spring Byington • Ron Randell

Screenplay by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank

Directed by Don Hartman and Rudolph Maté - A Don Hartman Production
LLOYD’S ESTATE

Ben Gage and Esther Williams chat with Mrs. Harold Lloyd at benefit to aid visually handicapped children. Party was held at Lloyd Estate.

Gene Autry tells us that though he’s written over 200 songs, many of which have been hits, he can’t read a bar of music. He works out the tunes and lyrics in his head and sings them to an arranger who transfers them to paper.

In “The Other Part of the Forest,” Dan Duryea is playing the uncle of the character he did in “The Little Foxes” six years ago.

Barbara Bel Geddes tells us that she’ll build a huge one-room house near Hollywood, and will have a bath and kitchen (prefabri-
**DRAMATIC NAILHEAD**

Gleaming nailheads achieve a striking new effect on this wide-shouldered, deep-arm-hole, fine Gabardine dress. Radiant gold buttons twinkle down the front and the wide belt is nailhead-studded, too. Smart cuffs on the sleeves and dramatic draping make this truly the newest of the new.


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Yes, it steals hearts ... this eye-catching ensemble of silky Gabardine. Two pieces that look like one. Can be worn together or separately. New, full, sleeves are designed with deep armholes for greater comfort and button snugly at each wrist. Wide belt with its striking buckle is attached to jacket and gives your waist that slim, tiny look. Skirt has fly front with soft darts over hips.


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**GABARDINE SKIRT**

BABES IN TOYLAND

CONTINUED

cated) tacked on. She says the thing that sold her most on living in Hollywood was the informality of the atmosphere, where a gal could dress for comfort.

Fred MacMurray, who attended the Chicago Institute of Art studying painting before he decided to become a musician, has gone back to the brush and palette, now that he can afford it as a hobby.

Bob Crosby's three children are learning three-part harmony from the Andrews sisters. Last year, Bing sent his boys over to Bob's house on Christmas morning to sing Christmas carols. This year Bob aims to return the concert.

Most fabulous party this month was Uncle Bernie's Lemonade Party at Toy Menagerie. Here Miss Stephanie Wanger "draws one" from Lemonade Tree as mother, Joan Bennett, looks on.

Johnny Mack Brown joins Robert John Colonna when papa, Jerry, puts on a show.

Mrs. Edgar Bergen can't distract daughter Candice, who only has eyes for the camera.

Joan Crawford points out wonderful sights to children Christopher and Christina.

The End
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... and the first such combination ever offered in America at this startling low price ($1.95)

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THE PENMAN
Dept. 1-S
179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Everyone loved Edmund Gwenn's portrayal of Kris Kringle in "Miracle On 34th Street."

Yes, there is a Santa Claus! Edmund Gwenn found him; and so can you—if there is faith, and hope in your heart

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

This, of course, is not a Christmas story. There are no holly wreaths or mistletoe. Yet there is a Santa Claus in the cast—two of them, to be exact. A 65-year-old youngster named Edmund Gwenn has the world's best reason for believing in that man in the red velvet suit. Because, for Edmund Gwenn, "Miracle On 34th Street" has become "Miracle In Hollywood." Santa Claus has just paid a call on Santa Claus and has tucked stardom in his stocking.

It takes a patient man to wait some 40 years for recognition as a top picture star. A big name in his native England, a big name on the New York stage, Gwenn—he's Teddy to his intimates—has added warmth, humor and persuasive charm to a long list of Hollywood pictures, even though his name here has appeared in that small type that says "supporting player."


Teddy Gwenn is no glamor boy. He is short, portly, twinkly-eyed, cheerfully unhandsome. Hearts don't flutter when he looks at you, but something better happens. You laugh, you cry, you feel kindlier, just for seeing him. You find the world a better place. You go home possessed of a glow which was not part of you when you entered the theatre. It is a little incredible to discover so much sheer acting genius packed in one small, stocky body.

Yet Teddy Gwenn, until he played the wonderful Kris Kringle in "Miracle On 34th Street," (a role in which he virtually stole the picture), had known little of the fanfare and hoopla that Hollywood gives its big names. Gwenn was a fine character actor, certainly. He was a man directors could always count on for a sharply-etched, memorable performance, true enough. But on the credit list up at the beginning of a picture it was always the stars' names first, followed by the inevitable "with Edmund Gwenn."

That secondary billing, among people who know Gwenn well, merely indicated less publicity, not less ability. Other movie-goers, with but a dim acquaintance with his reputation, made laughable blunders. Like the time the entire "Miracle" company was in New York's Macy's, shooting interior scenes in the toy department.

"I was, of course, made up as the department store Santa Claus," the actor related, chuckling. "There I sat, chatting with the youngsters, (the camera was hidden), while Christmas shoppers thronged the store. Then I overheard a couple of old ladies whispering. 'Look,' said one, 'how that fine actor Edmund Gwenn has come down. Isn't it a pity the poor man has to earn a few dollars as a Santa Claus?'"

If those two old ladies could have peeked into a crystal ball for a view of the future, they would have discovered Gwenn in still a stranger role. They would have seen two Kris Kringles, the "real" one bearing gifts for the impersonator. Because Edmund Gwenn, for his magnificent performance in "Miracle On 34th Street," is almost sure to win an Academy Award. And what must be equally satisfying to this patient man is the tribute M-G-M is now paying him: Full stardom in the forthcoming "Hills of Home," the story of a Scotch country doctor.

Once again it's plain that the race is not always to the swift; that even in Hollywood miracles can happen to a man at 65.

Back in London, when Edmund was still but a seventeen-year-old stripling, his father had uttered a dire warning about the theatre.

"Take up acting," the old gentleman cried, "and you will inevitably wind up in the gut-
What the elder Gwenn wanted, was to have his son go into the Civil Service, like himself. But the theatre? A "sink of iniquity!" When the stage-struck Edmund stubbornly argued that he wanted to be an actor, not a civil servant, he was disowned and quite literally shown the door. Years later Edmund and his father were reconciled. The elder Gwenn, delighted with his son's success, admitted that he had been wrong.

By that time, of course, Teddy Gwenn had had a long and distinguished career that spanned two continents. The early struggles had retreated into the past. Time had mellowed the hardships of his youth; those first years in the British provinces playing Shakespeare, with each actor supplying his own tights, wig and shoes; the tramping about the English countryside, giving pantomimes, singing comic songs, even boxing a hard three rounds with a fellow actor, just to amuse those early audiences.

Then came a chance to act in London in plays by George Bernard Shaw. Gwenn not only pleased a critical British public, but managed not to disappoint Shaw. In those plays Gwenn made a notable success. His star was rising.

New York beckoned; famed London playwrights wrote plays especially for him. Gwenn scored tremendously in "Laburnum Grove" both in London and New York. After appearing in twenty-one British films, Gwenn made his American screen debut in M-G-M's "The Bishop Misbehaves," then went on to more of his excellent and beloved characterizations in a long string of other pictures.

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Already completed and soon to be seen are "Life With Father," "Green Dolphin Street" and "Thunder In the Valley," in which he plays supporting roles. Then will come "Hills of Home" and full star status.

Gwenn has no "favorite" roles, he'll tell you. He believes in making his current role the favorite, "I'm much happier that way," he explained.

He was in his private dressing-room apartment on the M-G-M lot, still in makeup for his part in "Green Dolphin Street." He looked relaxed in a pink and white dressing gown, with his English humor betraying itself in his eyes and the corner of his mouth.

"No," he went on, "if you have a 'favorite' role you become dissatisfied should the next part be smaller or seemingly less important. By having no favorites, I go into each part with fresh enthusiasm."

Playing a Scottish doctor of a hundred years ago in "Hills of Home" will be a wonderful part for him, he said. It will give him a chance to enjoy his real hobby, which is work and more work. He's had a good life, he'll tell you; though his one-time home in London, an exquisite 18th Century residence, was bombed into ruins, he has come pretty close to contentment.

His pleasures are simple, because "it's the small pleasures that count in the long run." He's never forgotten his first yearning for the sea, he still loves to talk of sailing and freighters, and voyages in little coastal boats. As for stardom, well . . .

"You know," he said, his eyes twinkling behind his glasses, "you're just as good an actor on the day before you make a hit as on the day after, but nobody knows it."

Nobody, Mr. Gwenn? Only some millions of movie-goers, that's all. And that's not bad for a YOUNG star of 65 who knows there is a Santa Claus.

How to Avoid Saving Money

by DANNY KAYE

First, cut off all your pockets. By carrying your money you will—1. spend it, 2. lose it, 3. get it taken from you—quicker! Also avoid piggy banks and sugar bowls. The kiddies are victimized by such devices, often saving quite a bale of moolah. And shun budgets! It is best to draw your pay and walk down Main Street buying anything you don't particularly hate.

Above all, don't buy any U. S. Savings Bonds—or it's impossible not to save money! These gilt-edged documents pay fat interest—4 dollars for 3 after only 10 years! There is even an insidious Payroll Savings Plan by which you buy bonds automatically. Before you catch on, you have closets full of bonds. You may even find yourself embarrassed by a regular income! Get-gat-gittle!

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Retired actors and actresses who once brought laughter and relaxation to millions now find peace and contentment in their declining years as guests at Motion Picture Country House.

### Hollywood’s most notable and least advertised achievement—the very beautiful Motion Picture Country House

* The Motion Picture Country House at Woodland Hills, California—one of the most beautiful spots in America—perhaps in the whole world. Here live retired actors and actresses who once brought laughter and relaxation to millions. Here they find peace and contentment in their declining years.

No description of the sixty-two acres of fertile, gentle rolling terrain, the modernistic buildings, the landscaped grounds, the graceful lily pools and shaded walks, could make you really see the beauty of this place; it is something you must feel with your heart as well as see. For this house was built unselfishly—with love—and this is reflected in every square inch of the home.

The serenity, the deep peace, the quiet—broken only by the song of birds and the ripple of water—the fragrance of the rose gardens, leave a haunting impression, almost a nostalgia for all the memories of beauty hidden in your heart.

There are 55 resident guests here, twice as many men as women. To serve these guests there are 33 staff members. The oldest guest is 86 years.

To be eligible to live here, one must be 55 years or older and have been actively associated with the Industry for 20 years.

You know the Motion Picture Relief Fund aids everyone in the industry with loans, sick benefits, etc., but the Country House is reserved for retired actors and actresses.

At the moment a hospital wing is being added to the grounds. It will be fully equipped and will accommodate 42 beds, all in private rooms, instead of 18, which is the present hospital capacity.

Each guest has his own cottage, which comprises a large sitting room furnished in Swedish Moderne—the decor of the entire place—a bed in a draped alcove and a luxuriously appointed bathroom. All the suites have glass walls facing the gardens. The rooms are gay with flowered chintzes. On every table there are bowls of roses from the famous rose gardens. Their fragrance is everywhere.

A short, shaded, flower-bordered walk from the guest cottages brings us to the main buildings which house the library, lounge, dining room, and administration rooms. The library, a gift of Y. Frank Freeman, is a beautiful room, combining English period furniture in bleached woods, with modern pieces. The carpeting is sage green. The deep-seated chairs are covered in harmonizing rose and beige. Every published new book and magazine comes in each month. The permanent library, of course, contains all the fine literature of the world.

Opposite the library is the lounge—the gift of Douglas Fairbanks. This is one of the most exquisite rooms ever designed. The entire west wall is of full-length windows so that the setting sun falls like a golden veil over the rich carpeting, soft-shaded silk lamps, crystal cigarette boxes and luxurious furniture.

Here are bridge tables, backgammon tables, a grand piano and all the comfort and beauty of a home designed and furnished with loving care.

We were invited to stay to dinner in the lovely dining room that doubles for entertainment and moving picture theater. The decor here is blond wood and canary yellow.

(5. Please turn to page 83)
Each guest has his own cottage. Suites have glass walls facing the lovely gardens. Interior decor is Swedish Moderne.

Library combines English period furniture with modern. Sage green carpet contrasts softly with rose, beige chair covering.

Lounge, a gift of Douglas Fairbanks, is luxuriously, comfortably furnished, has bridge, backgammon tables and grand piano.

Fine stones, cut for dazzling brilliance, clustered for sparkle—in a rich setting of 10 kt. Gold.

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Won't Slip Out

The Reviewer's Box

Foxes of Harrow (20th)...........++

If Frank Yerby's popular novel, "The Foxes of Harrow" is one of your favorites, and if you expect to have the screen version follow the story faithfully—you're due for a disappointment. Only part of the romantic novel has been screened; the important theme of the Negro problem has been eliminated from the picture. However, the film is artfully directed, pleasant entertainment, and the most romantic picture to come to the screen in many a moon! It's swell entertainment.

Rex Harrison is the dashing, adventurous gambler, Stephen Fox. The year is 1827; Stephen arrives in New Orleans after having been put off a Mississippi river boat because he cheated at cards. He crashes a large party given by the beautiful D'Arencaux sisters: Odalie, (Maureen O'Hara) and Aurore (Vanessa Brown). Odalie is completely disdainful of the handsome adventurer; but Stephen manages to charm the girls' father (Gene Lockhart) who invites him to pay a return visit to his home.

The rest of the story concerns Stephen's marriage to Odalie, their unhappy life together and an economic crisis which helps them plan for a new and happier life together. We think you'll like "The Foxes of Harrow." It has all the romantic involvements and implications that made "Gone With the Wind" such a howling success.

WHERE THERE'S LIFE (Paramount)....+1/2

There's no doubt about it, Bob Hope—as he would be the first to acknowledge—is irresistible! The sight of his shovel nose, his bright button eyes and the sound of his rapid-fire delivery continue to make fans happy in "Where There's Life."

Bob is the hero, the story and the whole wheat germ of this funny, foolish film. This time Bob's the Morganatic son of the liberal king of a mythical country after the war. The King is shot by the leader of a vicious gang who are trying to overthrow the country and it becomes imperative to produce the heir. So General Grimovich (played expertly by Signe Hasso) with Ministers Grubitch and Zavitch fly to America to find Hope.

Bob is a radio comedian for a program sponsoring dog food. He is engaged to a girl who comes from a huge family of policemen of which Bill Bendix is the head. Bob and Hazel (Vera Marshe) are to be married as a publicity stunt for the dog food, but he is kidnapped by the charming female general and her aides in a series of funny episodes that take you through a hotel, a department store. It's all pretty silly and contrived but who cares? It's all in good fun.

High Tide (Monogram).............++

Monogram and Producer Jack Wrather have done something unusual for Hollywood: They've filmed a good newspaper-murder story! Considering the low budget allowed on this production, "High Tide" emerges as one of the best whodunits Hollywood has had for some time. This doesn't mean that the picture can compete with an all-star cast in a first-rate story, but it is an interesting picture.

The film opens with two men pinned to a crashed car on a beach. The tide is coming in; death seems inevitable. A flashback tells the story leading up to the predicament.

The men: the managing editor of a Los Angeles newspaper; and his friend—a former private detective... have been working on a murder story. The breezy detective solves the mystery just about the time the high tide is closing in on the car and its trapped occupants.

Seeing Lee Tracy in the role of the breezy managing editor will make you realize how much you've missed seeing him of late. Tracy shares honors with interesting newcomer Don Castle. While the Castle role isn't quite so big, he does a fine job as the newspaperman turned private detective. Julie Bishop and Regis Toomey do their share to make this a neat little picture.
FUN AND FANCY FREE

(Walt Disney) Two years and half a million drawings, plus the live talents of Edgar Bergen (with Charlie and Mortimer, of course), Luana Patten, Dinah Shore, Billy Gilbert, Cliff Edwards, and others have combined to give the kids, and some grown-ups too, an hour and 12 minutes of fancy fun.

First, Jiminy Cricket introduces us to the story of the three bears—but not the ones you’re thinking of. This story is narrated by Dinah Shore, of Bongo, the Wonder Bear; his lady love and the big black villain bear. All day long Bongo juggles knives, dishes, stoves, and other small what-nots while standing on his head, high on a tight rope. That is, he is doing this when he isn’t leaping from the top of the big tent into a wet sponge.

But the applause and adulation of the crowd don’t bring happiness to little Bongo for he doesn’t have freedom. One day Bongo escapes into a forest wonderland where he meets his lady love, Lulubelle. She is woed and won, but the villain stands in his way. However, Bongo is not called the Wonder Bear for nothing. He knows a trick or two, which he uses to polish off the villain. Bongo and Lulubelle drift off in a pink cloud and Jiminy Cricket bounces off the rest of the country.

Here is a morbid story of neurology which takes place in a death haunted beach mansion in Miami. Warner Brothers introduce their new Swedish importation, Viveca Lindfors, in this gloomy and often depressing story. For those who like their movie fare in this low key, this picture offers a satisfying evening at the movies.

The story is simply a repetition of Horatio Alger stories in which the old Horatio Alger stories in which the barefoot boy becomes president. Here he becomes Governor of Louisiana. Governor Jimmie Davis plays himself with a narrow piece of paper around his third finger, right hand. No more dateless days. They wear this stunning BLUE BAND, showing all the men that they are single girls...a sure-fire way to fill their date calendar.

It’s Exciting! It’s Daring! And it’s...

Hollywood Girls Are Wearing the BLUE BAND

Single girls in Hollywood have boldly introduced a sensational new craze and it’s spreading like wild fire. Single girls out west are blazing the trail for you. They are now wearing this exquisite BLUE BAND ring on the third finger, right hand. Never before has there been such an opportunity for single girls. If you’re single you too can wear the BLUE BAND...Write for yours today!

This brilliant solid gold ring with it’s rich circle of royal blue in the center tells the world you’re not married...not engaged...but single! Be the first in your crowd to wear the BLUE BAND! Wear it while dancing...wear it to the theatre...wear it to dinner...wear it everywhere.

If you’re a Disney fan, you’ll like this.}

If you’re a single girl, you too can wear the BLUE BAND. If you are married or single and how will any man be sure you’re single unless you wear this attractive and appealing BLUE BAND!

If YOU are single your hands to see if you’re married or single and how will any man be sure you’re single unless you wear this attractive and appealing BLUE BAND!

CAUTION: Don’t send for this ring if you are married.

IMPORTANT: Be sure to give your correct ring size. Wrap a narrow piece of paper around your third finger, right hand. Then measure the strip alongside the chart shown at left. Your ring size will show at the lower end of strip.

The BLUE BAND makes an ideal gift for any occasion. Girl’s THIS IS IT! Never before has there been such an opportunity for single girls. Wear this ring and you’ll immediately find a new interest in life. It will give you a delightful boost. It will increase your popularity and it will serve as an inspiration to bashful males!

GIRLS! THIS IS IT! Send P.O. or Bank Money order, for only $12.50. Sorry no COD’s...

NIGHT UNTO NIGHT (Warners) Here is a morbid story of neurology (which is in this case epilepsy) and psychology which takes place in a death haunted beach mansion in Miami. Warner Brothers introduce their new Swedish importation, Viveca Lindfors, in this gloomy and often depressing story. For those who like their movie fare in this low key, this picture offers a satisfying evening at the movies.

The story concerns a biochemist scientist (played by Ronald Reagan with his usual sincerity and depth) who rents the beach mansion and hopes a rest there will cure his recently diagnosed illness. The house is owned by Viveca Lindfors who inherits it from her dead husband and she believes his spirit still haunts the house.

In the end love and life win over death.

LOUISIANA (Monogram) This is a regrettable little incident and can hardly be considered adult entertainment though it might please those who like the old Horatio Alger stories in which the barefoot boy becomes president. Here he becomes Governor of Louisiana.

Governor Jimmie Davis plays himself with embarrassment and appealing BLUE BAND!

Send for this ring if you are married!
Here’s Hollywood as seen through the eyes of your favorite movie star-columnist, Ross Hunter

A Lad in

You can see that Janet Leigh and Marshall Thompson are enjoying Bubble Gum party.

* The big news that greeted my eyes and ears when I returned to “our town” from a fun vacation in Victorville was that my good friend, the very lovely and talented actress, Marilyn Maxwell, had just signed a new contract with RKO and that they were going to do big things with her. When I called Max to offer congratulations, I found her elated over her first assignment. She had just been set for the lead opposite George Raft in the exciting drama “Race Street” and was so happy because Bill Bendix, one of her favorite people, is also to be starred.

Max invited me to spend the day with her on the RKO lot. While she had some wardrobe fittings, I wandered onto the “Portrait of Jenny” set where I chatted with Ethel Barrymore and then watched that great star do a scene with Joseph Cotten. This is really going to be quite an exciting picture. Jennifer Jones, who plays Jenny, was not working so I left a hello for her and went on to Stage 11, where Leo McCarey’s “Good Sam” was shooting. While Annie Sheridan was testing hairstyles, I talked with Gary Cooper. We discussed the pros and cons of strange as it seems, malted milks. Gary’s quite a guy, but I guess his favorite Malt Shop had let him down that day. Our conversation was interrupted by Edmund Lowe who came to get Gary to rehearse a scene. Back to wardrobe to get Marilyn and off to the Exhibition of Paintings by Frederick Leybourne Sprague given by Maria Montez. When we reached the Hartwell Galleries the place was so jammed we went ‘round the side entrance where we bumped into Beulah Bondi and the Kay Kysers laughing like mad at Blanche Yurka’s wonderful imitation of a well-known star. As we pushed our way past a throng of people we glimpsed Dodo and Jimmy Pendleton, Jacque Mapes with Jane Powell, Angela Lansbury, Bert Jeter with Helene Heigh, Charlie Chaplin’s new leading lady, Fran Gregory, with director Arthur Lubin and Anne Jeffreys with Juan Romero. Before we got to our hostess, we yakked with Bob Mitchum about his new picture, “Rachel”; then with Ginger and Lela Rogers about the latter’s new radio show; and with Peter Lawford about his new picture with Esther Williams. Finally, to greet Maria Montez—and what a charmer she is! She tried so hard to remember where we’d met—but couldn’t, so we listened very attentively when she told us about her trip to Paris. She was so excited about being with her hubby Jean Pierre Aumont, who is already there making a picture. We walked through the galleries and Max and I particularly admired portraits of Farley Granger, Irene Rich and Dorothy Mitchum. We had little time for loitering for we had to be off with the Bob Mitchums to make a personal appearance at the Orpheum Theater to honor columnist Jimmy Starr whose picture, “The Corpse Came C.O.D.,” was having its premiere showing. Everyone we knew was there. We were introduced to the theater audience by the Mistress of Ceremonies, Mary Mann. The crowd was most receptive, and all of us including lovely Adele Jergens, star of Jimmy’s picture, Xavier Cugat, Lorraine

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A Lad in
Allen, soon to be Mrs. Rhumba King; Jerome Courtland, Cathy Downs, Vince Barnett, Glenn Vernon, Elizabeth Taylor, Billy Gilbert, Eddie Ryan, Mark Daniels and others too numerous to list, took bow after bow. What an ovation for Jimmy Starr! And he deserved it. The gang was going to May's, but we were on our way to a sneak of "The Burning Cross," the new Walter Colmes picture about the Ku Klux Klan. It stars Hank Daniels and Virginia Patton and will have you raving about its daring qualities. Jacque Mapes' sets are startlingly realistic. After the show we glimpsed John Shelton and Ann Doran but didn't stop.

Instead, we were on our way to the cocktail party given for Therese, the famous ceramist, who is now a part of the Hollywood scene. Max couldn't get over the beauty and fragility of her works and was wild about her "gold and silver flecking" techniques as were Anita Stewari, John Loder, Magda Gabor, Robert Abbot, Joan Loring, Sheila O'Malley and Steve Cochran. We placed an order for two salad bowls and once more we were off, this time to Frances Scully's "Afternoon With The Stars" broadcast. I was to be one of her guests and Max was kind enough to come along. We sat around a large table next to the Beverly Wilshire Hotel Pool eating wonderful sea food.

Ross Hunter likes company when he covers the Hollywood beat for Movie-land's readers. This month his partner is pretty Marilyn Maxwell.

**“HER Christmas GIFT FROM HOLLYWOOD”**

And these magic sandals that the Stars wear . . . can be your glamour gift From Hollywood . . .

For gay casualwear . . . or hostess slippers

gold and silver strips encircling your ankle . . . **$8.95** . . . green, black, white, and brown suede leather to enhance every costume . . . **$6.95**.

The "WILD CALENDAR" Girl gets "ORCHIDS" from SYDNEY'S
A whole new world of drama, love, violence and spectacle lay before their sword of conquest! Fired with passions—dynamic with a brilliant cast—a saga of gold, empire and glory!

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TYRONE POWER

JEAN PETERS · CESAR ROMERO · JOHN SUTTON · LEE J. COBB

Barbara Lawrence · George Zucco · Roy Roberts · Marc Lawrence

Directed by HENRY KING
Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

CENTURY-FOX MAGNIFICENT EPIC
It isn't easy being a movie star. It takes hard work, perseverance, and guts. This we all know—we've told it time and again. But it takes something else too... courage! Think of the courage of June Haver who, though a staunch Roman Catholic, is going through the agony of a divorce because she knows it is the only way out. I urge you to read her story with an open mind and an open heart and to temper your judgment with mercy. Ask yourself, Would you have had her courage? ... On page 16 you will read of a wonderful visit my associate Helen Limke and I made to the Country House of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Perhaps you're not aware that this beautiful home for indigent and aged actors is maintained by salaries of stars who appear on "Screen Guild Players" program (CBS-Monday 10:00-10:30 P.M., E.S.T.), and by voluntary donations of $ of 1% of all motion picture actors' salaries. The idea behind the fund is not charity, but rather a helping hand from one actor to another.

We had so much to say about this heavenly spot that we didn't have room for this poem by Ralph Morgan which we are reprinting for you. It hangs in the office of the House, and it tells more beautifully than I could the real spirit of the Motion Picture Industry's heart of gold!

B.L.

MOTION PICTURE COUNTRY HOUSE . . .

What's this that stands majestically
Out there upon the hill?
Is it a thing of brick and stone,
Created by man's will?

Is it a finite mortal thing,
That time will soon decay?
And cause to crumble to the earth,
As all things do some day?

What's this that glows so radiantly,
Beneath the mid-day sun?
Tell us the truth, we want to know;
What is it built upon?

The answer came in simple words.
This thing you ask us of,
Was born within the hearts of men;
Yes, it was born of love.

It's founded on the sacred rock
Of common brotherhood;
Where man holds fast the hand of man;
All for each other's good.

A cup of water cold is there;
A spiritual draught.
For work well done, and lives well spent;
Sometimes so dearly bought.

Yes brothers, sisters, faithful ones,
We stand beside you there.
Not guests of ours, but guests of God;
We leave you in His care.

Ralph Morgan
There are times when even love isn’t enough to keep two people together. Perhaps time will give Danny Kaye and his Sylvia a better understanding of their marital problem.

By Marcella Palmer

Danny loves people, parties. Sylvia tries to, prefers quiet life. You can see this movie junket with Craig Stevens, Alexis Smith was fun for Danny.

Close friends were aware that Danny and Sylvia shared too few interests.
* When the news broke that the Danny Kayes were separating and that Danny had left home, the Hollywood columnists fell on the juicy morsel like so many vultures.

"He's ungrateful," yelled one group of columnists. "He's leaving Samuel Goldwyn, who gave him his first chance in pictures, and his wife Sylvia, who made him what he is."

Another columnist said he'd walked out on Sylvia because he was tired and nervous and had been going to pieces since their baby was born. According to this columnist, his baby's crying made Danny so nervous he just had to leave home! Which shows how silly gossips can get!

The third group sniffed, "Cherchez la femme," and added, "Eve Arden is the woman in the case."

No wonder Danny Kaye was stunned. He realized that because he was a star known to millions, he and Sylvia couldn't separate without some public announcement, but he never dreamed such malicious and far-fetched rumors would result.

I've known Danny and Sylvia for many years, and I know the real story behind Danny's walkout. Let's get some facts (Please turn to page 84)

Our Love,
says Danny Kaye
Many said this love wouldn't—
couldn't last;
but it did.
Now people are discovering
that the Powells have
a hard-to-beat formula for
happiness

Many said this love wouldn't—
couldn't last;
but it did.
Now people are discovering
that the Powells have
a hard-to-beat formula for
happiness

Junie and Dick defy the gossips

By HYATT DOWNING

* The June Allyson-Dick Powell marriage has lasted over two years! That, in itself, is not important enough to earn a slug-head in the Los Angeles Times, even here where so many marriages last about as long as snow in an April sun. The Los Angeles Times (not necessarily a cynical sheet) might, in a pinch, give a two-column spread to a couple who have stayed together for as much as a decade in the burning white light which beats upon actors and actresses.

But two years is a little brief. No, the time element in the marriage of June Allyson and Dick Powell is important only when one remembers the number of people—this writer among them—who flapped their wings and croaked dolefully that the marriage would go on the rocks in less than a year. "We'll give 'em a year," we said in the sepulchral tones of your true prophet of doom. "After all, it's her first try, isn't it? Pretty soon she'll be off to Reno. A year, that's all we ask."

Well, on the day of the wedding the Olympians stood around shaking their heads while June and Dick exchanged vows. There were some very important heads, too, as I remember; some too young to know what the score was and a few old enough to have gathered some wisdom along with their gray hairs. At any rate, the chorus of sighs that went up into the quiet California air sounded like a rushing wind in a canebrake. "She's just a child," they whispered sadly. "So ingenuous, so sweet and trusting. It's too, too bad."

But June didn't think it was too bad. She thought it was wonderful.

And now that the first blush of marital bliss is generally presumed to have passed, let's go over the matter with the principals themselves.

Dick Powell, having just finished To The Ends Of Earth for Columbia, and waiting now to begin Stations West on the RKO lot, smiled that curiously self-deprecatory smile of the man who knows that his good fortune hasn't been entirely a matter of his own contriving. "Why do I think so many Hollywood marriages smash up?" he asked. "That's (Please turn to page 66)
May 7: The night before I leave on my first trip to Europe. Am so excited I’m jittery and am still dazed by the sudden turn of events. I’ve had my passport for weeks, but I wasn’t sure I would be able to keep my reservations until four days ago. A friend of mine is going with me, or maybe I should say I’m going with her since she has been abroad before. Anyway, I haven’t even had time to do any shopping since I finished the last work on *Forever Amber* only day before yesterday. All I hope now is that Europe doesn’t disappoint me—that it’s all Pev and various friends have said it is. I know it won’t be a gay wonderland, particularly now, but it should be a great experience. Something tells me I won’t have too much time for keeping notes on the trip—but I’ll do my best.

May 8: Left (Please turn to page 92)
The Most Revolutionary Undie Designed in a Decade!

You DON'T need a Girdle?

You DON'T like a Garter Belt?

THEN YOU'LL BE MAD ABOUT...

**Suspants**

Reg. App. for

by Blue Swan

The undie that can be worn with garters ... and never slips off the waist.

All you fashion-wise lassies can pass the good word along... SUSPANTS is the thrilling new star of the "undie" world. It's goodbye to girdles and garter belts! Just attach garters and you have an undie—with GARTER TABS—that suspends stockings wrinkle-free, and mysteriously hugs your waist whether you bend, twist or stand on your head. The secret is the new "pivot-point" bias pattern—which neutralizes, thus eliminating, all pull. Moreover, SUSPANTS exerts just enough figure control to make it the perfect accessory for evening and daytime wear—with or without garters. Featured at all leading stores... individually cellophane wrapped ... in all colors, $1.29 and up.

JUNIOR MISS SIZES: 9 TO 17

Blue Swan

MILLS

Division of McKay Products Corp.

Empire State Bldg., New York, N.Y.
No more hasty decisions, no more grabbing for happiness. June has learned a bitter lesson: to wait, to be sure that nothing can go wrong.
By ALYCE CANFIELD

*Editor's Note: As we go to press June Haver phoned to tell us that she has filed suit for divorce from Jimmy Zito. June was quite concerned that our story would put us and her in a false light, but we talked her into letting us publish the story as is, to show fans how hard she tried to make a go of her marriage. Until the very last moment June wanted to make a success of her marriage—but it just wasn't possible.

June Haver talks about her marriage

People asked "Why?" and June couldn't tell them until she'd found the answer herself.
Now she tells you in her own words just what happened

* "Now that everyone is urging me to say if Jimmy and I are going to try to make our marriage stick," says June Haver, "I remember that it was the same haste and flurry that accompanied our marriage last March: I had four days off then from Summer Lightning, and I knew Jimmy was going out of town on tour. I'm twenty-one, and he's twenty-four. We had our whole lives before us, but we were afraid it would slip by, I guess. We looked at each other and said, 'If we don't get married on this layoff, when will we be able to?' We had fifty years or more ahead of us, but that didn't occur to either of us. It was either get married at once, now, promptly—or who could tell when it would be? So we dashed over to Las Vegas and were married.

"We didn't even have a place to live. We'd made no plans. We'd been talking marriage ever since I was a kid in pigtails, so it didn't seem like the rush act to us. When we came back, we were married again in church, and that certainly seemed thoughtful and leisurely enough. The deed done, so to speak, we sat back and looked at each other. There we were: a couple of strangers. (Please turn to page 90)
Looking at this Holden family portrait, you'd never suspect there was a time when Bill and I disliked each other very heartily. But we did!

Our Perfect Marriage
In a community where divorce is as common as drive-ins and where children can't remember their "new" father's name, I like to think that my marriage to Bill Holden is what songwriters call the perfect blendship.

I know this sounds immodest. Maybe even like bragging. But I think I can prove my boast. Anyway, here goes with the evidence.

Bill and I both have movie careers. Now, in Hollywood this is dynamite! It leads to a court full of marital problems. Either professional jealousy develops between a couple, or their vacations don't jibe, or they get alarmed by the occupational hazard of having to make love to another person. We know about these pitfalls and we scoff at them.

In the first place, both of us like making movies. We love everything about the business, (Please turn to page 95)
Do you like music? Peter does, and he hopes the girl he marries will like symphonies as well as swing music.

Pete, radio star Florence Pritchitt and Keenan Wynn enjoy some conversation with Stark Club's Chef Beaumont.

Peter Lawford?
For relaxation, Garfield likes to solve tricky chess problems Mrs. Garfield usually provides as opponent.

John's a director's dream of an actor: intelligent, sensitive, hard-working. He spends countless hours at home working over, improving his script.

HE HASN'T
CHANGED FROM
THOSE DAYS
WHEN HE WAS
COURTING HIS
ADORED ROBBIE.
HE'S STILL A
FIREBRAND,
A CRUSADER,
A FIGHTER—
AND ABOVE ALL—
A GOOD FRIEND

My Friend,
* My most vivid memory of John Garfield concerns a subway platform.

The time was 1933. The place was New York City. And the subway figured into both our lives every Friday night.

Julie—that's what his friends call Garfield—was courting the girl who later became his wife, Robbie. I was courting Sue, who afterwards married me. And both girls lived in the East Bronx.

Every Friday, Julie and I would wend our separate ways to our respective fiancées. It was a long trek, but, going out, we had something to look forward to and it didn't seem too bad. Coming back however, was sheer murder.

For some reason, we never met outward-bound. But on the return trip, usually about one in the morning when the platform was deserted and the air underground was damp and cold, we invariably ran into each other. Sleepily, we'd nod, say a few words, and then become silent, pulling our coat-collars around our necks to keep out the chill. For perhaps ten minutes, we'd stand there, tired and miserable, waiting for the roar which announced the train. Then we would watch the doors open, file aboard, and sink onto the ancient seats, each of us mentally wondering why any girl was worth the effort, why that particular one could put us to such discomfort.

When we got back to what we called civilization, Julie and I would grunt our goodnights and part. He'd make his way to his dark and dismal door-way and I'd make mine, stumbling with fatigue.

For two solid years this went on. Then, blessedly, we both got married. And I think our joy at finally winning our girls was intensified almost more than we could bear by the (Please turn to page 68)
By ALICE L. TILDESLEY

Shirley Temple Gives

To many she's that fabulous Shirley Temple; the girl whose dreams all came true. But her frank answers to your intimate questions prove that being Mrs. John Agar is more important than being a little princess.

Jack and Shirley find a picnic just right for relaxing after working together in "War Party."

No wonder Shirley's interested in Joyce Reynolds' brother. An Agar heir is due soon.

Shirley's best friend is Mary Lou Isleib, her stand-in. They've been together since they were seven, served as bridesmaids at each other's weddings.
On the *That Hagen Girl* set, a high school dance was in full swing. Cake and fruit punch were being served from long, white-clothed tables, gayly colored balloons were being hauled aloft to be released above the dancers, couples were trying out steps, musicians were tuning instruments—the hub-bub was all but deafening.

Shirley Temple, as exquisite as a Tanagra figurine, was dressed in a fragile white gown. The long skirt floated with her every movement. The noise increased. After a few moments' vain effort to hear each other above it, we retreated to Shirley's dressing room, where she considered the selected queries with a serious little frown.

**Question 1:** Do you believe a consuming interest, such as a hobby, makes youngsters better citizens and curbs juvenile delinquency?

(Miss Dollie Lundvall, 604 Wilkes Avenue, Davenport, Iowa.)

**Answer:** Yes, especially if you get interested in something real that takes a lot of energy. Try being a nurse's aide at a hospital, join a club that serves the blind, or go in for Red Cross work. You'll be busy, I'll guarantee, and it's terribly interesting, too.

**Question 2:** Do you feel you missed anything in life by working throughout your youth?

(Julie Miller, 516 No. 22nd Street, Kansas City 2, Kansas.)

**Answer:** No. I think I gained a lot. I met so many people, went to so many places and did interesting things that would never have come my way otherwise. Then, just when school is fun, I had the years at Westlake School with all the other girls. No, I missed nothing!

**Question 3:** When did you have your first date?

(June Friedman, 195 Cleveland Ave., Hartford, Conn., Zone 5.)

(Please turn to page 78)
She has a magic magnetism that attracts men. How does she do it? The answer is simple, says Marlene Dietrich. If you like men—they'll like you.

By JACK HOLLAND

The gentleman at the table was one of those dull human beings with all the animation of a fish. Suddenly, over to his table came a tall, glamorous blonde. He was heard to exclaim: "Oh, how nice to see you, Marlene!" With that, Marlene Dietrich sat down and started talking to him. The man seemed to change before my eyes. His remarks became vital, arresting. His face lost that vacuous look.

He was a man of great charm.

I commented on this later and wondered just what had happened to him.

"Nothing happened at all except that Marlene began to talk to him," was the answer. "She has the most amazing ability to bring out the best in every man. I think it's because she's interested in everyone and thinks all men are wonderful creatures."

Yes, this is Marlene's secret of fascination. Simply put, it's her desire to see the finest qualities in those whom she meets; to look upon every man as a captivating person. For my money that's the best definition of glamour on the books.

And it works both ways, for while Marlene is partial to men—men are partial to Marlene!

I'd come to talk to Marlene on the set of her new Paramount picture, *Golden Earrings*, about the subject most interesting to women: Men.

"I've never met a man who bored me," Marlene said earnestly in her deep, mellow voice. "Maybe there are boring types, such as the hand-kisser and the man with an overdose of the wolf, but I just don't happen to have run into them. I think men are wonderful!"

Certainly Marlene is an authority since she's known thousands of GIs in three years of tours at army camps. The boys she entertained all over Europe think she's tops. Ask any one of them. Even a Texan will firmly overlook the fact that she didn't come from Texas and yip about her.

Marlene was all daubed up with the very dark make-up (Please turn to page 72)
Fans clamored for Marlene's return to films. Now she's back, more glamorous than ever!
Ex-Quiz Kid Vanessa Brown’s newest picture is “Foxes of Harrow.”

Dorothy Malone’s success story reads like a fairy tale. She’s in “Two Guys from Texas.”

Gloria Grahame began acting at the age of nine—now adds “Roughshod” to her list of successes.

Being a “scheming” woman has paid off for Cathy O’Donnell. Her next is “Bury Me Dead.”

For a lesson in How to Get the Wolf to Your Door, watch Hazel Brooks in “Body and Soul.”
Movieland pins down the pin-ups, comes up with a preview of dream gals who are headed for stardom

By HELEN HOVER WELLER

Paule Croset's decision to make Hollywood her home led to a role in Universal's "The Exile."

They're dream girls, every one of them. Some are blonde and creamy, others brunette and sultry; some are dewy-eyed and school-girlish, others sophisticated and sleek; some are mental, others are as physical and oomph as a mesh bathing suit.

But these six glamor-pies are the girls whom Movieland and Hollywood point to with pride as being the brightest of the new hopes in the feminine division of stars-to-be. They have sex-appeal, fan-allure and all-around know-how. They're hep, they're gorgeous, they're on the upbeat!

Last month we introduced you to the six solid senders whom we predicted would be great guns in 1948. Here are their feminine counterparts; the girls who have the personality, the talent, the beauty and the grrrrrf to make them as colorful and as popular in pictures as Lana or Jennifer or Betty Hutton.

So let's pin down the pin-ups and see how many reach the heights we predict for them.

*Tops on our list is a girl who's gay, who's beautiful, who's natural and who is madly in love with life. Dorothy Malone, whom you'll see soon in Warner Brothers' Two Guys From Texas with Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan.

If it hadn't been that by some lucky chance she was observed walking across the University of Texas campus the very moment a Hollywood talent scout was around, she would still be in Dallas right now, probably married to one of the well-rooted young men there.

Dorothy is probably the only girl we've ever known who never aspired to be a movie actress. The reason lies in her home background which is such a happy one.

Her father is a well-to-do (Please turn to page 80)
YOUR PICTURE MAY APPEAR HERE!

Watch for the big announcement in Movieland’s January issue. It’s the news you’ve been waiting for: the lucky winner of the Wild Calendar Contest!

*The entries are in! Your fate—the fate of a lucky girl—is being decided on this very minute! You may be the one who will win a trip to Hollywood, stay at the famous Hollywood Studio Club, lunch with Ginger Rogers, dine at the Mocambo, receive a complete hair-styling and make-up job by Perc Westmore. If you are, you’ll also have a dress specially designed for you by RKO designer Renie, a portrait by Enterprise Studio’s famous “Scotty” Welborne, one hundred dollars cash for spending money, a grooming course at Mary Webb Davis’ school for models, a date hat designed by Kenneth Hopkins, lunch at the Brown Derby, three pairs of Orchids play shoes, your pictures in Movieland Magazine. And best of all, you’ll have a walk-on part in Ginger Rogers’ latest movie, Wild Calendar.

The judges (Ginger Rogers, talent scout Edward Rubin, producer Wolfgang Reinhart, associate producer Jack Briggs and Movieland’s Editorial Director, Beatrice Lubitz) are burning the midnight oil now. They’re busy sorting through your entries—hundreds of thousands of them!

The name of the Wild Calendar Girl will be announced in the January issue of Movieland. Watch for this announcement. The lucky winner may be YOU!
Rita Hayworth's new glamor wardrobe . . . Fun on location with Joan Leslie . . . Bonita Granville's Honeymoon Cottage . . . Movie of the Month: "Gentleman's Agreement".
Columbia Pictures' ace-designer, Jean Louis, creates a fabulous wardrobe for The Lady from Shanghai—otherwise known as the gorgeous Rita Hayworth.

Glamor Wardrobe for Rita

Columbia designer Jean Louis sketches the black and white blazer Rita Hayworth wears in "Lady from Shanghai." See page 45 for a photo of Rita in the finished jacket.
Fashion interest in this stunning black suit lies in contrast of fabric and the satin trim on collars, cuffs, pockets. Brown and white gloves match material of suit skirt. Long-sleeved bolero, small hat and bag are brown Alaska sealskin. Diamond detail at waistline highlights Rita’s tiny waistline. Suit is gray flannel with turn-back collar, cuffs.

Jean Louis, Rita, and fitter Elizabeth Courtney can’t help looking pleased about this marquisette gown with rhinestone trim. This stunning sleeveless coat features fitted lines, a huge embroidered crest. Rita wears it over a simple white crepe dress.
Fun on Location

After a dusty two-hour ride, I arrive on the set at the Stampede Ranch. Jack Oakie waves good morning to crew, escorts me to makeup room.

Joan Leslie sends Movieland happening on the set of her new

Dear Beatrice,

I have been having such a wonderful time up here in Canada on location for Eagle Lion's "Northwest Stampede" that I couldn't help wishing you were here with me to join in the fun. As a second best, I'm sending you some of the pictures we took.

Our crew was the largest ever to be gathered together for a foreign country location. It took two DC-4 planes to transport us here, but let me tell you the rest in

Joan Leslie
a detailed report on what's film, Northwest Stampede

6:30 A.M., still dark, but breakfast on special train which takes us to the ranch is very gay.

Ronald Glass instructs me in the art of driving a chuck wagon for a scene.

Our wardrobe, in triplicate, is shipped to us in crates which open like closets.

The crew pitches horse shoes for exercise. Chill Wills and I are armed for discussing the game.

Here's a double shot. My star dog, Marne, and I with my stand-in and his.

Romance on location! When Victoria Horne flew up for a visit, she and Jack Oakie announced their engagement. I was excited about the news as you can see by my spirited well-wishing.
In Calgary, Mother and I attend a delightful 58-year-old church. Monsignor John Smith greets us after Sunday Mass.

Can you blame me for liking the Banff Springs Hotel? I'm sipping tea, enjoying the grandeur of Canada at my elbow.

Hudson Bay, Canada's original trading post chain, is now a big, modern department store. Of course I couldn't resist their famous blankets.

On outdoor sets, my hairdresser and makeup man have trouble keeping wind and sun from ruining hairdo and makeup.

Local fans made a trip to the ranch to meet the cast of "Northwest Stampede." It was my turn to take a bow when someone snapped this.
A first-aid man is always around. After several falls in one scene, "Doc" Ward takes care of my cuts and bruises. I got a kick out of becoming an adopted daughter of the Blackfoot Indians. They were nice about naming me "Beautiful Bird Woman."

Between takes I slip off to the ranch house for forty winks. How did I know the photographer would catch me napping?
1. Phillip Green (Gregory Peck) arrives at fashionable Flume Inn, gets out hotel's wire acknowledging his reservation.

2. As Phillip signs the register, the clerk seems uneasy, embarrassed when he discovers the new guest's name is “Green.”

**MOVIE OF THE MONTH**

Gregory Peck assumes same pose seen on cover of Laura Z. Hobson's novel, “Gentleman's Agreement.”

**Gentleman's Agreement**

An out-of-the-ordinary movie deals frankly with an important current issue: anti-Semitism

*Movieland* brings you a key scene from one of the most important films of our time. The picture is important because it deals exclusively with a subject heretofore almost taboo in Hollywood: the discrimination against Jews.

As Phillip Green, Gregory Peck plays the role of a noted writer who poses as a Jew in order to get material for a series of articles on anti-Semitism.

When his fiancee makes a reservation for them to spend their honeymoon at fashionable Flume Inn, a “restricted” resort hotel, Peck calls the hotel, tells them he has a confirmed reservation under the name of Phillip Green. He demands to know whether or not they accept Jews.

The management hedges the question, then advises Mr. Green that there must be a “mistake”: they have
3. Mumbling, "There's been a mistake," the clerk calls the hotel manager. Phillip feels he's due for a polite brush-off.

5. Trying to hold his temper, Phil asks if the real reason there's no room is that he's Jewish. Mr. Calkin shies from question.

no record of his request. Green goes to Flume Inn to see if he can force the management to personally refuse to honor his reservation. They do—politely, without stating their real reasons—and Phillip Green becomes aware of an unspectacular but insidious method of social discrimination.

While Laura Z. Hobson's exciting novel continues to rate high on the list of current best-sellers, the screen version of her book becomes an out-of-the-ordinary movie: a compelling outcry against anti-Semitism. The important theme has been handled with an intelligence, a reality of detail and human understanding that reflects much credit on the movie industry. Ordinarily Hollywood doesn't take sides on controversial subjects; but in this case, it has handled an important issue honestly, frankly and well.

4. Jovial hotel manager Mr. Calkin is profuse in his apologies, but firm about the fact that no rooms are available.

6. Restraining the impulse to throttle Calkin, Phil leaves. Now he realizes how poisonous is the bite of anti-Semitism.
All thoughts of her glamorous movie career fade away when lovely Jeanne Crain puts her arms around her baby son, Paul Brinkman, Jr.

There's a new man in lovely Jeanne Crain's life—and she doesn't mind telling everyone that she fell in love with him at first sight.

Baby Paul Brinkman Jr. is well aware that the lovely lady who leans over his frilly bassinet and croons soft words to him is his beautiful mother. In time, he'll learn that she's still another person: a famous movie star named Jeanne Crain. It will be a while before he discovers that; until then, blissfully unaware of the other demands on his mamma's time, he can enjoy her company to the hilt.

There's a new man in lovely Jeanne Crain's life—and she doesn't mind telling everyone that she fell in love with him at first sight.

Sometimes motherhood and a motion picture career don't mix, but that's not so in Jeanne Crain's case. At present she's devoting all her attention to Baby Paul's needs. She plans to continue her motion picture work; but states flatly that her movie career is secondary to Baby Paul's interests.

Jeanne's studio, 20th Century-Fox, is getting ready to star her in a new picture, *The Flapper Age*. But they'll have to wait a while, for their star is much too busy with feeding schedules, baths, daily exercises and child psychology studies to think in terms of movie glamor.

And is Jeanne fretting that her career is at a standstill? Study these pictures before you answer!
Another day, another diaper—and then some! Baby Paul has a nurse, but Jeanne's devoting all her time to him for a while. Baby Paul vigorously waves his chubby fist as Jeanne brings in his next meal. As usual, he's very hungry!

Baby Paul stops long enough for a deep breath and a quick look around the room, then he's back on the job of filling his tummy.

The bath is fun for both Jeanne and Baby Paul. While splashing around in the water, he tries to reach for Jeanne's curls.

You have to be patient with a doting mother who wants her baby to have curly hair, thinks Baby Paul as Jeanne brushes his hair.

"Night night," whispers Jeanne as Baby Paul smiles drowsily. With his panda beside him, little Paul is ready for Dreamland.
"Tummy in, shoulders back, is the No. 1 rule for good posture," says Helena Carter (right) to models Pat Alphin and Lois Collier.

For trim waist and hips, lie on floor, kick with knees straight. This one is tough on Pat and Lois, but Helena seems to enjoy it.

Mary Webb Davis (left) joins in this "slimmer": Keep knees straight, swing one leg over other, shift weight from side to side.
Practice walking with a yardstick behind your shoulders. This exercise is a splendid aid for good posture and graceful walk.

Helena shows exercise guaranteed to streamline; Stand tip-toe, hands behind back. Stretch high, crouch. Repeat.

Helena conducts an “interview,” rules out Lois because of lack of poise. Note Pat’s graceful, correct posture.

Efficiency at the office can be accomplished by sitting correctly, advises Helena. You’ll look, feel better.

Help Yourself

It takes fancy figuring to attain poise—but it’s worth the effort, says model-actress Helena Carter

* “The first lesson a professional model learns is the importance of poise,” says Universal actress Helena Carter. And Helena knows what she’s talking about; for she was a professional model before coming to Hollywood for a role in Universal’s River Lady.

For the benefit of Movieland readers, Helena asked Pat Alphin and Lois Collier to stop in Mary Webb Davis’ Model Agency to show the five basic exercises many models practice to attain poise. So step up and join Pat, Lois, and Mary Webb Davis herself, as Helena puts them through the paces.
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wrather (Bonita Granville) greet you and Movieland's photographer from the steps of their lovely Bel Air home.

Honeymoon Cottage

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wrather have
a definite plan for the future—
and that's to live happily ever after

* Before Bonita Granville's wedding last February, she was Hollywood's most eligible bachelor girl. She doesn't hesitate to tell you how pleased she is with her new role, for Bonita's never been happier. Her husband is Texas oil millionaire and Monogram Producer Jack Wrather. Their "Honeymoon Cottage" is a dream house in Los Angeles' famed Bel Air. Bonita is particularly fond of flowers and plants; so the grounds are spacious and she tends most of the gardens herself. Her home and her husband have become the most important things in her life; and Hollywood won't be too surprised if Bonita retires from pictures eventually. Mrs. Wrather is a lovely bride whose dreams have come true, whose fabulous trousseau, wedding gifts and gleaming new car are understandable reasons why she feels so much like a fairy princess.
Bonita joins hubby for coffee in the sunny breakfast room. She doesn't mind if he occasionally glances at the morning headlines.

Bonita pauses purposely so the camera can catch her on the graceful staircase. The steps are uniquely tiled.

After breakfast, household chores begin. Bonita chooses to relax while ordering groceries, making appointments.
Bonita's pet among the Wrather wedding silver is a sterling lazy susan. The tea service was a gift from Jack's mother. The living room expresses the cheerfulness of both Bonita and Jack. Splashy chintz and plants accent the deep toned walls.

Looks like love! This is what happened when Jack and Bonita thought the visiting Movieland cameraman wasn't looking.

Bonita collects the mail. As a married woman, she wears fluffy frocks; previously avoided them in an effort to look older.
Jack seems to be pleased about his winning gin rummy hand! The interesting design of the chintz curtains in the den matches the wallpaper.

When Jack leaves for Monogram, where he produced "High Tide," Bonita's on hand to wave goodbye. Mrs. Wrather spends much time working in the gardens. Bonita's still a glowing bride, adoring every minute of the honeymoon.

The Wrathers relax on the sunny patio. Stone steps lead from upper to lower gardens that lie in back of their dream house.
Movieland Goes to a Luau

Gale Storm comes dressed for the occasion, gets a lei and embrace from Don the Beachcomber while husband Lee Bonnell watches.
Movie stars go back to Don the Beachcomber's elaborate shack in San Fernando Valley, enjoy a little bit of Tahiti—in a great big way.

* Once a year Don the Beachcomber entertains his friends—mostly patrons of his famous restaurant Don the Beachcomber's—at a luau. To those not familiar with the term, a luau is a feast—Tahitian style. At this year's luau, Don's guests enjoyed food and drinks served in authentic Tahitian style, basked under banana trees and other tropical vegetation which grow in abundance around his beautiful Valley home. Other highlights of the party: Polynesian beauties flown from Tahiti to dance, sing; elaborate leis of tropical flowers; the gardenia-covered swimming pool.

Tahitian food rates a glum look from Phil Harris, but wife Alice Faye seems to enjoy exotic dishes.

In evening, party continued indoors. Here Rhonda Fleming, Kay Kyser learn about Tahitian pottery.

Tasty beverage served in a real pineapple wins the approval of producer-director John Huston and his pretty movie-star wife, Evelyn Keyes.

Phil Harris has his own ideas on the proper dress for this party!
They're feuding—but only over Al's golf form, agree Jolson and Larry Parks. The boys laugh off rumors of disagreement, pose for Movieland's photographer who discovered them practicing golf shots before lunch at the Hillcrest Country Club.
Science Discovers New Fat Reducing Food Tablet

TINY FOOD TABLET WORKS WONDERS FOR FAT FOLKS, because The Vivex Plan contains appetite-retarding factors that help appease hunger and cut down appetite automatically. Yet you don't feel hungry when leaving the table.

"LOST 10½ POUNDS FIRST TWO WEEKS," says Mrs. F. Drexler, 1315 Rosemont Ave., Chicago, writing about the Vivex Reducing Plan. "My doctor checked the Vivex formula before I used it and advised me that the Vivex plan was safe and beneficial. I feel years younger, and my husband compliments me on my trim appearance and slim figure."

SECOND HONEymOON. Men want wives to retain their youthful appearance. Make this seven-day reducing test with Vivex tablets. Your husband will be quick to notice the improvement in your figure.

NOT FOR GLANDULAR OBESITY. IN MOST CASES EXCESS WEIGHT IS CAUSED BY OVER-EATING. The Vivex Plan Food Tablets are intended for people whose excess weight is due to over-eating. The Vivex Plan, created by scientific research, helps you in retarding your appetite, makes it easier for you to eat moderately. For maximum results, Vivex recommends the food regimen in the Vivex booklet illustrated above. To help Vivex reduce your weight, use as directed.

CERTIFIED AS SAFE AND EFFECTIVE BY NOTED PHYSICIAN. Vivex is endorsed by a nationally known physician, and further certified by a noted pharmaceutical laboratory. Chart above shows the Vivex "food supplement" factors. The makers of Vivex invite you to show this formula to any physician, confident that he will tell you weight reduction value.

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really a tough question for a guy like me, a two-time loser, to answer. But I'll try. At that I had more time in which to think about it than a good many others in this game.

"In the first place I think that many young people in this picture business who embark on matrimony lose sight of the real values of life. They don't put first things first. If they've had a few breaks, been fairly successful, they place their work—and the curiously fantastic style of living which they have learned—above marriage. 'Marriage,' they say to themselves, 'is something anybody can have: but how many people can hope to achieve a career such as I enjoy?'
The result is that they reach out for more and more extravagant means of 'expressing themselves,' more and more money and luxury. In the end they fail to see the very essential fact that a successful marriage is nearly always founded on two simple things —mutual trust and plain, practical organization by two intelligent people.

"Take a youngster who has just found himself in possession of a good, substantial contract with one of the major studios. Too often he becomes unstable emotionally. It can happen almost in the space of a long breath. He says to himself: 'I can't do thus and so any longer—like ordinary people. I'm a picture star!' If the kid's intelligence then doesn't keep pace with his sudden fortune, he's sunk.

"I've seen it upset an actor's whole philosophy of life, his thinking, his most obvious actions. In two weeks. The curse of this business is sudden wealth. Almost anyone can stand adversity. Men who have lived a hum-drum day-to-day existence, can endure stoically the bludgeonings of fate. "It needs a tough guy to stand success—and make a go of wedded life in the picture business. That's a two-way street on which only adults, in thinking as well as years, should walk."

After that, being a restless guy who can't remain still very long in one place, Dick bought a new airplane. He'd been flying all and on for fifteen years. One day he asked June to go up with him. 'Y-y-you mean you fly that thing?' June asked unbelievingly.

"I can make it stand on its tail and do tricks," Dick said.

So she climbed into the narrow seat and buckled on her safety belt. The motor began to roar and the wheels tugged against the brakes. Then they were headed down the run-way with the ground skimming past like a smooth strip of sheet iron. After an instant the earth began dropping away—and so did June's courage.

The plane climbed into the blue California sky and June just sat there like a disembodied spirit, mumbling a prayer that she might, just once more before it was forever too late, feel the reassuring ground beneath her feet.

They landed at last, and as Dick helped her out, he asked: "Like it?"

"It was w-w-wonderful. Now, darling, let's go home—and quickly, please," replied June.

"Lately she's been talking about boots again," Dick says, "but I know what she's up to. It's a flak attack. She thinks she'll get me to sell the plane and then, if we ever do get back to the subject of boots again, we can compromise. I'll probably wind up with a po-go stick at that.

"He sighs and grins. "See what I mean? Marriage is a matter of two intelligent people making adjustments. Who knows, maybe we'll find a good old blunt-nosed craft that June can be friendly with. Anyway, I know this: June will do her best and so will I. And that way we can't lose."

And what does June think about this two-way street called marriage? She was working on the "Virtuous" set at MGM with Van Johnson and Hume Cronyn. She was wearing a white, close-fitting outfit that made her look seventeen and talking in her husky, childish voice to Norman Taurog, the director. "Did you see my little boy?" she asked as I came up. "Did you ask him a lot of questions about me?"

"Sure. He seems to think there's nothing wrong with you. Isn't she wonderful?" she said softly. "You know there's a lot of things wrong with me: only he hasn't found them out yet."

"Well, give him time. Two years isn't much, you know.

If June Allyson has learned some of the secrets which many of her less fortunate sisters never seem to learn, the knowledge hasn't come easy. What she knows she acquired the hard way. Starting out at the age of fifteen, she was forced to rely on her own judgment, to make her own decisions. When she came to Hollywood, an obscure starlet, she was still making them. There wasn't anyone around to give her a hand or a friendly word of advice. It was entirely natural, therefore, that when she got to be a top-flight actress, she decided that she was capable of steering her own ship, and she carried that attitude into her marriage. This was fine as long as it pertained only to her career. Dick Powell never attempts to tell her whether or not she should accept a certain role. "After all," he says, "she's come a long way on her own. She ought to be able to trust her own judgment by this time."

Not long ago Dick broached the subject of a vacation. He'd been working very hard, picture after picture, and he had decided that he needed a trip—alone. "Why, honey," June said, "I think that would be just lovely, I think you should go off by yourself and just relax."

Weeks passed and her husband made no further mention of the matter. Finally June said: "Darling, don't you think you'd better be getting your things together?"

"What things and what for?"

"'Why, your trip. Don't you remember? The one you were going to take alone."

"I don't know what you're talking about. Go off some place by myself? I never heard of such a thing!"

"So you see?" June says, "we compromise!"

Currently the Powells are redecorating their home in Bel Air. It is an English country house, a mere shack of twelve rooms, not counting the nursery designed for three children. Four if the going isn't too difficult, June says. Ask Dick about this and he'll tell you he'd be quite satisfied with a pair. But if June holds out for four, it's a safe bet they'll compromise on that, too.

The End
TRIMMED AND TERRIFIC!

Imagine! Complete dress lengths already trimmed for you with gleaming gold or silver colored nailhead designs in your choice of 5 patterns ... and all they require is just a few hundred stitches (see simple instructions in each package) and in 36 minutes you're ready to slip into a new, dramatic jersey dress that will win you compliments wherever you go. Wear it to the office, at school, and even on important dates!

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Real Battery
Operational Trouble-Free
For Only
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Yes, it's here at last ... Radio's mighty portable portablc midget ... at an almost unbelievable low price! ... Currently recommended by many of the world's most lovely, luxuriousI outsourcing ... so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Listen to its rich lability ... so powerful you can tune in stations 100 miles away. Once you hear it play you'll agree that this portable midget radio at only $6.95 is a postwar dream come true. Yes, notwithstanding as it may sound, we will send your Modernair portable radio complete with personal earphone, powerful receiving tube, and two batteries for only $6.95. However, our present supply is limited and we can guarantee immediate delivery only if you ACT NOW!

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Broadcast Reception 540 to 1600 Kilocycles.
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FACTORY GUARANTEED: Each radio checked and tested at the factory, and is fully guaranteed against defective material.

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with NAILHEAD trims

Choice of 5 Exquisite Neckline Designs

Better Values From the South

SUCCESSFUL Movie Stars, Home, and Overseas Reduced Prices

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Your Own Personal

BIRTHSTONE RING

Which Is Your Birthstone?

HUGE Glittering Simulated Diamonds

Glamorously Yours For Only $3.98

Your Own Personal BIRTHSTONE RING

Phantom Jewellry

10 Simulated Diamonds

Glamorously Yours For Only $3.98

Here is your choice of a lifetime to obtain a truly distinctive BIRTHSTONE RING similar to those worn by many famous personalities. You don't have to pay $100, $50, or even $10. No, if you order immediately we will send you this lovely ring with your own personal birthstone surrounded by TEN glittering simulated diamonds - all for only $3.98. SEND NO MONEY! Just send us your name, address, month of birth and ring size. Then pay postage only $3.98 plus 20% federal tax and few cents postage. Or send $4.78 and we pay postage. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! We're so sure you'll love your BIRTHSTONE RING for 10 days at our risk. If you don't feel that it's America's greatest ring value, return for a full refund. You have nothing to lose and order today! Please rush me the following "Jiffy" Jerseys listed below.

COLOR

CIRCLE DESIGN

A B C D E

A B C D E

Royal Blue
Moss Green
Turquoise
Heady Wine
Navy Blue
Black
Bright Red
Yellow
Navy Blue
Med. Gray
Medium Brown
Wine

Factory Geared For One Full Year

FACTORY GEARED: Factory geared for one full year. You can order with confidence because the Magic Of Radio Is The Palm Of Your Hand!

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$3.98

Now you can enjoy the luxury of instant hot water ... anywhere, anytime! Just plug this amazing electric water heater in a socket and in a moment or two you'll have all the hot water you want. So completely portable that you can take it anywhere. Our limited quantity at this low price makes it necessary that we limit your purchase to 2 units. Immediate delivery, but you must ACT NOW!

With This Amazing, Improved PRESTO-ELECTRIC WATER HEATER For a Limited Time Only $4.98

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Your Own Personal BIRTHSTONE RING

Phantom Jewellry

10 Simulated Diamonds

Glamorously Yours For Only $3.98

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Factory Geared For One Full Year

FACTORY GEARED: Factory geared for one full year. You can order with confidence because
fact that we'd never have to see that particular subway again.

I first met Julie in 1932. I was directing a play at the Provincetown Playhouse and he came to see me about a part. I liked him immediately. He was just a kid, of course. He couldn't have been more than twenty. But there was an eagerness about him which made him stand out. His love of the theatre was enormous. He would do anything to exist in a theatrical atmosphere, he told me. Bits. Walk-ons. Act as stage-manager. Even sweep the stage. Money wasn't important to him, and isn't now. It was where he was and what he was doing that was paramount.

He was intelligent and intense and attractive. It wasn't difficult, therefore, for him to persuade me that I could use him. I made him part of the company, and the state of the theatre being what it was in those post-crash days, if he got $15 a week he was lucky. After that, I used to see him sometimes in New York. And, as I say, we met underground for two years in the Bronx. He got married before I did, as it happened, so I was alone on the platform in the cold.

I then did a play on Broadway called "Birthright," perhaps the first anti-Nazi play to be done in New York. It concerned a Jewish family which had lived in Germany so long that it considered itself completely German. According to the story, only the beginnings of Hitlerism brought back the consciousness of something more than nationality.

My idea had been to cast the play entirely with Gentile actors, on the theory that they could best portray a group which had divorced themselves from their old religion and its tenets. As it turned out, I was wrong, for my cast, not having the Jewish sensibilities within themselves, could not achieve the delicate shadings necessary in the later sequences of the play.

And because I wanted such a cast I turned down Julie when he begged me for the lead in the show.

He came into my office one morning and he was the same man I had first met so long ago. Recently, when I acted as helmsman on "Body and Soul" and was with him again for a long working period while he was married before I did, as it happened, so I was alone on the platform in the cold.

I turned him down. Julie has achieved world fame. He has mellowed in some ways, but has not changed much underneath. As I kept on with writing and then at last returned to directing, I watched him and found he was the same man I had first met so long ago. Recently, when I acted as helmsman on "Body and Soul" and was with him again for a long working period while he

I know I can!"

If I hadn't been so obsessed with my own ideas of casting, he undoubtedly could have. And, since the show lasted a quick three weeks on Broadway, it might have been better for everyone concerned if "Julie" had tied me down and made me listen.

After that, he did more and more work with the Group. I gave up directing and began to write. And in 1936 I came West to Warner Brothers as a screenwriter.

Julie did "Golden Boy" and was immediately snatched for pictures. I didn't realize that he was coming, and one day, while walking across the Warner lot, there he was. We had a big reunion, of course, and he asked me at last thousand questions in the first half-hour. Never having been around pictures before, he was completely lost. He didn't know camera technique, how lines were learned for the screen, whether or not pictures were shot from the beginning to the end of a story or had their scenes scrambled (the groomed when I told him the procedure was the latter in most cases), what 'rushes' were, or a million other details. But, as always, his questions were intelligent. With him, it was merely a matter of switching his talent from one medium to another, and his first big part, in "Four Daughters," proved that he had done it successfully.

Since then, of course, Julie has achieved world fame. He has mellowed in some ways, but has not changed much underneath. As I kept on with writing and then at last returned to directing, I watched him and found he was the same man I had first met so long ago. Recently, when I acted as helmsman on "Body and Soul" and was with him again for a long working period while he
starred in the production, I marvelled at how little Hollywood had really done to him. It had worn the rough edges off, yes, but that was about all.

I said he had "mellowed." By that, I mean that he is not now so passionately intense on the surface as he once was. I believe he feels things as deeply as he ever did, but instead of getting a soap-box or going through life with a chip on his shoulder, he takes life easier. The chip was, I admit, something he had worn the rough edges off, yes, but that was about all. Hollywood had really done to him.

Perhaps this came naturally through success. Perhaps it was paired with a philosophy different from his, who would strike sparks immediately and continue to strike them. For someone in the lime-light, of course, this was about the worst thing he could do. He was labeled with a thousand tags, the least of them being "a difficult fire-brand." And why or where the impetus came from for him to take another tack, I don't know. But now, though he still is adamant on certain subjects he considers his words and acts more subject he considers his words and acts more

He is still the crusader he used to be and I believe he will be until he dies. He will fight to the death for the under-dog. This again stems from his childhood, when he himself was definitely behind the social eight-ball. Then he was given his chance by a man named Angelo Patri who ran a school and recognized something unusual in Julie. Now he wants to pass on to others the benefits he once received.

These things used to get him into trouble. And in this way he has changed—for the better. When I first met him, his approach to any problem was purely emotional. If he encountered someone with a philosophy different from his, he would strike sparks immediately and continue to strike them. For someone in the lime-light, of course, this was about the worst thing he could do. He was labeled with a thousand tags, the least of them being "a difficult fire-brand." And why or where the impetus came from for him to take another tack, I don't know. But now, though he still is adamant on certain subjects he considers his words and acts more

He is one of the few men in Hollywood who are more concerned with the whole script, the whole picture, than with their part in it. He doesn't demand close-ups, special lighting, I personally think he's wonderful in comedy and would enjoy making that kind of a picture with him. His humorous roles on the Broadway stage: the taxi driver in "Golden Boy," for instance, proved to me long ago that he had a definite facility for comedy stories. I have always been slightly surprised that Hollywood did not give him more of a chance to display his ability in the field.

Maybe in the future Julie and I will make such a picture together. I hope so. For many reasons. And one of them is that the man you know as "John Garfield" is a person I am proud to call my friend.

The End
Hi, everybody! Let's take up the subject of music for a few minutes and see what's cooking here and there.

Stan Kenton is back in front of his band, fully recovered from the physical breakdown which forced him to take a complete rest for several months. The band's reorganization finds the personnel virtually the same with the exception of Vido Musso, Kenton's tenor sax star, who has cut out to organize his own crew. And despite all the rumors that the personnel virtually the same with the exception of Vido Musso, Kenton's tenor sax star, who has cut out to organize his own crew.

Peggy Lee and Margaret Whiting relax between "takes" at the recording studio.

The Dinah Shore-George Montgomery baby is expected December 5. This also is the date of their wedding anniversary. Cece Martin has been signed by Eddie Cantor for the vocal chores on Eddie's N.B.C. air show, but he changed her name to Blake in order to avoid
confusion with his former singer, Nora Martin. ... Paula Kelly has returned to the Modernaires following the birth of her baby ...

Here's a laugh: Ted Weems was voted "the most promising new bandleader" in a Boston radio station poll! Of course, Ted has been leading a band for only twenty-three years ...

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WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

DECCA: Bob Eberly comes up with one of the best records he's done in a long time: "When I Write My Song" and "Don't You Love Me Any More?" Bob gets excellent backing from Eddie Heywood and his orchestra.

Lawrence Welk and his orchestra do two new novelties, "I'm a Lonely Little Petunia" (In an Onion Patch) and "Svenska Flicka." Bob "Tex" Cromer sings the first side and Bobby Beers handles the lyrics on the second. Incidentally, Welk and his Champagne Music have broken records everywhere and have "bubled" themselves into bookings ball way through 1948. The Ink Spots are present with another of their typical discs; this time doing "Home Is Where the Heart Is," and "Sincerely Yours." The boys have been the sensation of England, where they've been making personal appearances to the tune of $15,000 a week!

MAJESTIC; Eddy Howard and his orchestra are down for two releases this month. First they offer "I'll Be There" backed up by a little ditty entitled 'I'm A-Comin' A-Courtin' Corabelle." Then Eddy gets into the yuletide spirit with two favorite holiday songs, "White Christmas" and "I'll Be Home for Christmas." Eddy sings the vocals on all.

The Victor Lombardo band has a good dance record in "Near You" and "Zu-Bi," another one of those double-take novelty things. The Threesome takes care of the lyrics on both sides.

Artie Wayne, former Freddy Martin vocalist, now recording on his own, has an unusual twosome in "One Little Tear," which he also wrote, and "The Heartbeat Song." The "beat" you'll hear on the "Heart" tune is supposed to be the actual human heartbeat of a glamorous movie star. (?) COLUMBIA: The emphasis is on albums this month, starting with a Buddy Clark set of eight sides with Mitchell Ayres' orchestra. Buddy does his usual excellent vocal job on some wonderful old standards and show tunes: "For You," "I'll Never Be the Same," "East of the Sun," "Something to Remember You By," "I'll See You in My Dreams," "I'll Get By," "When Day Is Done," and "More Than You Know."

VICTOR: Charlie Spivak and his orchestra have waxed the ballad, "How Lucky You Are," done in a strict waltz tempo, with a vocal by Tommy Mercer; and Charles Wakefield Cadman's "At Dawning." This is an instrumental with a pretty Spivak trumpet chorus.

Beryl Davis, the English thrush who has been doing all right with American audiences, sings two songs from the new M.G.M. musical, "Good News." Included: "Begin the Beguine." "Tony Martin: The Christmas Song (Merry Christmas to You) and Begin the Beguine; With Earle Hagen and his Orch. Record 20-2478, 60¢.

Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye: Hand in Hand and Santa Claus for President. RCA Victor Record 20-2482, 60¢.

THE STARS WHO MAKE THE HITS ARE ON RCA VICTOR RECORDS

GLENN MILLER!

Here's a brand-new album of records by the original Miller band: Choo Choo Cha Cha, Perfidia, Runnin' Wild, Bugle Call Rag, Missoury Waltz, Pavanne, others. P-189, $3.15.

SAMMY KAYE!

Swing and sway to eight "Year Round Favorites," including Easter Parade, April Showers, Summertime, Indian Summer, September Song, White Christmas. Album P-184, $3.15.

BERYL DAVIS!

The lovely new English star sings Pass that Peace Pipe and The Best Things in Life are Free. You'll go for Beryl's voice — soft, sweet and sultry. Record 20-2483, 60¢.

"The Student Prince" Album — Al Goodman and his Orchestra. Includes Deep in My Heart, Dear; Just We Two; Serenade; Student's March Song; others. All-star cast. K-8 (P-180), $3.75

"New Orleans Jazz" — Irving Fazola and his Dixieland Band. Eight selections. HJ-12, $3.75.

Freddy Martin and his Orch.: Nora Staccato and On the Santa Claus Express, 20-2476, 60¢.

Tony Martin: The Christmas Song (Merry Christmas to You) and Begin the Beguine; With Earle Hagen and his Orch. Record 20-2478, 60¢.

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for her role as a gypsy in “Golden Earrings.” Her hair hung in disorder about her sharply chiseled face. Her costume was torn and dirty and her cheeks and arms were smeared with dirt. Yet, with all this distinctly unflattering make-up, she still looked like the glamorous girl she’s always been—make-up couldn’t change those magnificent, penetrating eyes of hers.

SINCE she’d just returned from France where she had made a picture, we got off on a discussion of Continental men and American men. I assumed Marlene would go for the European type.

“When it comes to comparing European men and American men, I’ll take the American any time,” Marlene said frankly. “For one thing, the men here are more considerate. When they take you out to dine or to a theatre, for example, they ask you where you want to go. They let you order your own dinner. In Europe, a woman doesn’t get such consideration. It’s the smart thing there for the man to do the ordering and to decide on where the girl will go and what she will do and see.

“That is in part to their upbringing. In Europe, men are spoiled and are more demanding because they’ve been used to having women serve them. It’s the custom. But here in America, a man would be embarrassed if a woman were subservient. He likes his ladies to be more independent.

“The idea that European men are more gallant is a myth. Just as much as a myth as the idea in France that all men here put on a show of chivalry. As a matter of fact, I think the French are the less demanding of women. They’re genuinely nice and polite men in the world, but they are also the most demanding of women. In Europe, it would be difficult for a woman to be independent, to be her own self without a lot of to-do, usually asks for a lot of time on your hands. And it’s very hard to escape if you’re bored.

“There’s another thing about American men that probably won’t be a surprise. When he wants to meet a woman, he doesn’t have to go through the tradition-bound routine of chaperones and what-not that men in Europe do. He may meet the girl at a party or with friends and he introduces himself without a lot of to-do, usually asks for a date, and that’s that.

“The European man takes much longer making an approach. I think he tries too hard to be subtle about it. Once a girl knows she interests a man and that he wants to ask her out, she must get rather weary of the roundabout method of saying, ‘I’m John Doakes, may I call on you?’ Americans have a more open mind about such matters."

Marlene hesitated for a moment, lit a cigarette, and then in her vibrant manner she added, “Of course, I’m basing all my ideas of American men on the G.I. I met. You may say, ‘Well, they’re soldiers you entertained and so naturally you’d get such ideas.’ But I don’t think a uniform can change years of training, years of ideals, nor could it make men as brave as those boys inherently were.

“Oh, I know you’ve heard stories that the French people look upon your boys as vulgar and that the American isn’t liked. That isn’t true! The GIs are adored in France. Certainly they had a few drinks and got in a few fights, but when boys are put on a ship and told to fight simply for an ideal and not for their soil or their home, allowances should be made for their behavior.”

There was no question how Marlene felt about the subject. No other star devoted so much time to entertaining the men as she did. Yet Marlene never goes into details about the job she’s done.

“From my association with the soldiers and other American men,” Marlene went on, “I firmly believe that with an American, I could always feel protected. You may laugh at this; there are, of course, exceptions to every rule, but as far as I’m concerned, the men here are inherently gentlemen and they’re genuine.
"This may sound as though I think all men are perfect. I don't. I'd love to meet the perfect man but I don't think I shall any more than I shall ever meet the perfect woman. Everyone strives for perfection and yet few attain it. And perhaps if that perfection were reached, it might be awfully dull.

"I'm speaking of the average man—and not the few perfect types. I like the ordinary man because he possesses much logic. Certainly there is no more important characteristic. Women aren't nearly as logical. Which brings me to a point that has always confused me. Why is there so much talk about a woman changing a man? How can she, when she hasn't his reasoning powers?"

"I've heard some women say that they think a certain man is dull and a bore. The fault, in my estimation, lies within her. Many women sit back and expect a man to entertain her. They never realize there is something interesting and vital in every man and they should find out what that is. A man is as personable as a woman makes him.

"I've also heard that women have a tendency to marry a man because of the qualities that like and then try to change him to suit some sudden new pattern of theirs. You can't pick out any one quality in a man and discard the others. If a woman feels she has to change him, her best remedy is to not marry him.

"In Europe, there are far less divorces because couples are usually engaged for a year. This gives both a chance to know each other well. That practise should be adopted here."

A NY woman with such definite pro views about men should have her ideas about what makes the male interesting. What are those essential qualities he must have?

Marlene smiled softly when I put the question to her. "A man must first of all be intelligent," she smiled. "I don't mean he should be like a walking encyclopedia. Mental giants can be dull. I mean, he should have an open mind. He should be natural; be himself. When it comes to matters of romance, it doesn't hurt for him to tell a woman he loves her if he does. I don't like mystery in affairs of the heart.

"While the GI still typifies the best in American men to Marlene, she does know one man whom she considers the most interesting she ever met.

"Orson Welles is the most compelling man I know," Marlene said. "I don't mean he's typically American, but he's like American men in that he is so enthusiastic about so many things and has such varied interests. He is also utterly charming." She paused thoughtfully for a moment, and then said, "But whether it's Orson Welles or Joe Doakes, I think all men are wonderful."

She then returned to the set to do a romantic scene with Ray Milland. Watching her, it is easy to see she has lost none of that sultry glamour that has made her a big star. The self-assurance she personified in the scene is merely a reflection of her own richly varied and colorful life—a life mirrored by the people she has met, by the experiences she has faced, by her understanding of men.

One thing is certain: The average male who has been raked over the coals of late, can now rise up and let his shoulders spread and his chest bulge. Marlene Dietrich has given him reason to crow!
Peter's childhood was one of tutors, of travel, of parents whose background and social position gave them entry to the most exclusive cosmopolitan sets in the world. And, when you remember this background, the fact that he was a child star in England when he was seven is doubly amazing. Mad for movies and movie making, Peter was touring an English studio one day when a director spotted him and insisted that he was the boy for a certain picture. Thus Peter, at an early age, became an actor, and the acting seed was sown in him from that day forward. You have to remember all this if you're the girl for Peter.

You also have to realize that while he can speak four languages, he can't add, subtract, multiply or divide with assured aplomb. Arithmetic gets him. It was one of those subjects to which his tutors didn't give much time. You have to appreciate his wit; a wit that is suave and cosmopolitan because it is rooted in the laughter of many languages. You have to take into consideration that most of his life Peter has been thrown in with older people. His was not the childhood of many little friends and companions. The Lawfords moved too often for such friendships to develop. Instead, he went to diamond-bedecked parties. He never went to bed at eight. The clock would be shoved back; he went to bed later and slept later. He attended cocktail parties when he was eight. He was never the little English boy who went properly to Eton.

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This handsome duo makes a hit with fans. Peter Lawford squares Ava Gardner to Ice Follies.
big. I'd want her to talk intelligently and well. And, most of all, I'd want her to have a sense of humor. Not giggles, but a gayety, an ability for repartee, an amusing viewpoint of life."

Peter's ideas on what he wants are strongly individualistic. Most men want a girl whose likes are similar to theirs, but Peter has different views. "She doesn't have to want to do all the things I want to do," he explains. "Some guys say, 'The girl I marry must want to go to the beach if I want to go to the beach; she must play tennis because I like tennis.' Well, I don't think that's right. If my girl wants to do something she likes to do, she should do it. And, if I want to do something, I should. We don't have to be together every minute of the day. I think that would eventually drive me crazy."

Peter doesn't go for the strongly possessive attitude. "I don't know quite how to explain it," he says, "but I think a little possessiveness can go a long way. If I could say, 'I'm going to be busy today; I'll see you tonight,' if we could have that kind of an understanding, it would be wonderful. Then I wouldn't feel so caught up in things. We'd both have freedom of the right sort. When we did see each other, it would be as exciting and thrilling as a first date."

If you were Peter's girl, you couldn't expect him to be wildly jealous. He isn't the kind who wants to go out and kill himself because you make eyes at the boy at the next table. Maybe he doesn't feel right for a couple of days, but he's not one to pine away on the telephone with that oh-when-can-I-see-you routine. Don't expect Peter to react with violent male jealousy; he'd mind, all right, but you would be the last person to know it.

One thing Peter can't stand is a girl who is career-conscious. "When you go out with them," he details with biting clarity, "and sit down and start talking about something, they wave wildly across the room and shriek, 'Arthur! Arthur! How are you?'; or 'Oh! There's Stan! How are you, Stan? How's every little thing?' I'd never marry a girl like that."

Nor can Peter stand a phony. The most important quality his ideal girl can possess is sincerity. He'd like someone with honesty, someone who is on the level. Finding this is difficult in a town filled to the brim with expert actresses.

Searching for the right girl can be a little disheartening, particularly in a town like Hollywood which is loaded to the hilt with glamorous girls. Too often that gorgeous exterior is just what trips everything up. "You see a pretty girl across the room," says Peter, "and you think, 'WOW!' So you're introduced, and she falls apart. Sometimes it's a lack of intelligence. Or maybe she's overdressed. Or she has no sense of humor. As for appearance, blonde, brunette or red-headed, Peter likes them all. He's dated such different types as Lana Turner, June Allyson and Jane Withers. But there's one thing different types as Lana Turner, June Allyson and Janie Withers. But there's one thing he thinks a girl with talking eyes. He thinks a measure of flirtatiousness is feminine and intriguing. And a fast glance, a twinkle of laughter-brushed glance, a sly-eyed glance will have him asking for your phone number before you can say, "Peter Lawford."

Just a tip. And don't say we never tell you these things!
**HOLLYWOOD’S famous “LIFTEE” BRA**

FROM HOLLYWOOD to you now comes the real secret of glamorous bust control scientifically designed and made in the world’s fashion capital to meet Filmland’s demand for enchantingly beautiful feminine lines. LIFTEE has secret regulators that smartly hold your breasts in wide separation and become transformed—look fresh, youthful and glamorous by using our glamorous blend of Face Powder. Mention shades wanted—C? light or Qdark.cosmetic catalog in colors. Help bring out your loveliness. Send today for free liberal supply of this high grade Powder & also our FREE BEAUTIFUL Cosmetics catalog in colors. Help bring out your loveliness by using our glamorous blend of Face Powder. Mention shade wanted—C? light or Qdark.

**Get on the bandwagon for your favorite star!** Carol will help you organize a fan club for your screen pet.

By CAROL WHELCHEL

*We had hoped to be able to announce the winners of our big MOVIELAND contest this issue, but it’s taking a little more time to decide on a winner than we expected. Your journals are spectacular! Your membership lists are absolutely fabulous; and—well, we want our first plaque to go to THE very best club, so we’re tallying up points very carefully. The last count stacked the clubs up as follows: JANIS PAIGE (100), LON MCCALLISTER (Lenore Becker) (100), LON MCALLISTER (Roberta Guteriez) (50), JACK CARSON (50), BURT LANCASTER (50), RAND BROOKS (50), VINCENT PRICE (25), CHARLES KORVIN (25), RISE STEVENS (50), NELSON EDDY (50), BOBBY BEERS (25), VIC DAMONE (25). Remember, this is the last tally before the announcement of the winner; so keep your fingers crossed! We’re looking forward to presenting our first big ‘n’ beautiful gold plaque to a deserving winner—and also to writing a complete feature on the winning club, which will appear in our February issue.*

**FAN-FUN**

Annette Sterling and Richard Conte have a good idea in a raffle among club mems to raise money for the Runyon Memorial Fund. The prizes are neat: war bonds, magazine subscriptions, stills, etc. We get pretty proud of these clubs when they go all out for such worthy projects. On the not-so-serious side we have the big surprise birthday party that the Janis Paige clubbers threw for Jan. ‘Twas the club’s anniversary, and Jan thought it was a mere chapter meeting she was attending. We wish you could have seen the “tickled pink” expression on her face when they brought in a simply luscious cake, decorated with the titles of all her pics.

**WHAT’S NEW?**

Brand new group for Jerry Fielding and his orchestra has been organized by sisters Nor-

---

**Janis Paige and her mother (right) were guests of honor at a birthday party in Jan’s honor.**
announces the organization of a Marie Mc-

Kowski has gotten a Louis Prima
tinal called "Body Beautiful." Hedy Dwora-

Club" are up-and-coming groups! Why not
join 'em? If you are in the market to join,

close a self-addressed, stamped envelope
when writing; it saves so much time, and you
find a fan club that you can join. Please en-

Dworek has formed a super

-marked with patterns,
suggestions and Illus-
trations. Satisfaction guaran-

send no money

If you want a Solitaire (stone about carat in
size, latest style filigree mounting with six side-
mount stones) so like a diamond in beauty and
brilliance you'll find it difficult to tell the differ-
ceven on close inspection, mail the coupon.
On arrival deposit only $1.95 and 20% fed. tax
plus C.O.D. postage. Wear ring ten days. If you
agreement this is one of America's greatest
values return for money back. You take no
chances. Send cash with order and we pay
postage.

mail this coupon

Mail Order

You or Your Friends Can Hardly

• Each Stone is Hand Set Same

• Has all the Lasting Brilliant
Qualities of a Genuine Dia-

• The Nearest Approach to a
Diamond Known to Science!

• The Set... $3.89 Ring Size...

on the preface page of

—on the preface page of

—on the preface page of

—on the preface page of

—on the preface page of

incidentally

we've got loads and loads of requests for a

Larry Parks fan club but no club to send
them to, so how about some of your Parks
fans getting an okay from Larry. Such a
club would be a sure-fire success. The same
goes for an Al Jolson huddle. When you're start-
ing any club, too, just let us see your let-
ter of permission from your star and we'll
do all we can to make your club one of the
best and biggest! And don't forget about
putting that one line—LISTED WITH MOVIE-
LAND MAGAZINE—on the preface page of
your journals. When our first contest is over,
we'll have a lot more in store, 'n' it'll take
that "punch line" to make you eligible! See
you next month—that's when we'll have the
news about the winning fan club journal.
Don't forget to watch for the big announce-
ment in January Movieland!

For information regarding fan clubs, send
a self-addressed, stamped envelope to
Carol Whelchel, c/o Movieland Magazine,
916 N. La Cienega Blvd., Hollywood 46,
California.

Proxy Edith Clemens visits favorite star
Joan Crawford on the "Daisy Kenyon" set.
SHIRLEY TEMPLE GIVES THE ANSWERS
(Continued from page 39)

Answer: I was thirteen. One of the other girls from Westlake double-dated with us, so we were chaperoned. It was a movie, I believe. I knew we were home early.

Question 4: How long were you acquainted with John Agar, and how long were you engaged to be married?
(Mrs. Robert Courtlight, 2525 Kalamazoo Ave., S.E., Grand Rapids 7, Michigan.)
Answer: We were acquainted for two years and a half; engaged for six months before we were married.

Question 5: What type of clothes do you like best on yourself?
(Margie Malva, 11 Kimball Rd., Arlington 24, Mass.)
Answer: I like suits and tailored clothes, dresses—nothing too fussy.

Question 6: Has there ever been a time when you've felt you've grown up too fast, and have wished you could be a kid again?
(Mrs. R. J. Reuber, 5724 N. Dixie Drive, Dayton 5, Ohio.)
Answer: No. I had a wonderful time as a child, and I couldn't have asked for a finer young girlhood. I think my married life is marvellous, and the future looks bright. I want to go on enjoying each new phase of my life as it comes.

Question 7: How do you prefer to spend an evening?
(Aurora Hepburn, 4226 Baltimore Ave., Philadelphia 4, Penna.)
Answer: We like to get together with other young couples, play bridge, see a good movie or a fine play, go dancing—but not at night clubs. We don't enjoy night clubs.

Question 8: Are you expecting a baby?
(Dorothy Ruth Van Dyke, 1938 W. Burnham St., Milwaukee 4, Wis.)
Answer: Yes.

Question 9: What was your most exciting experience?
(Flora Colicigno, 529 Hayes St., Hazleton, Pa.)
Answer: The time I was in Ottawa, Canada, on the Seventh War Loan Drive. Prime Minister Mackenzie King and I were speaking for the loan; we had just come out of the hall when the crowd broke through the ropes. There were thousands of people and only six guards to hold them back. The Prime Minister, my family and I were almost overwhelmed. It was terrifying. I'll never forget being pushed along in the crowd—we had no chance of direction—and finally being rescued and rushed to safety.

Question 10: What important factors contribute to the success of your marriage, and do you recommend early marriage to the girls of America?
(Mrs. Florence Solomon, 11738 Westwood Ave., Detroit 23, Mich.)
Answer: There's no such thing as a 50-50 marriage. If you're going to be a success, you must be prepared to go 60-40, to be selfless, considerate and thoughtful. If you're doing your part, the other party is likely to want to go 60-40 with you, too.

No, I wouldn't recommend early marriage to every girl. So many things enter into it; only six guards to hold them back. The Prime Minister, my family and I were almost overwhelmed. It was terrifying. I'll never forget being pushed along in the crowd—we had no chance of direction—and finally being rescued and rushed to safety.

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No, I wouldn't recommend early marriage to every girl. So many things enter into it: how mature you are, if the boy has a job, your financial set-up, what you want out of life, and what kind of people you are. Each case must be judged for itself.

Question 11: Being short is my problem. How do you dress to achieve that tall, grown-up look? You look simply wonderful, so slender and tall; but how do you do it?
(Fernande Lussier, 6225 Plessis, Station C, Montreal, Canada.)
Answer: Always have a high waist band. The dress I'm wearing for the high school dance in "That Hagen Girl" has a very high waist band, and its long skirt looks very wide because it flares at the bottom; actually, though, it's not wide at the hipline. Never wear very full skirts gathered all around or it will give you a hippy look. Put the fullness lower down. Don't wear long jackets; have them shorter to give that long-legged look.

Question 12: What are your plans for the future?
(Marjorie Erickson, 4350 Manistique, Detroit, Michigan.)
Answer: I plan to go on making pictures; my husband is working with me now in "War Party" for RKO . . . it's fun being with John all day. Even when we have a family, I think I can continue my career, with temporary interruptions. Of course I wouldn't neglect my children for my career, but many women manage both quite nicely. I hope I can.

Question 13: What was the biggest thrill of your life?
(Mrs. Laura Sanford, 45 Murphy Ave., Bristol, Pa.)
Answer: Getting married! The wonderful ceremony, all the beauty and excitement of it. I suppose every girl feels that her wedding is her greatest thrill.

Question 14: What was your outstanding experience when you entertained the boys in service?
(Jeanne Smithka, 1 Balcom Ave., Binghamton 42, N. Y.)
Answer: I didn't entertain. I visited boys in their wards at various hospitals, and we just talked. I found it most interesting and the boys seemed to enjoy it, too. Each hospital I visited was outstanding in its own way—they were all different, I couldn't compare them.

Question 15: Is it true that you and Ginger Rogers feuded while making "I'll Be Seeing You" together?
(Cpl. Charles W. Hughes, Ward 5, Beaumont General Hospital, El Paso, Texas.)
Answer: No, definitely not. She is a fine actress and a very nice person on the set. We had no differences.

Question 16: Does your husband help you choose your clothes, or doesn't his opinion have any effect on your selection?
(Gloria L. Mattoon, 145 Williamson Ave., Hillsdale, N. J.)
Answer: He doesn't help me, but he's always pleased with my choice. We think alike about clothes. He likes me in tailored suits and pretty evening things.

Question 17: How many children do you and your husband plan to have, if any?
(Mary Podaskalny, 930 Brook Street, Olean, N. Y.)
Answer: I want three: two boys and a girl; he wants four: three boys and a girl. So we'll see.

Question 18: How much make-up do you use?
(Katy Brush, 759 Ocampo Drive, Pacific Palisades, Calif.)
Answer: In private life, just lipstick, no
powder, and a little vaseline on my eye-lashes.

Question 19: What "on location" experience have you enjoyed most?

(Albert B. Mametki, Ex-Sgt. U. S. Army, 107 Pinckney Street, Boston 14, Mass.)

Answer: The location in "Heidi." We went to Lake Arrowhead for ten days. When not working, we went speed-boating, played ski-ball and practiced archery. It was like a vacation spent in a pretty little village.

Question 20: How many nights out do you think a girl of 15 should be allowed?

(Mary Ann Kelcher, Ida Grove, Iowa.)

Answer: That depends on her parents, because at that age parents must guide you. I should say not more than two, on Friday and Saturday nights.

Question 21: Do you like to have your husband visit you on the set?

(Jane Peters, 1228 So. 51st Ave., Cicero 50, Ill.)

Answer: Yes, I enjoy it very much.

Question 22: I've noticed in all your recent pictures in movie magazines you wear a gold neck piece and bracelet to match. You seem to wear it with different clothes. Is it a special treasure and who gave it to you?

(Dolores Doherty, 326 33rd Street, McKeesport, Pa.)

Answer: That was something the Wardrobe Department at RKO gave me to wear in "Bachelor and the Bobbysoxer." All the jewelry I wear in pictures is provided by the studio. They don't like you to wear your own. Some morning you'll forget to bring it, and they'll have trouble matching it up. Then there'd be an expensive delay.

Question 23: How did you know your marriage would be a success when you were so young? At 17, I thought I was in love, but my parents advised me against marriage because I was too young. I gave it up, but when you married I thought perhaps I was wrong to do so.

(Bette Sylvia, 702 E. 18th Street, Oakland 6, Calif.)

Answer: My parents liked Jack very much, and I was crazy about my in-laws. Marriage happened to be right for me. But often young marriage might be wrong for a girl, especially if her parents disapproved. After marriage, you find you need your families and all their help and love; you can't afford to begin a new relationship without their strong approval.

Question 24: Who is your best girl friend in Hollywood?

(Amy Jordan, Osborn, Maine, Box 48.)

Answer: Mary Lou Isleib, my stand-in. We've been together ever since I was six and she was seven, and we're still best friends. Mary Lou is Mrs. Hurford now.

The End
Free for Asthma

If you suffer with asthma and choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is difficult because of the struggle to breathe, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Company for a free trial of the FRONTIER ASTHMA MEDICINE, a preparation for temporary symptomatic relief of paroxysms of Bronchial Asthma. No matter what the cause is, or whether you have faith in any medicine under the sun, send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing! Caution! Use only as directed. Address: FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., 976-A FRONTIER BLDG., 462 Niagara St., BUFFALO 1, N. Y.

SIX ON THE UPBEAT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

telephone company executive in Dallas, and her position in town was solid. Life was really wonderful. She grew up into a beautiful, vivacious girl who excelled in everything: she was champ athlete in school, also class beauty, most popular girl, was high up in the scholastic batting and definitely most likely to succeed—in Dallas.

But Fate stepped in that red letter day. She wore a typical college girl outfit; loose sweater and skirt, saddle oxfords and bobby socks, but with her lovely face she looked like a radiant Circe with a touch of Cornelia Archer. Eddie Rubin, an RKO talent scout, was sharp-eyed the colleges in search of new faces. He spotted Dorothy and promptly asked her to make a screen test.

To his surprise, Dorothy didn't fall on her face in delight at the prospect of signing a film contract. She had to be persuaded to make the test, and eventually she consented on condition that the test be made in her own home. With her father and kid brother hooting the whole thing, Dorothy faced the camera set up in her living-room. The result was that RKO sent her a contract and a ticket to Hollywood.

It was a challenge. Had things gone easy, she might have become bored with the whole thing and headed home. But RKO let her sit around and when her contract expired she decided to show them! Warners grabbed her and put her in "The Big Sleep" where she played the flirtatious bookshop clerk who parried in rascals. When "Cary Grant's nice cousin in "Night and Day," and next you'll see her capering around in "Two Guys From Texas."

While Dorothy Malone is as normal as gingerbread, Hazel Brooks can only be described as fruit cake. She's delightful, de- lovely and a little de-nutty. She is tall, languid, a down-to-earth and a 大 model (which she once was) and a floppy, reddish cocker-spaniel bob. You'll see her as the sultry nightclub singer in the Enter prise film, "Body and Soul" which is a John Garfield starrer you shouldn't miss. You can't miss Hazel in the picture. In one scene she slithers out in a skin-tight gown and gives with a look that makes girls gasp and men whistle. That is Hazel!

Hazel is an actress by choice. She is married to Cedric Gibbons who is the top art executive of M-G-M. Hazel met him when she came to Hollywood. But apparently "no one at M-G-M thought she had any talent," says Hazel frankly. They'd only use me when they wanted my pictures in "Yankee" magazine, or somebody to pose inside a pumpkin for Halloween. "By this time I was married to Cedric. He was busy from morning until night, so I stayed home counting the marmalade jars when she was very young and her mother family financier couldn't manage it; so she wanted to study medicine, but the family exchanger couldn't manage it; so she was launched. Hazel wanted to study medicine, but the family exchanger couldn't manage it; so she turned to modelling for Conover. She modelled by day, and at night she went to Fordham University. It was from Conover's that she came to Hollywood.

Another beauty with brains, but without Hazel Brooks' sophistication is Vanessa Brown, an ex-Quiz Kid.

Vanessa Brown is the only actress who juggles acting with classes at UCLA. On Monday she's holding hands with Rex Harrison; on Tuesday she's listening intently to the professor of English Lit.

Vanessa not only leads two lives, she has two names. She's enrolled under her own name, Smylla Brind. She dates the college boys, is active in college affairs which includes being one of the senior editors on the campus paper and is popular with the girls.

Vanessa was born in Vienna in 1928, where her father was a language professor and her mother a psychologist. She received her first schooling in Paris and it was there that she got her first taste of movie work at the age of nine. She was a pup in the little girl's voice in the French and German version of a 20th Century-Fox picture.

The Brind family moved to New York and Vanessa combined school with the stage, playing the part of the ten-year-old girl in "Watch On the Rhine."

While the play was in Chicago she made her first appearance on the famous "Quiz Kids" program, and made such a bright showing that the sponsor of the program asked her to appear regularly on it. After "Watch On the Rhine" closed, she and her mother went to Chicago for the Quiz shows. On the eve of signing as a regular on the broadcast, she was brought to Hollywood by David O. Selznick, and her screen career was launched.

She's gay and fun-loving and the responsibilities of shouldering a full-time film career and a full-time schedule at college don't weigh her down a bit. She moves and thinks fast, and is never late for anything, which weighs her down a bit. She moves and thinks fast, and is never late for anything, which explains how she can do so much.

She lives in Hollywood in a small Hollywood apartment while they're waiting for the house they're building to be completed.

Nothing flusters Vanessa. She's clear-headed and frank about situations that would confuse older girls. Like the time she wrote a review for the college paper about her performance in "I've Always Loved You." She wrote frankly that she was awful.

When her managing editor asked her why she had been so brutal about herself, she
replied, "I hope to rave about my work in 'George Apley' which I'll be reviewing next, and I can't very well say everything I do is wonderful!"

Gloria Grahame could never have been anything else but an actress. Ask her what ambitions she has outside of acting, and Gloria looks at you wide-eyed and says, "If I couldn't act, I'd shrivel up."

Gloria isn't conventionally beautiful. She has a full, pouting mouth, a sharply tilted nose, bright blonde hair and a sultry demeanor which has made her a standout in such boldly pitched roles stars are made. She played the sweetheart of Harold Russell, the GI who lost both hands in the war, in "The Best Years of Our Lives," and her latest pictures are "Bury Me Dead" for Eagle-Lion and "Your Red Wagon" for RKO.

She has a soft drawl, which is understandable since Cathy was born in Siluria, Alabama (pop. 700). No one in town ever dreamed that little Ann Steely (Cathy's real name) would end up a movie actress. She was always so shy and mousey, and she wore glasses, hip-length stockings and high black shoes.

But acting was something Cathy knew she must do some day. When her parents separated, Cathy went to live with an aunt in Oklahoma City and took a dramatic course in the University. Then she worked as a $90-a-month secretary and saved her money until she was able to finance a trip to Hollywood.

Arriving in Hollywood, Cathy decided that since she'd heard that Schwab's Drug Store in Hollywood was the showcase of new talent, she decided she would plant herself there. She sat day after day diligently filling herself up on ice-cream sodas while waiting to be discovered. And guess what? That utterly naive scheme worked!

Cathy is 5 feet 4 inches tall, but wears a size 9 dress and has a 21 waist, in spite of the fact that she devours steak dinners. She lives alone in an apartment but admits she is neither a neat housekeeper nor a good cook. When she marries it will be to a man much older than herself. "They're not as selfish as the younger ones," she says. Her husband must have an artistic mind or startling beauty, Cathy O'Donnell enjoys a bright spot in Hollywood because she's all the things men write about in songs and poems. She's a gentle, dreamy number, petite, soft-spoken; a girl who arouses the protective in a man.

One of Hollywood's smartest showmen, Sam Goldwyn, thinks Cathy has the stuff of which stars are made. She played the sweetheart of Harold Russell, the GI who lost both hands in the war, in "The Best Years of Our Lives," and her latest pictures are "Bury Me Dead" for Eagle-Lion and "Your Red Wagon" for RKO.

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CAN I HELP YOU?

By Joan Crawford

Joan may help solve your problem. Write her c/o Movieland, 916 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

MY SISTER LOVES MY SWEETHEART

Dear Miss Crawford:

I'm frantic with worry. I don't know what to do or which way to turn. And that's why I'm writing you. My sister loves my sweetheart. She confessed that to me when we announced our engagement last week.

I am twenty-four; Sylvia is twenty-one. We have always been honest and frank with each other. There's never been anything catty between us the way there is between many sisters. When I fell in love with John about a year ago, Sylvia was very happy for me. At least, that is what she told me then.

Now, she tells me that she's in love with John. I'm not going to give him up. I know he loves only me. But I'm afraid of what will happen once I get married. I'll be afraid and suspicious: afraid that my own sister is trying to steal my husband away. I'm even thinking of postponing the marriage, or of trying to talk John into getting a job in California.

What do you think I should do? I'd appreciate any word from you.

Doris X.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Your problem isn't as desperate as you think. First-off, get hold of your sister and have a heart-to-heart talk. Tell her you know that there are many girls who want most what they can't get. Make clear to her that John is one man who is strictly your property.

I'm sure she's reasonable. Explain to her that she's younger than you are, that she has more opportunity to date more men, that in the course of time, she will fall in love with someone else. That practically never solves any thing will happen to your sister. Don't work yourself into a case of nervous prostration over this. I feel certain the same thing will happen to your sister. Don't work yourself into a case of nervous prostration over this. This is a more common problem than you think.

OVERWEIGHT

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am very short, five feet three inches tall and weigh 155 pounds. As a result, I am a wallflower. Boys find me cheerful and pleasant, but I never have a date unless my mother ropes one of my cousins into taking me out. Everyone tells me
I would be very attractive if I lost weight. My girlfriend has been going to a doctor for the same trouble. She’s taking injections, but I’m afraid of them. I’m writing to you to find out what the stars in Hollywood do when they want to reduce.

Clara K.

There are three methods most of the stars use out here: diet, exercise, and massage. Diet and exercise are probably the two most healthful ways of taking off weight. You’re right in being careful about taking injections of any sort, unless the doctor who’s giving them has carefully analyzed your trouble and is certain they’re exactly what you need. The best thing you can do at this point, before you start taking reducing treatments of any sort, is to get examined by a good physician.

WRONG LOVE

Dear Miss Crawford:
I am a girl of twenty-two, and I am a stenographer in an insurance office. I am very fond of a boy who is living at the beach. I see him week-ends and I try to make my fondness for him evident. He is under the impression, however, that I am stuck on his boyfriend. I’ve tried to be subtle and let him know that I’m like him, but he thinks I’m very fond of a boy who is living at the beach.

I believe, however, that I am stuck on his boyfriend. I’ve tried to be subtle and let him know that I’m like him, but he thinks I’m very fond of a boy who is living at the beach.

I suggest you make your feelings more plain. Perhaps this fellow isn’t one for subtlety. Come right out and tell him that you like or love him as the case may be. You should be able to tell how he feels about you. If your fondness is reciprocated, you’ve got something. If it isn’t, try and concentrate on some other boy.

Dear Miss Crawford:
I would like very much to become a movie star or a model. Everyone has tried to discourage my ambition, but it is no use.

I am fifteen years of age—very young it’s true—but I guess acting is in my blood. My true—but I guess acting is in my blood. My ambition, but it is no use.

I think you’d better wait five or six years before you decide to crash the movies. You have so many talents; painting, drawing, writing, a book published at fifteen! You’ve got plenty of time before you conquer new fields. I suggest you finish your schooling first before you think of entering dramatics. Join a drama club and bide your time. Above all, don’t dramatize yourself and your problems. You are very young yet. You have a whole lifetime ahead of you in which to realize your ambitions.

You have plenty of time to make the most of your talents. Study now; reap the rewards later.

The End

STAR AMBITIONS

Dear Miss Crawford:
I am in love with a boy who is living at the beach. I see him week-ends and I try to make my fondness for him evident. He is under the impression, however, that I am stuck on his boyfriend. I’ve tried to be subtle and let him know that I’m like him, but he thinks I’m very fond of a boy who is living at the beach.

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The End

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy rehearse for CBS program, “Screen Guild Players.”
straight. Let me share with you the things that up to now only the close friends of Danny and Sylvia have known.

First, is Danny ungrateful? Hardly. If anything, he has always overestimated the part Sylvia has played in his success. Only a few days before the separation was announced, he raved to me about some of Sylvia's clever ideas in his films, and credited her with being largely responsible for the success of these pictures. Does that sound like ingratitude?

As for the accusation that he has been ungrateful to Goldwyn, let's face it. What was the great sacrifice that Goldwyn made for him? Danny was a big hit on Broadway when Goldwyn signed him. Practically every studio in Hollywood wanted a chance at what looked like a potential gold mine. Sure, Goldwyn offered the best terms. But as Danny told a friend recently, "Suppose my pictures had flopped? Goldwyn would have dropped me at my first option, and no one would have blamed him."

Well, how about the story to the effect that Danny walked out on his own baby because she was crying too much? That, my friends, comes pretty close to being ridiculous. Danny has always been crazy about children. I wish I had a dollar for every baby he has dangled on his knees. When Dena was born he was beside himself with joy. But he's tired and nervous, his emotions are on edge and his reactions are sharper than they normally should be. When Dena cried, it broke his heart. He couldn't stand it. It wasn't the noise, it was the fact that his baby was in trouble. That's the way it hit Danny and it tore him to pieces. He couldn't stand it. It wasn't a normal reaction. New parents feel concern for their babies, but nothing as exaggerated as the way Danny felt. But Danny's nerves are not as bad as they have been on edge and his reactions were greatly exaggerated. But that's not why he left home. No man who loves babies as Danny does walks out of his home because his own baby is crying.

So we come to Eve Arden and the theory that she's the villainess who broke up a happy home. That's nonsense. First of all, the Kaye home was not as blissful as it has been pictured. For a long time Danny and Sylvia smiled for interviewers and said yes, everything was lovely in Glocca Morra. However, when the press got interested in the Kayes, the story was different. Usually in every marriage, one partner is more madly in love than the other. It isn't Danny's fault, but to those who know them it's been very obvious that Sylvia is more deeply in love with Danny than he is with her. The relationship between them is something like that between Pygmalion and Galatea. You remember, Pygmalion breathed life into a statue of Galatea. As far as the wonderful romance between Danny and Sylvia is concerned—truly, for a long time it's been more of a business partnership than the great love it's been pictured. Usually in every marriage, one partner is more madly in love than the other. It isn't Danny's fault, but to those who know them it's been very obvious that Sylvia is more deeply in love with Danny than he is with her. The relationship between them is something like that between Pygmalion and Galatea.

First, you should know something about the real relationship between the Kayes. As far as the wonderful romance between Danny and Sylvia is concerned—truthfully, for a long time it's been more of a business partnership than the great love it's been pictured. Usually in every marriage, one partner is more madly in love than the other. It isn't Danny's fault, but to those who know them it's been very obvious that Sylvia is more deeply in love with Danny than he is with her. The relationship between them is something like that between Pygmalion and Galatea. As far as the wonderful romance between Danny and Sylvia is concerned—truly, for a long time it's been more of a business partnership than the great love it's been pictured. Usually in every marriage, one partner is more madly in love than the other. It isn't Danny's fault, but to those who know them it's been very obvious that Sylvia is more deeply in love with Danny than he is with her. The relationship between them is something like that between Pygmalion and Galatea. As far as the wonderful romance between Danny and Sylvia is concerned—truly, for a long time it's been more of a business partnership than the great love it's been pictured. Usually in every marriage, one partner is more madly in love than the other. It isn't Danny's fault, but to those who know them it's been very obvious that Sylvia is more deeply in love with Danny than he is with her. The relationship between them is something like that between Pygmalion and Galatea.
Sylvia was Little Miss Nobody, too, when they first met at rehearsals at a little theatre in New York. Sylvia at this point had achieved what up to that time was the peak of her success—the little theatre was going to let her write numbers for the show. Neither she nor Danny was emotionally impressed by the other at that first meeting. Danny himself once told me, “You read many times about people meeting for the first time and falling madly in love. That didn’t happen with us. My heart didn’t stand the moment I saw Sylvia. And I’m sure hers didn’t either. Why should it have? I was a tall, hungry-looking redhead without a cent.”

Sylvia had a complete conviction that Danny had the makings of a great comedian. She raved about his possibilities to Max Liebman, the director of the little show, and Liebman agreed with her.

In spite of Sylvia’s and Liebman’s interest, Danny was a flop in the little show and later did little to make himself outstanding in a summer camp show which Liebman managed.

When Danny, after one more flop, this time in “The Straw Hat Revue,” also put on by Liebman and Sylvia, decided to go to Miami, he didn’t sniff the slightest scent of orange blossoms in the air. At this stage, his association with Sylvia was about as romantic as that between Sears and Roebuck.

But in Miami he was lonesome and his thoughts turned to Sylvia. In an impulsive moment he found himself calling her and blurted out: “Sylvia, will you marry me?” Sylvia was surprised, and when the shock calmed down, she was thrilled. She promptly departed for Miami and so they were married.

Soon after, their luck changed. While they were on their honeymoon in Miami, the newlyweds learned that Danny’s agent had fast-talked La Martinique, the New York night club, into hiring Danny.

Sylvia immediately went into action. She knew that it was now or never. The be-whiskered jokes Danny had been telling for years just wouldn’t go over. She prepared a completely new routine for him—something different, smart and sophisticated. The rest is theatrical history. With Sylvia’s special numbers, Danny became the brightest new star on Broadway.

Opening night was a brilliant triumph for Danny, and in a quieter way, for Sylvia. He took the spotlight and the applause, here was the deeper glory of knowing that Danny acknowledged her part in his overnight suc-

From the start Danny made it clear that she was responsible for his success. She always accompanied him on the piano, and even when Danny himself didn’t know what numbers he was going to do next, Sylvia, who could anticipate every breath he took, knew just what note to play.

It was obvious that as a business partnership, Sylvia Fine and Danny Kaye were tops. Marriage? Well, even in those happy days, trouble brewed between them. Broadway was as astir as Hollywood later was when the Kayes temporarily separated. Even then, working together so intimately used to cause them to lose their tempers with each other. If Sylvia accused Danny of singing a note off-key, there was sometimes the devil to pay. They quarreled about a dozen inconsequential things and could never get away from each other for a decent “cooling-off” period because they had to remain together in work and in their marriage. They needed each other too badly to risk any kind of sever-

Most couples are not thrown together twenty-four hours a day. No matter how much two people love each other, being together constantly is a strain on any relationship. If two people work at different jobs, then when they meet in the evening they have lots of new things to talk about. But Sylvia and Danny just couldn’t get away from shop talk. No wonder Danny said rather plaintively just the other day, “We had to separate to see what we meant to each other as human beings.”

Danny is very sociable by nature. Sylvia tries to be, but actually her life was wrapped up in her work and in Danny. She found that Danny had many close friends. She mixed with them as best she could, but she subconsciously resented them. She loved Danny so much that she couldn’t bear to think there were other people he also felt close to. She has never warmed up to Leo Green. When the Kayes refused to pose together, we settled for this shot of Danny and Mrs. G.
Durocher, who is one of Danny's closest friends. Affable, glib, and ruggedly not her type, and there was the faint resentment that Danny could enjoy his company without missing her a bit.

When Danny signed with Goldwyn five years ago, he did it with the proviso that Goldwyn hire Sylvia Fine and Max Liebman to write his numbers. Their numbers were a sensation. So was Danny. You remember "Up In Arms." It made Danny Kaye and Sylvia Fine household names in Hollywood circles. When Danny was asked the secret of his success, he told interviewers, "My wife has a wonderful head on her shoulders.

Danny was a thorough gentleman about giving Sylvia the credit. But though Sylvia wanted to do everything she could for Danny, she wanted to do too much, which is often as bad as doing too little. She and Max Liebman quarreled. In any quarrel with outsiders, Danny automatically was on his wife's side. He'd been crazy about the numbers Sylvia and Max Liebman wrote together, and he acknowledged Liebman's part in his success, but when Sylvia decided she'd be better off without Liebman, Danny gave in. Liebman took another job at another studio and went on to write fine numbers for other people.

Some people wondered if Sylvia would be able to manage without Liebman's help. She came across brilliantly in "The Wonder Man."

Sylvia herself probably didn't realize why she fought so many bitter battles with Danny's friends. Neither did Danny. "Nerves," he thought. "Sylvia is working too hard."

But Sylvia was fighting for Danny, fighting for what she thought was his welfare. A lot of people had a percentage of Kaye. Everyone who's helped him in the days when he was trying to make a name continued to collect a percentage from Danny, regardless of whether he needed them or not. His entourage, which included a personal representative and a lawyer, was almost constantly with him. Danny loved all this. Sylvia hated it. She wanted to be the only one important to the man she loved.

Added to all these differences, both Sylvia and Danny are very high-strung. Danny is a worry-wart, sympathetic and inclined to be an introvert. Little personal problems jangled at their nerves to make them jump at each other's threats. For instance, there was the episode last year when their landlady evicted them from their beautiful Beverly Hills home, with the ensuing unpleasant publicity and the strain of looking for another place to live. Sylvia was getting out of hand, and that they could salvage a full and satisfying life together. Whether they can or not, he has changed. He has responsibilities now and he knows it. Danny wanted to or not, he has changed. He has responsibilities now and he knows it.

On the other hand, as an observer, I'd say that if they reconcile, the reconciliation would have a better chance of lasting if Sylvia holds on to Danny with a loose, slack rope. If she'll let him play hookey from home once in a while, and even take an occasional vacation by himself, he may find that he needs Sylvia emotionally as well as in his work.

There is enough driving force in Danny so that he must progress in his work. He feels that he wants to do pictures that are more unusual than his regular run of musicals. He'd like a try at something more dramatic, like "Lilom" or "the tragi-comic "Don Quixote." He'd be grateful to Sylvia for all she has done for him. But gratitude is not enough in itself to hold a marriage together.

If they reconcile, then it will be because separate taught them that they were more in love than they had had a chance to realize under the constant pressure of work.

The End
A LAD IN WONDERLAND

(Continued from page 21)

food and talking informally, mainly about Vivian Blaine’s trip to England. In the party were Lynn Roberts, William Demarest and Rita Johnson, who was constantly called Miss Hayworth. We can easily understand this because this Rita is lovely, too.

After the broadcast, all of us went to Eva Gabor’s party to honor director Ben Kamsler. It was much fun and the ribs and sauerkraut were out of this world. Yvonne Hendrik and Tony Martin sang; Cyd Charisse danced and George Sanders told those stories as only he can.

From there I dropped Max at her apartment and left for mine. I was to pick her up again in a half hour, so I hurriedly shaved and showered and got into my tux. I stopped for some orchids and when I arrived, Max was waiting for me—a vision of loveliness. She didn’t need the flowers, she was that beautiful. We were on our way to Bob Abbot’s. The place was really jumping when we opened the door and the boogie-woogie music played by a three piece orchestra, was the reason. It was fun chatting with the Eddie Brackens. As we wandered out into the cool patio (near the punch bowl) we noticed Hurd Hatfield with Virginia Hunter, and Jaque Mapes, this time with Virginia Grey. After brief hellos and then goodbyes, we were on our way to the opening of “Bittersweet” at the Greek Theatre.

The audience was astounded when beautiful Anne Jeffreys began to sing, for many had come wondering what to expect from a motion picture actress herefore confined locally to westerns and “Dillinger.” Most of them didn’t know that she’d just returned in triumph from Broadway’s “Street Scene” and a prior performance at Brooklyn’s Academy of Music in the title role of “La Tosca.” Now, at last her Hollywood debut. Ann Miller was so thrilled with the performance that she rushed backstage to congratulate her, as did scores of others, including the George Montgomerys (Dinah Shore) and Dennis and Steffi O’Keefe. It was a great night for outdoor theater and a performance that she rushed backstage to congratulate her as did scores of others. She was a great night for outdoor theater and a performance that she rushed backstage to congratulate her as did scores of others. She was a great night for outdoor theater and a performance that she rushed backstage to congratulate her as did scores of others. She was a great night for outdoor theater and a performance that she rushed backstage to congratulate her as did scores of others. She was a great night for outdoor theater and a performance that she rushed backstage to congratulate her as did scores of others. She was a great night for outdoor theater and a performance that she rushed backstage to congratulate her as did scores of others. She was a great night for outdoor theater and a performance that she rushed backstage to congratulate her as did scores of others. She was a great night for outdoor theater and a performance that she rushed backstage to congratulate her as did scores of others. She was a great night for outdoor theater and a performance that she rushed backstage to congratulate her as did scores of others. She was a great night for outdoor theater and a performance that she rushed backstage to congratulate her as did scores of others. She was a great night for outdoor theater and a performance that she rushed backstage to congratulate her as did scores of others.

We forget our coffee, forgot the wonderful music and only remembered that we were dead tired. So, we were on our way. In no time Marilyn was home, and I was on my way to my “castle,” almost asleep before I got in bed. Well, that’s Hollywood, the wonderland of the world. See ya soon.

The End
INJURED or DEFORMED BACK

A woman, aided by Philo Burt support, writes: "Now, I can walk, run, dance, ride without aches and pains." A man, invalided by a bad fall, was enabled to walk, ride horseback and play tennis. A child paralyzed from a spinal deformity was playing around the house within four weeks. In our Free Book, many users tell of relief, improved appearance, even permanent correction.

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"Getting married in a hurry isn’t like me. I never rush into anything. I have planned my career carefully. I’ve always given it much thought. I would never do anything connected with my career without painstakingly going over every angle. Then—in something that should have been a lot more important than any career in the world—I didn’t stop and think long enough.

"Right now I’m very much aware that I am saying things over. But this time I’m not making any rash statements. I’m certainly not rushing into anything without a thorough understanding. We may not have had enough sense to talk things over sensibly before we were married, but that’s less enough for me to do it now. I made a mistake, and I admit it. You should think twice before you get married. You certainly think twice about every thing else that is important to you.”

June sat in the den of her lovely home, and she was desperately serious as she talked to me. It takes courage to admit when you’re wrong, and I could see she was feeling her way, tentatively, about this business of reconciliation. No matter what you may read in the gossip columns, June is not doing anything without careful consideration.

I couldn’t help remembering that a few weeks before June Haver married Jimmy Zito, she told me, “When I get married, I want a formal wedding. I’ll want my friends there, so I can share my happiness with them. As for the advantages of having just the two of you at your own wedding—with all the intimacy and tenderness that suggests—it’s true, you think when two people are in love, they are always just with each other in their hearts. Always; no matter if they are in the middle of a crowd of two thousand people.” Then she paused for a moment and added soberly, “No quickie marriage for me. You see, when I get married, I want it to last forever.”

Then, three years later when June and Jimmy were married, they separated.

The gossip columns buzzed. What had happened? What turned a romance born in idealism to another ironic Hollywood headline? How could a girl, who was so sure that Jimmy was the right man for her, make such a mistake? June was so untouched, so idealistic, so almost ethereal. How could her marriage fail after so brief a try? What had happened? What happened is June’s own story. It is told here for the first time to MOVIELAND readers. It is told so that people will know the facts, so that they won’t say, “Just another Hollywood star who wouldn’t work at making her marriage a success.” This story is told for the truth’s sake.

First of all, you have to remember Jimmy was June’s first boy friend. She was a singer and he was a trumpet player in Ted Fiorito’s band. They had traveled together with the troupe. There had been wonderful summers playing the resorts when romance had been a full, lush moon, and soft air, and everywhere, where people they were June and Jimmy there had been shy hand-holding, vows made. He was the first boy she ever kissed. People were saying all this was puppy love, a big crush. Even then, June felt this was not true. She knew she was in love.

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"Do you know what I mean? Before, we'd sit in the same room but be miles away. My mind would be busy with a million other things—all concerned with me. His mind would be racing along with his plans. We were separate. We weren't one, as it's meant to be. I never really felt like a wife.

"About a month ago, Jimmy and I had sort of a reconciliation. By that I mean the bitterness was gone although neither of us had decided actually to go back together again. I went on a tour with Jimmy and the band up through Washington, northern California, Oregon. I'd rest during the day while the boys slept. They were doing one-nighters, and the jumps were sometimes four or five hundred miles apart. They'd get off at one or two in the morning, and we'd start out. I'd drive because I'd be rested. They'd sleep.

"All by myself, with that quiet and those wonderful redwood trees, I had a lot of time to think. And I couldn't help thinking that it must be this business; Hollywood; outside things that affect Jimmy and me. Because if we can get along—and we did—when the flashbulbs aren't flashing, then it isn't us.

"The other day my sister, Dottie, and her husband and baby were over. You could just look at the three of them together and see that they weren't just three people; they were a unit. And they—I don't know—it must be a wonderful thing when all you have is each other. When you don't have to worry about learning your lines, or the next picture, or—lots of things.

"Jimmy and I didn't have that feeling. Yet today I am beginning to feel closer to him. And I feel that any problem can be worked out if you give yourself enough time and the right conditions. If things can be worked out as I hope, I'll be closer to him than I have ever been before. If they don't work out, I'll at least know that we both tried.

"I'll think twice before I say anything, ever, that might hurt anyone, for I guess it's true that you always hurt the one you love. I'm so glad we're both young. If we were older, it might be difficult for us to change. Now we're still pliable. I believe that if something is worth saving, it can be saved, but it takes time to find out whether or not something is meant to be. That's what Jimmy and I are sincerely trying to find out now."

The End
by plane tonight for New York. Saying goodbye to Pev (who couldn't go with me because he's just starting a picture) was pretty difficult. Europe suddenly seems a million miles away.

May 15: My first lapse in note-making. I thought I might not keep up a regular schedule: But a week in New York—well, you know how hectic that can be! I've been on a merry-go-round. As it is, I'm writing this on the big plane heading for Europe. My baggage increased, though, during the past week since I continued to pack things at the show. I can't resist the temptation.

The minute I stepped on this plane I felt as though I were already in France. It seemed as though everyone on board began speaking French as soon as the plane left La Guardia field. Even the food is served French style with wines, aperitifs, and all the trimmings. And the champagne is served very often, which I feel is just grand for me, since champagne does nothing but put me to sleep after one glass. But if I only knew some French. A fine predicament I'm in! Spending four years learning Spanish!

Five hours later: Had a warm dinner at Shannon, Ireland. Loved the real Irish waiters. Probably the Irish in me coming out. Dad was from the Oold sod.

May 18: What a day this has been! Landed in Orly, France, in a blinding rain storm. Not only was it raining—and still is—but it was and is very cold. As for the heat in France—it isn't! I couldn't leave the plane right away, since my companion suddenly became ill.

Twenty minutes later everything was 'adjusted' and we tackled the city. I felt terribly sorry for the reporters waiting outside and for Andre Daven, head of the 20th Century-Fox Paris office. He had been standing in the rain all that time holding a very soggy bunch of roses for me. To make matters worse, I lost my hat. I could just see myself marching into Paris, the fashion center, with a hot head! When I did get off the plane, I wasn't feeling so well myself. My old ear trouble again.

The long wait at the customs didn't make me feel any better either. Are they exact—and legal? They were breath takingly beautiful! I keep thinking these are all studio shots; I was dreaming; any moment the assistant director would call me for work.

The big thrill of the day was at Montmartre where we parked the car and walked down the funny, narrow streets. I saw some artists working and talked with some of them. I finally bought one of his pastels for 10,000 francs—which is a little less than $100. The inflation here is terrible!

I did visit a couturier today, but I wouldn't have a Parisian gown on a bet. In the first place, they're all ankle-length. Then, the women in France are all so thin because of lack of food, the designers have left off the shoulder pads and padded the hips. That's the last thing I need. I bought a few hats, though, at Schiaparelli's.

Tonight I went to the Folies Bergere. A wonderful show, especially considering the difficulties under which the company operates and in spite of the ever-present indications that there is little or no soap to be had in Paris!

Glad to be in bed now. Everyone is still drinking champagne—and I still fall asleep. A fine Parisienne I am!

June 4: Leaving Paris tomorrow, so decided to jot down here a few of my impressions of Paris. As a city, it's magnificent and beautifully laid out. But there's so much unrest here. When I arrived, there was a broad strike on and it's still going with no signs of a break.

Then there are recurring rumors of trains going out on strike. The shortage of food is awful. I've ordered double helpings at the hotel whenever possible, and have been giving the extra food to people who work in the studio offices. I brought 100 pounds of staples to France with me (the limit allowed each incoming American). My companion did the same. Things like soap, flour, sugar, canned foods, linens, and even pins and needles. Most of them are gone now. What hasn't been given away has mysteriously disappeared.

Food isn't the only shortage. Linens are a thing of the past. My companion and I were given a terry-cloth beach robe in the hotel because there were no towels. It hasn't been laundered or replaced since we've been here. And we've had one change of sheets in all this time. Thank heaven I brought some soap with me, because it's non-existent here.

As for the Paris quaiety—it's forced. Not at all as I thought it would be. People just don't seem to care, but feel they must put on a front.

June 5: The bread strike was still on today when I left France for Brussels. A huge crowd was at the station to welcome me—to my surprise and to the surprise of the officials. The crowd was so thick I couldn't get off, so the train backed up a quarter of a mile. And what happened? The crowd followed. I finally got off, and walked through the crowd. They were wonderful people, warm and hearty, and looking very well fed. Not one pushed or clawed at me as fans sometimes do in New York and Hollywood. Everything in Brussels seems generally gay. Pretty flush here—and expensive. Such a contrast to Paris' lack of happiness.

June 6: Brussels is wonderful, but in one respect it's like all of Europe I've seen so far. None of the places has screens on the windows! People can't understand why bugs in my soup upset me and why I am annoyed by many and varied insects flying around me at night in the hotel.
June 8: Leave it to Darnell—still hopping around as though I were on a merry-go-round. Where’s that rest I was supposed to get? Have seen the Brussels Film Festival. As everywhere, I find people love American pictures. A good many are playing here. Everyone is Amber-conscious here, which is not too surprising since the book was printed in French and German.

June 11: You should know what it means when I skip writing for a few days. Just got out of bed. Have had another bad cold and the ear has been kicking up again. The weather is still foul. Am taking off for Switzerland. It definitely is a real democracy!

July 1: Have managed to get some rest, but did go to the Swiss Film Festival here. I think the Swiss are the most motion picture conscious people in all Europe. Praise be—my passport is with me again!

July 2: Am now in Locarno—and the language has changed on me once more. This time it’s Italian. “My Darling Clementine” has just opened here, so I went to see it in a sort of open-air theatre. There were three subtitles on the screen—French, Italian, and German. I was so fascinated looking at all the titles that I didn’t even see the picture. My blonde hair has already confused a good many people here. Those who saw “Clementine” and saw me as a brunette just can’t understand why I’m still blonde, now that “Amber” is completed.

J une 13: Arrived in Geneva. As I crossed the Swiss border, the weather began to change. And I saw four of the most beautiful rainbows I’d ever seen. I hope they are a wonderful omen!

July 3: Drove to the Italian border today to meet the boat. The Italian legation in Zurich sent a letter on to the officials at the border to permit me to go fifteen miles into Italy. It’s still not too easy to get into the country.

When I arrived, however, I found that the letter hadn’t arrived. After much argument, the officials finally let me through. I told them I’d come back on the boat, but they insisted I drive back. Again—my passport was confiscated.

I finally reached the lake where the boat was—and did I have a surprise! I stepped on the ship wearing a scarf that was twisted about every which way on my head, a plain white blouse, and slacks. There was a crowd of about 350 reporters and photographers and other guests waiting to greet me! I then found the studio had chartered the entire boat for a press party for me. I was even more surprised since the Swiss said they had no desire to push publicity into my vacation. But they were all so nice—the reporters and photographers—I didn’t mind the least.

After seeing three magnificent islands on the boat trip, I had to return to the border to get my passport. When I arrived there were about forty-five border guards waiting for me. They all insisted on drinking a toast to me. In those slacks, I was anything but the glamorous movie star then, believe me, but it was a thrill anyway.

July 9: Have been invited to Germany by the Army, but can’t make it. Returned to Zurich instead.

July 12: I finally decided to go to some mountain resort, so I packed my things and sent my trunks on. But I’d been feeling so rocky that I thought I’d better go to a doctor.
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Presentable at any place above a certain altitude. There went my planned trip to the Matterhorn and other Swiss mountain sites.

July 18: Decided to go to Gstaad in the Berner-Oberland Range after almost a week at Crans. Gstaad (yes, that's how it's spelled) is simply beautiful—and quiet.

July 26: Just finished "touching up" my blonde hair. I have to do it myself now since no one here can do it. The studio still wants me to stay a blonde. Now-ready for bed.

Leaving for Pontresina, which is near St. Moritz, in the morning.

July 27: I was so looking forward to Pontresina! But again I did it. All during the train trip today, I felt awful. Another cold and more trouble with my ear. I didn't dry through Zurich on the way to Pontresina so decided to stop over night. When I reached Zurich, I really was in a bad way with a fever. I called the doctor immediately. So what does he do? He orders me to bed at once.

August 1: Still in bed. The doctors had to send to New York for penicillin. What a vacation!

August 4: Put my foot out of bed for the first time in a week. Have decided to cancel the Pontresina trip. No time now. And, besides, I'm dreadfully homesick. Oh, how I miss Pev and home! The only exciting thing about these last days in Zurich were the tremendous electrical storms. They were terrifying but unforgettable. I sat in my hotel room and watched the lightning play around the Alps and light up those mountains. The sight took my breath away.

August 5: On my way back to Geneva. Leaving for home now. No time to visit the other countries I'd wanted to see—Holland, Portugal, and Spain. My illnesses took care of that. Landed in Geneva expecting to leave by plane on the 8th for New York. Have just heard the plane has been delayed by bad weather coming from Bombay. The last news I heard was, "We'll let you know when to get ready."

August 7: Still no plane. Still no word. Haven't had much sleep because I've been afraid the airport would call me at any time.

August 8: Have said goodbye so many times to people here I'm getting embarrassed, but the plane is still not around.

August 10: It finally came! Left this morning at 5:45. Only two days late—but what endless days.

August 10: Again. Stayed in Paris for an hour. Three hours later I was at Shannon. Writing this on the plane now. Saw the same waiters I saw coming over. One said to me, "I'm so happy I was on duty both times you were here. Now I want to give you something for your father."

Oh, yes, I'd told him Dad was Irish. He came back a little later with three shamrocks that he had carefully dug up, with the sod still around the roots, wrapped them in a napkin, and gave them to me. I was really touched.

August 11: Landed in Newfoundland where I was served another hot meal. I've been eating more hot meals lately. In fact, I've been eating a lot—period.

Still August 11: Still writing on the plane. Almost at LaGuardia Field and I can hardy wait. Then comes the blow. The captain appears and tells us to get our passports and our vaccination certificates ready, I jerk up and say, "Vaccination certificate? What's that?" First I'd heard about it. He tells me it's a safeguard against smallpox and there is a rule that every passenger must have one.

We're at LaGuardia Field. I sit, tired and miserable, watching all of the other passengers, about fifty of them, going through the long customs line. Finally, I am paged—and vaccinated. I fought it to the last! Then to customs. With no compunction whatever they take my shamrocks from me—afraid the soil around them would have bugs or something.

Finally in bed at my hotel—it's six a.m. Called Pev and said, "I'm home, thank heavens!" It was so good to hear his voice again.

August 12: Slept until two p.m. today. Had lunch then at "21" and came back and went to bed. Later to the theatre to see "John Loves Mary." And—back to bed.

August 13: HOME! Pev was at the airport to greet me. Nothing ever looked so wonderful to me as my home. It had been a thrilling but a depressing trip, one I don't want to repeat for a long, long time. Think I'll sleep for days I'm so tired. I don't even want to hear the word "vacation," for months!

The End
from putting on make-up at dawn to sitting around a dressing room talking over a hard day's work. Why, we wouldn't take a little theatre or a Broadway show, if you gave it to us.

As for the pitfalls, Bill's career is the important one. I put mine down and pick it up when it doesn't interfere with my being Mrs. Holden.

To illustrate what I mean, I haven't worked for over four years. You see, Bill was in the Air Corps and I followed him from coast to coast and camp to camp. Then the children came. Peter Westfield Holden was born November 17, 1943, and Scott Porter Holden on May 2, 1946. Such interruptions are more important to me than any amount of screen stardom. I, therefore, didn't return to picture-making until the household was organized, functioning smoothly, and the children were old enough to be left with their nurse.

Besides having similar careers, we're a happy blendship in other ways. We both eat a lot without giving a thought to calories. Bill never carries more than 165 lbs. on his six foot frame and I'm a size 10, no matter what. We read constantly, we likebadminton for exercise, we argue for mental stimulation, we wear tailored clothes, we drive convertibles, and we spend every free moment with the children.

The first time I heard the name William Holden was when Columbia Pictures announced that he was to play in "Golden Boy" opposite Barbara Stanwyck. At the time I was a student at Mme. Ouspenskaya's dramatic school in New York. We students had seen the Clifford Odets play and were indignant at the thought of anyone but Luther Adler in the role of Joe Bonaparte.

When I saw photographs of the blond, college-looking boy who was to usurp Luther Adler's dramatic shoes, my anger rose. "Typically Hollywood," I muttered to my roommate.

Anyway, a year later I was too preoccupied with my own success to worry about "Golden Boy." I played in summer stock, made screen tests, and lived on false hopes. It wasn't until Artie Jacobson, then talent scout for Paramount, tested me that I received a bid from Hollywood. Warner Brothers studio offered me a contract. I accepted and Ardis Ankerson became Brenda Marshall.

By this time I'd really forgotten Bill Holden and my deep antagonism, but it was Bill's turn to work up a keen dislike for me. He had an apartment with Hugh MacMullen, one of the Warner Brothers dialogue directors, and Hugh tried to bring us together. Bill couldn't be bothered. Every time Hugh invited me to the apartment for dinner, Bill ate out. When Hugh offered to arrange a date, Bill blew up. "I can find my own girls," he said in no uncertain terms.

In spite of our efforts to keep apart, that perverse fate worked overtime. We finally met when Bill was working in a picture with George Raft. I had stopped on the lot to speak to director Lloyd Bacon, and he introduced us. Bill gave me a short "Hello," and walked back on the set. He told me later that he thought I looked awfully scrawny. I, in turn, thought he was insufferable in person as on posters—only he did have a genuine smile.

Our Perfect Marriage

(Continued from page 331)

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A few days later, Lloyd Bacon and the crew invited me back to the set because they were having a party. It was George Raft's birthday and mine, too. When the candid photographers began taking shots, Bill pulled me into focus. I decided that perhaps my judgment was a little hasty.

Our first dozen dates were all under the guise of studio business. Bill grudgingly asked me to the Warners' ranch. "The studio wants all the new stars to be there," he explained. We went dancing because "the studio says we should be seen in public once in awhile," he apologized. I didn't complain. I just liked the idea of his blond head a foot above mine.

We saw a lot of one another that fall and winter. We found we had a great deal in common. We even had the same business manager.

In February of '41 our mutual business manager heard about a sound investment. It was a small ranch house sitting in the shade of a walnut grove in North Hollywood. (See what I mean about a perverse fate?) We bought it—as an investment! Ann Sheridan offered to buy it at a profit, but we wouldn't sell until it was furnished. Several other people volunteered to take it off our hands. Still we hesitated.

I guess we would be undecided yet if Bill hadn't stopped by my house for lunch one day. As I remember, he hardly ate a thing, and that wasn't like him. Then just before getting into his car he mumbled, "This is for you," and dropped a ring into my cupped hand.

A few weeks later, Brian Donlevy and his wife flew us to Las Vegas. Except for landing us in a sand trap, they saw that we were quietly married and back living in our "investment" house before the columnists knew we were an item.

That was July 13, 1941.

In rapid succession there was a war, children, and the resultant changes that accompanied such major events.

The changes in Bill are those of maturity. He says that three years in the Army taught him patience and self-control. I can testify to this. The other night, for example, we were working like stagehands trying to fix some glass shelves in our new home. The job was almost finished when I touched the key shelf. The whole night's work collapsed like a house of cards. Glass all over the floor. A prewar Bill Holden would have blown higher than a guided missile but not the present-day man. He just looked down at all the fragments. "Let's go to bed," he said quietly, and the next evening he started all over again with glass cutter, putty, and new panes.

A NOTHER manifestation of his maturity is his concern for other people. He, Ronnie Reagan, Sterling Hayden and other close friends have taken an active interest in veterans' affairs. They really work at it, too.

But his deepest concern is for the children. Before they were born, Bill had a large collection of guns. He used to shoot, and trap shoot. Vacations were spent game hunting. Today he's sold his guns. "You can't expect to keep boys out of mischief," he says. "And there's no use risking their lives for the sake of my hobby." Instead he's teaching them how to swim, ride and box—everything he can do. Yet he doesn't spoil them. Last Christmas, for example, we could see that they had over 100 presents between them, so he told me to put half of them away and distribute them throughout the year. I did, and the boys really appreciated and enjoyed each toy individually.

Bill's really very wise with children. I guess it's because he likes them so much.

He's also pretty wise about me. He indulges my whims—like my wanting to wear strapless evening gowns and my wanting to go dancing once in awhile. Similarly, he respects my judgment on large issues like the future of my hobby. Instead he's teaching them how to swim, ride and box—everything they can do. Yet he doesn't spoil them. Last Christmas, for example, we could see that they had over 100 presents between them, so he told me to put half of them away and distribute them throughout the year. I did, and the boys really appreciated and enjoyed each toy individually.

The End
Sincerely Yours

The Voice of the Clinic

I always read the reviewers’ remarks on pictures and almost all of them said “Honey-moon” was a flop, that it didn’t come out right; but when I finally went to see the movie I found it very entertaining. Why don’t the reviewers leave it up to the public to decide for themselves what they like or dislike about a picture and just tell in reviews which the picture is about and the cast of players.

Barbara Holmes

Chicago, Illinois.

I wish to congratulate the editor of Movieland’s Reviewer’s Box on the courage they showed on admitting Deborah Kerr’s performance in “The Hucksters” was disappointing. Are the critics afraid to criticize Miss Kerr’s performance because she’s British? We would have preferred Ava Gardner had we been in Clark Gable’s position. (Love that Gable!)

Mrs. Sweed

Ocean City, New Jersey.

I would just like to make public my thoughts and the thoughts of my friends on what Hollywood should know, whether they ask for our opinions or not. In our opinion, there should be, for youngsters and grown-ups too, more pictures like “Carnegie Hall,” “Rhapsody in Blue,” “A Song to Remember,” “Sister Kenny” and others which include the masterpieces of music art, tell the heart-breaking stories of great humanitarians and give a good picture of the family life which plays so great a part in the lives of our famous people. Certainly the knowledge of these people and their ideals will contribute to the enrichment of our minds and will make the “family spirit” flourish as it should.

Juan Felip Yee

Republic of Panama.

What Price Fame?

Here is one fan, who instead of swooning over-idolizes it until perspective and good taste fly out the window. You Hollywood stars remember this—it is we who determine whether you stay on top or not. You Hollywood stars are exhibiting in their personal lives. They seem to be seeking publicity through divorce and brushes with the law and the press. They are using these romantic episodes to sell the romance of what Hollywood should know, whether they ask for our opinions or not. In our opinion, there should be, for youngsters and grown-ups too, more pictures like “Carnegie Hall,” “Rhapsody in Blue,” “A Song to Remember,” “Sister Kenny” and others which include the masterpieces of music art, tell the heart-breaking stories of great humanitarians and give a good picture of the family life which plays so great a part in the lives of our famous people. Certainly the knowledge of these people and their ideals will contribute to the enrichment of our minds and will make the “family spirit” flourish as it should.

Wendy Carrington

Denver, Colorado.

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- Dinner
- An active sport

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Think she'll cut more ice with him, if she—
- Grooms those gams
- Goes in far hockey
- Plays oh-so-helpless

On a skate date, can your pegs take a close-up? Are they fuzz-less... shapely? To slim them, do this at home, twice daily: Lying on left side, raise right leg as high as possible, touching ankle with right hand. Repeat ten times with each leg. Helps whittle 'em down to glamour-size. On problem days, the proper size of napkin aids self-assurance. Choose from the 3 sizes of Kotex... Regular, Junior, Super.

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PICTORIAL MOVIELAND

COVER—LANA TURNER
LANA AND CLARK . . . DYNAMITE! (Lana Turner and Clark Gable)
MOVIE OF THE MONTH “Voice of the Turtle”
MOTHER EVE (Eve Arden)
WERE YOU BORN IN JANUARY?
DEVOTED DADDY (Roy Rogers)
NEW MAN IN TOW (Michael North and Doris Day)

DEPARTMENTS

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD by Beatrice Lubitz
REVIEWER’S BOX
WORDS OF MUSIC by Jill Warren
IDEAS FOR THE PRESENT
CAN I HELP YOU? by Joan Crawford
DO YOU WRITE LIKE ALAN LADD? by Helen King
SHOW-BOUND by Anne Ansley
YOUR FAN CLUB by Carol Whelchel
SINCERELY YOURS

Helen Limke, Executive Editor
Peg Nichols, Managing Editor
Frank Friedrichsen, Hollywood Editor
Velma Scott, Assistant Editor

Beatrice Lubitz Cole, Editorial Director

Joyous June as the kissable co-ed, with an eye for a certain guy... and it's tall-and-handsome Peter Lawford.

Look who's in it! songster Mel Torme "The Lazy Voice."

M-m-m-meet that McCracken girl! The swinging-stepping star of Broadway's big hit "Oklahoma."

8 TERRIFIC SONG HITS including "Lucky In Love" • "Good News" "Just Imagine" • "He's A Lady's Man" • "Varsity Drag" • "The Best Things In Life Are Free"
Dignity and decorum are out; gags and fun are in, as Hollywood goes "Fancy" at the Photographers' Ball.

Inside Ciro's the stars had the time of their lives. Everybody who is anybody was there—howling with laughter at each other's costumes. Outside Ciro's, autograph seekers and celebrity gazers milled about, shrieking with joy as they recognized their favorites while the boys who gave the party dashed around madly shooting pictures.

Talk about your Busman's Holiday! Everybody working! The photographers, who gave the ball, and the stars who wear costumes on the set all day and then don them at night. But everyone had a
Dennis Morgan

as a divil with an ear for a tune and an eye for a wild Irish Rose!

Warner Bros.: Big Parade of Color, Comedy and Dancin' Colleens!

"MY WILD IRISH ROSE"

It's Magnificent! Color by Technicolor.

The most musical musical ever ever!

16 SONGS including:

"MY WILD IRISH ROSE"
"IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT"
"WILL YOU LOVE ME IN DECEMBER"
"A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN"
"BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON"
"MY EVENING STAR"
"MY NELLIE'S BLUE EYES"
"MOTHER MACHREE"
"DEAR OLD DONEGAL"
"WEE ROSE OF KILLARNEY"
"IF I'M DREAMING, LET ME DREAM"
"LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY"

with a giant musical cast and

ARLENE DAHL • ANDREA KING • ALAN HALE • GEORGE TOBIAS • GEORGE O'BRIEN • BEN BLUE • SARA ALLGOOD

Directed by DAVID BUTLER • Screen Play by Peter Milne • Based upon a Book by Rita Olcott

Musical Numbers Orchestrated and Conducted by Roy Heindorf • Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS
Inside Hollywood

CONTINUED

dukes up. But by that time, the toughs were greeting them with handshakes and promises to look under long hair the next time they saw it before starting to swing.

Charles Boyer, who co-starred with Ingrid Bergman in "Arch of Triumph," wanted to be with her again in "Joan of Lorraine." But despite the fact that the picture's set in France and deals with French characters, Boyer was ruled out because of his French accent. It was decided to use no people with accents in the picture, lest all of the actors have to use them.

Dale Evans will shortly be featured in a comic strip dealing with her experiences in making western films.

With all the housing shortage in Hollywood, Lauritz Melchior was notified that a hundred-room-castle near the Polish border in Germany had been returned to him. The estate includes 3000 acres and an 18-room servants' house. The entire estate is rented for $10, American money. Furthermore, Lauritz was advised that he'd be expected to take care of the upkeep. Wanna buy a castle?

Autumn hues: Sally Eilers has gone strawberry blonde for "Coroner's Creek"; Van Heflin has gone brunette for "B. F.'s Daughter."

Tyrone Power confesses that the highlight of his African trip didn't take place in Africa, but in Dallas, Texas, where he paused on his flight long enough to play disc jockey on a radio station.

Dick Ross, who plays Ann Sheridan's brother in "Good Sam," really crashed movies Cinderella style. Before the war, he tells us, his twin brother used to date director Leo McCarey's daughter; and Dick would often drive over to pick the brother up at the end of the day. On the way back from an Oregon location, Bob Mitchum and his stand-in stopped by San Francisco for a couple of days. They'd had to grow hair practically as long as Daniel Boone's for the picture; so when they were sitting in a cafe a group of toughs came in and mistook them for sissies. The stand-in convinced one forcibly that the long hair shouldn't be taken seriously; then he and Bob returned to a rear room for a council of war on how to get out of the place peacefully, and came to the conclusion that the best way was to emerge with their hands up. You can see from the pictures on these pages how much fun the photographers' frolic really was.

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Everythings under control at the Photographers' Ball. The Eddie Brackens, sharing Fire Chief honors, demonstrate fire prevention with aid of lighted match and bottle of charged water.

Legal battles are forgotten as the Mickey Rooneys have fun in Keystone Kop get-up.
HIS STEEL STRUCK SPARKS THAT FIRED WOMEN'S HEARTS!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

LARRY PARKS

The Swordsman

with ELLEN DREW

GEORGE MACREADY
RAY COLLINS
EDGAR BUCHANAN
MARC PLATT

Original screenplay by Wilfrid H. Pettitt
Directed by JOSEPH H. LEWIS
Produced by BURT KELLY

in TECHNICOLOR

A DASHING NEW ROLE FOR LARRY PARKS... THE EXCITING STAR OF 'THE JOLSON STORY' AND 'DOWN TO EARTH'
Whoops! Kathryn Grayson and husband Johnnie Johnston managed to keep cool at the Photogs' Ball. Katie wore only half a skirt; Johnnie eliminated trousers, sported white shorts.

of the evening. In this way he got to know McCarey casually. Then came four years in the army, after which Dick went back to the University of Southern California and finished with a major in advertising. After graduation, he began to sell insurance.

One day McCarey asked him to come see him. Thinking it was insurance the director wanted, Dick stuck his policies in his brief case and reported, only to be told he was wanted for the movies. He'd never acted in his life, not even in high school plays; nor ever been on a studio lot, but he got the major role in the picture. Instead of being happy, he was sad. Said he, "Four actors were testing for the role, and I felt that I was taking bread and butter out of their mouths."

Bette Davis tells us that she is going to sell her farm in New Hampshire. She said this doesn't mean that she'll stick strictly to California. She just wanted to get rid of the place. Bette will have only a six-week vacation between "Winter Meeting" and her next picture. After being off screen for a year, she aims to make up for lost time.

Ran into Alexis Smith on the "Christopher Blake" set and we thought she looked so stunning in a coal black wig that we told her she should go brunette. Alexis won't be a brunette through the whole picture. She wears the wig for a dream sequence and has a black-sequin, form-fitting gown to heighten the effect.

When Loretta Young was on location with "Rachel" in Eugene, Oregon, last fall, the weather got nippy. So since she was wearing ankle-length costumes for the picture, Loretta hied herself down to a department store and bought some long undies. Word of the incident got about town, and a feminine run started on the stores for woolies. Seems long skirt styles enabled all the gals to hide the undie bulges and be comfortable too.
Irresistibly drawn to the talented, but cynical young composer, yet afraid to reveal her true identity!

Only another woman's heart would understand why she dared this strange deception to win his love!

Even Ethel Barrymore can't resist... when Hoagy Carmichael starts to swing and sing his latest hit!
When Jim Davis was cast opposite Bette Davis in “Winter Meeting,” Warners considered changing his name, until Bette said, “Let it alone. The name did all right by me.” Incidentally, Jim was so grateful for what Bette had done toward getting him the part in the picture, that he sweated off 7 pounds during the first week of rehearsals on the film. He was determined not to let Bette down.

The four Cagney boys—Jimmy, Bill, Edward, and Harry—and their sister Jeanne still get together one night a week for a family “council,” although they’re all married and have families of their own. They meet at one another’s homes; and after dining and taking care of practical matters, their favorite diversion is joining in for some close harmony on old-fashioned songs, with Jimmy accompanying on the guitar.

Greer Garson, who’s done but two pictures over the past two years, says that the period of idleness gave her a chance to reflect and count her blessings. She told us that she was never particularly interested in a career for itself, but wanted really to do only the things in which she was really interested. During the idle period, she developed her love for books and music, then took up painting. After which, she re-signed with Metro on one of the best contracts ever given an actress in Hollywood. Despite reports to the contrary, she and Richard Ney parted friends. Within a week before she got her divorce, she said she was afraid to talk to Dick on the telephone, lest she break down and cry. She explains that they were just temperamentally unsuited for married life to each other.

At Slapsie Maxie’s restaurant, Gracie Allen stops to chat a bit with friends Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. Jane’s new Dutch-bob created quite a stir. Very cute, don’t you agree?

Mutual Admiration Society: Ingrid Bergman, Jean Hersholt chat before Lux Theater show.

Some harmony! Eddie Cantor, Bill Bendix, Jerry Colonna, Bob Hope, Alan Ladd serenade Dottie Lamour during "Variety Girl" premiere.
WHAT AN IDEA FOR A PICTURE!

Samuel Goldwyn who brought you "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty", now presents a heart-warming comedy—"The Bishop's Wife."

Cary Grant... an out-of-this-world guy with worldly ideas.

Loretta Young... the bishop's wife—thought the ideas were good!

David Niven... the bishop who had some ideas of his own.

The Bishop's Wife... a comedy that will leave every wife smiling and thinking... every husband smiling and wondering... and every sweetheart...?

with MONTY WOOLLEY

JAMES GLEASON • GLADYS COOPER • ELSA LANCHESTER and THE MITCHELL BOYCHOIR

Directed by HENRY KOSTER

Screen Play by Robert E. Sherwood & Leonard Bercovici

From the Novel by Robert Nathan

Released through RKO-RADIO PICTURES, Inc.
One of the most sought after roles in Hollywood is that of the lead in "Harvey," which Frank Fay played on Broadway. When the studio requested that fans send in their choice of Bing Crosby or Jimmy Stewart for the part, Gary Cooper, whose name was written in, got more votes than Bing and Jimmy combined.

You can look for Mickey Rooney to turn director; but he won't quit acting, at least for a long time. He's been asked to direct the picture, "The Giant Killer," a fight story for Allied Artists, and may accept.

Here's a choice tidbit. It could happen only in Hollywood. Due to the housing shortage, Orson Welles is living in Marion Davies' Santa Monica beach house where his ex-wife and her husband also are living. The housing shortage certainly makes strange situations!

Oh-so-gorgeous Esther Williams and Ben Gage pause for a Movieland photo while at Ciro's.

Brunette, sultry Jennifer Jones and blonde, sophisticated Virginia Bruce make a pleasant study in contrasting beauties as they chat with friends at the recent Lasker-Greer party.
A moment off from their NBC radio programs finds Jack Benny, Al Jolson listening unenthusiastically to Phil Harris' crooning.

Since Georgia and Red Skelton call each other "Little Red" and "Big Red," they decided to call daughter Valentina, "Teeny Red."

New York visitor Greer Garson seems to be dreaming while host Sherman Billingsley talks over phone at the famous Stork Club.

Rita Hayworth and Gene Tierney chat at the Stork. Rita, in New York for a short visit, was with Lana Turner's ex, Steve Crane.

No homecoming and bonfire for Terry Moore. Eighteen-year-old Terry, Columbia's new discovery, who is starring with Glenn Ford in "The Return of October," has been waiting for months for her date with U.C.L.A. undergrad, Bert West, who promised to take her to the U.C.L.A.—Cal homecoming activities—the first she's ever seen. But a production schedule ruined everything and Terry was forced to break the date.

In "It Had to be You," Ginger Rogers and Cornel Wilde spent a whole week doing underwater scenes in a tank 16 feet deep which caused Ginger to remark, "I'd never be a success in the role of a grunion."

Sally Eilers' fans will be glad to know that she's returning to the screen in a big-time western called "Coroner's Creek" in which she'll be featured with Randy Scott.

Here's something new in twosomes! Cary Grant, Rita Hayworth celebrate her return to Hollywood, dine at Chanteclair.
Handsome Ricardo Montalban and pretty wife Georgiana Young arrive at Somerset House.

When there's a quiet moment on the set of "The Pirate," you're sure to find star Judy Garland perched on husband-director Vincente Minnelli's knee as they talk over Judy's next sequence.

Ida Lupino and Kay Kyser share a laugh over the toy clown Ida has just bought at Ciro's very successful auction. Proceeds of the affair went to the Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund.

Van Heflin comes through with the idea of the year. He says that while we spend millions of dollars yearly trying to publicize the town, why not do it with one or two good pictures for which all the studios in town will contribute their top talent. Van thinks that, in order to keep out politics, maybe only Academy Award winners, past and present, should be chosen for the parts in the beginning. And no bit would be too small for top names to play. Van hopes later that the big opportunity would be given to a talented unknown, with Academy Award winners supporting him. The studios would be given back the initial cost of the picture, with all profits going to the Motion Picture Relief Home, which is now chiefly supported by money paid for the services of stars on a radio program. Van chiefly wants to show the public what Hollywood can accomplish through cooperation.

Can this be serious? Peter Lawford and Ava Gardner deny reports of a romance but they continue to be a twosome around Hollywood bright spots. This evening they're at the Ice Follies.
When you see "Cass Timberlane," the picture M-G-M filmed from Sinclair Lewis' best seller, take particular notice of the scenes that show Cass with Louise Wargate, the richest woman in town.

The scenes occupy only about twenty minutes of the entire picture, but behind them is a story that goes back twenty years. It's a story that Spencer Tracy never forgot. And with good reason; for it concerns a woman whose faith and help were instrumental in making him what he is today.

The chic, glossy Louise is played by Selena Royle, one of Hollywood's most popular actresses. Although she's appeared in many M-G-M films, this is the first time she and Spencer ever faced the cameras together. And that, too, is an important part of this story.

It was twenty years ago that Selena first met Tracy. She was the star of a stock company in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and one of the prettiest and most talented young actresses on the American stage.

A few days before the company was to open, the leading man suddenly quit to go to New York. The company was in a spot. There was scarcely time to look around for another actor, and no time at all in which to get someone from New York, for in those days plane travel was not in use.

Just when the manager was moaning loudest, a young man walked in and asked for a job. No, he had no experience, the boy explained. He had come from a nearby town and wanted to be an actor. He wasn't good-looking; that is, not in the wavy-haired, perfect-featured way that leading men were in those days. His face was rugged and homely with a strong nose, a generous mouth and hair that seemed to defy a comb and brush.

Just as the boy started to walk away, Selena walked in. In a moment she sized up the man you and I know—not like a picture-book hero.”

The boy was Spencer Tracy.

This incident marked his entry into the profession, and eventually to one of the greatest careers Hollywood has ever known. If Selena hadn't interfered in his behalf, and if managers had continued to brush him off, who knows what may have happened?

Tracy didn't have as much faith in himself as Selena did. She went to New York and learned that her good friend George M. Cohan was preparing to produce a play called "Yellow." Selena had worked for Cohan and he admired her greatly as an actress.

She obtained a copy of the play, and unknown to Cohan, rehearsed Tracy in the leading role. For weeks she coached Tracy, and finally inveigled Cohan into listening to him. Cohan balked at first and didn't want to see Tracy. "He's only a little actor from stock. This is a first-rate play, I need a first-rate actor."

“He's one of the finest actors I've ever seen," Selena countered. "Do me the favor of hearing him. You won't be sorry," Cohan finally gave in and granted Tracy an audition. Settling back in his seat he watched the young red-haired actor perform on the bare stage. At first he was frankly skeptical, then his expression changed slowly and he listened with rapt attention. When Tracy was through, Cohan turned to Selena.

"You were right," he said quietly, "Thanks."

And that's how Tracy graduated out of stock and made the lead in a grade-A Broadway play. It was the turning point of his life; for, as a result of "Yellow," he was given the lead in "The Last Mile," a powerful prison drama. Theatrical history was written that night the drama was presented. Both play and Tracy were overnight hits. Talent scouts waved contracts under his nose; Spence came to Hollywood and the rest we know.

To get back to Selena now; she continued as a stage actress of renown and in recent years has been in pictures. Oddly enough, most of the parts she played were mother roles in spite of the fact that she's very attractive and slim. She plays the role of Janet Leigh's mother in "Romance of Rosy Ridge," and was Phyllis Thaxter's ma in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." She mothered little Dean Stockwell in "The Green Years," big Van Johnson in "No Leave, No Love," and Mickey Rooney in "Summer Holiday."

She happened to mention this to Tracy one afternoon when she met him in the studio commissary.

"If this continues people will forget that I have ankles or can play any other kind of role," she remarked wryly.

When the role of Louise Wargate came up in "Cass Timberlane," Tracy suggested Selena. This was completely different from the sweet, rather dowdy mothers she'd played so many times before.

Tracy proved that he had never forgotten Selena's help, for twenty years later when he could repay her he did in a heartfelt and magnificent gesture.

Selena Royle's faith and help started Spence's acting career.
Send no money—mail coupon today

Diana Stores Corp., Dept. 191
320 West 40th St., New York 18, N.Y.

Be sweet—be desirable—be lovely in this heart-stealing black Ramaine sheer dress with gay “peek-a-boo” neckline. Perfect for winter wear, richly tailored with fine details found only in more expensive dresses.


Money back if not delighted! Sizes 9-15.

The Studio Club has been home to over six thousand girls during past thirty-one years. Famous former residents have been Linda Darnell, Barbara Hale, Evelyn Keyes and Marguerite Chapman.

MovieLand Applauds

...the Studio Club, where young actresses live while they strive for success; and dreams come true—for a few

Last month the editors of MovieLand applauded the Motion Picture Country House for the wonderful home it provides aging actors and actresses. This month we'd like to applaud a home equally as wonderful for young girls either employed in or studying for some branch of show business. This is the Hollywood Studio Club.

Today a girl may live at the Club for as low as $12.00 a week (rates range from $12 to $17). This includes breakfast and dinner. It also includes pianos and practice rooms for those studying music, typewriters for aspiring writers, free telephone and message service, sewing machines for the girls who make their own clothes, a stage and drama group for those who act and dance, a large library, a utility room with a washing machine, ironing equipment, a kitchenette in which to whip up an after-hours snack, and a sun deck to take advantage of the California sunshine.

You can see that the Studio Club is not just a place to live. It's been a real home to over 6,000 girls during the past thirty-one years, many of whom have received their first break in the movie industry while living there. Some famous names that once called 1215 Lodi Place home include Linda Darnell, Evelyn Keyes, Barbara Hale, Donna Reed, Ann Richards, Dorothy Malone, Virginia Welles, Louise Allbritton, Marguerite Chapman, and Ayn Rand (author of "The Fountainhead"). Each girl in the Club feels a real kinship for her fellow residents. Each suffers with the girl who fails to make the grade, celebrates with the lucky one.

After a girl has lived in the Club a while, she naturally gravitates to a group who become her "special" friends, but a kinship and loyalty is felt by each for her fellow residents. For example, there is an unwritten law that any girl passing another in the halls says a word of greeting whether they've met or not. No one stands on ceremony.

Although the Club is run very ably by a board of directors, the girls themselves are responsible for the actual policies necessary for a group of girls to live together cooperatively. Each year a group of fifteen girls is chosen by the entire membership of the club to become the House Council for that year. If one girl is consistently too rowdy in the halls after quiet hours (10:30 p.m. to 8:30 a.m.) or if she forgets to notify the Club when staying out all night (Miss Marian Weed, Club Director, worries about each girl just as a girl's mother would if she were at home), the House Council reminds her that she has broken one of the Club rules. If she fails to take heed the first time, the reminders become less gentle.

The House Council is also responsible for planning parties for the Club girls. Two or three big parties are given each year—each which time the Club girls invite not only one date for themselves, but any other fellows they might have dated during the year. Since most of the girls come from out-of-town and know very few, if any, boys when they arrive, the girls have an unwritten code that says any fellow you don't want should be passed on to someone else.

But not all the projects at the Club are for the girls' own amusement. During the war, many a lonely and ill serviceman was cheered by a visit to his hospital bedside. And not forgetting her G.I. sisters, the Club erected a Guest House which accommodated more than 12,000 service women during the war. It is now being used for G.I. and ex-G.I. women students who are studying under the G.I. Bill of Rights. These girls, unlike the regular Club residents, do not have to be in—
Naturally there's lots of talent at the Club; so singers, musicians get together.

Appetizing meals are served cafeteria-style in pretty, candle-lit dining-room.

Library is like a comfortable living-room. Here the girls relax, talk about careers.

interested in the entertainment field; however, the majority are studying dramatics. Some of these girls put their name on the regular Club waiting list (it usually takes from three to six months to get into the Club, that is, if you have all the necessary qualifications), get rooms in the main building where they are allowed to stay for a three-year period.

A time limit had to be placed on Club residence, else by this time it would look more like a home for the aged. Most girls leave the Club with a feeling of regret, but the friendships and ties made there last a lifetime.

At present writing, the Club waiting list is closed; however, it opens up from time to time. Girls between the ages of 18 and 30 are eligible. They must, however, have some previous contacts here with schools, teachers, or have some definite job prospects in the entertainment industry or allied arts before applying for a room in the Club. Also, they must have an income of at least $25 a week (this does not take care of clothes), some talent, and a grim determination to succeed in Hollywood.

The End
DO YOU WANT...

LONGER HAIR?
★ ★ ★ ★

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends Breaking Off!

- Hair May Get Longer
- BRUNETTES, BLONDES, TITIANS!
- Send No Money!

Just try this System on your HAIR seven days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that so often captures Love and Romance for you.

- Mail This Introductory Coupon!  

Just mail the convenient introductory coupon. Take advantage of this Fully Guaranteed Introductory Offer today, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair and be envied by so many.

MAIL THIS INTRODUCTORY COUPON!

JUDELENE SYSTEM 7 days Unconditioned Money Back Guarantee.  

NAME_  
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ZONE_ STATE_.  

JUDEL COMPANY, 4727 N. Damen, Chicago 25, Illinois

For excitement, lovely ladies in spectacular costumes, and romance with a capital R, go see "The Swordsman."

Ellen Drew awards prize to Swordsman Parks.

Cornel Wilde is Ginger's Indian Brave.

IT HAD TO BE YOU (Col.)

That studio on Hollywood's Gower Street has a knack with comedies that no other studio in Hollywood can touch. Remember "It Happened One Night," "You Can't Take It With You," "The More the Merrier"? Well, add to this list of immortal comedies "It Had to Be You."

It's so deliciously screwball, so warm and lovable that I can't decide whether to use the space to rave over Cornel Wilde's performance as the "sub-conscious" Indian in Ginger Rogers' life—or to try to tell you the story. On second thought, you'd better see the picture!

Ginger Rogers will remind you of Jean Arthur. (Is that bad?) She is only wonderful in the hysterically funny opening scenes as she turns down three men at the altar because she is in love with the man in her dreams. If you think that idea preposterous, wait until you see what happens when she really meets him and finds she is full-blown—almost blowsy—and as she rubs rouge into her cheeks, you know—as surely as if the picture continued—that Amber is doomed to return to the depths from which she has risen. Linda Darnell should get an Academy Award for her portrayal. And all those associated with this fine entertainment can take bows for a job well done.

Glowan (George Macready) discovers Alexander Mac Arden's true identity. Captain Robert Glowan (George Macready) discovers Alexander's true identity. Captain Robert also has romantic ideas about Lady Barbara; so, fired by his jealousy, he encourages the Glowan clan to renew the bitter fight with the MacArdens.

Recalling the stupidity of the fight between the families, and knowing that he and Lady Barbara can never be happy as long as there is ill-feeling between them, Alexander sues for peace. There is bloody plotting, exciting duels and wild rides over the braes of the Highlands before peace is assured and the young lovers are reunited.

For excitement, lovely ladies in spectacular costumes, and romance with a capital R, go see "The Swordsman."

THE REVIEWER'S BOX

FOREVER AMBER (20thh)........... ★ ★ ★ ★

I can only speak in superlatives of this marvelously entertaining picture. It has everything: breathtaking Technicolor, beautiful settings, costumes to make you yearn for days long ago.

I haven't read the novel, but I'm told by those who have that the picture is much better than the book. Be that as it may, you'll be held spellbound by "Amber." I can only compare it in scope with "Gone with the Wind."

Nor can I imagine anyone but Linda Darnell as Amber. Her characterization is brilliant from the time she comes on the screen as the young, eager, beautiful girl who falls in love with Bruce Carleton (Cornel Wilde).

Linda Darnell has made Amber as believable as her own sister. Her lust for life; her generosity, her wickedness, and her basic goodness, are all vividly portrayed. Amber's end is inevitable. As the curtain drops she is full-blown—almost blowsy—and as she rubs rouge into her cheeks, you know—as surely as if the picture continued—that Amber is doomed to return to the depths from which she has risen. Linda Darnell should get an Academy Award for her portrayal. And all those associated with this fine entertainment can take bows for a job well done.

DO YOU WANT...

LONGER HAIR?
★ ★ ★ ★

Helps Prevent Brittle Ends Breaking Off!

- Hair May Get Longer
- BRUNETTES, BLONDES, TITIANS!
- Send No Money!

Just try this System on your HAIR seven days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that so often captures Love and Romance for you.
THE LOST MOMENT (Universal-International).......... 

A pleasant surprise is in store for those who have lost faith in Hollywood's ability to come up—at least now and then—with a story a bit out of the ordinary. Universal-International has done it by adapting Henry James' "The Aspern Papers" to the screen.

Lewis Venable (Robert Cummings), an American publisher, goes to Venice in search of famous love letters of a dead poet. He stays at the house of 105-year-old Juliana Bordereau (Agnes Moorehead), recipient of the letters. Also at Juliana's house is her niece, Tina (Susan Hayward), who is immediately suspicious of Lewis. She tries everything to make him leave. Lewis discovers that Tina has not only hidden the letters but has read them so often she believes herself to be the young girl to whom they were written. He enters her room one night while she is suffering from this delusion and Tina mistakes him for the dead poet, makes violent love to him.

How Lewis finally obtains the letters and transfers Tina's dream love to a very real feeling for him is an exciting tale. You'll find the picture loaded with romance, atmosphere and drama.

DAISY KENYON (20thh) .......... 

Movie-makers have discovered that when Joan Crawford has problems in a picture, fans are satisfied and in "Daisy Kenyon" the troubles of the world seem to tower down upon Joan.

The story concerns a career girl (Joan Crawford) who is in love with a young married lawyer (Dana Andrews). Dana is strongly drawn to Joan, but remains loyal to his wife (Ruth Warrick) because of his love for their two children. There seems to be no solution for Joan and Dana; so when Henry Fonda comes on the scene, Joan agrees to marry him. But Dana is not willing to give up so easily and decides to sue his wife for a divorce. Ruth files a countersuit and names Joan as co-respondent. The ensuing courtroom scene proves too much for Dana. When Joan is being cross-examined and the going gets too tough, Dana rises to the occasion, calls off the trial, gives his wife complete custody of the children.

Once free, Joan flees to a cottage at Cape Cod and her two suitors follow close on her heels. The surprise happy ending will make Joan's fans wipe the tears away and give a sigh of relief.

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS (M-G-M) ......... 

All the fine talent in this picture—exquisite Esther Williams; lovable Jimmy Durante; Lauritz Melchior; promising romantic hero, Johnnie Johnston and venerable Dame May Whitty—ought to picket M-G-M for a better story.

Nevertheless, the picture is a treat to the eye in more ways than just the breathtaking Technicolor. Esther Williams in a bathing suit is exquisite—she is just as superlative in evening clothes, winter sports clothes—as a matter of fact in everything she wears.

Jimmy Durante provides the comedy; Lauritz Melchior, the splendid voice, and Johnnie Johnston, the romantic interest. It all adds up to a gay and spirited musical—and if only the story could keep up with all this abundance of talent, we'd have had a winner.

Is your marriage failing because you still live in Shameful Ignorance?

Then Learn Here—The Real Truth About These INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

Often a young wife is more to be pitied than blamed when her husband starts acting cold and indifferent to her. She may have had no one to turn to for proper scientific knowledge she could trust about intimate feminine cleanliness.

But she can learn here how important vaginal douching often is to marriage happiness, health and charm—how it helps combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems. And she should learn how it is so powerful yet so safe to tissues!

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THE REVIEWER'S BOX CONTINUED

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET (M-G-M)...........◆◆
At last! Elizabeth Goudge's colorful, prize-winning novel has been transferred to the screen.

The highly romantic story of the 1840's takes place on the Channel Island of St. Pierre, where brilliant, headstrong Marianne Patourel (Lana Turner) vies with her more spiritual sister, Marguerite (Donna Reed), for the love of William Ozanne (newcomer Richard Hart). William is in love with demure Marguerite; but the fiery Marianne finally gets him—by mistake.

A fugitive from the Royal Navy, William settles in New Zealand. When business presses he writes to Mr. Patourel (Edmund Gwenn) for the hand of his beloved Marguerite. A slip of the pen in a drunken moment makes him ask for Marianne instead. Marianne goes to New Zealand, marries surprised William without learning of the mistake. An earthquake, the Maori Indian Wars and William's longing for his lost love get the marriage off to a rugged start, but Marianne eventually wins William's love and respect. Lana looks beautiful, does her best with the role, but the picture never seems quite believable. Not even fine acting of Van Heflin, Edmund Gwenn, Donna Reed, Gladys Cooper and Dame May Whitty can overcome the long-winded and very stilted speeches. For more news about interesting newcomer Richard Hart, check the story on page 35 of this issue.

NIGHTMARE ALLEY (20th)..............◆◆
All of you who are thrilled and intrigued by carnivals will find the first half of this picture completely absorbing. Tyrone Power plays Stan, an ambitious barker who works an act with Zeena (Joan Blondell), and her drunken husband (Ian Keith).

Mollie (Coleen Gray), the girl "who defies electricity," helps Stan memorize Zeena's mind-reading code, falls in love with him. Stan, forced to marry Mollie, is furious at being trapped until he realizes Mollie can help him further his ambitions. They leave the carnival and go into nightclubs where their mind-reading act is a sensation. Stan's downfall begins when he meets up with a swank society "consulting psychologist" who is as big a fake as he is. The rest of the picture traces Stan's ruin, and it's as grim a degradation as could befall a human being. The end is sheer horror—with the only comforting note the fact that Mollie sticks by her husband.

"Nightmare Alley" can't be dismissed lightly. Its horror is authentic because it dramatizes how greed can corrupt a man. This isn't a pleasant picture nor an escapist moviefare, but it's recommended to those who like their pictures to be gripping, shocking.

THAT HAGEN GIRL (Warners).........◆◆
How small-town gossip nearly ruined the life of an innocent young girl is the theme of this beautifully acted and often deeply moving story. The secondary theme is that foster parents should tell their children the true facts of their adoption.

Because her foster parents have failed to do so, the gossips have spread the rumor that Mary Hagen (superbly played by Shirley Temple) is actually the illegitimate child of the daughter of the town's wealthiest girl, and a young lawyer (Ronald Reagan). With bigotry and injustice the "best people" in town make young Mary Hagen suffer. When Mary learns the so-called facts about her birth she tries to get the truth; but since the whole fabric of the gossip is based on lies, the girl is baffled. She almost kills herself in her despair before the truth finally comes out.

The surprise ending may not satisfy you, but Shirley Temple's fine performance will win her a new host of fans. As Juliet in the school production of "Romeo and Juliet," Shirley will bring tears to your eyes—she's that wonderful! Ronald Reagan is fine, too; as are all the supporting players. I should warn you—this story isn't too logical but it's always absorbing. The story is unusual enough to hold your attention and interest throughout the entire performance.

Junior Pocketeer

...deep buttoned-down pockets that be-little the waist, be-witch the swirling skirt of our junior day or date-timer. Zippered to the waist in back, with convenient snap-in-and-out shoulder pads. Lido Pre-shrunk Chambray in gray, brown or blue candy stripes. Sizes 9 to 15. About $8.

In fine stores; write us, we'll tell you where.

OSGOOD AND SONS INC
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I WALK ALONE (Paramount—Hcl Wallis)....

If it's corn you're looking for, you'll do well to see "I Walk Alone." This time, however, the corn adds rather than detracts. For the most part, the picture is an exciting gangster melodrama.

Back in prohibition days, Frankie Madison (Burt Lancaster) took a bootlegging rap for Noll Turner (Kirk Douglas) and Dave (Wendell Corey). When he returns from fourteen years in prison, Noll isn't willing to cut him in on his plush Regent Club. Dave is being blackmailed by Noll, and the star chanteuse in on his plush Regent Club. Dave is being blackmailed by Noll, and the star chanteuse (Lizabeth Scott), is completely under the spell of her double-crossing boss. When Frankie storms the Regent and decides to take what is due him, Elizabeth and Dave side with him. From this point on, the picture is alive with murder, brutal beatings and gang warfare. Except for one badly directed scene, the action is tense and interesting. Wendell Corey should be terrific after he becomes accustomed to the medium of movies; in spite of his shortcomings—due to lack of movie experience, he turns in an excellent performance in his first film.

THE EXILE (U. L)....

If you're in the mood for a romantic plot complete with swashbuckling hero and beautiful maiden—then "The Exile" is your dish. This highly fictitious story tells how the exiled King Charles II (Douglas Fairbanks) outwits the fanatical Roundheads of Cromwell's regime.

While waiting for the uprising in England that will give him back his throne, Charles takes refuge in Holland, stays at the home of a pretty Dutch farmerette (Paule Croset). Of course she doesn't know the identity of her guest—and you've guessed it—they fall in love. Eventually the hoped-for English uprising comes and King Charles returns to his throne. But before that happens, Fairbanks has a chance to indulge in some fancy swordsmanship that will remind old-timers of his famous father. This is pleasant filmfare—and the kids will love it!

The End

Here are a few of the many good stores where you can buy Junior Pocketeer, an OSGOOD JUNIOR

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MONEY BACK IF RETURNED IN 10 DAYS

sometimes you can break a good rule!

It's usually a wise rule not to plan a chicken dinner before the eggs are hatched.

But not always!

If the "chicken dinner" represents your future, and the "eggs" are financial nest eggs—go ahead and plan!

Especially if your nest eggs are U. S. Bonds—all the War Bonds you have bought—all the Savings Bonds you are buying. For your government guarantees that all these nest eggs will hatch out in just 10 years.

Millions of Americans have found them the safest, surest way to save money... and they've proved that buying Bonds on the Payroll Savings Plan is the easiest way to pile up dollars that anyone ever thought of.

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Best of all, you can count your chickens before they're hatched... plan exactly the kind of future you want, and get it!

SAVE THE EASY WAY...BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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Two kinds of men...two kinds of love...in her life...and when she chooses it must be forever!

JOAN CRAWFORD
DANA ANDREWS
HENRY FONDA in
Daisy Kenyon

with
RUTH WARRICK
MARTHA STEWART
PEGGY ANN GARNER
CONNIE MARSHALL
NICHOLAS JOY • ART BAKER

Produced and Directed by OTTO PREMINGER • Screen Play by David Hertz • Based on the Novel by Elizabeth Janeway
You owe it to yourself, to your children (even if still unborn) and to your understanding of history and politics to see this thrilling documentary of the life and career of the greatest president since Washington—Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It will move you deeply—and your heart will tell you’ve just witnessed something almost sacred; for there can be no doubt that a great American passed this way and we were privileged to have lived in his time.

It is especially important now, when we face another presidential election, to look back over the past twenty years and evaluate Franklin D. Roosevelt. "The Roosevelt Story" relives for you the years of the depression when Roosevelt pulled the country out of the doldrums by the sheer weight of his belief in, and his understanding of, the American people.

Even if you never were a Roosevelt admirer you'll respect this picture. You'll be impressed by it, because it is honest, revealing and sincere. It traces Mr. Roosevelt’s birth at Hyde Park to his death on April 12th, 1945, in Warm Springs, Ga.

As his flag-covered casket rolls slowly down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, the camera pans slowly over the faces of a grief-stricken people. Many are openly weeping. There are tears in everyone's eyes; and the day I saw this picture there wasn't a dry eye in the theater as the funeral procession moved slowly on the screen.

What made Franklin D. Roosevelt great? Many things. But the most important of all was his love of people. He was born to great wealth. He could have lived in velvet all his life on the fortune his father amassed. But Franklin D. Roosevelt dedicated his life to his belief that the strength of a country lies in the happiness and well-being of the common man. Roosevelt did more for the average American—for you and me—than most of us realize, and this fine picture serves to remind us of this fact.

We congratulate Martin Levine and Oliver A. Unger who produced "The Roosevelt Story," and all who devoted themselves to the tremendous task of compiling it. It must have been a stupendous job! The result could have been ponderous and academic. It is neither! It is as exciting as a prize fight; it is powerfully gripping in some parts. It is narrated by a taxi driver named Bernie—an average American. He talks simply and naturally. It is completely in keeping with the Roosevelt tradition that we see him through the eyes of a simple every-day working man. He is one of the millions of men who loved Roosevelt; he was the "Forgotten Man" until Franklin D. Roosevelt became president. He is symbolic of the man-in-the-street to whom Roosevelt dedicated his life.

I urge you to see this picture. I'd like to buttonhole people in the street and cajole every American man, woman and child into seeing "The Roosevelt Story."

B.L.
Greg Peck’s own handwritten comments on this interview may surprise you fans who think of him as the big, strong and silent type

By ROBBIN COONS

*A tall, lean, dark-haired young man and a little boy stood on the sidewalk outside New York’s Radio City one fine day this spring, seeing the sights just like any young father with his offspring.

To the men in the truck parked across the street, that was just what they were: father and son, part of the passing parade. But to the two bobby-soxed youngsters who walked by, halted in their tracks, and turned to stare, the father and son were something else again.

“It’s Gregory Peck!” gasped one.

“It can’t be!” moaned the other.

“I tell you it is!”

By now a crowd was forming. The father and son kept on talking, pretending not to notice.

“Wanna bet? I’m going to ask him,” said Bobby-soxer No. 1.

Staring into his face, she asked, “Are you Gregory Peck?”

(\textit{Please turn to page 68})
Music hath charms for baby Jessica Louise when Deanna sings a lullaby.

Deanna’s husband, producer Felix Jackson, can claim part of her success, all of her love.

She has everything: wealth, love, fame, a child.
Yet Deanna Durbin longs for new fields to conquer.

What now, Deanna?

By CHANNING CHASE

* Deanna Durbin will quit movies when her current contract with Universal-International expires.

That, at least, is what she told me in a three-hour lunch the other day.

Dressed beautifully in a low-cut dress of white silk which gave just the proper clue to her charms—and believe me, she has more charms than any camera has ever revealed—Deanna explained calmly that come 1950, she would leave the screen for the stage.

"Don’t think for a minute," she said over a fork full of lettuce, "that I'm dissatisfied with my movie career. I’m not. It’s just that I’m on top right now and when an actress is on top in this business, there’s only one way she can go—and that’s down."

What would suit Deanna ideally is for two great songwriters like Oscar Hammerstein and Richard Rodgers to write a musical score especially tailored to her abilities. Some fine, sensitive writer, could do the book; and altogether, the resultant musical comedy, she feels, would turn out a huge success which could run on Broadway for years.

Whether or not this hope will ever bear fruit, it is interesting to study and analyze the mind which gave birth to it; the mind of a girl who at twenty-five has been a top-ranking movie queen for the past ten years.

Here's a young woman whose entire adolescence, whose entire formative period was spent in Hollywood, working. (Please turn to page 78)
Falling in Love Again?

* I’ve waited (and wanted) to write this story ever since Vic Mature got back from the wars and Rita Hayworth’s divorce plans were announced. It had to happen. It was just one of those things. All of us who knew these two felt it had to be. Sooner or later they had to get back together again. There was a little island in each of them that nobody else ever inhabited, or ever could. A deferred wish that demanded fulfillment.

This is the story of two people who went to the moon and back on different rocket ships—after they’d been there once together. The story of a mistake; a closed door marked “goodbye.” Ecstasy, bitterness; an understanding that was a prelude to forgiveness, and an emotional pull stronger than error.

Beginnings are important. I can’t forget the beginning of this romance, because I was in on it from the first.

Five years ago last spring I got back to town after a trip, phoned Vic, heard his clipped, “Yep—?” and then when he recognized my voice, he crowed: “Sweetie, I’ve got big news! I’m in love!”

“Again?” I said. His house on Camden Drive was always cluttered with an array of lovely gals, wonderful gals. Vic “loved” ’em all.

“No,” he said. “Not ‘that.’ This is—different.”

“So, something new?” I said. “Who?” (Please turn to page 76)

You may call it fate but we call it love—the way Rita Hayworth and Vic loved each other again. Anyway, just chance togetherness—has been in the cards—forever!

Says Vic, “Rita’s the most exciting woman in the world.”
Rita has rediscovered fun, laughter, and happiness.

Mature found

couldn't bring them
No more heartsick, lonely days for Pat and Cornel Wilde. They learned in time to conquer the jealousy that is a twin to an overwhelming, undying love such as theirs.

This Time for Keeps

*During his brief separation from Patricia Knight, Cornel Wilde put in an appearance at one of the swankiest parties of the season, but only because his studio had asked him to do so. He arrived late, glanced swiftly around as if half-expecting Pat to be there also, then—in obvious disappointment—joined a friend at the bar.

Cornel was wearing a grey flannel suit, a grey shirt, and a grey tie figured in burgundy.

The friend, trying to be consoling, said, “That’s quite a suit, chum. You look pretty sharp.” Secretly the friend thought: All in grey—and even his face looks grey. He is really taking a beating.

Cornel smiled one-sidedly. Almost as if he had read his friend’s mind, he said, “Yeah, I know how I look.” After a moment’s silence he added desperately, “We’ve got to get together again. I can’t take this, and I don’t think—at least I hope—that Pat can’t stand it either.”

“You’d better get some rest,” the friend advised, “or you’re going to crack up.”

Cornel nodded. “I know. But I keep thinking... I keep going over things. We were getting ready to celebrate our tenth wedding anniversary, you know. So many things can happen in ten years that a man can never forget...”

Remember August, 1937?

Not having emerged completely from the depression, the country was sinking back into what was called The Recession. For a struggling young actor and an equally struggling young actress, things were rough—particularly so because they were in love and wanted to get married.

After ten months of knowing one another; of spending as much time as possible together; of badgering theatrical offices to get jobs; of trying to make (Please turn to page 72)
Richard Hart is off to a good start! After two pictures he’s headed right for stardom.

HE’S GOT THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING WOMEN ADORE AND MEN ENVY. MEET RICHARD HART—HOTTEST MALE THREAT SINCE GABLE!

You’ll praise Richard Hart’s portrayal of handsome, romantic William Ozanne opposite Lana Turner in “Green Dolphin Street.”

By PAUL MARSH

* Some years ago a handsome young American named Richard Hart was enjoying his first trip abroad as a graduation gift, and the highlight of that journey was a bicycle jaunt through a colorful section of France known as Brittany.

He couldn’t have known then that Brittany would come once again into his life in a simulated version in a motion picture. Nor did he dream that he would find himself in a position wherein he is called upon to object to having Lana Turner as a wife. Yet this is exactly what he undergoes in *Green Dolphin Street* when, because of a mistake, he marries the wrong girl.

Richard Hart was given his big opportunity with Greer Garson in *Desire Me* without even a screen test. In fact, he came to Hollywood in such a hurry that there wasn’t even time to collect his personal possessions.

When Producer Carey Wilson, who was shopping for a leading man to play opposite Lana Turner, saw the rushes of Richard Hart in the Greer Garson starrer, Wilson knew his search was at an end. He signed Hart on the spot for *Green Dolphin Street* with the comment, “He’s the greatest romantic find since Clark Gable.”

It all started for Hart when the country was in the throes of an economic depression, and he was bouncing around the New England states, hoping to latch onto some sort of a job that would pay him a living wage. He had tried being a salesman without too much success, and then he had decided that he was cut out to be a newspaperman.

He was on his way to try out for a reporter’s berth with the Newport News when he stopped overnight to visit his friend, Bert Hughes, the director of a summer stock company dubbed The Shoestring Players in Tiverton, Rhode Island. When Richard appeared at the door, Hughes greeted him with an enthusiastic welcome.

Richard Hart (Please turn to page 79)
"Just being Rosalind Russell’s husband makes me the happiest man in the world," says Fred Brisson. What higher tribute of love and devotion could any woman ask?
well-groomed black hair, part of an ear and a collar of soft fur, he recognized Miss Russell from the screen. While the lights were on, he kept hoping she'd turn around, but she didn't. Then the lights dimmed, the film began to unreel; when he looked for her again, she'd gone.

He had a much better view of her a little later at a night club where they were both dancing, again in different parties, and still later when they lunched at adjoining tables at the Denham Studios.

At the time, Freddie had an agency in London, with such important clients as Ralph Richardson, who was then engaged on *The Citadel*, a film in which Rosalind was co-starring with Robert Donat. This time the young agent had a long look at the star. He liked her candid brown eyes, was stirred by her beauty, and smiled at her infectious laugh, without hearing the reason for her laughter. But again they didn't meet.

Some months later, after (Please turn to page 86)
Movieland does a “take” on Dana Andrews as he gives candid replies to the questions you want answered

Frankly Speaking...

By ALICE L. TILDESLEY

The Andrews children number three—two boys and a girl. Here’s Dana with Steve, his youngest son.

Boats are Dana’s hobby and sailing his

* Dana Andrews’ dressing-room is hung with pictures of ships—big schooner-yachts, tiny craft in full sail, even old-fashioned steamboats. It wasn’t hard for Dana to answer the first of the questions Movieland fans sent in.

What is your hobby, and why do you enjoy it?
favorite sport. He is pleased that Mary (above) and the children share this enthusiasm; thinks it important for families to have mutual interests.

My hobby is boats. I think sailing is fun. It's something you can enjoy with your whole family. We all go out together, my wife, my daughter, my sons and myself. I like things that bring a family together.

What actor or actress made the biggest impression on you when you first came to Hollywood, and why?

(Mrs. M. E. Parks, Delmar, Delaware.)

I didn't meet anyone when I first came here. But Robert Donat on the screen did then—and still does—impress me. He is my favorite actor and one of the finest on any screen.

How was your childhood spent?

(Joyce E. Nutt, Vienna, Ga.)

My father was a minister, and up to the time I was 19 I lived in five different towns. It was a normal childhood, quite happy. I had seven brothers and one sister and I think I may say there was seldom a dull moment. (Please turn to page 83)
As Elizabeth Taylor grows up, her photos may become more formal, but won’t surpass this delightful, typically teen-age portrait.
Everything—but everyth-thing—is out
of this world when you’re sweet
sixteen and your name is Elizabeth Taylor!

* Elizabeth Taylor is having her portrait painted for the third
time. The artist, W. Smithson Broadhead, famous for his equine
studies, prefers to have his sitters mounted, so Elizabeth poses
on the back of King Charles, the animal she rode to fame in
National Velvet.

If I were doing her portrait, she’d be hanging breathlessly over
a telephone, dark hair falling forward over her shoulders, blue
eyes looking up, half-entreatingly, half-triumphant, a coaxing
smile on warm red lips; the perfect pose of sixteen.

"I’m talking to Wardrobe," she explained, slim fingers covering
the mouthpiece. "I wear the most heavenly dress in Cynthia, and
I simply must have it! It has a pretty neckline, quite low, like
this," she sketched it with a forefinger on her pastel shrimaker,
"—a tiny, tiny waist and ve-ry full, ve-ry long skirts. It’s ice-
blue . . . Hello, when may I call back?"

She hung up, regretfully. They didn’t know. They couldn’t
say. Jane Powell, it seems, was permitted to buy two dresses
she wore in Holiday In Mexico so why (Please turn to page 7+)
He's My

En route to San Jose, Frank chats with Rev. W. E. Schmidt who heads a California teen-age group.

Contrary to general impression, our "night-clubbing" is limited to special occasions.

By NANCY SINATRA
as told to Marva Peterson

Axel Stordahl (left) is musical director of Frank's radio shows. Here he and Frank join forces with guest-of-the-evening Jimmy Durante as they rehearse for a CBS program.
No wonder Nancy Sinatra has an option on happiness—all Frank's love songs are aimed right at her!

Beloved

Our marriage—Frank's and mine—is the old-fashioned kind. It's as traditional and typically American as a cross-stitch sampler. And that's the way we like it.

We don't follow any of the modern trends or the new fads in marital relations. They may be fine for some couples, but on us they don't fit. Frank doesn't believe a wife (not his, anyway) should have a separate career or her own independent income. As for me, I don't want my husband helping with the housework, bathing the children or darning his own socks.

At our house, Frank looks after the income. A very adequate one, I might add... and I look after Frank.

Our marriage has rested on this time-honored arrangement ever since February 4, 1939—our wedding day.

It wasn't a large (Please turn to page 87)
I think a girl should be about twenty-three when she marries. I’m sorry I married so young.

As I sat in my living room talking to my famous guests, I felt just like a hostess in a story book. I couldn’t help feeling that my guests were of story book caliber, for they were the charming Beatrice Lubitz, editor of Movieland; and Dorothy Lamour of sarong and movie fame. Right beside me was my trusty Soundmirror recording machine.

You can see from the pictures on this page that Dorothy was practically on the edge of her chair as the interview started. This is probably telling tales out of school, but editor Bea Lubitz was in the picture, too. What happened? Well, Bea claims she’s not photogenic, so she used her editor’s prerogative and eliminated herself from the picture. However, she was right on the spot to help interview Dottie, and started the ball rolling by asking the first question:

Dottie, I’ve been listening to that air show of yours. Tell me about it.

Dorothy: Well, it’s a show the United States Army is sponsoring. We’re trying to get recruits. (Please turn to page 70)
I love to cook! I was born in New Orleans, and have creole recipes that are out of this world.

Bill and I have a great understanding. Whenever I am in a bad humor, he just leaves me alone and I get over it.

DOTTIE LAMOUR

"It's terrifying having the Soundmirror record my words," says Dorothy. Author Alyce Canfield assures her that informality is order of the day.
OVERWHELMED!

An avalanche of pictures—hundreds of thousands—and the time drawing to a close!

WHO IS THE WILD CALENDAR GIRL?

We’ll know and we’ll tell the world in the February issue of MOVIE LAND.

In spite of the fact that we promised MOVIE LAND readers we’d give the name of the winner of the Wild Calendar Girl Contest in this issue—we can’t! There have been frantic telephone calls, teletype messages, telegrams, but Ginger Rogers, who is one of the perfectionists of Hollywood (and this is the secret of her success) won’t be rushed. She and the judges want to be completely sure of their choice.

Since we’re finding it so difficult to decide on one winner, we’ve decided to offer four valuable “consolation” prizes, and we will publish the pictures of the four runners-up in the February issue of MOVIE LAND when we will announce the big winner of our most successful Wild Calendar Girl Contest.

You may be the lucky one, or one of the four who nearly won, whose photograph in MOVIE LAND could attract a talent scout, you know—so be on the alert for February MOVIE LAND, on sale January 9th.
The screen's most glamorous stars combine talents in *Homecoming*. The result? A poignant story of sacrifice in the romantic mood only Gable and Turner can create.

* Clark Gable and Lana Turner are news at any time, but when they’re teamed in an exciting new movie—well, that’s box-office in any man’s language!

In M-G-M’s *Homecoming*, Gable is the self-centered, very successful Dr. Ulysses Johnson. When war is declared he joins the army because he and his wife decide “it’s the thing to do.” All in all, Dr. Johnson is pretty much a stuffed shirt, whose work so far has lacked real purpose.

Overseas, Johnson comes up against real problems for the first time in his life. And it is through the friendship and guidance of his nurse, Snapshot McCall (Lana Turner) that he learns idealism, unselfishness of purpose. When their friendship turns to love, Snapshot has herself transferred so they’ll be separated—(Please turn to page 50)

During a tender love scene, Turner and Gable break into giggles. Cameras stop until the stars can assume a more serious mood.
A call for "Medics" is sounded. Surgeon Clark Gable and Nurse Lana Turner grab their helmets on the run and head for the battle area. The surgeon and his nurse devote their attention to the wounded. Here their personal problems seem small indeed.

After the battle, they head for a water-filled ruin which serves as a bath. The plan: Turner will bathe as Gable watches for trespassers.

Gable nonchalantly whistles as he waits his turn and plays guard for Lana as she bathes. No peeking either!
Lana assists Gable when he is called to operate on a badly wounded man from his home town. She's worried as he seems to hesitate. Has he lost confidence in his ability?

LANA AND CLARK . . . DYNAMITE! (Continued)

for love is not in the books if it means stealing another woman's husband.

On leave, they meet again in Paris. While dining together they receive news of the Nazi break-through at Bastogne. On their way to the battle front an air raid forces them to spend the night together in a bombed out building. During this night they confess their love for each other—and make plans for the future.

How Fate doublecrosses them along the way makes "Homecoming" one of the most touching love stories to reach the screen in many a moon.

Fans who clamored for a Lana Turner-Clark Gable picture aren't going to be the least bit disappointed in this film! In fact we are betting there will be more pictures teaming this glamorous couple.

Now she can only show her faith, give him her strength—then hope and pray.

The operation is a strain. Why should his hands be unsure now of all times?

After the operation, Gable tells Turner he knows it wasn't successful. For the first time in his life, he feels utter defeat.
In his dressing room, between takes, Gable listens to the news over the radio while technicians and workers stand by to hear. Lana is very news-conscious too. Perched on her makeup chair, she reads the morning paper, waits for the call to start work.

Just before she answers the call to appear before the camera, makeup man applies finishing touches to her rather drab makeup. No, the camera isn’t quite ready. Lana, never one to waste time, dictates a letter to Ty Power in Africa. Director LeRoy listens.

Fans are in for a treat when M-G-M releases the latest Turner-Gable co-starrer, Homecoming. The team that made loves scenes torrid in Honky Tonk and Somewhere I’ll Find You are at it again.

Between takes, Lana and Clark discuss the scenes. Both are serious artists; are perfectionists in their work, Lana knows how to listen.
1. Sally goes to her bedroom, begins to undress. She smiles when she hears Bill whistle as he straightens up the living-room.

2. She starts to take off her dress but the zipper catches and sticks. She struggles, tugs desperately—but it doesn't budge a bit.

3. Sally works on the zipper with tweezers but to no avail. She wonders if it would be all right to ask Bill for some help.

4. Sally stoops, retrieves her dress from the floor, then clutches it to her bosom. Bill tries to ease the situation by saying, "I'm sorry. I'm afraid that was rather overdoing it."

7. Stricken with embarrassment, Sally can only look at Bill with shocked surprise. Bill's embarrassed too, but seems a bit nonplussed about what he can do for this lady in distress.

MOVIE OF THE MONTH

A flip of the wrist highlights a slip of a miss—and confusion reigns supreme!

* The screen version of The Voice of the Turtle takes honors for being one of the year's most delightful, romantic films.

Eleanor Parker is Sally, the love-sick young actress. After an unsuccessful love affair she has vowed never to fall in love again. Ronald Reagan is Bill, a soldier whose week-end date has stood him up in favor of higher rank. How Sally and Bill meet, find consolation in each other's misery is the story in a nutshell; and the circumstances are ideal for high comedy and gay romance.

The sequence shown on these pages will give you an inkling of one of the many amusing situations in this utterly charming movie.
4. While Bill pulls with the pliers, Sally says, "Having a zipper stick during a quick change in a play is one of my nightmares."

5. "Take a deep breath," says Bill as he applies the pliers. He misses on the first try but the second pull really unzips it.

6. There's a stunned silence as the dress falls to the floor. Sally stands there in her slip. For a second she can't even move.

9. Suddenly he realizes Sally isn't taking this lightly. She's hurt, miserable. When she feels the tears coming into her eyes she starts to go to her room. After all, Bill mustn't see tears!

10. Sally won't look at Bill. As she turns to go, he catches her in his arms, is going to kiss her. For a moment she responds, starts to put her arms around him, but stops—pushes him away.

11. As she clutches her dress and runs toward her bedroom, Bill calls to her, tries to make her see the accident wasn't so terrible; but Sally's much too upset to think of listening.

12. In her room, Sally stands for a long time against her door. She's convinced Bill thinks her a silly—a terrible girl. As she weeps softly, she's murmuring, "No, please—no!"
Child psychology is complicated, but I can't go wrong with these books. Wonder how my mother ever raised her family without them?

This is the way it's done, Liza. See? But Liza isn't interested in following any rules. She'll brush teeth her own way.

This is what I get for turning my back for even a minute! Liza's still brushing her teeth—but with my best lipstick.
Glamorous Eve Arden turns baby-sitter for daughter Liza on nurse's day off

* We've got to admit the pictures on these pages aren't quite realistic. The very idea of smooth, poised Eve Arden being the least bit harassed while taking care of her 2½-year-old daughter, Liza, on nurse's day off, is a bit far-fetched; for Eve rates as one of Hollywood's most efficient, most serious young mothers. Being a natural comedienne, however, she fell in with daughter Liza's mugging for the camera.

Liza, who seems to have her mother's flair for comedy, just acted naturally—well, maybe she "hammered" it a little—but you've got to admit she's an actress, too!

Why aren't mothers equipped with eyes in the back of the head? It would be such an easy way to keep track of Liza's explorations while I try to prepare the lunch.

Well, this is one way to get a 2½-year-old child to eat. I'm exhausted from coaxing Liza to nibble. After I give up in sheer desperation, little angel digs in.

Children should learn to appreciate music, but practice calls for patience of mother and child!
After finishing "Voice of the Turtle" and "Whiplash," it's a pleasure just to sit at the edge of the pool and watch Liza splash.

Thank heavens buttons fascinate Liza! I give her free rein while I comb her hair—that's the only way to keep her still! Liza looks so cute in this pinafore. I wanted to take her picture; instead, this is what happened.
All little girls love to wear mothers’ clothes. Liza’s sporting my best hat, to be sure; but at least this is a quiet game.

Liza thinks I’m snoozing, pretends great curiosity in my early American antiques. I know she’s after that candy on the mantel.

Even the dachshund rises to the occasion, poses uncomfortably on my lap—just to please Liza.

The bedtime story which ends Liza’s day just about finishes me. She’s wide awake—but, for heaven’s sake, I’m going to sleep!
Margaret O'Brien, born January 15th, has the sunny Capricorn disposition.

Capricornians Loretta Young and Cary Grant will soon be seen in Goldwyn's "The Bishop's Wife."

If you were born between December 22nd and January 20th, your astrological sign is Capricorn. Those born under this sign are noted for their steadfastness and keen sense of responsibility. As a Capricornian you are intelligent and have a great deal of common sense. Your common sense stands you in good stead, for it complements your vivid imagination and completely original mind which refuses to adhere to conventions for propriety's sake. Detail work is not for you; for you who are able to visualize plans in their entirety leave the filling in for someone else. In the business world you are best suited to an executive position. The artistic inclinations of you Capricorn people usually run to poetry, music or design. Your castle is your home, and you take great delight in making it a place of beauty. In matters of the heart you move cautiously and do not allow yourself to be swept away by romance; having made your choice you abide by it. Your birthstone is onyx; your favorite flower is holly, and your best color is brown.
If your birthday is between January 21st and February 19th, your astrological sign is Aquarius. You are a vital and dynamic person with great powers of attraction caused by your unfailing enthusiasm and initiative in undertaking any activity—whether it be business or pleasure. You should advance rapidly in the business world if you choose the correct vocation, because you have a rare kind of cleverness which enables you to sell any idea that you may have. Being realistic your ideas are generally sound and practical. You have the indomitable courage to follow through any job regardless of how great the odds may be against you. You are a luxury-loving person and like to acquire and surround yourself with beautiful things; in fact, most of your energies are directed toward this end. You are romantic; almost over-sentimental. Your marriage will be the culminating peak in your emotional and educational life. Your lucky number is eleven and your birthstone is amethyst. According to the stars your luckiest day is Wednesday.
Linda Lou and Cheryl show admirable patience as Daddy chats with the ticket seller, a Rogers fan who wants to know all about Roy's newest TruColor film, "On the Old Spanish Trail."

"Hold on, girls!" warns Roy as the ferris wheel starts to turn. Linda Lou and Cheryl smile confidently as they go up, but grasp the handle, snuggle close to Daddy just to be on the safe side.

King of the Cowboys
Roy Rogers treats his two royal princesses, Cheryl and Linda Lou, to a day at Republic City Amusement Park.

Wearing new dresses for the occasion, Cheryl (left) and Linda Lou are off with their daddy, Roy Rogers, to help celebrate Cheryl's seventh birthday.
The miniature fire truck doesn't leave much room for Roy, but he hangs on the rear, keeps a watchful eye on Cheryl as she clangs the bell, takes a fast curve. Well, this is more like it. Although wonder horse Trigger probably would turn color if he saw Roy teaching the girls to ride 'em cowboy on a carousel!

“Ship ahoy,” says Roy as the girls cast off and leave him on the sidelines to watch. Five-year-old Linda Lou settles back to enjoy some smooth sailing while big sister Cheryl manipulates the tricky sails.

Well, this is more like it. Although wonder horse Trigger probably would turn color if he saw Roy teaching the girls to ride 'em cowboy on a carousel!

Right: Linda Lou likes the airplanes best, saves this ride for last. Cheryl would rather watch, thank you! Even Daddy can't convince her the ride is fun!
There's so much to see! The problem is: Where to go first? Mike and Doris consult maps, get tips from a guide, then start off.

NEW MAN IN TOW

Michael North treats himself to a vacation in New York, gets a tour de luxe under the guiding eye of pretty Warner starlet Doris Day, who's happy to show off her home town!

"Wow! Topeka was never like this," murmurs Mike North as Doris Day points to New York's skyline.
Old Trinity Church holds Mike's attention; but Doris' eyes follow a pretty hat. Some sightseeing! They both agree very enthusiastically.

"I've seen this building in the newsreels," Mike tells Doris. "It's the Wall Street Treasury Building."

Doris snuggles close to Mike as they stroll through Chinatown. No reason—it's just cozier to hold hands while pointing out sights.

Lunch talk is all about Mike's newest film, "The Unsuspected," and Doris' first movie, "Romance in High C."

"Put two nickels in the slot—and presto—a piece of pie!" Doris explains the wonders of Automat to Mike, who's never eaten in one before.
A visit to Radio City inspires Doris and Mike to give the skating rink a whirl. Neither has skated for a long time—but, oh well!

Doris doesn’t hesitate to venture out on the ice. Mike’s a little cautious, but a helping hand from Doris does the trick.

Oh-oh! Mike’s getting weary. Doris tries reviving him with a luscious Hot Dog, but it doesn’t help. He’s just plain TIRED!
Doris has fun making like a tourist. By now, this picture of Doris, Mike and New York's skyline is pasted in her own album.

A hansom cab solves Mike's problem in a jiffy. Where to? It doesn't really matter. Mike's prepared to take it easy indefinitely.

This is an even better way of enjoying the beauties of the Big City. We should have thought of renting bicycles before this!
Hi, everybody! If you're not too busy preparing for Santa and shopping for goodies, relax for a bit and dig some news.

After the first of the year Tex Beneke is dropping the Glenn Miller name from his orchestra. The way Tex has been breaking records, his managers feel from now on he can do all right with the Beneke tag alone. Mrs. Helen Miller, Glenn’s widow, retains her percentage of the band's earnings, however...

Oscar Moore, who was with the King Cole Trio since it was organized, has left the group, and Irving Ashby has replaced him. Moore will probably work on the west coast with his brother, Johnny and The Three Blazers. Freddy Martin and his orchestra will be featured in the first Martin Block musical short for M-G-M... Dinah Shore and Harry James may wind up co-starring on a new radio show soon after Dinah's baby arrives. The show probably will replace "It Pays To Be Ignorant"... If Frank Sinatra has lost any of his fan following, it certainly was not noticeable at the opening of the new musical hit, "High Button Shoes," in New York. He was mobbed at the entrance of the theatre and had to be escorted inside by three police officers... Larry Clinton, whose band was way up on the popularity polls a few years ago, is back in the music business with a newly formed outfit... Perry Como bought a Cocker Spaniel puppy for his young son, Ronnie, who promptly named the dog "Chesty." When asked why he picked that name, Ronnie answered, "Why, in honor of your sponsor, Daddy." My—my! Children do get commercial at such an early age these days!

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

CAPITOL: Jo Stafford's latest finds her doing "The Gentleman Is a Dope," one of the hit tunes from "Allegro," backed up by the pretty ballad, "Serenade of the Bells." Paul Weston's orchestra, as usual, aided by a chorus on the "Bells" side.

Stan Kenton comes up with a new novelty, "Curiosity," coupled with an original Kenton instrumental, "Theme to the West." "Curiosity" has a vocal by June Christy and features Stan's new Brazilian guitarist, Laurindo Almeida.

Benny Carter and his orchestra have recorded the Duke Ellington composition, "Prelude to a Kiss" and the oldie, "I Can't Escape From You." Both sides are instrumentals and Carter does double duty as arranger and alto sax soloist.

"I'm a Three Time Loser" (With a Two Time Gal) is given a vocal workout by Joe Alexander, accompanied by Dave Cavanaugh's orchestra. Benny Carter is the alto sax soloist again. The reverse is the old song, "For You," which Joe sings in intimate style using some falsetto tones.

Margaret Whiting does one of the new songs from the M-G-M musical, "Good News," "Pass That Peace Pipe," assisted vocally by The Crew Chiefs quartet. The backing is "Let's Be Sweethearts Again." Frank DeVol's orchestra and arrangements.

VICTOR: Perry Como, who always seems to have a hit record going for him, has a new one which probably will disappear quickly
from record store counters. It's "Two Loves Have I" (J'ai Deux Amours), the old ballad which is being revived, coupled with a new ballad, "I Never Loved Anybody." Russ Case conducts the orchestra.

Freddy Martin and his orchestra offer "Why Does It Have to Rain on Sunday?" and "Beginner's Boogie." The latter is based on the first five notes of the scale and features the piano work of Barclay Allen.

"With a Hey and a Hi and a Ho, Ho, Ho" is the title of a new zany waxed by Louis Prima and his orchestra, with Louis, Cathy Allen and the whole band in on the vocal chorus. The flipover is "My Flame Went Out Last Night," sung by Prima.

Decca: Guy Lombardo's orchestra can always be depended upon for a good dance record, and this month they have cut two of the big songs from "High Button Shoes": "I Still Get Jealous," sung by Kenny Gardner, and "Papa, Won't You Dance with Me?" with the Lombardo Trio on the lyrics.

If you're in a be-bop mood, give a listen to Dizzie Gillespie's special, "Salt Peanuts." If you want something smoother, play the tunes he does in his picture, "Good Signature and for the first platter on her new contract, she sings "The Gentleman Is a Dope" and "The Bluest Kind of Blues" (My Baby Sings). Jack Kapp, Decca prexy, found in this song in England and this is the first recording of it.

The Mills Brothers are in a torch groove with two new "apology" songs: "I'm Sorry I Didn't Say I'm Sorry" and "I'll Never Make the Same Mistake Again."

The Andrews Sisters have a new singing partner and what a partner—Danny Kaye! Together they do two novelty items: the popular "Civilization," and a humorous calypso, "Bread and Butter Woman." That one ought to sell a copy or two without much trouble.

In the Collectors' Series we find an old Jimmy Dorsey disc, "I Understand," sung by Bob Eberly, and "Romance," which is instrumental with a wonderful alto saxophone chorus by Jimmy. Also in this series there's a Ted Weems record, "There'll Be Some Changes Made," with a vocal by Mary Lee, and "Out of the Night," Weems' theme, whistled by Elmo Tanner.

So long for now—Merry Xmas and I'll see you next year! The End.
Well, it was Greg, sure enough, and the "son" was young Dean Stockwell, and another New York scene for "Gentleman's Agreement" was ruined. The parked truck, with a camera and Director Elia Kazan concealed within it, moved away from the curb to cruise around the block until the excitement ebbed and the crowd dissolved again into a passing parade.

"This," as Greg chuckled later, "was where I came in. I always had a crowd around me at Radio City—when I was a tourist guide.

In bed, I almost went into my art again. I'll never forget these lines:

The exterior scenes they shot among the apartment houses in the East 70's were easier, the streets being roped off for the visiting film company. "Gentleman's Agreement" finished up on the sound stages of Hollywood, with Kazan directing Peck, Dorothy McGuire, John Garfield, Celeste Holm and the others on sets marked "No visitors." Because this is an important picture, Gregory Peck is militantly glad to be in it—but more of that later.

It has been only seven years since Gregory Peck "came in" at Radio City, conducting tourists at one dollar per head through Mr. Rockefeller's vast showplace to keep his long angular body and his stage-ambitious soul together. Seven years. That's quick-rising in anybody's How to Succeed book. You're making time when you climb from the others on sets marked "No visitors." Greg was within earshot, but he gave no sign of having heard—until the girl had gone. Then he grinned. "That's a good question. I'm beginning to wonder myself if I'm really Peck who's having all this luck."

By this time I've caught on. I hope the Lady Beans to go steady with me.

Six feet three, spare of frame but broad-shouldered, with hair and eyes that are almost black, Peck has been called Lincoln-esque in appearance. The comparison is not inept, except that not even Lincoln's most ardent admirers, of whom Peck is one, would call Lincoln handsome, and Peck is definitely so. One feminine employe at 20th Century-Fox has her office decorated with a dozen pictures of Peck, one of June Haver, and none of anybody else. Could be that she admires his acting, too?

Many do. The boy can act. Anybody who plays the spiritual Father Chisholm in "Keys of the Kingdom" and is equally convincing as the virile heel in "Duel in the Sun" is an actor.

After three Broadway flops in which he shone personally, Greg was starred in his first picture, "Days of Glory." Before he had finished that, he was offered another starring role, and then another, and another, all in important pictures. All the producers wanted, and quite a few won, a piece of Peck. Contract-wise, he was sliced up like a cafeteria pie. At one time, he had commitments with five different producers. He trusts all such matters to his agent. Claiming no great head for business, he says he hasn't yet "read through all the small type."
What I hope is that general audiences get riled up by it, plenty. I hope that decent people, even as you and I, will see the film and then examine their consciences for traces of unconscious anti-Semitism. I hope they’ll look closely at those myths all of us have heard, possibly in childhood, that remain like a hangover in adult minds and are without basis in fact. Myths like—well, you know them. The myth, for instance, that Jews are financially sharper than other people. It just isn’t so, and it’s kept alive to feed the fire of anti-Semitism.”

“Anti-Semitism,” he says, “is like a little cancer, buried deep down in most of us. It needs to be brought to light, and examined, because when it is examined, it doesn’t make sense.”

Greg, an aware and socially conscious individual, can get steamed up on the subject. “Anti-Semitism,” he says, “is like a little cancer, buried deep down in most of us. It needs to be brought to light, and examined, because when it is examined, it doesn’t make sense.”

Greg and his blonde wife, Greta, lived in a small $12 a week room in New York before they came to Hollywood. Recently, with their two sons Jonathan, three, and Stephen, one, they moved into their new home overlooking Sunset Boulevard and the Pacific. On five hilltop acres, it’s a California ranch-type house, low and rambling, with four bedrooms. There’s a rustic fence lining the driveway, a nice patio where Greg can barbecue his favorite steaks or spareribs, and a pool.

Mindful of his youngsters (and he’s one of the proudest papas in town), Greg has put up a four-foot stone wall around the pool, with gates that close and lock automatically. He’s planning stables for the horses he hopes to acquire, riding being a Peck specialty. There are two cars in the garage, fur coats and conservative suits in Greg’s. It’s all very different, most pleasantly different, from the early married days of Greg and Greta. He and Greta, who was Katherine Connell’s hairdresser, were married on love and a mini-dresser, were married on love and a mini-dresser, were married on love and a mini-dresser, were married on love and a mini-dresser, were married on love and a mini-dresser, were married on love and a mini-dresser, were married on love and a mini-dresser, were married on love and a mini-dresser.

Meanwhile, life at the Pecks’ is easy and informal. Practically the first item installed, when they moved in, was the electric phonograph, with records ranging from Brahms to music and talk. Perry, Greg’s white police dog, and a couple of Persian cats, round out the family. But with two boys, those Pecks still talk about the advantages of a large family, including a girl or two.

A typical reaction to the Peck household was that of a set worker who was invited to their home for poker. “Greg sat me down at a table with a big star,” he related later. “He doesn’t know about the caste system in Hollywood!”

He probably never will—being Greg Peck.

The End

MOVIELAND
unmasks Maureen O’Hara
in the February issue on
all newsstands
January 9th

IT’S Smart, SMART, SMART!
SAYS HOLLYWOOD
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SLIPS, DRESSES, BRAS, ETC.,
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IT’S a dainty, delightful, and sometimes downright practical to have your own name on everything from panties to powder-puffs, from slips to stockings. And now you can follow this Hollywood fashion, without paying Hollywood prices!

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Amazing new “KALS” enable you to put any name listed at the right on any fabric—permanently—and with the touch of the iron! No fuss, muss! Best of all, the cost is 3c per “KAL”—we send you 36 for a dollar!

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“KALS” are just perfect for glamorizing dresses and blouses for school-girls. And they are the answer to a mother’s prayer for identifying berets, gloves, hankies, towels, and other easily-lost things!

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Merely send your name and address, or use coupon at right. Pay postman $1 plus C.O.D. for each set of 36 “KALS”—or enclose $1 for each and we pay postage. Money-Back Guarantee, either way.

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Chicago, Ill.

Thousands of women die every year because they are afraid to find out if they have cancer.

That fear is fatal . . . because cancer can be cured if treated early.

That’s why it’s so desperately important for you to train yourself to watch for symptoms, and to act immediately.

Pain is seldom an early symptom, but here are danger signals you should look for:

1. Any sore that doesn’t heal.
2. Any lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Any change in a wart or mole.
4. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
7. Any change in bowel habits.

Don’t let fear . . . or carelessness . . . rob you of your chances of cure.

Go to your doctor if any of these symptoms are present, or to your nearest Cancer Detection Center. You can find out where it is from the American Cancer Society, 47 Beaver St., New York, N. Y.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY, INC.
CANCER can be cured . . . if treated soon enough
Every week we have two big guest stars—like Abbott and Costello and Gene Kelly—or Dick Powell and Jack Carson.

Alyce: How did you happen to do the show?

Dorothy: The Army asked me to do it.

Beatrice: They probably wanted the girl with the biggest United States pull!

Dorothy: That would be nice, if true! But, as a matter of fact, the show has been a little scary. I mean—this is the first time in my life I’ve ever had a half-hour show all my own. I was with Edgar Bergen, for instance, a good long while, but I just sat back and relaxed until I went on. With this show, I’m on all the time. It’s the first time I’ve ever had that responsibility—you know—mistress of ceremonies, skits, a couple of songs, and everything else for a full half hour. It’s a challenge.

Alyce: It’s certainly a departure from the movies. Didn’t you just finish “Wild Harvest” with Alan Ladd?

Dorothy: Yes, and before that “Road to Rio” with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby.

Alyce: That must be five or six “Road” pictures you’ve made.

Beatrice: You must practically feel like one of the Hope-Crosby family by now!

Dorothy: Don’t I, though? They tease the life out of me all the time. You know, this is a wicked secret, but do you know what I’m dying to do? I’m dying to get them on my air show, the two of them. And then just throw the script out the window and re-write it, all over. I mean, “The Road to the Army.” Be that what it likes, doesn’t matter. Do you think I could get by with it?

Alyce: Well, it’s your show, isn’t it?

Beatrice: You’ve had a lot of comedies and a lot of sarongs, so how do you like your part in “Wild Harvest”?

Dorothy: It’s not a very big part, but it’s the kind I’ve always wanted to do.

Alyce: Like what?

Dorothy: Well, it’s a, sort of a—I can’t explain it exactly with that darned microphone taking everything downs!

Beatrice: I’ll edit it, censor it, or something.

Dorothy: Well-1, it’s a witchy part. If you know what I mean. She doesn’t end up being a nice girl either, I mean she’s a bad girl all the way through, and that kind of a role is interesting.

Alyce: But it must be just as much fun working with Bob, comedy role or not. I’ll never forget how much he did during the war. I interviewed him five or six times, and he was always on the wing—on his way to some Army camp to put on his show.

Dorothy: He didn’t have a single broadcast from the Hollywood studio during the entire war.

Alyce: No, not one.

Dorothy: He did—no, that was after the war. I was thinking . . . he did one with me in the studio because I had just had the baby and couldn’t travel too far.

Beatrice: How old is the baby now?

Dorothy: Eighteen months old today.

Beatrice: That’s a wonderful age for a man!

Alyce: It’s his birthday?

Dorothy: His year and a half birthday.

Alyce: What do babies do when they are a year and a half old?

Dorothy: Well, they sort of talk. They try to say everything you say, but in one word. There’s a song out now that goes, “I believe, I believe, I believe in Santa Claus.” And he says, “I believe! I believe!” And there’s, “I love you for sentimental reasons.” And he says, “I, you, I, you, I.” Generally just one word.

Beatrice: I’ll bet he gets everything he wants with just that one word.

Dorothy: He can make you understand. Believe me, he can!

Alyce: You’ve really had such wonderful success in having a career, a husband, a family. Do you have any special rules for happiness?

Dorothy: I just let nature take its course. I’m not too critical. Bill’s the same way. It seems to work out. It’ll be even better now because I won’t be working as hard as I used to. I used to make one picture right after another.

Alyce: Do you have a different type of contract now?

Dorothy: No. But I just don’t want to make a lot of pictures. All of the studios are cutting down on production right now because they have so many pictures on the shelf. So it gives everyone more time to stay home.

Beatrice: Do you spend much time on your ranch?

Dorothy: Quite a bit, as much as we can.

Alyce: When you have two homes—a ranch, and a home in Beverly Hills—do you keep a set of everything at each house?

Dorothy: Oh, yes. But I’ll tell you how it is. All the things we have at the ranch are the things I had while Bill was in the Army, at our little house in San Bernardino, or wherever he happened to be. So we moved all those things to the ranch. We have a cute little house. It has two tiny bedrooms, and just a small living room. It’s a little log cabin, really.

Beatrice: Where is it?

Dorothy: It’s nine miles on the other side of Redlands to the right off the highway to Palm Springs. We have 750 acres.

Beatrice: Does it pay for itself, or is it a “luxury” ranch?

Dorothy: Oh, no. It more than pays for itself. We’re making a profit from it.

Alyce: Do you have a tractor and things like that?

Dorothy: Not only do we have a tractor, but now we have a baler, a one-man baler.

Beatrice: That sounds exciting as all get-out!

Dorothy: Well, don’t be such a city girl. It’s very exciting!

Alyce: Such as . . .?

Dorothy: Well, you’ve seen bales of hay and things? We used to have—counting the man that drove the tractor and the other man that came back with the forks and threw the alfalfa into the bale and then tied it up—we had to have seven or eight men. So now we have this new baler, and it only requires one man to drive the tractor. This baler comes up in the back and picks up the alfalfa after it’s cut, puts it in bales, ties it and throws the bale out. It’s wonderful!

Beatrice: Do you like to cook, Dorothy? Somehow, despite the sarong legend, you look domestic.

Dorothy: I LOVE to cook! I was born in New Orleans, you know, and I have some chicken and shrimp recipes that are out of this world. You learn one basic thing, and that’s all.

Alyce: I’ ll heckle you until I find the one basic thing.

Dorothy: You just take a pinch of this and a little of that . . .

Alyce: Nothing like being specific!

Dorothy: And you add garlic.

Beatrice: At least we got that out of her. Dorothy: I see I can’t hear my recipes any longer. Well, for shrimp creole, you take some onions and mince them and fry them in a little bit of butter and brown them. Then you put in a couple of cans of tomatoes and thicken this a little. Then you add bay leaves and salt and pepper and chopped up garlic, and then just add your cooked
Daring Dynamic Colorful

January SCREEN GUIDE
On sale at your favorite newsstand December 17th
coherent plans, they looked into each other’s eyes one blistering summer afternoon and Cornel said, “Instead of going to the beach as we had planned, let’s go over to Elkon, Maryland, and get married.”

“On what?” asked Pat, the practical soul at that point.

They pooled their resources. They had enough to buy the license, pay the minister, secure a corsage for Pat (Cornel insisted on that touch of elegance) and buy a frugal dinner on the way home.

When Cornel carried Pat over the threshold of her apartment that evening, he couldn’t help making a down payment on a postage stamp; yet no amount of money could have bought the bliss he knew at being Pat’s husband. Such memories are threads of gold in the fabric of memory.

After six months at Warners’ (during which Pat and Cornel played the gangster opposite Bogart’s hero in “High Sierra”) Pat’s option was dropped—on the day before Christmas.

“Don’t you be downhearted. We’ll start the new year right in a new studio,” Pat staunchly. “Don’t you be downhearted. We’ll start the new year right in a new studio. Wait and see.”

Brave words. But as the days passed, Cornel’s personal quandary grew more complex as casting directors told him that (a) he was too dark to play anything but negroes; (b) he lacked color; (c) he lacked “hero” appeal; he had too much personality.

Pat remained undaunted. “You’re going to be great because you are great,” she insisted without qualm. No matter how dejected Cornel became, no matter how deep he sank into the slough of despondency, Pat could always talk him out of it. When, at last, Cornel was signed by 20th Century-Fox as the “Manger’s son, the boy of tomorrow,” Pat’s attitude was not that Cornel had been kissed by luck, but that the studio was Fortune’s child to have gained possession of the best young actor in town.

Christmas next year was wonderful. For months in advance, Cornel had clung to every spare penny, cherishing his plans. Then the day before Christmas gave Pat needed, he knew: A watch. Her graduation watch had gone to pieces during an era in their lives when Pat and Cornel couldn’t even afford to have it repaired to say nothing of replacing it. It had been during this time that Cornel had pawned his own watch and had never been able to redeem it.

So, the day before the holiday, Cornel bought Pat a lovely Swiss watch, extravagantly set with rubies and diamonds. That night, before the lighted tree, Cornel presented the gift in its velvet box, accompanying it with a tender speech to the effect that a watch was the most appropriate gift he could offer because Pat had given every sixty minutes a shining hour, and that he would love her through all time.

Pat cried a little, but she laughed a little, too.

Then she presented her gift to Cornel in the best “Gift of the Magi” tradition. It also was a watch. To this day Pat and Cornel are still wearing those watches, symbols of their first triumph as a team.

The good breaks came fast after that. Cornel was loaned to Columbia to portray Chopin in “A Song To Remember” and his future was assured. When the picture was released in New York, Columbia sent Cornel and Pat, east to make personal appearances at the premiere.

This trip gave Pat and Cornel an opportunity to make a sentimental journey to all the old familiar places in which they had first grown to know one another. They bought tickets, went to a restaurant, lunches at an orange-juice stand, dinner at “Blue Hour” that he had given Pat for her birthday, and flung it against the opposite wall, shattering it into a million pieces.

Then he strode out of the house, jumped into his car and drove away. He had no plans. He simply drove. After nearly three years of sleeping streets and getting completely cooled off in the chill night air, Cornel realized that he had been shamefully rude. Pat has her side of the story, too, he told himself.

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caustically. After all, maybe he was wrong.

He swung the car around and drove home, pulling up in front of the house just as Pat, who had also been burning gasoline to ease her lacerated feelings, drove her car into the garage.

"Where have you been?" Cornel asked gently.

"No place. Just driving around. Where have you been?"

"No matter where I go, Pat, all roads lead to you," he told her.

And that ended the episode. The next day Cornel tried to replace the bottle of "Blue Hour" without success because wartime import of perfume from France was impossible.

It is no psychologic secret that people who are overworked are sharp-tempered. This past year has been a grinding one for Cornel. He worked two months in "Forever Amber" before the picture was shuttered for a change of leading lady.

Instead of resting while Linda Darnell's hair was bleached and her costumes were prepared, Cornel went to work opposite Maureen O'Hara in "The Homestretch."

Then he returned to "Forever Amber." When that was finished, he reported to Columbia for his part in "It Had To Be You" opposite Ginger Rogers.

Meanwhile, Pat—having asked for and been granted her release from her 20th Century-Fox contract—had appeared in two pictures for Sal Wurtzel, and one for Republic. Three pictures in swift succession had brought Pat to a state of exhaustion equal to Cornel's at the end of four (counting the two versions of "Amber").

Incidentally, there has been a good deal of newspaper gossip about Cornel's having made himself unpopular at his studio because of his insistence upon Pat's getting a motion picture break. The gossip is untrue, and the right story should be told.

Pat was in a beauty parlor one afternoon when she was seen by Mrs. Darryl Zanuck who thought Pat was the loveliest girl she had seen in years. When she was leaving the beauty shop, Mrs. Zanuck asked the girl at the appointment desk for Pat's name and address (thinking that the studio would be interested), and was amazed to learn that this gorgeous creature was the wife of one of 20th's leading stars.

Mrs. Zanuck called her husband's attention to the presence, in his official family, of superb screen material, and the next day Pat was summoned for a screen test. In short, Pat won her break on the strength of her brains, beauty, and ability that he would be embarrassed to carry on a vigorous personal campaign in her behalf.

However, everyone at 20th agrees that Cornel has never in any way brought pressure to bear to further Pat's career. The reason for his calm is obvious; Cornel believes so completely in Pat's ability to win her own way on the basis of her brains, beauty, and ability that he would be embarrassed to carry on a vigorous personal campaign in her behalf.

At the beginning of last summer, even as exhausted as both Pat and Cornel were, they planned to go east to appear together in summer stock, a long-time dream.

But one of those chaotic misunderstandings took place. It started when Pat danced too much times with a man who is one of Cornel's greatest admirers. At home, after the party, there was an argument which terminated in a truce, not a complete forgetfulness of hostilities.

A few days later, when Cornel and Pat flew to Catalina for a weekend, the same
not Elizabeth? She looked up another number.

"I've spent all my dress allowance for the next four months, and a little of the fifth month's, but I'm going to England, where I was born, soon, and Mummy agrees that I can't buy anything there, so if this dress isn't more than thirty-five dollars— Hello, who is this?— Oh, well, may I call him brother? Nobody's in. I DO need that dress. I'll call him from the commissary."

The Taylor finances are becoming complicated. 'They put me on a dress allowance to teach me the value of money,' Elizabeth confided, as we crossed the studio lot, "and I've certainly learned! All I want for Christmas is money. Lots of little green rolls of it tied to every branch of my Christmas tree! And they needn't be too little. ... I want something that you can do the sailing and I will sit comfortably toward China. Worried friends eventually plunged into the bay and started to swim toward China. Pat and Cornel thanked heaven. Eventually (just as he had the night he turned to the club, showered, dressed, and had dinner. But after another bitter wrangle the next night, Cornel moved into the Bel Air Hotel, leaving Pat in their countryside. Wendy, their six-year-old daughter, was in Connecticut spending the summer with her grandparents, so she did not enter into the controversy at all, a fact for which both Pat and Cornel thanked heaven.

Two days after Cornel had moved out, he sent Pat roses.

A week later he telephoned to ask her for a dinner date of the month, Pat agreed to be his. So Cornel, as determined as Leander swimming the Hellespont, as courteously as Sir Lancelot, set out to re-win his wife. He took her to a series of little-known, candlelit, romantic hideaways.

Finally they ran away together to Carmel, one of the most romantic spots in California, and there they made plans to fly to Hawaii.

Cornel telephoned friends in Hollywood to say, "I am going to take my wife on vacation to the islands where I can give her the attention and spend the time with her that she deserves."

There may be quarrels in the future. There may be heartaches and misunderstandings, and a hundred needs for career and personality adjustments, but those who know Cornel and Pat are convinced that they have passed the one great crisis through which every marriage must live.

Their theme song is now, and will always be, This time for keeps!

The End

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YOUNG QUEEN BESS

(Continued from page 41)
Loving you,
Loving you,
Could be such a heavenly bliss!
And, as our hearts would tenderly kiss.
I would know how happy I could be ...
Happler still, if only you'd love me.
If only you'd love me!

A giggle overcame her, briefly. "I'd like to
continue my career after I'm married, if
and a girl. But I don't want them the way
career. I'd like to have two children, a boy
"but I wouldn't break up my home for a
older than I am: my girl will be older than
engaged and then married, and wear a wed¬
plained. "I'd like to do a story where I get
kiss. "But it's only a sort of peck," she com¬
always have long, long skirts that swish
adore the new long skirts! I wish I could
and "Courage of Lassie," drew up a chair
beth has worked in "Lassie Come Home"
just as the telephone appeared once more.
should it be Fragile? How is the diet?
She looked at him over the transmitter
"Hello, Willowy!" he greeted her, "or
looked an ounce and a half heavier to him. Her
hated the new long skirts! I wish I could
said, dropping her voice an octave on
an ounce and a half heavier to him. Her
just arrived for Jane Powell.
the last word.
Elizabeth adores all living creatures; what¬
ever inhabits the earth, wings through the
air, or swims in salt or fresh water is hers.
At the moment, she owns three dogs, two
cats, two horses and a chipmunk. She wrote
about a book, entitled "Nibbles and Me," about
that chipmunk, not so long ago.
"When we were doing 'National Velvet,' "
she wrote then. "Director Clarence Brown
was cross one day because someone put a
gold star on my dressing-room, and 'Miss
Taylor' on the door. He made them take it
and "Courage of Lassie," drew up a chair
and "Courage of Lassie," drew up a chair
of my sister. "She said the two of them
were having a fit.
"They are such good friends, she said.
When we were doing 'National Velvet,'
 директор's further remark that a baby skunk
swoon was cut off in its first stage by the
"I told him I knew what he meant because
Mummy and I had talked it over before,
—feet, where the brook and river meet.
For a beautiful girl of fifteen who stands
Mrs. Taylor smiled and thanked him. When
he had left them* Elizabeth hugged her
mother's arm and gloated; in fact, she was
me a WOMAN!"

The idea of the new pet dimmed the tele¬
atin. Long Island

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tones the muscles and flesh,
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blood circulation carries
away waste fat. Two weeks
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ducer," look in the mirror
and see a more glamorous,
and better, firmer, slimmer, fig¬
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The End

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer I lost four inches
around the hips and three inches around the waist.
Next, it's a mar¬
He said, "I'll tell you when I see you; not on the phone." This was different. Maturity being discreet?

When I saw him and listened to him talk, I knew this was different.

There was a new kind of the discretion. Vic and Rita had met on the brink of two shattered lives, and had found strength in each other. But there was danger. Divorces were hanging fire. The breaks had come long before they met. But harm could be done if it were known that Mrs. Ed Judson and Martha Kemp's husband were seeing each other. Gossip, scandal, unhappiness would follow. Then there wouldn't want it that way. The beginning had to be fine.

Their meeting and being starred together in "My Gal Sal" was inevitable.

Each had made mistakes previously. Everyone young and beautiful and tempestuous as these two makes mistakes. With Rita, there had been Ed Judson. She had believed friendship and business relations were sufficient basis for marriage. Disillusion and heartbreak were the result. With Vic there had been a youthful marriage to a girl named Frances, a dozen whirlwind romances with Turner, Grable, Tierney and others. And a later marriage to the girl named Martha, with a subsequent unhappy smash-up.

And then, Vic and Rita had found each other. And they knew somehow there never had been anything like this before for either of them. Nor, if they parted, would there ever quite be again.

This was the girl of whom Vic had said breathlessly, "I'm in love!"

When the Judson divorce hit the papers, Vic had wired Rita an amusing message to cheer her. And when news of his divorce from Martha Kemp broke, Rita reciprocated with a wire that made him phone eagerly, "Let's get together to pool our sorrows and console each other—"

They couldn't be seen together in public. Talk would be too unpleasant, even if it were just a case of two lonely people needing companionship. So at Vic's home, properly chaperoned by Rita's secretary, Pat, and Vic's housekeeper, Katie, they tore at fried chicken, talked, and played records. They began to discover what life might mean if the right two people pooled their thoughts and dreams.

There were many other nights. Later, when it was safe, they might go out. Now they were taking time to learn all about each other, develop valued friendship. They needed to be sure this time, these two who had been burned before.

A lot of memories were made in that room. For Vic, heart-deep indelible memories of Rita with firelight on her hair. For Rita, memories of a new happiness, of learning to laugh again.

Vic's beauty and love of life began to bring her back from unhappiness to the girlishness she'd almost lost in her rush into a career and a tragic marriage.

When a woman loves and is loved, there's a kind of spontaneous laughter that wells out of her. Rita knew this laughter in those wide dark eyes of Rita.

"..." You almost expected to see him walking along Hollywood Boulevard with a piece of chalk, scrawling "Vic loves Rita" on all the buildings.

Then Vic was in uniform. A salty sailor boy with thick dark hair clipped short. His house was closed. When he had leave, he stayed with pals, but all his spare time was spent at Rita's. He'd memorize home on a Beverly Hills side street where she lived with her secretary, Pat.

Rita entertained his close pals, knowing they were important to Vic, though she must have resented them sometimes, preferring to have had those last days alone. Because if ever I saw love in a gal's eyes, it was in those wide dark eyes of Rita.

I still have a mental picture of her in purple slacks and soft white blouse. A very young-looking girl, seated on a purple rug beside a couch—her knees drawn up under her chin, her hands around her, her cheek resting against Vic's knee as he sat on the couch. She didn't try to hide what she felt.

Vic had brought his records to Rita to keep her company when he closed his house. He had brought his dog, too, and his cook—and his heart.

When at last the need for discretion passed, and the two could be seen in public, there was fun and excitement. The night of the "Tales of Manhattan" premiere was memorable. Rita's triumph, Vic's pride, and the happiness on both their faces; the party at the Cocoanut afterwards, with Vic dragging along half a dozen of his coast guard buddies.

After Vic left he kept phoning Rita as long as he could. He wrote to her daily, and to his pals, reminding them, "Call up Rita and tell her how I love her—"

And then the news broadcast, "—Marriage surprised Hollywood—the man from Mars, Oregon Welles—and the heavenly Rita Hayworth—"

There had been a squabble by long distance phone a time or two; the frustration of being apart; the doubt and natural jealousy of two lovers who love too well. But no warning of this.

When Vic's reaction was on that blackest night, no one knew. He is articulate on everything that afflicts him deeply. But he's silent on things nearest his heart.

The Vic who came back had had bitter things happen to him inside. He pretended indifference, sure; he implied it did not matter; that yesterday was forgotten. When asked about it he said, "I guess we're both just casualties of war."

He tried not to blame her. The world was upside down and lonely. Vic knew too well that sometimes things happen not because
we're heartless, but because we're just too human and have too much heart.

He and Rita talked once or twice on the phone when he got back, but it was self-conscious sort of talk.

In an interview on women he had known, he said, "—There was a gal named Rita—sum it all up and say Rita was the most exciting woman I've ever known . . . she's got more excitement in her little finger than all other women put together . . . start figuring her assets and you've got an endless list. . . ."

Occasionally he ran into Rita and Orson at the spots. Once they met in the Mocambo. Columnists had a field day. Vic had many "romances" when he got back. June Hav, Buffie Cobb, Cleatus Caldwell, a lovely line-up. He tried hard to fall in love—but he couldn't make it stick.

On Rita's part—I talked to her on the set of "Gilda," ironically enough on "the Effect her Marriage had on Her." I knew as I listened to her that that story never would be printed: She and Orson were on the verge of a split-up. It was that apparent.

The announcement of her separation from Orson came about two weeks later. They went back together for a little while; and then parted for good. Rita didn't lack for swains. There were Tony Martin, Dave Niven, a host of eager escorts. Rita is easy to adore.

Vic, meantime, was making history in Hollywood, losing words back into the teeth of Hollywood who'd said he had no acting talent. "My Darling Clementine," "Moss Rose," and finally even his severest critics had to admit that his performance in "Kiss Of Death" was of Academy-award caliber.

Rita left on a long tour of Europe. Her first day back from Europe, Vic phoned. Two familiar voices speaking, saying words hesitantly at first; then talking as they once had; then laughter. Vic and Rita, together again.

Perhaps they'd learned that the war had made personal revenge and bitterness too unimportant to consider. They should be friends at least. So they agreed to go out together for old times' sake. "One night stretched into dates every night for more than a week. Riding out to the beach, stopping in little spots where they could dine and not be seen.

At first it was a little confused, unsure. Then one night he came home from a date with Rita with the beginning of an old, lost happiness on his face. He said, "You know, it was almost like old times tonight."

Vic met Becky and loved her. He loves all kids, and particularly this one whose mother he had worshipped. He went to Rita's house to play with her often. He and Rita began learning all about each other all over again. Re-establishing understanding.

Vic won't say much, but he admits they have become closer friends than ever, in the past few weeks since Rita's return. Rita waited till Vic went to Utah on location for "Ballad Of Furnace Creek" before she planned her New York trip. They saw each other up till the last day before she left.

They dated a few times. They were laughing gaily when they walked into the Beverly Hills Club one night for the first time "on display." Hollywood started talking immediately on seeing them together again.

They went to Ciro's, the Chanteclair, the Mocambo. The last time they'd seen each other there, Orson had been with Rita, and Vic was alone. This time the tables were turned. Vic was with Rita, and Orson was there alone. It was quite an evening.

There's something in the way they are together, the new beauty that is Rita's, and the laughter, that makes their "togetherness" seem more solid than just "dates."

Tomorrow? Who can tell? Put together a couple of volatile chemicals like Vic Mature and Rita Hayworth, and atom bombs are sissy stuff. I know this much. Every hour these two are together, more excitement is generated for each of them, than in a year with anyone else.

This had to be, and it is! And it's wonderful. We who love them, are warming our hearts on the thought that they may be falling in love again—and can't help it!

The End
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**WHAT NOW, DEANNA?**

(Continued from page 28)

acting and incidentally, making a few millions.

Here's a girl who was making headlines when other girls her age were slipping chocolate mints at the corner drug store and dropping nickels in the juke box.

"Deanna Durbin appointed colonel of Canadian Legion . . . Deanna Durbin made honorary captain, 160th Infantry . . . Child star involved in agent's financial dispute." These are just a trio of the headlines concerning Edna Mae Durbin when she was fourteen and had not yet legally changed her name. (By re-arranging the letters in Edna and adding an "N" and an "A" you get the name Deanna.) Consult any stack of old newspapers and you'll find hundreds of other headlines about the songstress.

Now, how did all this adoration, all this fame, all this concentration of limelight affect Deanna?

For the most part, we are all creatures of our environment. Deanna's environment has been Hollywood, hard work, publicity, money, and success. What have they done to her?

First off, they have made her anomalous. You look at this lovely girl with the apple cheeks, the innocent mouth, and the wide, inquisitive eyes. And you say to yourself, "By gosh! This is the same, sweet kid who came down from Winnipeg years ago." And then this same, sweet kid will say a few words about her new picture, "Something in the Wind."

And at once you realize that this is no naive, young woman. Here's a charming sophisticate with a sharp sense of perception. Here's a girl who handles people with ease. Deanna Durbin has a kind of quiet wisdom usually reserved for adults and her youth has been more than generous to her.

The truth is, of course, that Deanna Durbin, despite her looks, is much older mentally than she is chronologically. She sings in Italian or Switzerland. Now we get Deanna Durbin pictures again."

WHAT NOW, DEANNA?

(Continued from page 28)
overseas, it was Deanna who was requested to undertake a weekly radio program like Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. This, however, she steadfastly refuses to do and with good reason. "I'm afraid of radio," she says. "I don't think I can be good in week in and week out. And I see no sense in disappointing the public. They're entitled to the best every time. Besides, my motion picture contract with Universal as a writer. Extremely talented, he laboried on many of Deanna's films and eventually became producer of her films. On June 13, 1945, Deanna and Jackson eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, and on the 14th they were married in the chapel of the Last Frontier Hotel.

A year later the marriage was blessed by a child, a daughter named Jessi. She bow into the world weighing six pounds five ounces.

With daughter and husband, Deanna lives today in a simple eight-room house on the Palisades overlooking the Pacific. She has a maid and cook for her child and doesn't do one stitch of housework if she can help it. Needless to say, she sings her daughter to sleep each night.

Deanna's next picture will be "Up in Central Park," the film version of Mike Todd's Broadway stage hit. A typical musical comedy, it will capitalize on her voice which is as good as ever. Although she won't come right out and say it, you get the feeling when you talk to her that she'd like to act in a few pictures which point up her considerable dramatic ability. One such film, "Christmas Holiday," which she did years ago, brought in a pretty penny at the box office. The older movie fans, however, still like her singing roles best.

Come 1950, however, she's a free agent—last time Deanna was a free agent she was married twice; that she's a mother; that she's married; and that a pleasant thing was occurring to them.

They had several ardent love scenes to do each day. They had a free agent—last time Deanna was a free agent she was 13 years old—and she is kissing the screen goodbye. She hopes to take a flying at the stage and after that, return to the screen to pick her own roles and her own pictures. Whether or not the public which has grown up with the little girl from Winnipeg will ever let her leave the screen, even temporarily, is of course, up to you.
Both he and Louise were thrown into a flurry of excitement. You need a wardrobe for a presentable appearance, they decided, and went out on a shopping tour. But Richard couldn't find the type of clothes he liked in Chicago. They said they'd wait until they got to Hollywood, where Hart surely could find the kind of city clothes he might need. To date he still hasn't acquired a "star's" wardrobe, preferring instead his old sports jackets and slacks. Louise has long since given up trying to model him into a pattern of male sartorial perfection.

"Besides," said Hart sensibly, "if the studio doesn't like my clothes, there's always the wardrobe department!"

Hollywood has welcomed Hart, and it has already given him several exciting moments. While he was on location during the shooting of "A Woman of My Own," both he and Greer Garson had a narrow brush with death when a huge ocean wave swelled over the rocks on which they were acting and swept them into a boiling sea.

During the shooting of location shots of "Green Dolphin Street," he and Lana Turner had a close call when a barge which was bringing them to the shore keeled over and almost threw them into the swirling rapid of the Klamath River in Northern California. Fortunately rapid-thinking grips averted the tragedy.

On the personal side, Hart is a six-footer who resembles Laurence Olivier in appearance, especially when he wears a mustache. He comes from an old New England family in Providence, and is one of three children. His brother Henry, who is two years older than Richard, is also an actor, and recently was married to Beatrice Joy Gilbert, the daughter of the famous silent-screen lover John Gilbert. Hart's younger sister Alice is married and lives in New York.

At Brown University, Hart majored in psychology and English, but he was more interested in athletics. He is an ardent baseball player; is good at tennis and hockey, and excels in soccer. At college he had no desire to appear in a play, and the only time he saw the inside of the university theater was when he took his date there.

He doesn't like to talk about himself, an other very unactory trait, but his wife, Louise, is always eager to tell about his good points. She believes he's an excellent actor because of his natural simplicity (a fact which you will be convinced of when you see him on the screen) but there are times when he wishes he were a truck driver, so that she wouldn't have to share him with the multiple demands of the motion picture industry.

Not long ago the Harts found the kind of house they thought no longer existed. They had been living in a tiny apartment at Manhattan Beach, some distance away from Hollywood, most of their spare time was spent in searching for the home about which they'd always dreamed. 'Tis in Beverly Hills, on a shady avenue, set back from the street in a great clump of overhanging sycamores. In design it's a variety of English country house.

"My manager has a fit every time he comes out to visit us and sees what we've done with the place," Hart chuckled. "Louise and I decided that the heavy dark-brown stained outside timbers were too somber, so we are having them painted bright blue. By the time we're through, the house will look more like a Swiss Chalet. Anyway, that's how we like it."

The Harts have yet to set foot into a Hollywood night club. They know little about the social life of the town primarily because most of Hart's time has been spent away on locations. One night he visited some of the bright spots in San Francisco with the "Green Dolphin Street" company, but Hollywood names like Ciro's or the Mocambo are still names to him.

"We might get around to it one of these days," he said, "but we're in no great rush."

Since the addition of a baby girl to their household, the Harts naturally prefer to spend most of their time at home. They have a large collection of classical and popular records, plenty of good books, a comfortable fireplace in a very comfortable den, and a Great Dane who is practically human.

They are enjoying their privacy because as soon as his two pictures establish him as a star, Hart must necessarily find himself a part of the Hollywood whirl. He is looking forward curiously to see what will happen when things really get going for him.

Hart likes Hollywood and picture-making; he is grateful for the way things have broken for him. "You know," he concluded, "if I had ever heard of a fellow objecting to having Lana Turner as a bride, I'd have said he had holes in his head. How could I ever have known that I'd be that guy? In the picture anyway!"

The End

Movieland's Own Academy Award

Here's a chance for MOVIELAND readers to vote for their own movie "bests."

We feel that you're as qualified to give an award as the members of the Academy, so we're asking you to give us your selections of the year's best picture, actor, actress, and supporting players.

We'll publish our results simultaneously with the annual Academy Award selection.

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BEST PERFORMANCE, ACTOR... NAME OF PICTURE

BEST PERFORMANCE, ACTRESS... NAME OF PICTURE

BEST SUPPORTING ROLE, ACTOR... NAME OF PICTURE

BEST SUPPORTING ROLE, ACTRESS... NAME OF PICTURE

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Can I Help You?

By Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford telephones that the letters our readers are writing are so compelling, she will answer, personally, all letters not appearing in her column.

The Job Situation in Hollywood

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am writing you for information about employment in the various studios. I am a rapid typist as well as a secretary. I am 33 years of age. I have done quite a bit of writing and have worked six years as a newspaper reporter.

I would like very much to be a secretary to any of the actresses in Hollywood or at least be associated with the motion picture industry. I know we are discouraged from coming to Hollywood, but there is so much activity and so much more opportunity than we have in small towns.

Please don't discourage me from coming out there because I must forget the past and I have always been fascinated by the movie industry.

E.K.

Sapulpa, Okla.

You are a grown woman and you should be able to take the truth. And the truth is that in all honesty, I must discourage you from coming out here. Conditions in the motion picture industry, as I write this, are extremely bad. Many secretaries in studios have been fired than ever before. These people are experienced, competent and acquainted with all the angles of the business.

If they can't hold their jobs, what chance have you? At the moment, you have more opportunity in practically any field other than motion pictures. I've looked at the want-ads in our local papers and I've seen advertisements for secretaries and stenographers. But they're wanted by banks, factories and various other organizations. I have no right to discourage you from coming to California, although we have the greatest housing shortage in the country. But if you do come, reconcile yourself to these facts: It is virtu-

ally impossible to find a reasonable apartment, the cost of living is going up, and the number of jobs available is going down, all this in sunny Southern California.

Are Lonely-Hearts Clubs Good?

Dear Miss Crawford:

I'm a girl of eighteen. I live in this town with my grandparents. I lead a solitary existence. In all my years I've had but one date. My grandparents rely on me and I can't leave them. I'm starved for company. Do you think I should join a lonely-hearts club? Are they any good? What do you advise?

Patsy L.

Iron City, Mich.

Many lonely-hearts clubs are pernicious rackets. Some are legitimate. It's difficult to differentiate between the phonies and the...
LEGITIMATE ONES. If your purpose in joining one of them is to secure pen-pals, then I say go ahead and subscribe to the service. If you hope to find a boyfriend through one of them, I suggest you be very careful. You can’t tell about a man from the letters he writes. Many girls have made marriages through lonely-hearts clubs; and many of them have come to grief. I’m inclined to believe that you could meet some nice young men by attending your local church.

I am the mother of two children and I am twenty-three years old. A few months ago, I was approached by a gentleman and his wife, both of whom worked in the movies. They told me that in order to be a star, a girl needed no talent. All she needed was personality, intelligence, and the quality of being photogenic. They told me that I had all these assets. They suggested that I get an agent and try to break into the movies. When I told my husband about this, he laughed and said, “Forget it.” But somehow, I can’t forget it. I keep dreaming about becoming a big star, and I tell myself that unless I give up the idea, I’ll never be able to keep them. Many times, I wish I were.

The End

CAREER OR MARRIAGE

Dear Miss Crawford:

I am the mother of two children and I am twenty-three years old. A few months ago, I was approached by a gentleman and his wife, both of whom worked in the movies. They told me that in order to be a star, a girl needed no talent. All she needed was personality, intelligence, and the quality of being photogenic.

They told me that I had all these assets. They suggested that I get an agent and try to break into the movies. When I told my husband about this, he laughed and said, “Forget it.” But somehow, I can’t forget it. I keep dreaming about becoming a big star, and I tell myself that unless I give myself a chance, I’ll always regret it. I’m comparatively happy as a mother and a wife, but now I think I want a career.

Ruth J.
Santa Monica, Cal.

I think you should give yourself the opportunity of becoming a big star. If you don’t, you’ll go through life not only reproaching yourself but also blaming your husband. Go out, get yourself an agent, and see what you can do. Don’t let your children or husband suffer in the process, however.

CLOTHES QUEST

Dear Miss Crawford:

I should like to know if you give away any of the clothes you wear in pictures. They’re very pretty and I certainly could use them. As a matter of fact, I’d even like to buy them from you.

Helen L.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

All the clothes I wear in any picture belong to the studio. After I’ve finished with them, they go back to the wardrobe department. Frequently, they’re done over and worn again by some other star. I’m not allowed to keep them. Many times, I wish I were.

The End

FRANKLY SPEAKING

(Continued from page 39)

Q: I read that when you first came to Hollywood you were broke, so you hitched a ride with a truck driver who offered to lend you $10 on a ring you had. Did you ever pay him back?

(Barbara R. Harris, Westfall, N. J.)
A: It’s true I was broke and that a man gave me $10 on a ring I had, but I never could pay him back because he gave me the wrong address and I couldn’t find him. I would like very much to give him back his $10. My ring was worth $50, so I don’t really feel that he lost on the deal.

Q: Did you do the background singing of the title song in “Walk in the Sun”?

(Jo Mottola, 24 Stewart Ave., Hempstead, N. Y.)
A: No.
Q: What was the bleakest moment of your life?

(Marcia Turshen, Hartford 5, Conn.)
A: I’ve had many bleak moments, but as time went on I’d often realize, looking back, that they were not actually bleak, but important. Things are relative: Today you may agonize over something that turns out tomorrow to have been a godsend.

Q: Do you believe in the supernatural to a certain extent?

(Florence Lutterman, Sibley, Iowa.)
A: No. I don’t believe in ghosts. I have heard something of mental telepathy and believe there may be some truth in that; but once a thing is explained, it is no longer supernatural.

Q: I’ve heard that you’ve been married to Joan Crawford. Is this true?

(Barbara Baker, Lillian, Texas.)
A: No. You may have read that Joan Crawford and I are playing together in “Daisy Kenyon.”

Q: What kind of education did you receive—what schools, what subjects?

(Jeanne Rosenzdh, Concord, N. H.)
A: I went to grade schools in Uvalde, Tex., high schools in Uvalde and Huntsville, Texas; college at Sam Houston College in Huntsville. I majored in Education, because that was the kind of college it was; I also studied Business Administration and Drama, among other items.

Q: Does the fact that your father was a preacher make it hard—or helpful—in making decisions in Hollywood?

(Guyon Shelton, Jacksonville, Fla.)
A: Helpful.
Q: How did you meet your wife, and where?

(Reba Montgomery, Florence, Alabama.)
A: We met when we were cast in a play together at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. We were engaged in the play itself, and backstage we became engaged during the play’s run. We thought it quite a coincidence.

Q: Which scene in any picture did you find hardest to enact?

(Margie Holquist, Omaha, Nebraska.)
A: The first scenes I did, because I was unfamiliar with my medium and didn’t really know how to use it. I believe comedy or farce scenes are always hardest for a beginner, because he must be relaxed and seem carefree and gay. I remember in “Sailor’s Lady,” the director was so appalled by my efforts that he said: “If you go on like that, we’ll have to have a murderer in this picture.” . . . I hadn’t learned to relax. I notice that amateurs always make the mistake of trying to do Noel Coward comedies—which they can’t do—instead of dramas, which are easier.

Q: What one person do you hold most responsible for your success?

(Irène Fryzel, Pawtucket, R. I.)
A: My father. The background he gave me, the precepts he laid down, all helped. Then he taught me how to handle my voice and how to handle myself.

Q: How old were you when you got your SONG POEMS WANTED

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By HELEN KING

DO YOU WRITE LIKE

ALAN LADD?

Almost everyone of us "breaks" some of the connecting strokes in our writing at times. Very few of us join our letters carefully; thus it is unusual to find one of Movieland's better known personalities joining each letter with the care that Alan Ladd does. Not until the last letter of his last word—the "g" in "handwriting," and the first letter after "L" in "Ladd"—do we find a single break.

All of which tells the world that Alan Ladd, and you readers who have a similar style, may consider logic a foremost part of your nature. Logical people usually think things through step by step, seldom jump at conclusions, usually have to be shown anything, and their reasoning is thorough and accurate. He likes to make a good impression, but wants it founded on solid reasoning.

The final line at the end of the signature, almost forming a little underscore, tells us that young Mr. Ladd has set opinions in his signature. There is a brief flurry of pride, of desire to be thorough and accurate. He wants it founded on solid reasoning.

The End

DON'T CLIP THIS COUPON!

Unless you want Helen King to tell you what secrets are revealed by your handwriting. If so—

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This practicality and logic is further borne out in Alan's writing by the severely written "g." It's written without any finishing strokes, and with moderate even pressure.

Another interesting letter formation is the...
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life experience

STARDUST WIFE
(Continued from page 37)

the war started, Freddie was on the last
boat to leave England for this country. Not
being a British subject, he could not enlist
in the armed forces there; his agency was
closed for the duration, and he had a Holly-
wood offer. It was December. The boat was
jammed and ran without lights, dodging in
zigzag fashion, so that the crossing took
fifteen days instead of five.

'That picture, 'The Women,' had just been
finished, and our boat had a print of it on
board. During the first few days everyone
saw it, most of us liked it, and we all dis-
cussed it. Because it was the only film we
had aboard, they kept running it several
times a day, to take people’s minds off sub-
marine torpedoes and how wet water is—
in general, to keep up morale,” remembered
Mr. Brisson.

'I had a deck chair outside the main salon
where they ran the film. On ordinary cross-
ings, of course, you could move your chair
if its location didn’t please you, but this
time chairs were packed in tightly, without
an inch to spare. You found your chair each
morning and there you sat. I thought: 'Why
not persuade her to marry me. For
of us, you looked about for the other two.
Finally Rosalind and I began to go about
alone. It didn’t seem to be serious for the
first six months. Then she had business dif-
ticulties. I was associated with Frank Vincent,
the agent, and she asked me to take care
of her affairs, which I did.

'I began asking her to marry me. For
the first million times, she said no. She ref-
used to take me seriously. She’d say: 'Oh,
call me up tomorrow at seven a.m.—you’ll
have changed your mind by that time!’ I’d
call her at seven, which she didn’t ex-
pect, but she’d still say no. I thought I’d
never persuade her to say yes, but in the
end she did. Cary was our best man.”

Wedding plans were endlessly discussed.
Rosalind didn’t want a Hollywood affair.
Between them, the bride and groom knew
practically everyone in town, and what
church could accommodate them all? Be-
sides, Rosalind wanted a down-to-earth wed-
ding; she’d leave glamour to the screen.

It was then that Freddie remembered a
time the Brisson family drove north years ago,
when Carl was making pictures for Paramount Studios.

'We were going to Del Monte, I believe,”
he recalled, “and we weren’t sure of the
road. We stopped to ask a man the way
and he replied, in Danish, ‘First turn to the
right.’ As you know, I was born in Copen-
hagen, Denmark, so we asked the man, also
in Danish: ‘Why don’t you speak English?’
and he said: ‘I don’t know English.’ ‘How
can that be?’ we cried.

'Then he told us about Solvang, the only
ttrue Danish community in this country,
a little town off the main highway above
Santa Barbara, where thirty per cent of the
people still don’t speak English, and where
there is one of the first California Catholic
missions, Santa Ynez Mission. We turned
back at once and drove up there, finding
it all tremendously interesting.”

Thus it was that when Rosalind wanted
a special place for her wedding, they de-
cided on Solvang. Although most Danes are
Lutherans, the Brissons are Catholics, Rosa-
lland’s own faith, and marriage in the romantic
old mission appealed to her. The date was
set for October 25, 1941.

‘On our honeymoon, we drove to Phoenix,
Arizona, to San Antonio, then to New Orleans,
where we stayed a week. Then we took the
last freighter to Havana, though no one
knew then that it would be the last. Rosal-
ind kept looking for submarines, and though
none attacked us, she was right that the
ocean was full of the things, as was dis-
covered later. From Havana, we went to
Florida, thence to New York and back to
Hollywood. We did all that in three weeks.
Two weeks after our return came Pearl
Harbor.”

‘War separated them almost at once. Fredd-
die went to Washington as special consultant
in propaganda to the Secretary of War. He
was commissioned a lieutenant in the Army
Air Forces in June, 1942, and when he was
discharged in December, 1945, he held the
rank of colonel.

It was hard, but looking back, the Brissons
feel they were very lucky. They saw each
other now and then, and each brief interlude
seemed better than the last.

Freddie was at a bomber station in Texas
When Rosalind makes a picture, her husband confided, she's all wrapped up in her role. When she comes home from the studio, it takes a little while to throw off the mood. "When I got back from war," he recounted, "she was still doing 'Sister Kenny,' but the scenes were those toward the end, where she is elderly. She'd come home in make-up, holding herself still and straight, ready for trouble, as she used to say. 'She hadn't yet brought herself out of it each night. When Rosalind is making a comedy, she breezes into the house, kids and laughs and is so full of fun she has us all in stitches. That's one reason we're both so glad 'Lucky Penny' is a comedy.

"Our house at this moment is decidedly different because of Eugene O'Neill's 'Mourning Becomes Electra.' The work in this picture is heavy; the mood is dark. Rosalind wears tightly-laced costumes and huge hoop skirts, so that when she rests, she must do so against a rest-board, as she can't sit down. During many of her present scenes, she can't move because by doing so she might change the shadows, and the shadows are part of the mood. But comedy or tragedy, bright or dark moods, Rosalind is the most interesting woman I've ever known."

"Talking about Rosalind brings a special light to Mr. Brissos bright blue eyes. "Frankly," he confessed, 'I can't get over my great good fortune in having her as my wife. I can't express my admiration for her as an actress and a woman, or tell you the half of how sweet a mother she is—yet she never spoils our son. Just being Rosalind's husband makes me the happiest man in the world.'"

The End

HE'S MY BELIEVED
(Continued from page 43)

wedding but it was awfully nice. I wore a dress I'd designed and made myself. Frank wore his completely "gone" expression. Even at that early period in his career, Frank was too busy to take a vacation or honeymoon; so after the ceremony and wedding supper we moved into our cheerful little apartment in Jersey City.

At the end of our first week, Frank brought home his salary check. It was one he had earned as singer and master of ceremonies at the Rustic Cabin, a roadhouse between Hoboken and Jersey City. He gave it to me—the whole twenty-five dollars.

"This is just the beginning, honey," he promised.

A year-and-a-half later he moved up in scale. He became the vocalist with Harry James' band. Here again he gave me the scale. He became the vocalist with Harry James' band. Here again he gave me the scale. He became the vocalist with Harry James' band. Here again he gave me the scale. He became the vocalist with Harry James' band. Here again he gave me the scale.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Phil Keenan, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Movieland and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations); printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Movieland, Inc., 535 Fifth Ave., New York; Managing Editor, Frank Hillman, 537 Fifth Ave., New York; Business Manager, Phil Keenan, 535 Fifth Ave., New York.

2. That the owner, is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Hillman Periodicals, Inc., 535 Fifth Ave., New York; Stockholders: Rita Hillman, 535 Fifth Ave., New York; Alex Hillman, 535 Fifth Ave., New York.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names and addresses of the stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Hillman Periodicals, Inc., 535 Fifth Ave., New York; Stockholders: Rita Hillman, 535 Fifth Ave., New York; Alex Hillman, 535 Fifth Ave., New York.

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6. That the said two paragraphs contain not only the list of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock, but also that the said two paragraphs contain or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain the name of the person other fiduciary relation, the name of the person of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain the name of the person

7. That the names and addresses of the publishers, editors, managers, and business managers are: Publisher, Movieland, Inc., 535 Fifth Ave., New York; Managing Editor, Frank Hillman, 535 Fifth Ave., New York; Business Manager, Phil Keenan, 535 Fifth Ave., New York.

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PHIL KEENAN, Business Manager.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1947.

(SEAL) MARGARET ROTHENBERG.

(Commission expires March 30, 1948.)

PAGEANT

DECEMBER—JANUARY

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Listen in on Victor Mature in February

MOVIELAND on newstand January 9th.
Take courage, pretty snow maiden, and let the winter rage. No need to forego the fun of skating, skiing and moonlit sleigh rides if—

You have hands for holding: Hands demand constant care, all year round, but particularly during the months of wintry winds and rough, cold weather when the elements convene to havoc unprotected skin areas. Your safest assurance is a never-ending supply of your favorite hand lotion. Use it often, lavishly, and with a purpose! Its soothing qualities will work hand and mitten (with the gloves you'll always wear) to insure lovely soft hands. For extra lubrication, include a nightly application of emollient hand cream.

The weekly manicure will prove protective as well as strengthening. To play safe, apply, to spotlessly clean nails from which all traces of old polish have been removed, a base coat, two smooth coatings of color, and a colorless overcoat. Push back the cuticles, gently, and moisten them frequently with a special cuticle oil.

You remember: Your make-up and nightly beauty rituals are the means of warding off chapped and roughened complexes. November through March weather requires heavier make-up. (Caution: heavier in quality, not quantity.) Lipstick and cream rouge should be a little more moist, thereby more protective. Besides adding color to your lips, your stick will act as a preventive against the pain and nasty appearance of chapped and roughened complexions. No-two-quality. Lipstick and cream rouge will act as a preventive against the painful and nasty appearance of chapped and roughened complexions. No need for heavier make-up. (Caution: heavier in quality, not quantity.) Lipstick and cream rouge will act as a preventive against the painful and nasty appearance of chapped and roughened complexions.

You look to your legs: Stockings for sure, but let's not stop there. Winter or summer, lissome legs must look cleanly hairless. The frequent use of a depilatory cream or your very own feminine razor will leave your legs fuzz free. Shaving, however, has an extra duty attached. Because of the dryness in the air, the razor's edge is apt to pull free the top (epidermal) layer of skin, which is ever being replaced. You've probably noticed a transparent, white scale that is even visible under the stockings. The quick disappearing act: Liberal use of a non-sticky hand cream or complexion milk.

You safeguard your eyes: Though the sun is at its lowest heat, during the latter part of the year, the strength of its reflections from snow are strong enough to cause serious eye-strain. Prolonged exposure to glare may result in temporary or even permanent vision weaknesses; your best protection includes properly fitted sun glasses and frequent use of soothing eye lotions.

Jean Peters doesn't worry about Jack Frost; loses no glamor in this winter wonderland.
THE BIG NEWS!!!
Our first semi-annual Movieland contest has ended—and, believe us, there was plenty of competition right up to the last minute. However, on a basis of journals, cooperation, activities, worthwhile contribs to charities, originality, and so many other points, we finally reached a decision. It pleases us very much to announce the winner: the LON MCCALLISTER FAN CLUB, prexied by Lenore Backer. Lenore will receive the very first Movieland award—our beautiful engraved plaque. Next month the McCallister club will have a complete feature in Movieland, complete with pics of Lon, Lenore, and, of course, the plaque. Runner-up was the JANIS PAIGE FAN CLUB, trailing by only 25 points. We heartily recommend both of these clubs.

OUR NEXT CONTEST
Since we're awarding these plaques every six months, we hope the rest of you prexies will get into the swing and try for the next one. We'll still have our point system, but we'll be awarding points for many more activities, sections of the journals, and cooperation will go a long way, too. If the mems of your particular club constantly have letters on our desk—we're going to be interested in the group! And what's more, we'll be handing out prizes to individual mems this time. So how 'bout it—do you want the Movieland Award? Watch this column for definite point system.

FAN-FUN
We've received just scads of letters from readers who don't quite know the functions of fan clubs, but would like to find out. The best way we know is to join a club. If you've no particular favorite, just say so and we'll try to guide you to a few which best meet the standards of a good fan club. We guarantee that they're fun! Nothing— if you want to start a fan club, please do join a few before taking over the job. (And we do mean job!) Then, when you feel you're really in-the-know about clubs, write to the star of your choice, asking his/her permission. (This is necessary!) If the

stars are in favor of it, they'll answer—and what we want to see before giving you that 'plug' is their letter of permission. Then we'll give you that much-needed publicity. This brings in the mems—mems mean the help you'll need in issuing a journal—and you'll be well on your way to piloting a successful fan club. If you run across any loop-holes, tho', please let us know—we want to help! We think a lot of these clubs, ya' know!

OUT OF THE MAILBAG
Solloquy, from Frank's Fan Club (need we say Sinatra?), sported the cutest cover we've seen yet! A take-off on a reward poster for "The Kissing Bandit." It showed much thought, work and, we love this word, originality! Pat Maben has done it again with her Merchant of Menace for Dan Duryea—and by that we mean she's turned out a journal equal to her first; something we thought just couldn't be done! It's but terrific! Carson's Collections, for Jack, was super. A clever cover, witty articles, this journal certainly lives up to its motto: Humor.

WHAT'S NEW?
Ella Hunter has organized an Al Jolson club and is offering a free membership to the first thirty who write to her after reading this announcement. Dwayne Armstead lets us know of his Kirby Grant huddle—for which he has but big plans! Miller's Gang (honor¬ing the Tex Beneke orch and Johnny Desmond) has been organized by Edith Brown, who's got all sorts of plans for making it the best!

INCIDENTALITY
Wanna join a fan club? If so, the "open sesame" is the name of your favorite and a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The rest is up to us. All letters should be addressed to:

Carol Wheelchel
3/5 Movieland Magazine
916 N. La Cienega Blvd.
Hollywood 46, California
The End

Sincerely Yours

Lon McCallister
Fan Club wins Movieland award for best journal.
Janis Paige Club a close runner-up

Van's Future?
I think Van has a wonderful future ahead of him. I like him now as much as I did the first time I saw him. Now that he's married and happy—his acting will show that happiness. I'll stick to Van because he's a genuinely swell fellow. My bet is that he'll be on top for many years.

Jean Sadorf
Winthrop, Mass.

British Humor
I hope you won't think it impudent of me to say that most of us Britishers derive a lot of amusement from the American gossip columns. We can't keep track of the number of marriages and divorces of your actors and actresses. Please don't think this sarcasm—it's only British humor. Even now that the war is over, and we are supposed to have won it, we need to use our humor quite ex¬cessively to keep up our spirits. I myself lost my home in the blitz of 1940, have since had a burglary to top the lot, my clothing coupons were then stolen. So you can see, one has to be very light-hearted in the Eng¬land of today.

Elsie Hill
Lancaster, England

Top Team
Can it be true—that Fred Astaire is going to make another musical? If so, I would like to put in my bid for his partner. I don't mean the exciting Hayworth of "You Were Never Lovelier," the cute Leslie of "The Sky's the Limit," the gorgeous Goddard of "Second Chorus," or even the vivacious San Juan of "Blue Skies," but the one and only—Ginger Rogers!

Cpl. Charles W. Hughes
Tucson, Arizona

No Talent Search Necessary
There is much I like about Hollywood, but sometimes I'd like to bat it over the head because it's so blind! Producers, directors and those powers that be are continually yelling for "new faces, more talent" and blaming the great number of bum pictures lately on the lack of it. All the time they've got Rosemary de Camp and Phyllis Thaxter wasting in their own back yard! Rosemary has proven over the years that she can act and what do they do with her? They give her mother roles! And Phyllis, who can act rings around Ava Gardner, Marie McDonald and many other "pretty young things," gets stuck with second¬ary parts. Is that justice?

Come on, Hollywood, wake up! Or you'll lose many devoted movie-goers as you're rapidly losing me!

Beatrice Gussin
Address withheld

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